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LIFE
A Journal of Civilization
NEW YORK JULY 7 : 1900

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

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Mr. Oscar King Davis, Special Correspondent for HARPER'S WEEKLY, landed at Chifu, China, June 25th, and started thence for Taku and Tientsin, where he has doubtless arrived by this time. Mr. Davis will accompany the American and Allied Troops during the coming campaign in China, and will keep the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY well informed of the progress of events, with frequent articles illustrated with photographs to be taken by himself.

Bryanism or Bryanitis

IS Bryanism a political faith, or is it a disorder like nervous prostration, for which time and a proper exercise of the will are the only certain cure? We should like to believe that it is the former, because if it were a political faith it would involve sincerity of purpose, a decent regard for the facts of history, a lofty concern for the welfare and honor of the country, and a loyal adherence to some principle of government concerning which sane men may reasonably differ. Stripped of its eccentricities, if it were truly a matter of conviction with its followers, there would still be something left in its essential qualities concerning which even its opponents would have to admit the value. There would be something in its creed to save it from utter and everlasting condemnation by the earnest mind seeking honestly for a solution of existing political problems. How does Bryanism stand such a test as this? Stripped of its vagaries, what is the residuum that men of a normal condition of mind can possibly claim to represent any sterling principle, which should become a potential factor in the administration of the affairs of the United States? It would require a genius greater than that of Sherlock Holmes to find it. The eye that could detect the needle in the hay-stack would be powerless to ferret out this saving quality, and for the simple reason that it does not exist. Bryanism is not a faith. It is a disease—a disorder of the nation's nerves. Just as individuals suffer from neuritis, so is the nation now suffering from Bryanitis; and as nervous prostration is effectively and finally cured only by lapse of time or by strenuous exercise of our individual will-power, so must it be with this distemper, which has led so many worthy people into an advocacy of measures that would mean national dishonor, and therefore national ruin, if incorporated into the statute law of the land.

THE sudden eruption of Bryanism and its quick domination of the Democratic party have very nearly destroyed what was once a powerful agency for good. Up to that emotional hour when the delegates at Chicago in 1896 allowed themselves to be swept off their feet and swayed from their judgment, to be stampeded like a lot of unthinking cattle, by the seething eloquence of a born comedian, the ancient and honorable party of JEFFERSON and TILDEN and CLEVELAND had borne a part in the nation's councils which at least commanded the respect of its opponents, if not always the confidence of the whole people. It was a compact fighting organization ruled by men of principle, strong in opposition, and by no means weak in power. Outwardly revealing it and its policy, its opponents inwardly respected its men, and could perceive sanity in its measures. It was an instrument for good in power, as well as out of it; and then what happened? In a moment of weakness it suffered the blight of Bryanism to come upon it. It went

A Paralyzing Domination

dissentient mob of heresy howlers, who are straining every nerve to fasten financial dishonor upon their country; to destroy the authority of the administrators of justice; to hamper and restrict the trade of the men by whose energies our commerce has been built up; to impede the national growth of the nation whose development should be their dearest concern; and who stop at nothing to achieve their ruinous purpose, giving comfort to their country's enemies abroad, and inciting the toilers at home into a dangerous discontent which leads on to riot and defiance of law and order.

IF the pitiable condition of the Democratic party to-day is the result of BRYAN rule, and that it is so is undeniable, what would be the condition of the United States at the end of four years of that domination? We have here an object-lesson plain and patent before our very eyes. It is so obvious that no clear-seeing eye can fail to discern it. Where once was strength and conscience and principle, Mr. BRYAN has brought ruin, and the question now before the electors of this country is as to whether they are to call for a similar wreck ing of this magnificent national organization, the Republic of the United States, at the very moment when it is taking its place among the nations of earth, and is upon the threshold of new fields of power and influence. In other words, shall we succumb to Bryanitis, as the poor old party has done, and become forever lost? Or are we going to put up our strong will-power against the inroads of this distressing disorder and wear it out, and kill it before it destroys us?

An Object-Lesson

THE proclamation of amnesty to the Filipino rebels is as wise in policy as it is broad in its provisions. It has been evident to all intelligent observers for some time that as an actual war the rebellion in the islands is over. It does not require the actual surrender of the leaders of an enterprise of this sort to bring the thing to a close. Fighting, indeed, of one kind or another may be kept up indefinitely, and probably will be, but the issue is closed. AGUINALDO and his followers have no hope of ultimate success by force of arms, and their failure to acknowledge the fact which they must recognize places them in the category of mere rioters. These we always have with us. Within our own borders a man who defies the law is merely an offender who should be locked up. Sooner or later he has to acknowledge that he is not supreme. We do not dignify this person as a rebel, or a revolutionist, or a WASHINGTON of Wherever He Comes From. He is simply a law-breaker, dissatisfied with the control which society exercises over him and his taste for "independence." What is going on in the Philippine Islands to-day is precisely analogous. We have acquired our authority there properly and without any scheming whatsoever, and it is our duty to see that that authority is maintained and respected, whether Mr. BRYAN and Mr. ATKINSON believe in its maintenance or not. The proclamation is absolutely consistent with the strong policy which the Administration has followed from the beginning. It serves notice upon the misguided followers of a fatuous leader that we have no wicked designs upon them, and that all we ask of them is an unequivocal acknowledgment of the power of the law. If we cannot maintain the law, we had better get out of business. That we mean to do so must be evident to every one, save those who hope for a change in its administrators. If AGUINALDO is looking forward to a time when the Washington policy is to be directed by persons who would abandon American responsibilities in the East, his present course is conceivable. There are several others who expect a Populist victory next autumn, but it is a terrible bit of deception to practise upon one who is not wholly familiar with our temperament to lead him to believe that the American people will permit even the Populists to force them into a wicked dereliction in the line

The Amnesty Proclamation

world as the Governor of the Philippines.

THE Tooley Club has at last been heard from. It is going to do something. Not much perhaps, but still something to save the country from certain destruction. Along about August 1 its members from various parts of the land are to gather themselves together in conference to decide upon how they may most effectually bring about the defeat of WILLIAM MCKINLEY, because he has not yielded up the reins of government to them. The fact that Mr. MCKINLEY stands for the nation's credit counts for nothing. The fact that four years of MCKINLEY rule, in spite of stressful events, has brought material prosperity to the people generally cuts no figure in their deliberations. The fact that Mr. MCKINLEY's opponent for the highest office in the gift of the people stands for nothing that is stable or even admirable means little to them. They have branded him an Imperialist, and that ends it as far as they are concerned. How little hope there is for his reformation he has shown in the past ten days by wickedly sending succor to American citizens in China without waiting for instructions from Congress. Because he has been prompt to respond to this appeal for help he has proven himself a dyed-in-the-wool Imperialist, and the people want no more of him, preferring an advocate of dishonor who has no taint of anything resembling Imperialism about him.

The Anti-Imperialists

Well, what of it? The objectors are only the Tooley Club after all, made up for the most part of political malcontents whose services no party has ever been able to count on and whose views to-morrow could never be predicated successfully upon their assurances of to-day. If their agitation serves to thresh out this absurd question of Imperialism so much the better for the Administration which has upheld the national honor in its foreign policy, and in so far as the human mind is capable of judging has in connection with its new problems of extra-territorial government followed no course which may confidently be pronounced to have been the wrong one. As a matter of fact, Washington has met its expansion problems in a sane and practical manner, while the Anti-Imperialists are working along lines of theory, taking little care to inform themselves of the facts of the situation, and unfortunately not always scrupulous and sincere in their public utterances.

Nevertheless, we are sorry the League is not to take a more strenuous part in the campaign. A conference is a Tooley habit. A convention would be an innovation and a revelation of Tooley strength. If the League will put a ticket in the field, such a one as ATKINSON and WISSLOW, for instance, what promises to be a very serious campaign will be materially lightened and enlivened.

ONCE in a while a born leader of men arises to think a great thought and to express it in terms so terse as to make perfectly clear certain matters which have hitherto been somewhat opaque. Mr. RICHARD CROKER is such a one. He does not speak often, but when he does, what he says is illuminating, if not always grammatical. An instance of his gift for apt characterization is to be found in his definition of Anti-Imperialism.

Mr Croker's Definition

"What do you mean by Anti-Imperialism, Mr. CROKER?" he was asked.

"My idea of Anti-Imperialism," said Mr. CROKER promptly, "is opposition to the fashion of shooting everybody who doesn't speak English."

This is not at all bad viewed in any light. There is a touch of epigrammatic smartness about it that is appealing, but what is even more remarkable, it makes perfectly obvious the precise reason for Tammany's newly acquired anti-expansion views.

If every man who cannot speak English were to be shot to-night it is doubtful if there would be ten members of Tammany Hall left alive to-morrow.

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ing with commerce and trade. Populous cities are located along every few days' journey, and landlocked harbors make frequent indentations. Into the vast interior run great navigable waterways, with innumerable lesser tributaries and canals. Few high mountains break the surface, and the conformation of the land is plainly adapted to supporting countless millions of people. Travel inland from the treaty ports adds to the interest aroused by study of geographical plates. There is little to disappoint, because there is much to pleasantly surprise. China may be deemed barbaric by the unthinking foreigner, but the observing student everywhere finds evidence of former civilization, and discovers potentialities for future development.

The government may be weak, but the people are still virile. The lack of material progress is largely responsible for China's stagnant condition. She long ago reached the limit under her ancient system of education, law, government, transportation, and commerce. What she now needs is the quickening touch of the material hand, protected by an enlightened administration of government, law, and order. We must be charitable towards China. Her shortcomings may be largely attributed to dry-rot, which may characterize any older government, and which, in lesser terms, is so often found in long-established but wealthy business houses.

Reorganized in absolute independence or under foreign protection, China may become, in another generation, one of the first-class powers of the world, in fact as well as in theory. She may rival and surpass the record of Japan. She has the natural resources, the population, and the location necessary for a brilliant development. With the interior gridironed with railways, canals dredged, river bars deepened, mines opened, roads built, likin and "squeeze" taxes abolished, all ports and points open to foreign trade, and honest administration inaugurated, China will astound the world with her capabilities. Possibly she is now on the verge of giving us that welcome surprise.

What is to be the outcome of the present crisis? It would seem that it must be one of the following possibilities: First, China may be experiencing a narrow escape from permanent "break-up," by which she will receive the last warning that will arouse her from the lethargy of the past, and, imitating Japan, make her become a mighty Asiatic power. Second, she may be forced by the combined moral and physical influence of foreign nations to reorganize her government under their temporary direction and guidance, and so eventually save her integrity. Third, she may be placed under a joint protectorate of the powers until she shall prove whether she will be able to stand alone under new conditions or must be partitioned among them. Fourth, she may be divided into admitted spheres of influence, where each power will be supreme, and actual sovereignty will result in time.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the first may be possible, but, if not, the heroic method of the second or third may be necessary. The last is least desirable, but the most threatening. The general belief of the lay world seems to be that the "break-up" of the empire is at hand, and therefore laymen as well as heads of foreign offices are reported as contemplating how such division of China would affect each nation. I say the last suggestion is the least desirable, because it seems least adapted to protect American interests, and means the end of one of the greatest empires in the world's history which is deserving of a better fate. A while realm where America now has equal rights of trade with every other foreign nation, and where uniform duties prevail, would be ruthlessly parcelled out among European nations which are competitors with us for the Chinese markets, and would have a distinct advantage over us, even if they did not apply tangible discriminating duties. No two sections would have like tariffs. Conditions of commerce would vary according to the characteristics and methods of the controlling power. We might be safe and even better off under existing conditions. Possession is nine-tenths of the law. What policy Russia, France, and Germany might follow when their respective spheres become sovereign domain would, I fear, be little influenced by their "present "open door" promises. True, if these theoretical divisions remain purely and simply "spheres of influence," we should be safe; but the moment the evolution into areas of sovereignty is completed, we will not be able to depend on any former treaty rights, but only and entirely on our capabilities for successful competition in spite of hostile tariffs.

The cotton manufacturers of America, especially those of the Southern States, are more concerned than any other export interests. Their trade in North China, the seat of the present "Boxer" troubles, has grown in ten years from $1,000,000 to $10,000,000, and bids fair, under favorable conditions, to grow to $25,000,000 in the near future. They fear that if Russia obtain absolute possession there will be discrimination in this particular section in favor of the new cotton-mills of southern Russia, and that they will eventually be crowded out where under Chinese sovereignty they would be safe. Russia's diplomatic promises on this point may sound honest, and they may be honest and sincere at the present, but no one can tell what will be the influence of the Russian cotton-spinners on a new ministry. If Secretary Hay has safeguarded American interests into a possible period of sovereignty, he has indeed won a notable victory. Let us hope that he has succeeded on this very point, and that future events will attest his foresight.

I must admit, on the other hand, that I take a more optimistic view of Russian influence than many others. It would seem to me that throughout Russia, and especially in Asiatic Russia, the United States is to find one of its largest and most remunerative markets. Russia is just entering on a period of material development which will make immense demands on both our raw and manufactured products. The effect of the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway will be everywhere awaited with profound interest, but the cost of such a long land haul of freight to Eastern Siberia and China will always give an advantage in favor of our products shipped across the Pacific direct, or by the Nicaragua Canal from New Orleans and New York.

A FORECAST OF THE PARTITION OF CHINA.

Further study of the map of Eastern Asia will assist in comprehending the extent of possible spheres of influence. We will assume that Russia, Great Britain, Germany, France, Japan, and possibly Italy, are the powers that would share in any spoliation of Cathay. Russia first interests us because of her territorial preponderance on the north and her aggressive policy in Manchuria. Were China divided, Russia's allotment would probably include all Manchuria, with an area of 364,000 square miles and population of 10,000,000; Mongolia, with an area of 1,500,000 square miles and population of 2,000,000; East Turkestan and Zungaria, with 550,000 square miles and 1,000,000 people. With these she would also claim the northern province of Chili, in which Peking and Tientsin are located, and which has an area of 115,000 square miles—as much as the Philippines—a population of 20,000,000, and a frontage on the gulf of Pechili. Altogether, Russia's sphere would include an area of 2,300,000 square miles, or equal to two-thirds of the United States proper, and a population of 43,000,000.

Germany, beginning with Shantung, would demand the hinterland of Shansi, Shensi, Honan, and Kansu, with a combined area of 406,000 square miles and a population of 76,000,000. She would require the southern end of Chili to connect Shantung with the hinterland, but Russia could easily grant that concession. Control of this section of China would give to Germany the greater part of the valley of the Hoangho and a considerable portion of the Grand Canal.

Great Britain has always laid claim to the Yangtze Valley as the natural thoroughfare and connection through China to her Indian possessions, and as the section in which she has done the most to develop commerce and resources. Were this apportioned to her, she would control part of Kiangsu on the coast, Anhui, Hupeh, part of Kiangsi, Hunan, Szechuan, Kweichau, part of Yunnan, and also portions of Kwangsi and Kwangtung, to connect with Hongkong and Kowloon at the mouth of the West River. The area occupied would exceed 800,000 square miles, and contain a population of 180,000,000. If Russia were given all Mongolia and Turkestan, Great Britain, in order to protect India, would claim Tibet, including Koko Nor, with an area of 650,000 square miles and a population of 6,000,000.

France, from her position in Tonkin and Annam, would be allotted all that portion of Kwangtung and

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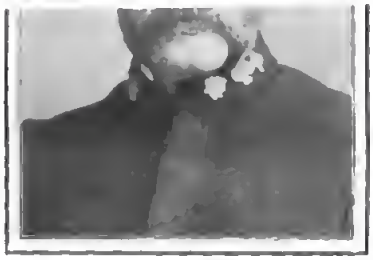
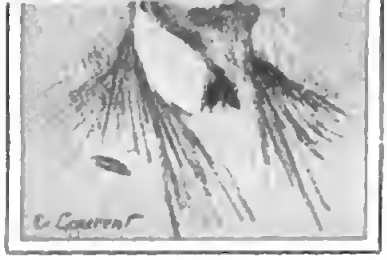


CAPTAIN BOWMAN H. McCALLA, U. S. N.,
In Command of the United States Naval Brigade sent to the Relief of the American Residents of Peking.



PAUL W. BARTLETT,
Sculptor of the Statue of Lafayette, unveiled in Paris July 4.—From a Sketch made by Ernest Laurent for "Harper's Weekly."

COUNT N. V. MURAVIEFF,
Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.
Born 1845 Died June 22 1900.

Kwangsi south of the West River, the island of Hainan and southern Yunnan. This would well round out her Asiatic dependencies, and give her an added area of 160,000 square miles, or larger than France proper, and an increased population of 30,000,000. Canton, the populous capital of southern China, would be included in British territory.

Japan would claim the rich province of Fukien, which is just across the channel from her possession of Formosa. With it she might acquire portions on Kiangsi and northern Kwangtung. Fukien has within its limits the large prosperous cities of Fuchau and Amoy. Her Chinese spoils would aggregate 25,000,000 in population and 50,000 miles in area. Japan, moreover, would be a thorn in the side of Russia and Germany, and when they were demanding vast portions of China she might quietly insist on annexing the major portion of Korea.

Italy would ask for fertile Chekiang, on whose coast is located San-mun Bay. This province has an area of 35,000 square miles and a population of 12,000,000, and includes the ports of Ningpo and Hangchau.

Glancing at a few more details of possible division, we note that Great Britain would probably hold that part of the Shantung promontory in which Wei-hai-wei and Chefoo are located. Russia would not only control Peking, Tientsin, and Taku, but Niuchwang, one of the important gateways to Manchuria. Here again Japan might interfere and claim territory in the gulf of Pechili, and possibly insist on having part of Chili.

America should resist with all her moral influence such parcelling out of the empire, and may prevent it. She cannot declare war on European nations in order to save China; she can accomplish more by a firm, peaceful than by a belligerent attitude. She should insist on her rights, but not join in a scramble for territory.

Through all this crisis and its ultimate solution, America must stand for the integrity of the empire, and the "open door" as guaranteed by the original treaties with China and confirmed by the recent negotiations of Secretary Hay.

America's direct trade with China amounted in 1899 to $33,000,000, or one tenth of the total foreign commerce of $330,000,000. This is an increase of 100 per cent. for America and China respectively in ten years. If we include $10,000,000 trade with Hongkong we have the comparatively large annual total of $43,000,000 with China, which makes us third in the race. We follow Great Britain and Japan, but lead Russia, Germany, and France. On the ground of commerce we have more right to interfere at Peking than the Continental powers of Europe.

In face of the immediate necessity of protecting life and property, it is well to remember furthermore that America has more at stake, exclusive of ceded or leased ports and army garrisons, than any other nation except Great Britain.

As the original treaty conception of the "open door" is hazy to many who have not taken the trouble to study the question, I will quote the wording of our first convention with China, concluded July 3, 1844, at Wang Hiya and negotiated by Caleb Cushing:

"Citizens of the United States resorting to China for the purposes of commerce will pay the duties of import and export described in the tariff, which is fixed by and made part of this treaty. They shall in no case be subject to other or higher duties than are or shall be required of the people of any other nation whatever and if additional advantages and privileges of whatever description be conceded hereafter by China to any other nation, the United States and the citizens thereof shall be entitled thereupon to a complete, equal, and impartial participation in the same."

Later treaties, including that of Tientsin, concluded June 18, 1858, by William B. Reed, that of Shanghai, concluded November 8, the same year, by the same plenipotentiary, that of Washington, July 28, 1868, by William H. Seward and Anson Burlingame, and that of Peking, November 17, 1880, by James B. Angell, all confirmed, or enlarged upon, these rights first granted.

UNITED STATES MINISTER CONGER AT FUCHAU.

This is the latest photograph of Mr Conger It was taken at the time of his recent visit to Fuchau, the capital of Fukien province, one of the most important mission stations of China. The naval officers shown in the picture are attached to the United States gunboat "Princeton," which was in the harbor at the time. Minister Conger is seated next to Hsü-Ying Kwei, Viceroy of Fuchau. Those standing in the rear are, reading from left to right Past-Assistant Paymaster George F. Dyer; Ensign Andrew T. Graham, Lieutenant Armstead Rust, F. D Cheshire, Interpreter of the Legation, Kwang Taotai Chief of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, Samuel L. Gracey, United States Consul at Fuchau; Commander Harry Knox; and Wilbur T Gracey, Vice-Consul at Fuchau

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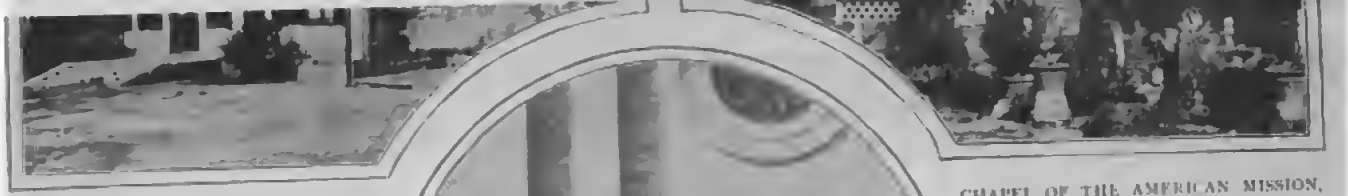

THE AMERICAN MISSION-HOUSE, PEKING

CHAPEL OF THE AMERICAN MISSION, PAOTING-FU.

FAÇADE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, PAOTING-FU.
The French Bishop Favier and Clergy in the Foreground; Native Christians in the Rear

COMPOUND OF THE AMERICAN MISSION, PEKING

BISHOP FAVIER AND CHINESE OFFICIALS IN FRONT OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION, PAOTING-FU.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

All the Mission Buildings shown in these Illustrations have been Burned or Destroyed by the Boxers within the past few Weeks.

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CHINESE OFFICER AND SOLDIERS
Representative Types of China's Military Forces.

RAILROAD YARD, PEKING.
The Chancellor of the Japanese Legation was killed here.

CHINESE CAVALRY.

A COMPANY OF CHINESE INFANTRY.

MINISTER CONGER'S CART, AND LADIES OF THE LEGATION.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS.

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THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FRIEZE ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION.

THE LITERARY DIVERSIONS OF A BOSS

To the sentimental side of a famous politician peculiar interest attaches. His excursions into poetry are likely to attract more attention than his management—for example—of a national convention. There is magnetism in the manuscript of men of action. The announcement that Napoleon Bonaparte wrote his memoirs drew to them instant attention, irre-

MR. PLATT AS A MEMBER OF CONGRESS IN 1873

spective of any intrinsic merit. The literary diversions of the "boss" of American politics are likely to be productive of no less surprise, at least, to the mind of the reading public. While many poets have dabbled in politics, few great politicians in the United States have dabbled in poetry. Nor have literature and public life been so congenial under American institutions as in England, until within a few years.

Few men now attain eminence in any American career without being solicited soon thereafter to contribute to some magazine or newspaper. Articles by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Vice-President of the United States, Governors, and United States Senators are found among the advertised features of current publications. Yet of the literally millions of American electors who have read and heard of "Boss" Platt, though only a few hundreds of them have ever laid eyes on him, there will be scarcely one not surprised to learn the truth about the non-political side of this famous politician's life. That is, one non-political side, for he is a many-sided man. For fifty years he has delighted in music and literature; he has been an editor and a poet, as well as a singer and writer of songs. His boyhood in Tioga County was passed among surroundings of refinement and culture. The natural beauties of river and mountain strongly stimulated his imagination and wooed him to the ingenuous arts. He wrote verse and prose with almost equal facility, and later on learned to express himself as clearly in the bustle of the political meeting as in the quiet of the sanctum.

It was no secret in Owego that the humorous and critical department of the *St. Nicholas Magazine* was conducted by Thomas C. Platt, son of Elder William Platt, one of the solid citizens. Young Platt had recently returned from Yale and was pondering a career. All Owego was interested in the venture. The first number was dated April, 1853. A feature of the issue was a melange of anecdote and gossip called "Our Stocking." "For an hour of fun alive," wrote Editor Platt in the first "Stocking," "give us the company of bright children!" There must have been a good many of them in Owego; they supplied "The Stocking" with plenty of material.

One of the editor's little friends went to the Episcopal church for the first time and saw the rector in his robes. She described her experience as follows to Mr. Platt:

"Oh, yes, I saw God—and He had His night-gown on."

As he was now a financial partner in the firm of Platt & Hull, a little room near the drug-store—in which Mr. Hull did the dispensing—served the senior member at times as a sanctum. His wit did not spare even his own customers, when occasionally, in Mr. Hull's absence, he was called on to serve them. The local-option question was an issue upon which Owegans had no difficulty in deciding. They were emphatically for no license. A customer from the hills came in one day and called Mr. Platt out to ask,

"Do you keep shot?"

"No," was the reply. "Only about half-shot these no-license times."

The New York *Tribune* printed a four-column story about a sea-serpent, which in 1853 was a legitimate subject of scientific inquiry and popular admiration.

"The Owego New Drug-Store," a rival to Platt & Hull's old "Corner Drug-Store," opened its doors for business about this time, and Editor Platt seized the opportunity of poking fun at it by declaring in "The Stocking" that the new business was to be advertised in this fashion in the local papers:

"*Just received by Ship Massachusetts*, Captain Seabury, four cases pure *Sea Serpent Oil*, a most excellent remedy for coughs, colds, consumption, and liver complaints. Its virtues as a pectoral have long been known to the South Sea Islanders, New Zealanders, Chaldean Shepherds, and ancient Ninevites. For sale at the Owego New Drug-Store. Price, 84."

"The Stocking" proved an immediate success. The oldest inhabitants got to hunting around for the editor to tell him jokes. He listened to what they had to say, and sat down and wrote jokes of his own about the—Oldest Inhabitants.

The proprietor of the Owego Hotel caught a half-witted neighbor one cold night at the hotel wood-pile, and did not hesitate to abuse the thief roundly. "Oh yis," retorted the unabashed and still ready-witted Milesian (according to "The Stocking")—"now I have found ye out; jist what iverybody says, ye quarrel with iverybody ye have any dealings with."

The humors of the Pierce campaign were recent enough to come handy for filling for "The Stocking." The editor received a call one day from an old farmer friend who subscribed for *St. Nicholas*, and incidently explained his support of Pierce by declaring with indignation that he "couldn't vote for that cussed Scott because he'd kept the American soldiers three months in Mexico trying to take the city of Quebec."

There were big families in Tioga County. One estimable old citizen, a rabid Democrat, got up at a revival meeting and asked the prayers of the congregation for his "forty unconverted grandchildren!" One of these, who was old enough to vote the Whig ticket and proud of it, turned the tables on his Democratic grandsire by getting up in meeting, then and there, and asking prayer "for the whole Jackson party!"

The State Legislature was fair game for the humorist's jibes. "The Stocking" relates that a prominent New York politician, being persistently troubled with headaches, went to a surgeon, who took out his brains and filled the cavity with cotton. "I think," said the surgeon to the patient, "that that will relieve you. Come around in a month, and if necessary I'll replace your brains."

A month passed, and the grateful politician, who'd been unusually active in the interim, reported to his physician. "He never felt better in his life."

"But," said the doctor, "I've got your brains all ready—sha'n't I put 'em back?"

"That's all right, doctor," was the patient's reply (according to "The Stocking"). "But if sha'n't need 'em, I've been elected to the Legislature."

Finney the evangelist was well known in Owego, where he made more than one stirring call to the unconverted. "The Stocking" describes him as meeting a profane boatman on the canal-bank in Rochester, whereupon this conversation ensued:

FINNEY (*solemnly*). "Sir, do you know where you are going?"

PROFANE BOATMAN. "Up the canal on the *Johnny Steele*."

FINNEY. "No, no; you are going to h——l, faster than any canal boat can carry you."

PROFANE BOATMAN (*startled*). "And now, do you know where you are going?"

FINNEY. "I expect to go to heaven!"

PROFANE BOATMAN. "No, no; you are going right into this canal—" and with that he pitched him in.

No-license made it hard to get a dram, and the physicians of Owego thought twice before they prescribed liquor. The poor doctor had the hardest time to resist the importunities of his patients. He agreed one day to prescribe whiskey for Michael McGuire, and asked him if two ounces would be about right.

"Sure, Doctor," said Michael, "two quarts would be nearer right. Then, hopefully, "What's a barrel of whiskey in a family that doesn't keep a cow?"

"The Stocking" ceased to appear with the *St. Nicholas Magazine* before it had rounded out its first year. Bound volumes of the magazine are rarities in Owego. A series of articles by Charles A. Munger, Esq., localizing Izaak Walton's gentle art to the Susquehanna, and another by Judge Avery on the early history of that valley, were original and interesting features.

Mr. Platt has never lost his love of fun, although he doesn't look it. After a great deal of persuasion

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER ABOVE OWEGO.

From an old Print.

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As one of the editors of *St. Nicholas*, it was Mr. Platt's duty at times to criticise new books. The Ticknors sent to *St. Nicholas* from Boston a volume of Stoddard's poems, probably the first. To them Mr. Platt paid his attentions in these words:

"Mr. Stoddard has mistaken his vocation. His verse is full of echoes, reminding the reader of the sonnets Keats, the fanciful Shelley, the picturesque Tennyson, etc. The Minstrel of the North has not escaped from these miscellaneous thefts. Instead of clutching in the dark at the hem of Shakspere's consecrated robe, let him 'hold the even tenor of his way' in the obscure path that nature and the gods have worked out for him."

German literature appealed strongly to the young editor's mind. He loved to translate German poems. Specimens of his work in this direction, published in "The Stocking," are reproduced:

Abroad shalt thou go,
On thy white bosom wear
A nosegay, and doubt not
An angel is there;
Place a rose near thy bed,
Nightly sentry to keep,
And angels shall rock thee
On roses to sleep.

These verses in "The Stocking" were original:

TO STELLA.

A little star rode all alone
Along the azure sky,
And sang a mournful song, because
No other orb was nigh;
But soon a glorious planet swept
Adown the ethereal main,
And twinkled at that pretty star,
Which twinkled back again.
They wove in one their silver crowns
And locked their flashing wings,
And now no rover of the skies
Like happy Stella sings.

It was in the Fremont campaign of 1856 that Mr. Platt made his greatest artistic success. He not only wrote and adapted campaign songs to well-known airs, but he organized the club to sing them, and sang them himself. The Fremont Glee Club lived a life of active usefulness under his direction through many succeeding campaigns, and was a potent factor in building up the Republican organization and getting out the vote not only in Tioga but in the adjacent counties.

While singing had unquestionably been a feature of open-air political canvasses among English-speaking people for several hundred years, it had never been so effectively and systematically used as now. The fact that satirical songs in political campaigns were somewhat familiar to American voters made it the easier for Mr. Platt to seize upon the follies and features of the day and set them to popular music. His own fondness for versifying as well as his marked taste for music fitted him peculiarly for this work, in which he was ably seconded and aided by Charles A. Munger, of Owego, a poet of no mean gifts whose talents deserved wider fame.

The responsibility of organizing what was to be the Republican party in Tioga County had already fallen on young Platt's shoulders when Fremont was

MR PLATT AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SEVEN.

Club in the Greeley campaign, the words of which were the joint production of Mr. Platt and Mr. Munger, is as follows:

THE GREELEY PILL.

(*Tune, "Captain Kidd."*)

Oh, we Democrats forlorn,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Hungry, fainting, weak, and worn.
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Out of office, out of place,
Out of hope and out of grace,
We must make a change of base;
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
We must make a change of base,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

We want a bitter pill,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
One that's sure to cure or kill,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
For these twelve long years or more,
On Disaster's barren shore,
We've lain needy, seedy, sore;
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Call us drunkards, liars, knaves,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Call us cowards, traitors, slaves,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Brand us murderers, as you will,
Kick and lash us; we'll lie still,
Doctor Greeley, just one pill!!
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Mix it up of all your worst;
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Yes! fill all your vials curst
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Slanders, libels, scourge, and thorn,
"Rebel Crew" with hate and scorn,
Oh, Gabriel! blow your horn,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

We must have the Greeley pill,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
We must take it with a will,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
'Tis a nauseous dose we know,
And will gripe and purge us so,
But the pill has GOT TO GO!!!
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Doctor Greeley, hear our cry:
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Come and help us ere we die,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Come from old Chappaqua's cole;
Bring your pill bags without fail;
Bring the *Tribune's* whitewash pail,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Behold us on our knees,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Give us anything you please,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Bitter though it be as gall,
We will gulp it down this fall;
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Music, indeed, has always been one of Mr. Platt's chief pleasures. After his removal to New York, in 1879, he attended the old Broome Street Church, under Doctor Booker's ministration, and was glad to renew there the habit of singing in the choir which he had so many years before formed in Owego. The politicians who attended the banquet of the Progress Republican Club of the Tenth Assembly District, February 12, 1896, were surprised when "the Old Man," as they called him, in the course of his speech, recalled the fact that many campaigns ago he had been known to sing a campaign song on occasion (a fact absolutely unknown to anybody present). There was a touch of pathos in the slightly trembling voice of the veteran of the Fremont campaign as just forty years later he stood before a New York audience and sang,

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea."

Not one New-Yorker in ten thousand knew that he could sing at all.

His literary bent has distinctly influenced Mr. Platt's public utterances. From the first political campaign, in 1870, in which he took a commanding part, the man's reputation as an organizer and manager apparently detracted from public opinion of his speeches. He has never been considered an orator, yet from the very first his public utterances will compare favorably for direct force and clear intelligence with those of most of his contemporaries.

As an example of the lighter vein in which Mr. Platt delighted to indulge in his youthful years the following may be quoted as delivered at Owego on the occasion of a masquerade and celebration, July 4, 1871:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen, High Joint Commissioners and Low-Jack Mangers:*

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the people of the rural districts to let

MR PLATT AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.

base the American Eagle, and a particular locality is honored with such a royal visitation and impressing display as your presence presents, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that somebody should say something.

"Our forefathers did thuswise in the days that tried men's soles and uppers.

"Our live Fathers of this village are disposed to do likewise, even in these days of taxes, that try men's calf-skins.

"They have commissioned me to express to you with all the wealth of Webster's Unabridged, and all the strength of spirits unblinted, the pent up emotions of their patriotic souls."

After the untimely end of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, both Mr. Platt and Mr. Munger were frequent contributors, not only to the press of Owego and adjoining towns, but to the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine—whose conductors have of recent years differed pointedly with their former contributor on political grounds. In the editorial pages of the Owego *Times*, of which his former instructor and life-long friend, William Smyth, became editor in 1854, were published many of the pungent satires and humorous skits of Platt and Munger.

The literary diversions of "the most powerful managing politicians in the United States" have been confined in the main to his early life. Yet Mr. Platt's career can hardly fail to be productive of still other surprises to his enemies as well as his friends.

JOHN PAUL BOYCE.

The Cod-Fisher

WHERE leap the long Atlantic swells
In foam streaked stretch of hill and dale,
Where shrill the north wind demon yells,
And flings the spin-drift down the gale;
Where, bowlen 'gainst the bending mast,
The frozen rain-drop clings and cleaves,
With steadfast front for calm or blast
His tattered schooner rocks and heaves.

"*To some the gain, to some the loss,*
To each the chance, the risk, the fight;
For men must die that men may live,—
Lord, may we steer our course aright."

The dripping deck beneath him reels,
The flooded scuppers spout the brine,
He heeds them not, he only feels
The tugging of a tightened line.
The grim white sea fog o'er him throws
Its clammy curtain, damp and cold,
He minds it not,—his work he knows,
'Tis but to fill an empty hold.

Oft, driven through the night's blind wrack,
He feels the dread berg's ghastly breath,
Or hears drow nigh through walls of black
A throbbing engine chanting death.
But with a calm unwrinkled brow,
He fronts them, grim and undismayed,
For storm and ice and liner's bow,
These are but chances of the trade.

Yet well he knows,—where'er it be,
On old Cape Cod or bluff Cape Ann,—
With straining eyes that search the sea,
A watching woman waits her man.
He knows it, and his love is deep,
But work is work, and bread is bread,
And though men drown and women weep,
The hungry thousands must be fed.

"*To some the gain, to some the loss,*
To each his chance, the game with Fate;
For men must die that men may live,
Dear Lord, be kind to those who wait."

JOE LINCOLN.

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GERMANY'S BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.
DRAWN BY C. C. CURRAN.

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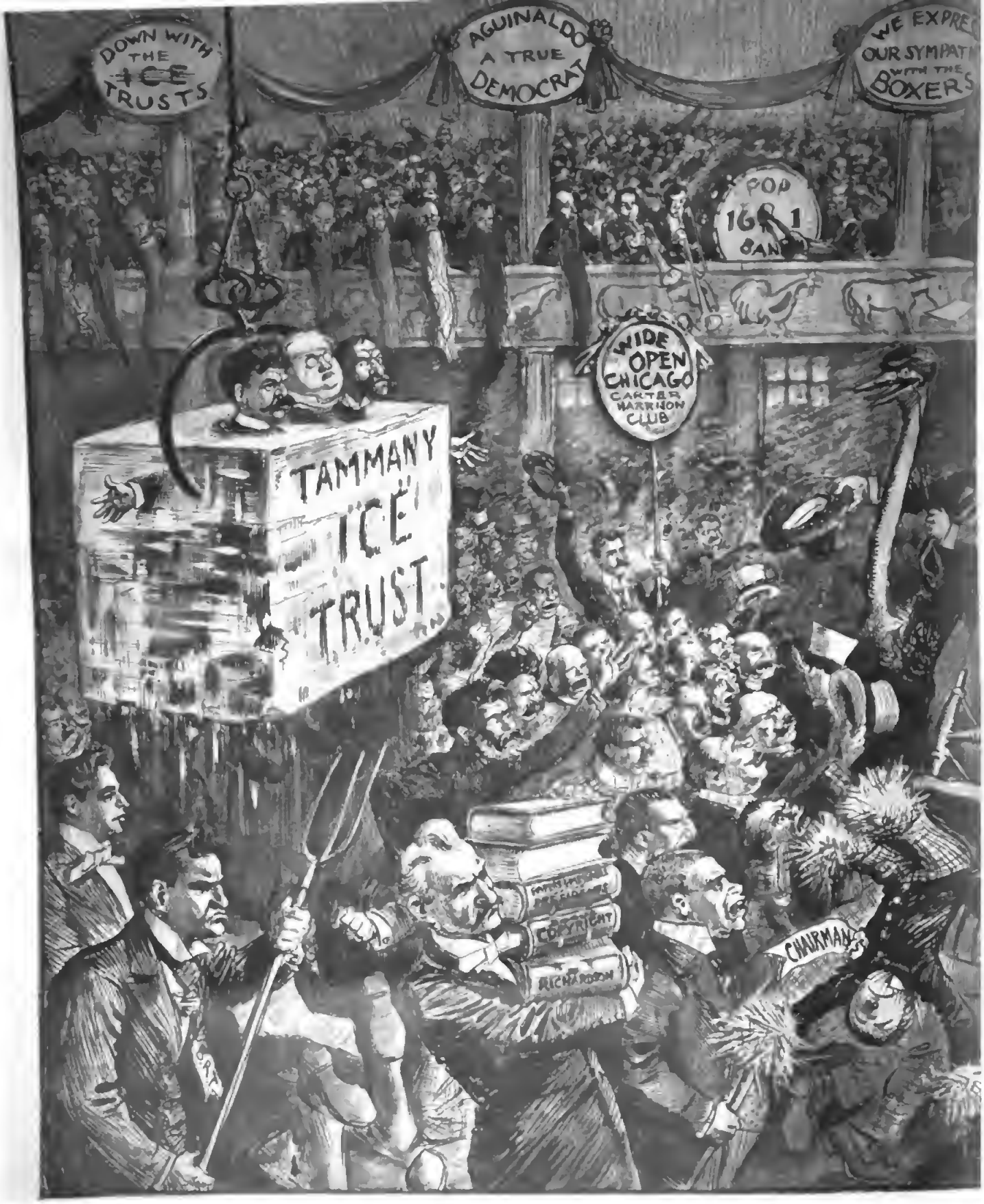

THE FOURTH OF JU

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LY AT KANSAS CITY

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NICHOLAS AROUSED THE INNKEEPER.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

OUTSIDE the house Warburton mounted his horse and rode from the gates, with no elation, but with a certain solid satisfaction as of a duty discharged. It was characteristic of him that he cast no backward glance at his own decision and achievement; that he had saved Nicholas Carmichael at his own expense did not trouble him. He never considered it; his nature was too plain and simple, above all too arrogant and firm. He turned his horse's head towards Marlock, pointing down the valley.

As he passed through the gates the horseman who was in waiting beneath the huge elms that bordered the road struck spurs into his animal and followed after him.

"'Tis as I thought," said Nicholas Carmichael to himself, his temper lashed into a frenzy, "he has spoke at last, and there remains but one thing. By God in heaven, I have two matters against him that spell Death!"

Warburton sprang away at a gallop, and his pursuer struck viciously at his horse to sharpen his pace, for there were but a hundred yards between the unconscious rider and his enemy. The road lapsed out of the blind chasm of trees and was visible a gray thread, winding downwards into a hollow of darkness. At this point the two were not fifty paces separate, and Warburton, with the noise of another rider in his ears, turned in his saddle. As he did so there came a voice from the pit before him: "Halt!"

The challenge rang out brisk, sudden, startling, on the night, and involuntarily Warburton reined in, the horse staggering and slipping on the descent until it came to a stop in the centre of a group of men.

"What is this?" demanded Warburton; and then making out the uniform of a military officer, "Are you gentlemen footpads that you stop one on the King's highway?" he added.

"Is it Mr. Warburton?" inquired the officer. "Pardon me, the light is damnable. If 'tis you, sir, we are doing nothing but our duty. 'Tis my misfortune to have to arrest you. I am from Edgecombe."

"The devil!" cried Warburton, starting, and was silent awhile.

"What foolish business is this?" he asked next. "There is some mistake committed."

"I fear not, Mr. Warburton," answered the officer, "I am acting upon the authority of a warrant, issued by Mr. Powis of Layeross."

Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2299.

Warburton laughed harshly. "Damme, I must be pinched to see if I am awake. What charge? I demand your warrant."

"You shall see it, sir," said the officer, civilly, "for by your leave I will conduct you to Mr. Powis's, who lives by here, I am told. Sergeant, form and forward. Mr. Warburton, I hope you will accompany me as a friend might, and not a prisoner."

Warburton was about to give an angry answer and pull at his beast, but a glance at the party round him changed his intention. He was bewildered at this remarkable turn to affairs, and suffered himself to be led back upon the way to Layeross without remonstrance, even without a word. The horseman who had followed him had seen the meeting from the patch of darkness in which he sheltered, and upon the movement of the soldiery twisted his bridle and galloped hard in the direction of Marlock. Arrived in the village he rattled under the window of the "Three Feathers," where the sign-board swung, creaking in the night winds.

"Awake, fool!" he called, and struck on an upper casement with his whip. "Awake, fool! The game is up! The red coats are out! Get you to the Island and warn my father!"

The innkeeper's head appeared, crowned with a tasselled nightcap. "Mr. Carmichael, is it you, sir? You scared me. Oh, my God, the soldiers! I cannot do it by myself. Whither go you, sir?"

Nicholas Carmichael held up two fingers under the light, and both were stained with blood. "I have two counts, and both are death," he said. "Get you gone, as I bid," with which he vanished again into the night.

Meanwhile the cavalcade conducting Warburton reached Layeross, and after the usual ceremonies the captain of the troop with two of his men and Warburton, were admitted into the Justice's room. Mr. Powis sat where Warburton had left him, reading from the same book, and his face and voice were as quiet as ever.

"Whom have we here, Captain Rush?" he asked. "A prisoner? Not a prisoner, surely, Mr. Warburton? You are of a house that should not suffer this disgrace."

"I have yet to learn, sir, by what right I am arrested, and on what charge," said Warburton, stormily.

Mr. Powis turned to the officer. "Your warrant, sir?" and taking the paper which was handed to him in silence, perused it carefully. "You are charged herein to take the person of one Roger Warburton, lodging in the 'Three Feathers,' on the suspicion of participation in a conspiracy against his Gracious Majesty." He folded the paper and returned it to the soldier. "'Tis correct, as it should be, seeing I drew it myself," he said, coldly, and looked his prisoner squarely in the face.

"Conspiracy!" broke out Warburton, in amazement.

"A case of accessory after the fact, at the least, I am told. That is the information sworn to," said Mr. Powis.

Warburton's head went round. Was this a cunning move on the part of the Carmichaels to hold him in bondage until they were ready for him? No; this idea was quite impossible, seeing that only his instant and secret death could help them.

"May I ask, who swore the information?" he asked at length.

"That I may not say," said the magistrate. "This warrant authorizes your arrest and"—he paused—"that you be searched."

Warburton turned red-hot, and his brow grew black. "What mean you?" he said, fiercely.

"'Tis necessary," said Mr. Powis. "I am helpless." He made a sign to the Captain, who in his turn issued a command to his men with obvious reluctance. Warburton's face for a moment took on a ferocious aspect, but, slowly changing, he addressed the magistrate. "Will you take my word, sir, that all I produce is all that I have on me," he said, slowly. Mr. Powis met his gaze. "Yes," he answered, after a momentary pause. "We desire to humiliate no one in the exercise of our duty, least of all one of your position, sir."

Warburton turned out the contents of his pockets, which the magistrate formally examined, then after a quarter of an hour's silence he looked up at the prisoner. "Is there nothing else?" he asked. "Have I your word that there is nothing else?"

Warburton uttered a sharp laugh, and withdrawing a letter from his breast, threw it down on the table. "There is only this letter addressed to yourself, sir," he said.

Mr. Powis took it up. "Ah! indeed," he said. "I have to thank you for playing messenger to me." He turned to the officer: "Captain Rush, you are required to hold this gentleman in the village until the examination is complete; there are yet his effects at the inn, and as you may need my presence, I will ride with you."

Warburton walked to the window and looked out on the garden, where the moon was rising late. He was a prisoner, and Chloris waited by the broken chapel on the desolate dunes.

CHAPTER XIX

WARBURTON SAILS FOR THE ISLAND

WARBURTON waited impatiently in the custody of the soldiers at Marlock until he should be released. As he strode up and down the bare room that was his prison he recognized at last what his arrest had meant, for the examination of his effects could only have been ordered in the hope of finding some compromising evidence. Undoubtedly that was Bonaparte's letter, and whoso had struck at him thus was aware of the existence of the letter. Only by an accident it was not upon his person, for he had given it to Chloris with instructions to destroy it, and no doubt by this time, a little fluttering dust of ashes, it was scattered to the sands. But who had knowledge of his secret? Again he dismissed the idea that the Carmichaels were responsible for his arrest, for they would be mad indeed so to endanger their own safety. And now what irritated him more than all was the return of Chloris's letter to the magistrate. He had completely failed, for the irony of fortune had delivered him into the very hands from which he would have escaped. The reason of Mr. Powis's calmness, as well as of his kindliness, under the outrage was apparent now, seeing that his own escape had been impracticable, and that the Justice had known he was but marching upon his fate. His mission had ended in disaster, and by a strange turn of the wheel he was himself the medium by which the law was to be acquainted with the crimes of the Carmichaels. Yesterday he would have contemplated the fact with equanimity, even with satisfaction, if not with actual triumph; but to-day, fresh from his enterprise and under the spur of his new and altered emotions, he chafed against the accident which had given Nicholas Carmichael to justice.

In the midst of these meditations the door of his chamber opened and Mr. Powis entered.

"I have great satisfaction in informing you, sir," he said, in an official manner, "that nothing has been found which is in any way prejudicial to you—nothing, in short, such as we were led to believe would be found."

Warburton bowed stiffly. "And now, sir, perhaps you will allow me my liberty," he said, coldly.

"Forgive me, sir, but you forget something, surely," said Mr. Powis. "There was something else between you and me. One score is settled in your favor, I am pleased to say, but what of the other?"

"I understood that that was a private matter between us," replied Warburton, haughtily. "I am no common pickpocket."

Mr. Powis took a pinch of snuff. "If you were to ask me in my capacity as a private gentleman I should say no, Mr. Warburton, but I am more than that," he said. "What happened touches me in another quality. I am also a Justice of the Peace."

"Of which I have heard a great deal," retorted Warburton, with a sneer. "You have spoken of your barrier experiences, sir, but it seems to me you smack of a pettifogging country attorney."

"Is that how it strikes you?" asked Powis, imperturbably. "I had not thought of myself in that light, but rather as one who endeavored to do you a good turn and warn a headstrong young gentleman from his folly."

"You are very good, sir," said Warburton, with icy politeness. "I pray God I may meet men such as you to take refuge with such ceremony behind the forms of law."

Mr. Powis considered him without animosity. "Will you tell me this," said he—"why it is you come to rob me of that letter?"

Warburton was silent, feeling too angry to suffer

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of India Famine Relief Funds. That of the *Christian Herald* is the most important, so far, and is so well supported that it has been able to remit $100,000 in one payment. Two cents a day, they tell us, will keep a human being alive in India. So, however overpowering the need seems, it is worth while doing whatever can be done to meet it.

OWING to various difficulties and complications, the details of which need not be here set forth, the first American edition of Miss Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage*, which was published by the Messrs. Harper, had to be printed from proofs which the author had not revised. The demand for the novel was so prompt and so urgent that three following editions had to be printed from the same plates as the first. In these first four American editions there were errors, which the author corrected in proof and which did not appear in any of the English editions. In the last four American editions of the book (there have been eleven in all) these errors do not appear, but unluckily the reviewers in this country dealt with the earlier American editions, and some of them have charged Miss Cholmondeley with mistakes of grammar and sense which she did not commit, but which existed in the English proofs before she revised them. The reviewers who accused Miss Cholmondeley of ignorance and disregard of syntax are invited to take notice that she was not guilty of those offences, and that they were misled by appearances due to complications of which she and her American publishers were both disconsolate, though blameless, victims.

THE case of H. C. Benham acquitted on June 21 at Canandaigua, New York, of the charge of poisoning his wife is a fresh illustration of the capacities of juries and the resources of law. Benham lived at Batavia, New York. His wife died there on January 4, 1897. He was tried for poisoning her with prussic acid, and was found guilty. The case went to the Court of Appeals and the verdict was sustained, the opinion, by Judge Haight, being forty pages long, and discussing law and facts with searching care. The prisoner was to have died on November 1, 1897. The Governor granted him a respite, and Judge Hooker of Buffalo granted an application for a new trial on the ground that new evidence had been discovered. Judge Houghton in the second trial charged the jury that they must find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree or acquit him. He told them, too, that the prosecution was bound to prove that Benham's wife swallowed the prussic acid. Proof that it was administered as an injection would not do. Only one juryman voted for conviction, and the fourth ballot brought acquittal. Benham's conduct as a husband had been far from circumspect, but his counsel, and the Court as well, insisted that he should not be convicted of murder on general principles as being a reprobate person. On the ground that his home community disapproved of him too strongly to give him a play, his second trial took place in another county. The verdict is reported to be popular in Canandaigua and unpopular in Batavia. The trial has greatly interested the western part of New York State. Complicated murder trials, especially where poisoning is charged, are exceedingly expensive, and it may be we ought to be thankful that the public which pays for them gets a considerable measure of entertainment for its money.

IT is just about time now for the steamer *Windward* to start for northwest Greenland in search of Mr. Peary, the explorer. It will be remembered that he has spent the winters in the Far North for several years. His intention was to make a dash for the pole last spring, if the conditions were favorable; but whether they were favorable or not will not be known until he has been heard from. His arrangements were complete; he had supplies of food at convenient places Far North, and abundant stores at Fort Conger far up towards the edge of the north coast, and his hope was to make a dash from there with sledge and dog team across the frozen polar sea. He has great experience in arctic exploration, and a very earnest purpose, and we shall be interested in the report the *Windward* brings back. If the conditions last spring were not favorable to his plans he will doubtless stay in the Far North another year, but there is some reason to believe that he found ice that he could travel on and made his attempt.

THE educational Moses has again smitten the Rockefeller, and he has gushed to the extent of $250,000 for the benefit of Brown University. Brown needed a million dollars, Mr. Rockefeller said he would give a quarter of it if the Brown alumni would raise the rest. President Faunce got within $70,000 of the ne-

... last month by any American university than two that were features of the Commencement at Hobart College in Geneva, New York. Hobart made Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, a Doctor of Sacred Theology, and John Jay Chapman, of New York, a Doctor of Humane Letters. Both of these gentlemen are reformers. Dr. Crapsey, long known as a fervent and eloquent preacher, and as a man who has ideas of his own and a marked disposition to express them, is the author of a series of tractates on various concerns of the church and of religion, which have attracted wide notice by the boldness and vigor of their declarations. The degree which has been given him by Hobart, an Episcopal college, must be taken as a recognition by his brethren of the ability of his recent utterances, as well as of his high standing in his profession. He is very much of an iconoclast, and a church college which honors him acquits itself *ipso facto* of all imputations of timid conservatism.

But in Dr. Chapman's case, still more, Hobart has given evidence of the liveliness of its imagination and its sympathy with the irrepressible. There is no doubt about Dr. Chapman's hold on literature. He is a notable essayist, and folks who do not like the sense of all he writes are glad to read him for his style and for the pleasure of seeing statements which they do not believe set forth with unterrified vigor. For years past his has been the voice of one roaring in the wilderness, denouncing the feasible, excoriating the successful, advocating in and out of season the ultimate expediency of the inexpedient. As an objurgatory prophet he is a success, however unreliable he may be as a predicter. Whatever any one may think of him as a political critic, there is no doubt that he has earned the literary degree that Hobart has conferred upon him, and it is highly interesting that Hobart should have singled him out for distinction.

NO one seems to be saying that Governor Roosevelt has the backbone of a chocolate éclair because he couldn't withhold himself from the Republican Presidential ticket. Dr. Chapman, aforesaid, has a caustic obituary notice of him in the June number of the *Political Nursery*, which, written as it was before the meeting of the Philadelphia convention, has a certain diverting timeliness about it. Dr. Chapman proclaims that Roosevelt is a sinner and a disappointment, and even maintains that "there is no fight in him." If the *Nursery* achieves another issue he will probably declare that the Governor's nomination for Vice-President was a just judgment on him, and served him right. But that is not the prevailing attitude. The general sentiment among the voters who expect to vote for Roosevelt is one of enthusiasm, qualified in some cases by emotions of sympathy. "We worship him; we honor and love him," writes a young man who relieves his mind in a letter to the New York *Sun*, and the *Sun* itself says, "The admiration, the feeling of almost personal affection, which many millions of Americans have for Theodore Roosevelt ought to make him, and undoubtedly do make him, at once very proud and very humble."

If the Governor has gone down he has gone down in a remarkably fine shower of sparks, and the prospect is that his progress towards obscurity will be lighted by more rockets and pyrotechnic displays than ever before marked the path of a politician towards the outer darkness of private life. The newspaper account of his passage through New York, which represents him as buying a life of Charlemagne to take home with him to Oyster Bay, does not read much like the description of a man who has bidden farewell to earthly ambitions. He has six months of ardent life ahead of him, whatever happens. That much is certain. If after that a season of comparative repose that still is not stagnation shall supervene, it may lengthen his days, if nothing more, for surely such a whirl of activity as Roosevelt has kept up since he came from Washington to be a police-commissioner in New York must tax the human machine considerably, and indefinite continuance of it cannot be conducive to longevity.

A WISCONSIN reader of the WEEKLY, Mr. Smith of Madison, finds fault with a recent opinion expressed on this page, that Methodist temperance committees which pass resolutions about tobacco ought to include some members who have had a sufficient personal experience of tobacco to give weight to their opinions. Mr. Smith thinks that, on the same principle, a man accused of theft would be justified in having a few thieves on the jury that tried him, or a man accused of homicide a few murderers.

His analogy is specious, but inaccurate. Suppose he is a meat-eater. Would he be impressed with resolutions passed by a committee of vegetarians declaring that no one ought to eat meat? He would probably say that vegetarians were cranks, and their resolutions would have no weight with him, but a mixed committee including reputable and intelligent persons of various ways of thinking might arrive at conclusions as to diet which would give him some new ideas and in-

are the result of personal tests and count for more than those of persons who have never tried tobacco at all, and merely declare off-hand that its use is a vice and a nasty habit.

It isn't necessarily nasty. Clean men, whose manners are considerate, smoke at proper times and in proper places and give no offence. Inconsiderate persons are inconsiderate about smoking as about other things.

WHETHER the world and the people in it would be better off without tobacco seems far from assured. It disagrees with a good many persons, and they ought not to use it. Many other persons smoke to excess, and find themselves unable to smoke moderately. It is best for them to stop altogether. Still other men of great mental energy who want to get the most out of every faculty they have don't smoke. Gladstone didn't smoke, nor Charles A. Dana, nor Lincoln (did he?). Roosevelt doesn't smoke. Men who don't get tired have little need to smoke. McKinley smokes, so did Grant, and Seward, and Bismarck, and Lowell; so does John Fiske. So do a large majority of the ablest lawyers, doctors, bankers, and merchants of this town, and doubtless of other American towns. There seems to be a good deal of rest and also a good deal of work in tobacco. There is no work in rum except in rare cases of emergency. We are used to consider that a man who habitually uses alcohol as a stimulant to help him do his work is riding to a fall, but tobacco is, apparently, a very useful stimulant to some persons, who are able to use it during all the adult period of their lives without disaster or excess, or noticeable ill effects. Hard and continuous mental work is itself unwholesome for most persons, and is very apt in this time and country to be carried to excess. Tobacco may do good, either as a reasonably safe stimulant which helps hard-pressed men over hard places, or as a narcotic which makes idleness tolerable and keeps some restless men from working harder than their strength warrants. Darwin in his autobiography speaks of the two paper cigarettes which he was used to smoke in the afternoon after the few hours of labor which his impaired health permitted were over. They were restful to him, and caused him no compunctions of conscience.

The drawbacks and dangers of smoking are obvious and important enough to make nearly all ruminating smokers consider from time to time the expediency of giving up tobacco. On the other hand the pleasure and advantages of it are notable enough to make one wonder why more women don't smoke. Reputable and well-mannered American women rarely smoke nowadays. In pioneer times grandmothers smoked pipes in chimney-corners. They don't now. Of the few American ladies who smoke cigarettes the majority brought the habit back with them from Europe. The general sentiment among our women is that for women to smoke is vulgar. Whether it is all merely a matter of habit and custom, or whether women's occupations and environments are such that they have less need of tobacco than men, let the learned discuss. All we know is that as a rule men smoke and women don't, and we wonder why women are so docile about it. Mr. C. D. Warner says in one of his books that if it were not for what he knows about the Romans he would think tobacco was the root of all evil. Men who smoke might easier conclude that tobacco was the source of all their diseases and defects, if it were not so readily discernible that women who don't smoke have about as many diseases and defects as men.

PEOPLE'S views about smoking and drinking are sure to be very much influenced by the sort of drinking or smoking that comes to their notice. In small American villages where the common run of reputable people drink very little, and never in public, what drinking there is in sight is usually done by the unskilled and intemperate, and is so obviously detrimental to the interest of the drinkers and of the community as to strengthen most observers in antipathy to alcohol. The best drinking and that which least scandalizes the temperate observer is that done in wine-growing countries, where wine, and not spirits, is universally drunk. The worst drinking is doubtless done in prohibition States, where the liquor is dear and bad, the seller a law-breaker, and the drinker a sneak. Out of a vast deal of drinking that is done in our cities a fair proportion is skilful and restrained, and the observer who watches it as it goes on in reputable clubs and restaurants and in a thousand respectable places, public and private, naturally forms different impressions about the uses and abuses of drink from those that result from observation in most American rural communities.

So it is in a measure with tobacco. When we see it used by clean and considerate persons we think better of it than when its patrons are unmannerly. Manners make a vast deal of difference. There are folks who eat in a fashion that puts one out of all conceit with eating, and of course there are persons who smoke so offensively as to make tobacco a nuisance.

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THE YALE-HARVARD BOAT-RACES ON THE THAMES, NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, JUNE 28, 1900.

1. Finish of the Freshman Race, Harvard winning in 12 m. 1 sec. 2. Finish of the Race between the University Eights, Yale winning in 21 m. 12 4-5 sec.
3. Picking up the Harvard Eight after the Race, Harding, stroke, unconscious in his seat

The Yale-Harvard Races

AN unfortunate accident, such as might happen to any one in any walk of life, marred the result of the annual Yale-Harvard boat race at New London. Harvard, because she had chosen Captain Higginson to stroke her crew, will rightly always feel that had he been able to row the race the result might have been different. Yale will always regret that Higginson was not able to row, and that Harvard, when she sent her crew to the starting-flags, could not feel as Yale did, that this was her very best eight.

The Varsity race as it was rowed without Captain Higginson proved to be the closest and most dramatic contest that has taken place between Yale and Harvard on the water. For almost three miles and a half the two shells were lapped; for half of this distance the prows of the boats were zigzagging between the long swinging strokes of the crews. Twice Harvard took the lead, and twice Yale wrested it from her. For two miles and a half each crew swung along at thirty-two strokes per minute. But Harvard was fighting hardest all this distance to keep in the race.

Just before the three-mile flag was reached the Harvard coxswain called for a spurt. Harvard did not raise her stroke, but Harding put on the limit of his power. Within half a mile he gained five seconds on Yale, and forced his crew ahead by over half a boat length. A quarter of a mile farther on, as the result of this magnificent effort, Harding collapsed. Twice he dropped his oar from sheer exhaustion, and finally fell helpless at the feet of Sheafe, Harvard's No. 7. It was with difficulty that Sheafe and Coxswain Wadleigh kept Harding in the shell. Referee Meikleham signalled head-coach F. C. Storrow to go to the assistance of his crew, and Mr. Storrow called to Sheafe to stop rowing. But Sheafe shook his head. Harvard pluckily rowed out the race with seven oars.

The story of this race will live long, and its result will be much debated. Yale's victory, however, must stand as a creditable achievement. The Yale crew was developed amid adverse circumstances. Yale tried a new style of stroke. Yale proved very fast. Harvard had a veteran eight, developed under the most fortunate circumstances. Harvard's loss of Captain Higginson was one of the fortunes of boating.

In theory the coaches of the two Varsity eights had tried to teach practically the same style of a stroke. But the results obtained by the rival coaches were radically different. The crews used their slides, and applied their power according to divergent theories of the use of the muscles of the back and legs in rowing.

Both crews rowed a long stroke. Both caught the water rather early with the oar blades, and not violently, as the English Varsity crews.

Yale started her slides almost simultaneously with a heave backward of the shoulders, and then ran the slides down slowly, clear through the stroke. Yale's stroke was a long steady pull through the water, obtained by the combined power of the swing of the body and the drive of the legs. Yale did not separate these two kinds of power, but used them simultaneously.

Harvard used up these two kinds of power by an unequal distribution through the stroke of the body swing and the leg-drive. Harvard started her slides much more quickly than did Yale, and used up the leg-drive in the first half of the stroke. This caused Harvard to rush the middle part of her pull through the water. After Harvard had pulled through the first half of her stroke her slides were of little use to her, because her leg-drive had been expended. She then had to pull out the last half of her stroke with the strength of the arms and the back. Harvard seems to have fallen into what she considers a faulty method of boating, by using professional scullers to teach her oarsmen the fundamental principles of rowing. But rowing according to this theory, Harvard in 1899 produced an eight that caused Yale to cease to regard the professional sculler's idea of the use of the slide as a fault when applied to eight-oared-shell racing.

A Peaceful Invasion

THE task of securing a proper display of American amateur athletic culture at the Paris Exposition proved unexpectedly and unnecessarily difficult. When preliminary negotiations began, it was impossible to obtain from France any pertinent facts, and rumors told of a discordant camp, with possibilities of three rival sets of games—the Olympian sports, games under the management of the Exposition, and meetings held by the French athletic authorities. At that time no one could say with certainty what games would be contested, or when, or where, or under what rules.

Fortunately these dissensions ended speedily, and it was decided that there should be no Olympian games, and that the competitions for amateur athletes of all nations would be held officially under the auspices of the Exposition authorities, on the grounds, and under the rules, regulations, handicapping, and management of the Union des Sociétés Françaises de Sports Athlétiques, which is the governing body in French amateur sport.

Almost all of our men will first go to England, competing in the English amateur championship meeting at London, July 7, and then at the Paris Exposition Sports, a week or more later.

In scrutinizing the credentials of our delegates it must be remembered that our annual intercollegiate sports are held in May, and our present intercollegiate champions earned their honors only a few weeks ago, while the annual amateur championship meetings come in the autumn, so that our present amateur champions won their titles last August, and are now holding over until next fall.

At the head of our sprinters is Arthur F. Duffey, Georgetown University, who is the present amateur champion, but was ineligible to compete at the recent intercollegiate championship meeting because he lacked some weeks of the prescribed one year's residence at his university. He has repeatedly run 100 yards in 10 s., and has been several times credited with 9 4-5 s., under circumstances which prevented its acceptance as a record. He shares with F. B. Bliss, F. H. Bigelow, H. J. Wefers, H. C. Kennington, L. W. Redpath, and F. Schaefer the honors of the world's 40-yards record—4 3-5 s. He is also a joint holder, with L. E. Myers and J. W. B. Tenkebury, of the world's record for 60 yards—6 2-5 s.

We also send J. W. B. Tenkebury, U. of P. and N. Y. A. C., who was the intercollegiate 100-yards and 220-yards champion in 1898 and 1899, but did not compete this year. He has been in bad health during the winter, but is now recovering rapidly, and hopes to be as fast as ever before July 7.

Another of our men is A. C. Kraenzlein, U. of P. and N. Y. A. C., the present intercollegiate champion, and he will be accompanied by F. W. Jarvis, Princeton University, amateur champion in 1899, and second to Kraenzlein for the intercollegiate championship this year; T. B. McLean, U. of P., third to Kraenzlein in the same race; E. Meehan, Georgetown University; and C. L. Burroughs, W. A. Malooney, and F. G. Mahoney, of Chicago University.

It is not yet positively known who will start for England, but among the eligible athletes are F. W. Cooper, the present champion, R. W. Wadsley, and C. B. Thomas, each of whom has a record of 10 s., and A. M. Hollins, who ran a dead heat with Thomas in the Oxford-Cambridge sports this year.

Calcutta, India, sends Norman G. Pritchard, who has, at home, done 100 yards in 10 s., and the 120-yards hurdle race in 15 s. He reached England early in June, has competed several times already in club sports, and will be the best acclimated and trained of all the visitors.

Last but not least in the list of our opponents is Stanley Rowley, of Sydney, New South Wales, the present Australasian champion. He has run 220 yards in 22 1-5 s., 120 yards in 12 s., and 100 yards three times in 10 s., and twice in 9 9-10 s. It may be mentioned that the Australasian timing watches register tenths of a second, and all official times of horse-races and foot races in that country are recorded in tenths of a second.

Brown University; W. J. Holland, Georgetown University; J. W. B. Tewksbury and W. E. Drumheller, University of Pennsylvania; and W. A. Maloney and H. B. Slack, Chicago University.

Among the Englishmen to compete are Davidson, who won last year's championship in 49 2-5 s., and Hollins, winner of this year's Oxford-Cambridge match.

Long and Maloney have records of 49 1-5 s., Boardman of 49 3-5 s., and almost all our other candidates can beat 50 s., but, with change of climate and diet against them, it is by no means certain that they can beat the best men England puts forward July 7.

For the half-mile our team includes J. M. Perry, Pennsylvania University, the present intercollegiate champion; J. F. Cregan, amateur champion in 1897, and intercollegiate champion in 1898; W. A. Maloney and H. H. Lord, Chicago University; A. Grant, E. A. Mechling, W. E. Drumheller, and E. R. Bushnell, University of Pennsylvania; J. Bray, Williams College and N. Y. A. C.; and D. C. Hall.

Among the eligible Englishmen are Relf, champion of 1898 with 1 m. 56 1-5 s.; Tysoe, champion of 1899 in 1 m. 58 3-5 s.; and Graham, winner of the Oxford-Cambridge-Harvard-Yale match in 1 m. 57 1-5 s., and this year's Oxford-Cambridge match in 1 m. 58 3-5 s.

Bray has a record of 1 m. 54 3-5 s. for 10 yards less than half a mile, and Maloney has covered the full distance in 1 m. 58 s., while the others are equal to 2 minutes, or better, but we have now no Myers, or Dohm, or Downs, or Kilpatrick, or Burke, and our victory is by no means assured.

Our starters in the one-mile run will be J. F. Cregan, amateur champion in 1897 and 1898, and intercollegiate champion for three years; J. Bray, second to Cregan this year; E. R. Bushnell, fourth to Cregan this year; A. Grant, the amateur champion; G. W. Orton, University of Pennsylvania and N. Y. A. C. intercollegiate champion in 1895 and 1897, and amateur champion in 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, and 1896, E. A. Mechling, J. M. Perry, and D. C. Hall.

England may enter Welsh, champion of 1898 and 1899; Hunter, winner of the Oxford-Cambridge-Yale-Harvard match; and Cockshall, winner of this year's Oxford-Cambridge match, and many other fast runners, such as A. E. Tysoe.

Welsh won the 1898 championship in 4 m. 17 1-5 s., which is far ahead of any performance by any of our team; but if, as is commonly reported, he has decided to retire, the contest between our team and the other English runners will be close.

The English championship programme has neither two-mile nor five-mile run; but A. Grant, our intercollegiate two-mile champion, who ran a dead-heat with his brother for the amateur five-mile championship last August, will enter in the English four-mile championship, and be supported probably by D. C. Hall, who ran second to him for the intercollegiate championship, and by G. W. Orton.

England and Ireland have armies of distance-runners, and the entry list will probably be long. Bennett won the amateur championship in 1898 and 1899, while Workman took the Oxford-Cambridge-Harvard-Yale match and this year's Oxford-Cambridge match, each of these two being at three miles.

The English amateur championship programme includes a two-mile steeplechase, which is not found at American meetings. For this race America sends W. Orton, who won it in 1898 and was beaten last year. The present English champion is W. Stokes.

...ing to the great popularity of cross-...ry running, England has hundreds ...class distance runners and steeple-... and it is not unlikely that Brit-... may win the one-mile run, the ...s, and the steeple-chase, be-... fair chance at the quarter-...

...hurdle race we send ...collegiate champion ...teur champion for ...ll go W. P. Rem-...nnsylvania, who ...lein at the inter-... year, and F. G. ...

...Kraenzlein and A. C. Kraenzlein at this year's intercollegiate meeting. Kraenzlein holds the world's record, 24 ft. 4½ in., and has, in practice, beaten 24 ft. 8 in., while Remington can clear more than 23 ft. Great Britain has the young Irish giant W. J. M. Newburn, her amateur champion in 1898 and 1899, who holds a genuine record of 24 ft. ½ in., and has been credited with many more inches at various Irish meetings, where the officials were not careful as to details. Another good Irishman is P. J. O'Connor, who won this year's Irish championship at 23 ft. 6½ in.

For the pole vault, B. Johnson, Y. U., intercollegiate champion in 1897 and 1900, will be supported by A. W. Coleman, P. U., who finished second to Johnson in this year's intercollegiate contest, D. S. Horton, P. U., who finished third to Johnson, I. K. Baxter, the present amateur champion, and M. B. Colkett, U. of P. During the past eight weeks, in public games, Johnson has cleared 11 ft. 8 in., Coleman 11 ft. 5 in., and Horton 11 ft. 4 in. Some years ago Lancashire was always ready to furnish a champion and record-breaking pole-vaulter, and two men from the little town of Ulverstone have, at different times, crossed the Atlantic and won our championships. But the game seems to have fallen into disfavor in England, and our delegates ought to win the English championship, and perhaps establish a new English record.

Our entries for the shot-putting will include R. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., amateur champion for two years; J. C. McCracken, U. of P., intercollegiate champion in 1898 and 1899, and second to Beck this year; and T. T. Hare, U. of P. Sheldon cleared 45 ft. 8½ in. at Travers Island, June 16, but will need a little more power to beat D. Horgan, the brawny Irishman, who has won the Irish championship for seven years and the English championship for three years, and holds the world's record —47 ft. 1 in.

John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C. amateur champion for three years, and holder of the world's record, 167 ft. 8 in., will try for the hammer-throwing, his American opponents being McCracken, intercollegiate champion in 1898 and 1899, and second to Plaw, this year, and T. T. Hare, third to Plaw and McCracken in this year's intercollegiate competition. England has no hammer-throwers worth mentioning, and T. F. Kiely, of Ireland, England's champion for two years, has never come within ten feet of Flanagan's records.

One battalion of our army of invasion will omit London and advance directly on Paris. Among them may be mentioned the following: L. P. Sheldon, Yale University and N. Y. A. C., intercollegiate running broad jump champion in 1895 and 1896, intercollegiate shot-putting champion in 1896, and who has already won several prizes in international contests, is now living in Paris, and will probably enter in the jumps, hurdles, and weight-throwing. Ray C. Ewry, N. Y. A. C., holder of the American championships and world's records at standing high jump and standing long jump, could find no competition in London, and therefore goes directly to Paris. Arthur L. Newton, N. Y. A. C., beat twenty-four opponents in a 15-mile race near New York city, July 17, the prize being a trip to Paris, and an entry in the 25-mile race there.

The New England Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, at whose instance the 25-mile race was added to the Paris programme, have named their three representatives, the fortunate men being Richard Grant, J. B. Maguire, and R. J. Macdonald. Grant ran a dead-heat with his brother for the five-mile amateur championship last August, and Macdonald won the Boston 25-mile race and established a new record for the distance in 1898. The three men have proven themselves, in many tests, the fastest and most reliable long-distance runners of New England.

Others who do not go to London are the men of Syracuse University, including R. A. Waite, a sprinter; J. M. Scrafford, fourth in this year's intercollegiate half-mile run; W. P. Lewis, fourth in this year's intercollegiate 120 yards hurdle race; H. G. Lee, second in this year's intercollegiate quarter mile run; and Meyer

English-speaking nations are so far ahead of all others in athletic sport that the winners of the English championships, July 7, including representatives certainly of England, Ireland, and the United States, and perhaps of Scotland, India, and New South Wales, and re-enforced by the American squad that did not go to London, ought to win every international championship and scratch event at Paris, leaving to other countries only a share of the handicap contests.

The distances at Paris will be in metres. One metre is 39 37-100 inches, and 100 metres is 109 36-100 yards. Besides numerous handicaps, there will be international scratch and championship events as follows: Runs at 60 metres, 100 metres, 200 metres, 400 metres, 800 metres, 1500 metres, and a cross-country race of about 25 miles. Steeple-chases at 2500 metres and 100 metres. International foot-race, 5000 metres, teams of five men from each country. Hurdle races at 110 metres, 200 metres, and 400 metres. Standing high jump, standing long jump, running high jump, running long jump, running hop, step, and jump, and pole-vaulting. Hammer-throwing, shot-putting, and discus-throwing. Tug of war, teams of six men.

Many of the distances differ only a few feet or yards from those found in the English programme, but the practically new events will give chances to athletes who did not find their specialties in London, such as the discus-throwing for Sheldon, the standing high and long jumps for Ewry, the 25-mile run for A. L. Newton, Grant, Macdonald, and Maguire.

During the past twenty years many parties of American athletes have visited Europe, but no one of these expeditions ever approached, in dignity or strength, the American army of athletic invasion whose advance-guard is already on British soil, with other divisions following fast. The party includes the athletic strength of the country, and if they are beaten, the United States will be beaten.

W. B. Curtis.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[Adv.]

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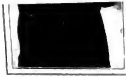

JOHN (PETER RENDL).

CHRIST BEFORE *PILATE.*

JUDAS (JOHANN ZWINK).

The Passion Play

A DISTINGUISHED philosopher has declared that this life would be intolerable save for its illusions. Another sage, equally deep-thinking, tells us that we would all get on with our lots, here below, a vast deal better if life set up for us no illusions at all! So you may take your choice of theories. More is the pity, however, if you must pay your money, to any great extent, before you make your choice. Thereby hangs at least a part of this short tale, and the special or general counsels belonging to it.

It is an easy matter to get to Oberammergau nowadays, compared with the long high-road and by-road business of former Play recurrences. The railway spans you up in less than four hours. From the first moment you realize that you are in a vast caravansary of English and American tourists, mingled with a large but far less important and noisy German or Austrian contingent. A wide street, bordered with smart townlike houses, mostly new or transmogrified. Up and down surges a throng of tourists. Every house, too, is a shop, a bazar, of pictures, glass, carving, and *kling-klang* of every sort, inartistic as well as artistic, brought from Munich or Vienna factories. It is a Midway Pleasaunce, this Oberammergau—a Champs Elysées, minus the marionettes and the bands. Next "Play year" there will be likely *cafés chantants* everywhere and a couple of carrousels in full swing. The "simple village folk" are doubtless dead; wisely. A generation of hawkers and shopkeepers has succeeded. The mere fact that every now and then you recognize in some tradesman, busy in his booth, one of the Play's dramatic corps, long-haired, and with a tendency to pose, to assume a devout expression that means an eye to business as well as his coming responsibilities, alters nothing much. The new hotels are all a squeeze, in their noisy restaurants and tumultuous dickering. Money, money, money! make all of it that you can, while Cook and Gaze and Schenker pour in their regiments of English and American tourists on us! That is the soul of Oberammergau to-day. Nor inexcusably finds one such a soul there.

The next morning, *volens volens*, you will be awake early. After a cup of excellent coffee, a look into the fine church—which is crowded with strangers who are not by any means pilgrims save in the Cook sense—and awhile more of walking up and down the chattering circuits of the village, you walk over to the big new "Passion" Theatre, and you take your place.

You are in a kind of big, yellow-gray, iron railway station; overarched in a huge curve, big as a *salles des machines* in an exposition, and seating about four thousand people. Three-fourths of the places have been sold in London, to the British tourist, provincial or metropolitan! The country rector and his wife are much in evidence; obviously purposing to be "impressed" their full money's worth. The much-famed new proscenium stretches before you, with its conventional middle staircase and two big side wings. The central edifice, a Greek—Corinthian—temple, is wholly out of architectural suggestion suited to the drama of Hebraic, Oriental, Palestinian, and Roman atmosphere to be given. A gaudy Byzantine curtain hangs across this central building. The beautiful Oberammergau landscape, which used to be seen from every part of the stage as a natural background, here and there, now is shut out from the spectators unless they are far back in the big hall, and on its higher tiers of seats. A large auditorium was needed, more tickets could be sold to foreigners. Hence the exigency of the present plan. And around and about you a large majority of the Play visitors are doing anything but settle down into the "preparatory mood," of which we read so much. Chattering up and down in their seats, eating "postscripts" to their breakfasts, comparing time-tables and notes, laughing loudly over jokes and experiences—all in English and mostly in English English—well, perhaps this Passion Play House at Oberammergau was, truly, a Play House of Prayer, but nowadays the tourist agencies certainly have made it a den of tourists.

At eight o'clock the overture to the Play is given by a good sized orchestra; invisible because of the depth, Bayreuth fashion, of the orchestra-pit; but, unluckily, not as inaudible as even the most indulgent hearer might wish. For it is not in quality to-day a mere village band; but a badly drilled town orchestra. And let me say here that the music running through the Passion Play is an almost fundamental blemish, first and last. It is by Rochus Dedler (1779-1822). The noble and yet simple chorals, after Bach, the truly folk-music quality, the religious simplicity, are alike too far away from it. Instead, one has sentimental rubbish—a kind of score made up of borrowing Mozart, or of imitations of Mozart's imitators; and of putting orange water and barley sugar to the product. The result is languid sickliness, number by number. And, as such music even, full of a solo and recitative quality, lies outside the training of the average Bavarian peasant voice—not outside the voice itself, but the schooling—first and last also, is the music of the Play execrably sung—with a throaty, nasal quality that only ignorant ears can enjoy. Nobody relishes real and good Bavarian peasant concerts more than I do; but this music-making is not of the genuine sort. However, the stately Procession of the Chorus comes on (dressed in a hybrid, Greekish costume, as if a play of Sophocles were toward!) It is headed by noble old Josef Mayr, as the declaimer of the spoken Prologues, and by the "Singer," Jakob Rutz, who delivers the musical comments.

I do not propose here—nor is there space—to rehearse the familiar course of the drama, on which an English literature, historical, descriptive, and critical,

ANTON LANG,

Who represents *Christ* at Oberammergau

has been in existence since the half-century began. The successive incidents which brought the Play into existence earlier than the beginning of 1600, and those that have kept it current in Oberammergau, decade by decade, are all at the reader's hand, if not in his library. The structure and movement of the piece, with its simple scenes and its Biblical diction and spirit—more or less modernized and filled out within a generation or so, but still becomingly naive and devout—have received voluminous attention. It is to-day, in spite of all changes and original infelicities, a strong and complex and interesting survival of the mediæval Passion Play of Germany and Austria, a strong vehicle in its textual individuality for the peasant-actor's temperament, and even for the peasant auditor's emotion. Scene succeeds well to scene, tableau knits logically to tableau, between the Prologue and the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and the Crucifixion and Resurrection. And the general effect as read or fancied, while often tedious, is sincerely religious. Doubtless, as the Play was formerly given—in the palmy days of old Josef Mayr as *Christ*, and of Johann Zwink, still noteworthy as *Judas*, and of the elder Rendl as *Peter*, and so on—not to refer to earlier protagonists—the Passion Drama must have been deeply appealing; both spiritually and as that paradox in æsthetics, *natural art* from unlearned men.

To-day it is neither edifying nor attractive. To-day it is neither religion nor æsthetics. To-day it is false and commonplace or harsh throughout; except where, now and then, the older actors of the best grade can show themselves in their best lights, or where the new generation of Oberammergau Passion Players are young men of the better artificial instincts and have been able to profit by teaching of their seniors or by being trained for stage-work by regular actors from cities. Only these two things make the Play endurable now. And at least one half of the excuse, you observe, is purely artificial, and has no more to do with the Ammerthal than if the garish Passion Theatre were on Madison Square Garden or Earlscourt! Piety, devotion, simplicity, a custom kept, for gratitude to God's good pleasure and man's reminder—nothing of the sort. That is not only in vestiges. But a Play must be kept up. For the village likes money; and all the world knows of its ten-yearly event. So sophistication, bad sophistication, or commonplace effect, takes the place of a real and sincere *raison de cœur*. It is a Passion torn to tatters—almost to Tattersalls!

But you say: "Dismiss the under-element of pious, devout feeling. Is not the Play interesting merely as a rural performance?" Frankly, no. I am not forgetful of the good dramatic work of several of the performers of the new-come set. Peter Rendl as *John* the Beloved, Sebastian Lang as *Caiaphas*, Sebastian Bauer—a fine *Pilate*—Gregor Breitsamer as the wicked *Nathanael*—and so on. But they are good artificial actors in style, and could be effective on any stage, in various rôles. There is nothing *naïf* in their art. So why go to Oberammergau to see them. And Zwink as *Judas*, after all, is a rather "Stadttheater" *Judas* nowadays; if strong in his diction and physique for the part. I cannot praise Anton Lang as *Christ*. A fair-faced peasant, Lang has not intelligence or temperament; and he is monotonous and *poseur* to a degree, whatever he may have learned of Mayr to the contrary. He has two tones, three facial changes, and four poses. That is his art. The women have not much to do, and they do it with mediocrity, Anna Flunger a shade more expressively.

As for the world-famed tableaux and processional effects, why, the scenery now used calls for artificial lights and really theatrical effects. A series of either obscure or glaring results naturally comes to us, under open-air conditions. You see too much artifice to-day, else you need more! Illusion? There is none—absolutely none! The Crucifixion, with its figures in rose-pink "fleshings," is a thing to shudder at—with wrath at such attempts at "realism." The actual out-door scenes are better, especially those before the House of Pilate. But to-day the Passion Play is far away in pictorial spirit from Memling, and Cranach, and Wohlgemuth, and Dürer, and Holbein.

Such is Oberammergau to-day. You think these lines severe? Well, go you and see the Play, if you will. You will not dissent then. This especially if you have seen the same sort of performance, or historical or classic Greek dramas of secular sort, given in Germany, Austria, and France, either simply as stage-art of the open-air kind, or as a survival of a local custom (such as the fine "Tilly" Play at noble old Rothenburg), or as religious appeal. It is not the publicity in Germany; no, it is the foreign exploiting and "the money sense" that have undone Oberammergau's Passion Drama! It cannot be saved, and it merits not to be saved. It is spoiled. No wonder you meet no emotional effect on actors or auditors. The only tears I saw were the tiers of benches. An artificial, cheap, gaudy bouquet has been substituted for a bunch of bluebells. A passion-flower in cotton and velvet is given you instead of a blossom from the Vine of Sorrow. In the carbonic-acid air of our sophisticated life, poured into the Ammer Valley, all natural bloom naturally must die. So go to Rothenburg for the "Tilly" Play and "Festzug." Go to Dinkelsbühl for the "Children's" Play. Go to Orange for Greek drama revived. Go to the Vosges and Jura for French peasant plays, both religious and secular. Go to Brixlegg, in Tirol, for a more casual glance at a rustic *Passionsspiel*. But do not go to Oberammergau as an object of sentiment or reverent curiosity till it is brought to you. That will come in due time, be very sure. Wait

IRENAEUS PRIME-STEVENSON.

MUNICH, *June*, 1910.

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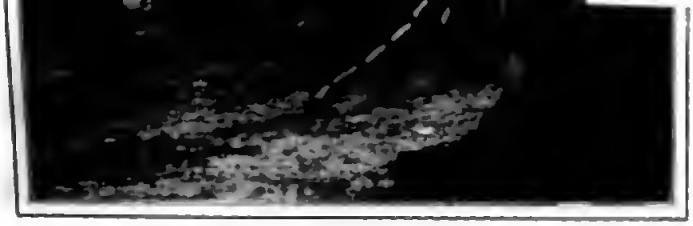


ONE OF THE MAXIM GUNS IN ACTION AT MODDER RIVER.

THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN A. S. WINGATE, KILLED IN ACTION AT HOEK'S NEK.

THE MODDER RIVER AT THE POINT WHERE TOKIO METHUEN'S ARMY CROSSED.

A FUNERAL AT HU TOH'S PAN.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Camel's Head

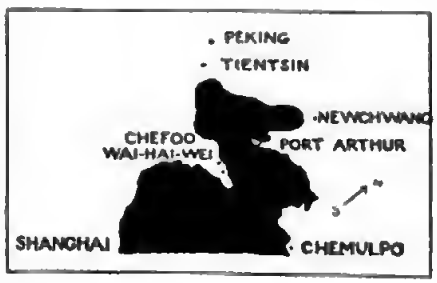
PERHAPS no part of the world has received more attention and at the same time been less clearly defined in the popular mind than the shores of the Yellow Sea. Let this body of water become familiar, and the history which has been and is now making in the East will be found to have an easily grasped and easily remembered geographical setting.

The Yellow Sea lies between the Korean Peninsula and the mainland of northern China. It is approximately 500 miles long and 300 miles wide. The name "Yellow" is derived from the prevailing color of the water, which is in some parts all of the time and in all parts some of the time of a tawny color. It is caused by the waters of the great rivers of China and Korea, which discolor the sea for many miles about their mouths. These rivers are the Yangtze, Yellow, Liao, and Yalu of China, and the Han and Tai Dong of Korea. Elsewhere than near the mouths of these great rivers the waters of the "Yellow" Sea are as blue as those of the Atlantic Ocean, save as heavy storms disturb the sandy bottoms, which discolor the water, for the Yellow Sea is not a deep sea.

In a general way the "yellow" line may be defined. The waters which wash the coast of Korea are always yellow, the numerous muddy rivers and the monstrous tides being conjointly responsible for this. The tides which set against the muddy western coast of Korea are very high, averaging over thirty feet. On the Chinese coast from Shanghai northward the Yellow Sea is discolored by the waters of the Yangtze. Somewhat south of the Shantung (pronounced Shan-dung) Peninsula the effect of the Yangtze fails to be noticed. Clear waters are the rule about Shantung, including the harbors of Kiaochau, Wei-hai-wei, and Chefoo. A hundred miles west of Chefoo the effect of the Shantung rivers is seen. These rivers discolor the entire gulf of Pechili, as the western extremity of the Yellow Sea is called. A northern projection of the gulf of Pechili, the gulf of Liao-tung, receives the muddy torrent of the Liao River and partakes of its color. Blue water is met again on the shores of the Liaotung Peninsula, and clear water is seen at Port Arthur and Talienwan. The yellow waters of the rivers of Sheng-king province discolor the bay of Korea. It is interesting to notice that all of the harbors now coming into prominence on the Yellow Sea—Kiaochau, Wei-hai-wei, Chefoo, Port Arthur, and Talienwan—are in blue water. In other words, they are not situated at the mouths of the great rivers of China—a matter of no little moment.

To the navigator the Yellow Sea presents manifold dangers and difficulties, especially on the Korean side, where the islands are innumerable. Here fogs and tides perplex and not infrequently outwit the boldest seaman. In winter, with winds from the north, with tides of thirty feet rushing between the islands with such force that ships have been reported being carried badly with them, with scarcely a buoy or light the entire distance through, save for one straight run of 112 miles, the ship's course must be changed on the average of once an hour, the journey from Nagasaki to Chemulpo is, to say the least, a 440-mile trip gladly finished. Many a time in the utter dark echoes of the throbbing engines from an island precipice dead ahead have warned a puzzled captain to drop anchor until the morning. The China coast has lesser tides, almost no islands, and has been lighted by the Chinese Customs Department, under the efficient supervision of Sir Robert Hart.

Take any map of the Asiatic coast and draw a line from Shanghai to Chemulpo, the western seaport of Korea. Turn the map and consider this line a baseline. Note the outline of the Yellow Sea. It will appear the gigantic though imperfect outline of a camel. The head is the gulf of Pechili; the nose the gulf of



Liaotung; the neck the strait of Pechili; the breast the bay of Korea; the belly, back, and hump the main body of the Yellow Sea. The 120th longitude and the 34th meridian cross at the top of the hump.

This presentation of the outline of the Yellow Sea may serve to impress the strategic nature of certain of its ports now coming slowly into prominence.

Certain statistical details should first be presented. First, the area and population of the provinces to which the Yellow Sea gives access. Turning to the extremity of the Yellow Sea, the gulf of Pechili, we find in the west the province of Chili, having an area of our Georgia, and a population equal to that of the United States in 1840. This province is the door to China. Through it runs the great thoroughfare by which one-third of all of China's millions reach Peking and its great port Tientsin. The late Professor Wells Williams, of Yale University, has called Chili the most important of the thirteen Chinese provinces, its river being the sea outlet for the entire trade of four and a part of a fifth.

Passing on briefly, we find south of the gulf of Pechili the imperial province of Shantung, with an area equal to our Arkansas, and a population equal to that of the United States in 1890. In but one other Chinese province is the population more dense. Its maritime border is greater than that of any other province. It is one of the richest as well as the most famous of Chinese provinces, having been the birthplace of both Mencius and Confucius.

North of the gulf of Liaotung and the strait of Pechili lies the important province of Sheng-king, with an area equal to that of Ohio, and a population double that of New England.

The seaboard provinces of the Yellow Sea contain a population equal to that of the United States. Of the present treaty ports there are three—one in each province—Tientsin in Chili, Chefoo in Shantung, and Newchwang in Sheng-king. One only is on the immediate seaboard—Chefoo. Tientsin is the la[illegible]t open port north of Shanghai. It is situated fift[illegible] in-land, on the Peiho River, which is navigable [illegible]ive craft and small ships. Tientsin is a great d[illegible]g centre, though its manufacturing interests are [illegible]ing. It is situated on the Grand Canal—the great inland thoroughfare—upon which innumerable junks ply from the Yangtze. The volume of business in Tientsin is rapidly increasing. With the opening of inland waters this year to the commerce of the world, the future of Tientsin baffles the optimist.

Newchwang is the commercial centre of Sheng-king province. It is situated thirteen miles from the gulf of Liaotung on the Liao River. It is the most northerly Chinese open port. The native name is "Ying-ly," meaning "fortified city." The name suggests the strategic position of the city in olden times. As a business metropolis and railway centre the place is important; its military importance is slight. The Liao River is frozen over five months each year.

Chefoo is situated on the southern coast of the strait of Pechili. It has been a thriving port, being on the direct route of trade between Peking and Tientsin and southern China, and the outlet for all the trade of the rich province for which it is the metropolis. Merchants of Chefoo are doubtful whether Chefoo is to keep the position commercially which it has attained. The opening of Kiaochau on the southern coast of the Shantung Peninsula will make trans-

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Siberian Railway finds a terminus on the Liaotung Peninsula, Chemulpo will be on the direct route of the probable extensive travel from Japan to Talienwan. But the building of the Seoul-Fusan Railway now surveyed may transfer the honor of being the seaport metropolis of Korea to Fusan on the eastern coast of Korea and only 120 miles from Japan.

Port Hamilton is a harbor formed by two islands in the Korean Archipelago south of the mainland, forty miles from the island of Quelpart and ninety miles from the Japanese island Tsushima in the strait of Korea. The harbor is from two to three miles long and one mile wide. The entrances are from the north and south. The northern entrance is five fathoms in depth, the southern six. The harbor averages eleven. It has been used frequently by the British, but when considered by the Admiralty as a possible naval station it was not recommended. The harbor is practically unsheltered from the heavy northern storms.

On either side of the Camel's Neck—the strait of Pechili—are found the military keys to northern China, Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. The illustration is perfect; they stand at the throat of the entire territories described, Port Arthur on the Camel's gullet, and Wei-hai-wei on the nape of the Camel's neck. Chili means "Direct Rule," the gulf of Pechili is the "Sea of Direct Rule," and Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei command it.

Port Arthur was China's stronghold on the Yellow Sea. Its development has been recent and rapid. It was fortified in 1887 by the Chinese government under the supervision of French engineers, China having recourse to them because of a favored clause in the Tientsin Treaty of 1885. The fortifications were completed in 1890, and comprised elaborate landward and seaward ports. The Japanese in 1894 were compelled to carry landward ports before the city proper was reached. The harbor of Port Arthur is practically landlocked, the entrance from the sea being less than a hundred feet in width. There are two harbors. One is surrounded by a wall of masonry and is a thousand feet long and half as wide. This harbor has been dredged to a depth of four and a half fathoms. About it the town has grown up. The second harbor is much larger, but has yet received no attention from the engineer. It is possibly of as great service as the one in use. It is protected from the sea by a strip of land known as the Tiger's Tail, and contained five ports at the time of the Japan-China war. The Russian bear on the Tiger's tail at the Camel's gullet may present a mixed metaphor, but it may be found difficult of correction unless corrected soon, for the Chinese ports demolished by the Japanese are being rapidly rebuilt by Russia.

Port Arthur was never worth to China the millions she expended upon it. The moment she lost control of the Yellow Sea it became practically useless, for there was no railway connection, and it was as distant as the most remote city of Sheng-king. Had China fortified Wei-hai-wei, back of which lay the heart of China, and with which railway connections were not impracticable, China might have coped with Japan with better success. Actual war has brought lessons to the most backward of civilizations as well as to the most forward. Military fortifications are not located or built for rhetorical effect.

The usefulness of Wei-hai-wei remains to be seen. It is a good harbor and can be made impregnable. The commodious harbor, three miles long and a mile wide, is protected by a long island situated directly in its mouth. Two channels, one on either side of this island, afford entrance and exit, and may be made available for the largest battle-ships. Here England may build a second Gibraltar, though it can hardly become to the gulf of Pechili what the original is on the Mediterranean. The strides made by England from Egypt to Arabia and India, the Malay Peninsula and China, are only equalled in romance by the sweep of the double eagle across the plains of Central Asia. At each point of contact there has been the immemorial jealousy, a jealousy founded seemingly on every characteristic which distinguishes the two nationalities.

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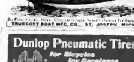
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growth of spring wheat has been much injured by drought in the Northern region, while the central district, including Kansas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma, has unusually good prospects. The net result is likely to be a comparatively short but not absolutely poor crop, and higher than average prices for the grain. The immediate effect has been some lively speculation in wheat in both the Chicago and New York markets, and a rapid advance in July wheat in the latter to 90 cents and over, followed by a moderate reaction. The reaction was rather sharp in Chicago, and was caused in part by the coming out of unexpected supplies of old-crop wheat under the enticement of the high price, showing that the farmer has imbibed something of the speculative spirit himself.

There has also been a continued advance in the price of cotton, owing to unfavorable reports of the new crop. While there is a largely increased acreage, the late spring and protracted wet weather in the Southwest have hindered the healthy growth of the plant, which is said to be badly affected with rust in some sections. The reports have had the effect of stimulating speculation and pushing prices for the existing stock close to 10 cents in the New York market. Incidentally, these crop reports affect the railroads, and depress the stock of those which depend much upon grain-carrying. But in general the reports of railroad earnings continue favorable in comparison with those of last year, in spite of a decided lull in general business. In the field of iron and steel production the process of adjustment by diminishing the output and lowering prices is not yet complete. It has been a cautious and gradual process, which is a wholesome sign, and there is not likely to be any renewal of activity in this field until autumn. In the mean time the securities of steel companies which are listed on the Stock Exchange continue to be a favorite subject of speculation. Their general tendency is a sinking one, but they can be manipulated for an occasional rise to serve the speculative turn.

There is, in fact, little doing on the Stock Exchange aside from the operations of the professional dealers seeking a turn in the uncertain securities, and every incident for affecting prices is seized upon with alacrity. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has been attacked in the courts and threatened with dissolution for charging two fares to Coney Island, making it cost ten cents from the Manhattan end of the bridge. This has been the occasion for a violent "bear" attack upon its stock, which has affected more or less that of other local transit companies. The Consolidated Gas Company, in the process of absorbing its former rivals, has announced an increase of its capital stock from $54,595,200 to $80,000,000, and has advanced the price of gas to the legal limit of $1 05 per thousand feet. This had the effect of depressing the price of its stock on the Exchange for some reason, perhaps from an apprehension of some future adverse action of the public against the monopoly.

Money continues in a state of almost phenomenal ease in New York, the bulk of call loans being made at 1 and 1½ per cent., and of time loans for less than six months at 3 and 3½, with the best commercial paper discounted at 3 to 3½. The banks have been losing somewhat from their reserves. The government has called for a third $5,000,000 of its deposits, to be withdrawn July 16, but this is chiefly preparatory to payments on the old two-per-cent. bonds, which are to be redeemed by August 18, and are being paid with accrued interest in the mean time so far as offered. The withdrawal of gold for export has ceased and is not likely to be resumed this season. Only the unusual requirements of Paris and Berlin would have caused the last movement, which carried our total shipment for the present year up to about $18,000,000. How comparatively insignificant this is may be inferred from the fact that over $15,000,000 was lately sent in a single shipment from the assay office in New York to the mint in Philadelphia.

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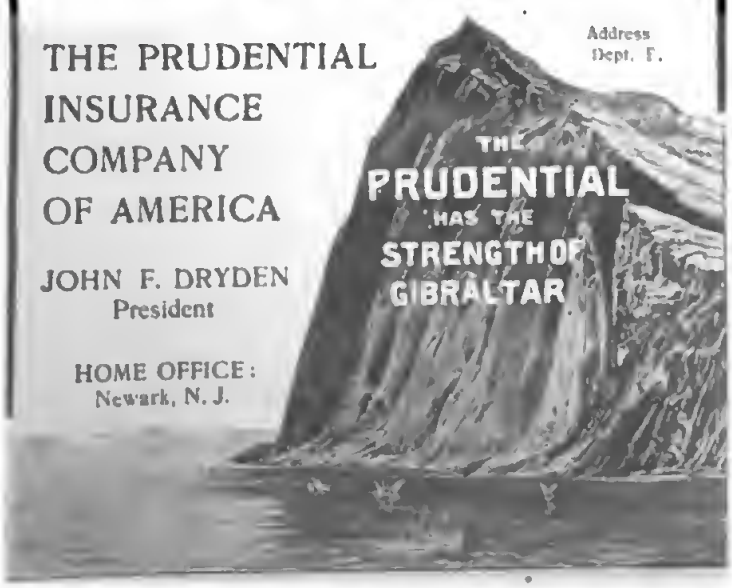

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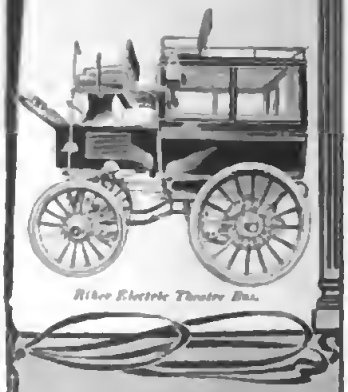

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NEW YORK DELEGATION AT THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

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An Entangling Alliance

IF the Hon. CARL SCHURZ has not by this time received a letter of thanks from the Emperor of Germany for his strenuous efforts in behalf of the Kaiser's Imperial schemes in the Pacific, it is because WILHELM II. either is the most ungrateful of monarchs or is too busily occupied in watching Chinese developments to spare the time necessary to the writing of it. It cannot be that one so watchful of his own interests as the Emperor is has failed to note how strong an ally he has in the person of Mr. SCHURZ. Noting it, he might be ten times the Kaiser and yet fail to be proof against gratitude, considering the great value of the services rendered, so that if Mr. SCHURZ has not heard from the Emperor it is reasonable to suppose that for the moment the house of HOHENZOLLERN finds itself fully occupied in the contemplation of Chinese matters.

It is curious what strange bedfellows politics will make. No one would have supposed, when Mr. SCHURZ left his native land many years ago because he could not reconcile himself to the rulers of the fatherland, to become a free and independent citizen of this republic, that he would to-day develop into the most useful instrument in a far country of the Imperial policy of the Kaiser. Yet this strange thing has come about, and we have the anomalous spectacle presented to us at this very moment of an Anti-Imperialist bending his every energy to smooth the pathway of the most high-handed kind of Imperialism; to destroy absolutely the one serious obstacle in the Kaiser's path to commercial supremacy in the East by influencing the American people to abandon their righteous stand for liberty and the preservation of law and order in the Philippine Islands, and by allying himself with the advocates of financial dishonor to shatter the credit of the one nation of earth of whose commercial prestige the German Imperialists are most reasonably jealous.

It is a surprise and a painful one to many to find Mr. SCHURZ in so unfortunate a predicament. It is impossible to believe that he has consciously entered into an entangling alliance which is fundamentally so far removed from his taste and his principles, but there he is, willy-nilly. If his most lately avowed project of striving to bring about the defeat of WILLIAM MCKINLEY, because Mr. MCKINLEY has adhered to a firm and just policy in the Philippine Islands, and has refused to break faith with the Filipinos by abandoning them to the very hungry and very thirsty powers of Europe, is crowned with success, no one would be better pleased than the war lord of Potsdam. If, through the direct or indirect support of Mr. SCHURZ and his followers, the man whose avowed financial policy involves a vital blow at the commercial integrity of the United States is elected to administer the affairs of this nation for four years to come, no living being in all Europe could view the situation with more complacency than the strenuous statesman who rules at Berlin. And if these things are accomplished through the instrumentality of Mr. SCHURZ and his friends—not a likely eventuality, but still possible—a failure upon the Kaiser's part to bestow the decoration of the Iron Cross upon our distinguished and academically esteemed fellow-citizen will be one of the grossest instances of the ingratitude of princes in history.

We cannot believe that Mr. SCHURZ has quite considered all this. We are more inclined to the opinion that his recent association with the Anti-Imperialist League, an organization of a thousand leaders with no followers, has led him into an advocacy of measures the results of which he has

A Marked Contrast

IN marked contrast to the attitude of Mr. SCHURZ upon this question are the broad and statesmanlike utterances of Senator HOAR and the Hon. ABRAM S. HEWITT. Mr. HOAR abates not a jot in his opposition to what he considers the schemes of Imperialism upon which this country has embarked, but he has sufficient foresight to perceive that even if his misgivings are all justified, there is something far worse involved in the abandonment of the reins of government to the hungry and thirsty hordes of Bryanism. He is also fair-minded enough to concede that the President has always been actuated, even in the measures which are most abhorrent in the eyes of the senior Senator from Massachusetts, by the highest and most patriotic motives; that it is even conceivable that under the given circumstances the President might not after all have been able honorably to do other than he has done. In other words, when it has come to the pinch, Mr. HOAR, without turning his back upon his record in the slightest degree, has virtually admitted that his may after all be merely a point of view, and that his differences with the President and the bulk of his party have been solely in the matter of their respective ideals. The Senator's statement, recently made, is a frank, manly, and honorable presentation of the situation, uncolored by partisan prejudice and statesmanlike in its freedom from individual bias. There is no Yellowness in the soul of Senator HOAR.

Mr. HEWITT approaches the subject in his usual incisive manner. He will have no compromise with Bryanism in any way, shape, or form. He asserts, and he asserts truly, that the American conception of government is liberty regulated by law; the BRYAN notion is despotism regulated by anarchy. He does not believe that in fact there is any issue in this country between Imperialism and Anti-Imperialism. Mr. HEWITT added that it was simply a case of "having the wolf by the ear and not being able to let go." He would gladly see such a solution. But it appeared entirely impracticable, if not impossible.

He did not believe that the administration had desired the Philippines, or had consciously entered upon a course of empire, but that it had been gradually forced into its present situation by currents of events which could neither be foreseen nor resisted. In similar fashion, without desire or ulterior purpose, we were sustaining a part in an armed conflict in China, the outcome of which no mortal could foresee. Only, it was clear that the powers must establish there a stable government, and it was quite within the probabilities that the United States would be compelled to bear an active share in its maintenance. Without invoking Imperialism, the United States, however reluctantly, might be drawn into it by world movements which ever produced most unexpected results, for none could keep this country within hard and fast lines.

How different are these two expressions, from men who have won their spurs in the councils of the nation, from the despairing cry of Mr. SCHURZ! How different in temper, how far more convincing, how more clearly fair-minded, than the periods in which Mr. SCHURZ has held up the President of the United States to public reprobation and scorn!

It surely ought not to take much time for the unbiassed mind to decide which of the two sides is right. As strongly Anti-Imperialistic as Mr. SCHURZ himself, Mr. HOAR cannot sacrifice the best interests of his country to the fulfilment of an impossible deal; strongly antagonistic fundamentally to the principles of the Republican party, the sterling New York Democrat, Mr. HEWITT, would rather cut off his right hand than lift his voice in favor of those who have paralyzed the energies of the good old Democratic party, dragged its good name into the mire of Populism, and by raising a false cry of Imperialism now seek to frighten the public into handing over the administration of the government to their chaotic and unprincipled care.

ing an appalling situation. The Boxer movement has been going on in the sight of all men for several months. One of our most energetic daily newspapers has devoted much of its space to a consideration of the movement and its meaning; and yet while the flames of riot were spreading daily and becoming every hour more and more ominous, the statesmanship of the world has seemed powerless to grasp the situation, and has sat as if paralyzed. Even to-day, as this paragraph is written, there is yet to be issued by any of the nations a call to an international conference by whose deliberations some sort of plan for an organized effort to put a stop to these terrible and intolerable conditions might be devised. It would seem as if some far-seeing statesman might have sounded the note of alarm as long as three months ago, and that by this time some scheme of action might have been devised and put into operation which should have acted at least as a deterrent upon the wicked and inflamed leaders of the revolution, and by which the lives of the foreign ministers to Peking might have been saved. Admitting the necessity of concerted action, with the exception of the inefficacious force under Admiral SEYMOUR, nothing has been done that indicates an understanding between the allied powers.

Can it be that the psychological moment for a peaceful solution of this difficult problem in the East is to be allowed to pass, and that the individual ambitions of unscrupulous potentates are to be furthered because the Anglo-Saxon world possesses no statesman by whose vigorous and prompt action alone their schemes of piracy may be blocked? It is a disturbing thought that with all our boasted strength and vaunted influence in the civilization of the world the time has come when we must be weighed in the balance and, unless all signs are misleading, are to be found wanting.

More Bryanitis

WE had something to say in these columns last week about the disease of Bryanitis. We should have been happy to find ourselves in the wrong, to have had it proven to us that our diagnosis was not correct, but it is the sad fact absolutely demonstrated by the convention at Kansas City that every word we said was the truth. A more humiliating spectacle than a so-called Democratic convention made up of representatives from all parts of the country cringing before the power of a shallow-brained loon, whipped into line by the lash of a ring-master, forced into a declaration in favor of a policy of folly, shame, and dishonor by a comedian temporarily clad in the robes of a despot, has yet to be presented upon the political stage of this or any other age. No wonder that a well-known Democratic editor, in his grief over the fate of the party to whose fortunes he has in the past taken pride in allying himself, cries out that such an exhibition of boosism, folly, and weakness has never been seen before in this country. He speaks truly, and he might have added that there could be but one greater exhibition of weakness and folly in the whole range of foolishness and weakness, which would lie in the surrender by the voters of this land of their safety, honor, and welfare to the hands of the Boxer of Nebraska.

We have confidence that this superlative of insanity will never become an accomplished fact, but no man because of his confidence that all will turn out well may settle down to inaction. The smallest fire should be fought; the most sporadic of pests should be stamped out; the meanest of nuisances should be abated; and the fighting and the stamping out and the abating can be accomplished only by those who rouse themselves into action, and who are not content to leave the settlement of their difficulties to others.

The defeat of Bryanism—sure to come—should not be a mere defeat. It should be a rout. In 1896 the serpent was scotched. In 1900 it should be killed, and every vestige of it wiped from the face of the earth. In the parlance of collegiate oarsmen, this is no time for passengers on the crew.

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SENATOR DAVID B. HILL, of New York, has dared to assert an independent opinion, and fight Boss Croker. Therefore twenty thousand people in a hall wanted to make Hill President of the United States. That may seem to some an extravagant reward for a politician, not only because he is boss-ruled, but it is an unexaggerated statement of the one dominant and meaningful development of the National Democratic Convention which has just adjourned, as I write this despatch to the WEEKLY. Of those twenty thousand people who for three days shouted approval of Hill because he had fought Croker, some nine hundred were delegates, and those delegates were not the least enthusiastic shouters, save only the poor dumb creatures brought here all the way from New York, wearing delegates' badges, occupying delegates' seats, parading with all the pomp and circumstance of delegates, but who were as innocent of any share in the control of the Empire State's seventy-two votes as were the sheep who were all courteously invited to be led to slaughter in the shambles at the foot of one of the seventeen hills whereon this future metropolis of the West is built.

On the morning of the first day of the Convention the newspapers printed a story of how Croker had ordered New York's delegates not to elect Mr. Hill to the Convention Committee on Platform. Hill wanted to go on the committee in order that Eastern Democrats might have an advocate for a modification of the financial plank, but Croker wanted a representative on the committee he could control. In the caucus of New York delegates called to go through the pretence of deciding this matter Croker was not satisfied with telling him he could not have the committeeship, but taunted Hill in such language that the latter left the caucus-room. This step, I say, became known before the twenty thousand people gathered in the great Convention Hall, and it made Hill a hero who would have been nominated for President instead of Bryan had there been a machineless delegation on the floor. After the three sessions of the first day, during all of which the demonstrations for Hill were so remarkable as to cause frantic messages to be sent to Bryan to come and prevent a stampede, I asked a Tammany man if Croker was not alarmed at the situation.

"No," he replied; "if there were any delegation that dared stand for Hill, nothing could prevent his nomination, but there is not one which dares to stand for Hill, and Croker knows it, and is not afraid."

This remark is repeated here by way of a wholly good-natured suggestion, designed to recall the danger of throwing stones when living in houses made of glass. I mean that the Democratic comment on the Philadelphia Convention will sound a bit humorous hereafter, when it includes moral reflections on the danger of bossism.

The Hill incident, as I say, was the sensational feature of the Convention, ending as it did with Croker's man Grady placing Hill in nomination for the Vice-Presidency, while Hill stood behind him on the platform ready to decline the nomination as soon as Grady had finished his speech.

The feature next in sensation and surprise, and actually of more enduring importance, was the reception given to the plank in the platform declaring that Imperialism was to be the "paramount issue of the campaign."

A wild demonstration followed, for which there had been no stage management, no tricks of preparation, and it lasted more than a half-hour. In part it was an expression of the old enthusiasm for Hill, for Hill wanted something besides 16 to 1 to be declared the paramount issue, and in part it was a sudden explosion of the long-felt resentment against Bryan for his wilful and intolerant insistence upon 16 to 1.

Anyway, it supplied the most remarkable scene ever witnessed in a convention, making the famous Blaine scene in the Minneapolis Convention appear like a session of the United States Senate by comparison. It has been a hopeless task to the hundreds of writers here to convey any adequate picture of the emotional storm, and I shall not attempt it. However, a slight incident will serve as an illustration, and it was rather good in itself anyway.

The chair next to mine at the press tables was occupied by one of the many women reporters sending telegraphic stories to lively Western papers. She had paid strict attention to business during three sessions. She perfectly understood that a reporter at a hanging, a prize-fight, or even a convention, is not expected to feel any of the emotions or passions swaying the others, and she lived up to the rule nobly. She kept her bulletin copy separate from her story copy; never confused the numbers or letter series of her sheets; tipped the messengers to rush her copy to the telegraphers; was strictly reportorial in all respects.

But she fell to earth and became a mere human during that anti-Imperialism demonstration. For fifteen minutes she scribbled away like a veteran. By this time literally ten thousand flags were waving, twenty thousand people cheering, delegates marching, and pure hysterics ruled.

Then over all the din the band was heard to play "My Country, 'tis of Thee." People stopped cheering and began singing. It was a mighty and an impressive sound. Suddenly that girl reporter threw away her pencil, jumped to her chair, then on her table, grabbed a flag, beat time with it, and with tears in her eyes sang the hymn through in a boundless enthusiasm and in the joy of temporary insanity.

When it was all over she sank into her seat and gasped, as she wiped the perspiration from her beaming face, "I know it wasn't good to newspapers to do that, but everything got all lit up, and I just had to sing or burst."

Now that is not a frivolous tale. It is a story the Republican campaign managers should ponder over after reading. I'm not certain it's not the most important story they will read about this Convention. It means that they are to be put on the defensive in the matter of imperialism, and that being the fact, it is a good thing for them to know.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON,

Nominated for Vice President at the National Democratic Convention, Kansas City, July 6, 1900.

When the Convention adjourned at eight o'clock on the evening of the first day, the Committee on Resolutions met and remained in continuous session until seven o'clock the next morning. The final vote in the committee on the 16-to-1 plank was, as you know, 26 to 24. It has been said that if the half-white Hawaiian delegate had voted against instead of in favor of the plank in committee, the ratio would not have been inserted, as the vote would have been a tie. As Hawaii will have no vote in the electoral college, this has aroused a feeling in favor of not giving Territories representation on committees. But the half-white did not do the evil. Had the plank been left open for debate on the floor, 16 to 1 yet would have carried the day, because New York would have voted in favor of it. I would not make so grave an assertion in this despatch did I not have authority for it. I cannot doubt the story I heard, and I believe it implicitly. It is this: Between six and seven o'clock Thursday morning, before news of the vote of committee had reached Lincoln, Nebraska, Colonel Bryan in Lincoln called up by telephone a man here slated for the position of chief of the National Democratic Committee's press bureau. Bryan inquired anxiously about news from the committee-room, and told the man to go and see Croker and learn what the New York boss would do in case the committee failed to insert the ratio. Croker told him to telephone Bryan not to worry; that if the question came to a separate debate and vote on the floor of the Convention he, Croker, would call New York and cast the seventy-two votes solid for the 16 to 1. That shows Croker not only was ready to betray New York Democrats, but taken in connection with his treatment of Hill, insulting him to the last, even after three days' astonishing evidence of Hill's popularity in the West, proves also that Croker is not a wise, not even a crafty man. It is perfectly understood that Croker is ambitious to become a boss in national politics, yet he is so little, so near-sighted, he could not forego the petty-tyrant rôle even at the sacrifice of his ambition. It was curious to observe evidence of this in the Convention. Democrats are more eagerly and curiously interested in politics than Republicans. They follow the acts and careers of their prominent men, especially the Western Democrats who made up the great audience, with the same intelligent and persistent search after delegates that a similar class of New Yorkers show in the acts and careers of a Casino soubrette suddenly lodged on a pinnacle of fame by becoming engaged to an Earl. Any man who had ever accomplished anything in the Senate or House, or ever in the confines of his own State, and who was known to be a delegate, was called for, and when he appeared on the platform was instantly recognized and applauded. It is a reward dear to the hearts of men in public life, and the proceedings of this Convention were arranged with scrupulous care that no statesman in whom the spectators had even a slight interest should lack opportunity to receive such reward. But not once in the three days' proceedings did one single person, not even a weakly curious chance visitor, call for Croker. He committed suicide so far as any life in national politics is concerned, and the otherwise over-noisy spectators were decently silent in the presence of the remains. So I repeat that Croker is not wise, not even crafty. He has vented his malice on Hill, and therefore Hill will industriously knife any State ticket Croker puts up to be knocked down in the fall. He is not a wise man, not even crafty. His littleness was one of the many great surprises of this spring Convention.

I have refrained from speaking of the demonstration following the nomination of Colonel Bryan for the reason that the plain fact is bound to read like a prejudiced statement. What my personal prejudices are is, of course, of no interest, except that they would lead me to put the case as favorably as possible to the Democratic candidate. The truth is his nomination did not provoke the same amount or kind of enthusiasm that marked the reading of the "paramount issue" plank or the appearance of Hill on the platform. It is an ungracious thing to write, and I hope one cause for the fact is that Colonel Bryan was unfortunate in his selection of chief orator. He was placed in nomination by W. D. Oldham, of Nebraska. These Westerners like oratory hot from the heart. One man, Judge Thomas of Colorado, was hissed for speaking from type-written pages; and indeed it is a dreadful thing to let a talker have free access to a type-writer machine before delivering a speech. Oldham was not long-winded like Thomas, but he had worked too long on his nominating speech. It had the odor of the lamp, and was too much wrought out. For instance, when Mr. Oldham wanted to say that Mr. Bryan favored both metals for money, instead of doing so he declared that the colonel favored the "gold that flashed the winged sandals of Hermes and the silver that glitters in the bow of Diana."

Now there were twenty thousand clever people who listened to Mr. Oldham, but some of them may have been a trifle shy on exact knowledge of Hermes to fill out the mental picture, although Diana was reasonably familiar to some, for the first one on Madison Square tower was afterwards set up in Chicago; and again, in concluding his speech, Mr. Oldham, instead of saying that he nominated Colonel Bryan, said it remained for him to "pronounce the name that had been thundered forth from the foot of Bunker Hill and echoed back from Sierras' sunset slope, and that reverberates among the pine-capped, snow-crowned hills of the North, and rises up from the slumbering flower-scented savannas of the South." Had he been less flower-scented, Mr. Oldham would have lit things up more, and then perhaps the demonstration would have been more hearty and less machine-made. However, by the aid of music, flags, marching clubs that had been kept in reserve, and other properties and effects, the riot lasted twenty-seven minutes.

Stevenson's name was received with genuine enthusiasm, that was partly, no doubt, because the ex-Vice-President is very popular with Western Democrats, but it was due in part also to the different kind of oratory used in nominating him. His sponsor reminded the Convention that Stevenson was a Democrat not only before but after election, and could always tell with precision, promptness, and emphasis the difference between a Democrat and a Republican. The twenty thousand roared like Niagara at that. It is a good thing for the whole country that so many Eastern people were compelled to visit Kansas City. The place has been a revelation to them. Instead of the ragged, dirty, disorderly town of its famous boom days, the visitors found a clean, well-paved, solidly built, busy place that took care of the immense crowd so well that no complaint has been heard.

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JAMES K. JONES, CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE AND SENATOR BENTLEY W. [illegible]

[illegible] WEEKS, [illegible]

THE BUST OF BRYAN ON THE SPEAKER'S PLATFORM.

W. D. OLDHAM, OF NEBRASKA, WHO NOMINATED BRYAN FOR PRESIDENT.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT KANSAS CITY.

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A ... between Imperialism and incompetence. The essence of Imperialism is the predominance of the military element. Success in arms requires efficiency in performance and foresight in design. When the influence of riches and of birth first creates a privileged class, and then is used by them in the interests of their nominees, the welfare of the country suffers. This is copy-book commonplace. Poor Richard might have written it. But the taint, such as it is, infects rich republics as well as rich monarchies. When smart society is merely smart and not corrupt no great harm is done. Here and there a fool is preferred to an efficient officer, or a tactless dude to a capable diplomatist. Or the blunders of a favored incompetent in the executive are suppressed, excused, or glossed over by the government of the day. Such things are known to have occurred even in the annals of empires that are also republics. When, however, a large section of society is not only smart but bad then the interests of the country, especially after the accumulated sloth of a long peace, are sacrificed ruthlessly. When Great Britain was merely an island dependent for safety on her navy the influence of smart society was comparatively innocuous so long as the battle-ships and the frigates were kept free of the baneful influence, and efficiency was maintained as the chief qualification of naval officers. When, however, the continued acquisition of territory in the course of the last century and a half brought to the empire full responsibility for thousands of miles of boundary coterminous with the United States, with Russia, Germany, Portugal, France, China, and the Dutch Boers of South Africa, the canker-worm of smart society began to gnaw at the roots of the British Empire. When public affairs go fairly well white men of all races acquiesce in the concentration of privilege in a few hands, since it is inevitable that real power can belong only to a small caste. Critics may grumble, moralists condemn, and preachers point a moral on the inequality of fortune, but the privileged classes, especially in the old monarchies, sit secure in the seats of the mighty. In times of stress, struggle, and national peril the privileged classes, if not equally secure, are at all events safe from molestation at the hands of the millions if they can sustain their claim to privilege by the title of efficiency. When efficiency is glaringly absent privilege is menaced. This is what is happening in the British Empire. The ridicule of our enemies and the pity of our foreign friends for the humiliations suffered during the Boer war are not due to the action of any public department or section of a department which has thrown open its doors on equal terms to all applicants for employment who are duly qualified. The commissariat arrangements are admitted on all sides to have been excellently well done. The army medical staff is beyond praise. The transport department and the army service corps, if not beyond criticism, have been organized and administered in the field with address, rapidity, and satisfaction. The private soldiers, in Buller's word, are "splendid." The courage and devotion of the company officers are beyond praise. There has been no failure in connection with any branch of the administration open to the public where employment is not monopolized by the privileged, and no social status is conferred by employment therein.

The Men are Splendid.

Scandal and break-down have proceeded entirely from the departments where the staff is recruited wholly from a small caste. The worst offender is the Foreign Office. Among merchants and with Colonials in England it is a byword. Diplomatic successes are few, failures numerous and complete. Blackmail to the strong, cringing to the insistent, bullying the weak, and red-tape are its characteristics. Its best men Sir Ernest Satow in Japan; Sir Mortimer Durand in Persia; Sir Arthur Nicolson in Tangier; and Sir Claude MacDonald in Peking are men occupying those posts in the empire requiring the greatest ability. They have all been brought in from outside. The diplomatic service includes 145 members. Forty-two of them have received titles or distinctions for benefits they are supposed to have conferred on their country. The remainder, most of them young men, are without public distinctions. If the 2315 officers of the British naval service were decorated in the same proportion the names of no less than 771 of the salt of the earth would be included in the list of birthday honors to be published on May 24. This is a significant example of the success with which smart society has captured and fortified a desirable kopje from which to snipe the public.

Hitherto fitness and efficiency have been the main qualifications for employment in the British navy from the top to the bottom of the service. There are ominous signs that smart society has begun to meddle with the navy. It would be both invidious and needless to give instances, but in the Mediterranean Squadron, on Lord Roberts's staff in South Africa, and in the Channel Fleet there are conspicuous examples of preferential employment due to the interference of smart society which would not discredit the War Office itself.

The cavalry and the higher military appointments have so long been treated as preserves of the "upper" classes that the result is that the British army in its higher branches is first a great social machine, and only a fighting machine when war breaks out. The Queen's uniform, compulsory on the private and the non-commissioned officer, instead of being regarded as a source of pride is considered "bad form" by the officer off duty. The Germans, who take life seriously, and whose national existence requires them to treat their army as a fighting machine (though German officers belong exclusively to the higher social ranks), do not thus regard the question of uniform. The British cavalry is the stronghold of society. Gallant and indomitable as ever, it is not brainy, and has not been successful in the present war. In intellect the British cavalry is defective. The first engagement in Natal opened with the capture of a couple of squadrons. General French, it is true, the one general who has made no mistakes, is a cavalry officer, but he emerged not because the system of privilege is good, but in spite of it. As a matter of fact his appointment was strongly resented by a powerful section of smart society. A British cavalry officer is required to possess from £500 to £700 a year of private means. This fact alone cuts out of employment the sons of the poor gentlemen of old families and lean acres, who are the backbone of the country and the only men who will save us when the struggle is for life or death. The consequence is that the cavalry is filled not with the well born, but with men who are rich. Occasionally it happens that such men are also efficient, but they receive their commissions not because they are efficient, but because they are wealthy. Sometimes, too, the opulent tradesmen's sons in the cavalry are both rich and efficient. That some of these have the right spirit the following will show: A rich and very keen young soldier, the son of a tradesman, joined a smart cavalry regiment. He was asked by a supercilious subaltern whether it was true that his father was a tradesman. "Yes," was the reply, "he is in trade." "Then it is a pity," said his interlocutor, "that he did not bring you up as a tradesman." "Well," said the other, "may I ask what your father is?" "A gentleman," said this scion of smart society. "Then it is a pity that your father did not bring you up as a gentleman."

The real progress of a people is determined not by their affluence, but by their character. The present Prime Minister of England, notwithstanding his stainless character and powerful intellect, is a tired old man. He has interfered less with the affairs of the departments of State than any Premier of the century. The business of the Foreign Office and his duties as First Minister of the Crown, which cannot be delegated to others, absorb all his energies and leave him no time for general supervision, which was regarded by Sir Robert Peel as one of the principal duties of the Premier. One of the consequences of Lord Salisbury's preoccupation has been a deterioration of the ... last decade that refusals of a proffered honor by people who respect themselves are no longer uncommon.

A Misfit Decoration.

During the present year one eminent servant to whom promotion in the Order of the Bath will come in the ordinary course of things has informed me of his intention to refuse it as a protest against the existing state of affairs. The trouble arises mainly from rewarding the merely importunate seeker for honors with the same distinctions as those conferred upon men who have served the state. During the past fifteen years over a hundred nobodies have been made peers of Parliament. When Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener received their coronets two things happened. The value of the honor was diluted for them by the fact that it was also given to certain wealthy nobodies who gave the Prime Minister no peace until their daughters were enabled to embroider the coronet upon their pocket-handkerchiefs, while, on the other hand, the new peers in question were greatly benefited by the presence of eminent servants of the state in the House of Lords.

The invention of baronetcies by James I. was undertaken with the view of replenishing a lean exchequer. Although baronetcies are no longer openly bought, their sale by more occult means is not unknown. During the Hooley revelations it came out that Mr. Hooley had deposited a check for a large amount with one of her Majesty's ministers; that this check remained uncashed for some weeks; and that it was only when her Majesty the Queen had declined to confer upon the company-monger, Hooley, the dignity of a baronetcy that the money was returned. Public honors given for public services appeal to two of the most powerful instincts of humanity—the desire to shine, and the justice of requiting good service. The adulteration of state honors by mingling worthy recipients with the worthless or importunate is a work of smart society which has done something for the deterioration of the British Empire by substantiating the charge of snobbery which is brought against the subjects of the Queen. The desire for unearned honors is an instance of corruption that cannot be explained away by its existence on a large scale. Of this the Parliamentary whips, of all people, have intimate and peculiar knowledge.

One of the most telling proofs of the influence of smart society on British administration is the fact that nowadays only the humbler ranks of the service are blamed. Resignations of ministers or highly placed public servants by reason of incapacity are never heard of. The mere idea of impeaching an incapable minister or punishing a stupid but highly placed public servant is never entertained. There is far less public spirit to-day than in 1806, when the First Lord of the Admiralty was arraigned by impeachment. To-day impeachment is as obsolete as trial for witchcraft, though it still remains the only means of bringing to book incapable ministers. After Admiral Byng, in 1757, was shot on his own quarter-deck in Portsmouth Harbor, the Naval Service took the hint and became efficient. To-day nobody is hanged, impeached, punished, or even blamed. They are protected by the invisible but potent shield of society. A few weeks ago the Queen's new yacht, which has been built at an enormous cost, suddenly turned turtle in dock. It was found that a mistake had been made in the design. The designer was an eminent personage, and accordingly, the First Lord of the Admiralty came down to the House of Commons and expressed a sympathy with the official in question so profound that but for the fact that he is in society one would have imagined him to be innocent.

When Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener received their Coronets, the Value of the Honor was diluted for them.

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BURNING OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S TANKS AT CONSTABLE HOOK, JULY 5, 1900

Two Disastrous Fires in New York Harbor

A FIRE which in tragic circumstance and spectacular splendor stands alone in the maritime annals of the port of New York scourged the Hoboken river-front on June 30, destroyed the three great piers of the North German Lloyd company and the adjoining pier of the Thingvalla line, sent four ocean liners and a dozen small craft out into the river all ablaze, spread by its floating firebrands the flames to the New York shore and to Governors Island, reached from the piers to the streets beyond and wiped out the near by buildings, and when the last spark was quenched, long afterward, left three mighty wrecks, the sepulchres of scores of dead, stranded in a river that has not yet given up the last of its victims. At the time of this writing it seems probable that the loss of life is upward of 150, and the destruction of property will aggregate $7,000,000. The grim and melancholy story of the catastrophe is lightened here and there by instances of steadfast courage and heroic endurance.

Four of the North German Lloyd ships lay at their piers on the afternoon of June 30. That noon another of the line's ships had sailed. It was a little after four o'clock when an employee on Pier 3, which is the most southerly pier of the line, saw that a cotton bale was afire near the middle of the pier. Fanned by a strong southwest wind the flames spread with almost inconceivable rapidity. In the few minutes that it took the company's fire force to begin operations the pier was aflame from end to end. From it were flying masses of cotton in flame, torches of destruction, to the other piers. Across the open stretch of water to the steamship *Scale*, lying on the south side of Pier 2, the fire swept, caught her, and passed to the pier, swept over the pier to the *Bremen* on the other side, leaped from there, aided by the lighters that lay near her, to Pier 1, just touched the magnificent *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* on the south side of that pier, poured like a cataract over the doomed *Main* on the further side, and finally seized upon the Thingvalla line pier. Most of the laden lighters in the docks caught fire and helped to distribute the flames from their inflammable cargoes. At the same time the fire spread inshore.

Thus in twenty minutes four piers and the buildings adjoining them were hopelessly involved in flame, and three liners, streaming fire from stem to stern, floated inert, shameless, and so powerless to make their escape, while the fourth, escaping almost miraculously the full brunt of the flames, was afire in one spot and threatened everywhere.

At that hour of the day the North River is alive with tugs. Instantly upon discovering the fire these sturdy little craft turned their heads to the place and made all speed. In them lay the only hope of the steamships. Most of them made for the great *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, one of the finest ships in the world, and soon she was being towed out into the stream, blazing on her starboard bow. Other tugs went to the aid of the *Scale* and the *Bremen*, but these ships were held to their piers by steel cables, and already these were so hot that no man could handle them. At the imminent peril of their lives the last men pushed into the flame and smoke and with axes cut the cables. First the *Scale* and then the *Bremen* moved stern first out into the river, and as they left their piers shrieking women and men crashed across their scorching decks and flung themselves into the water, some of them with their clothing aflame. Some were picked up by the tugs and lighters, some swam to safety, but it is only too probable that more perished than were saved.

Meantime the *Main* was spouting fire from all parts. Before any efforts could be made to save her she was past help. The sun sails with which she was fitted were like trains of powder. A few tugs hovered about the doomed ship, and picked up people who flung themselves into the water, but none could get near enough for any attempt to draw her away from her pier. Darkness found the *Scale* being towed down the river, and the *Bremen* being dragged up, while the *Kaiser*, now extinguished by the efforts of her crew, lay near the New York shore, and the *Main* flamed as she lay held to her blazing pier by red hot cables.

As night fell the gathered thousands on the shores and the ferry-boats saw a magnificent and terrible spectacle. Lurid clouds of smoke, struck through now and again with great darts of fire, poured upward from the two floating ships, around which clustered the tugs, advancing, retreating, changing their positions, but always fighting. The stricken district on the Hoboken river-front was a huge area of flames, amidst which the *Main* glowed, a ship of fire. There was flame on the New York shore, too, for a lighter with a load of burning cotton had drifted across and set a pier afire, but that was soon put out. Another lighter had fallen afoul of Governors Island, communicating its blaze to the pier there, and it took Uncle Sam's fire force some hard work to get it out. In mid-stream still other lighters blazed and drifted, now threatening a ferry-boat, now making for a pier, only to be snubbed off by some vigilant tugboat. The river was full of charred fragments and parts of cotton bales, some of them smoking ominously.

Little by little the *Scale* was worked down until she was grounded northeast of Ellis Island. Those on shore, admiring the grandeur of the spectacle, were spared the fearful sights that the tugboat men saw on the *Scale*. Men and women struggled at the port-holes, too small to let them out, and begged those on the boats to save them. Above, the flames shut them from safety, below, there was nothing to hope. Some prayed, some shouted messages for their friends. One poor fellow begged for a drink of water. On a log a priest stood reciting the prayers for those about to die. As the tide rose the ship settled in the mud. One by one the faces at the port-holes were shut out by the rising water. The flames succumbed, and the *Scale* was a shattered wreck inhabited by the dead.

Meantime the *Bremen* was towed up the river and grounded on the Jersey side just below Weehawken. There were faces at her port holes, too, the faces of seventeen of her men. Brave fellows they were, who made no complaint, but said that if they could get some water and a little food they could hold out. Food and drink were handed up to them. Late that evening they made their way out through a hole cut in the deck where the fire had been fought off.

None too soon were they taken out, for a little later the blazing *Main* took ground just above her and swung down so that she lay only a few yards outside. Two tugboat captains had crept in after the piers were nearly burned away, cut her hawsers, and towed her out, as plucky an achievement as any of the whole fire. Many tugs were around her and the *Bremen*, and in all of them there was not a man who would believe for a moment that any living thing could be aboard the *Main*. Her sides were red hot, and the tugs could hardly get near enough to throw water into her from their hose.

Consequently the men were astounded when, at eleven o'clock that night, they heard a hail from her, and saw a lantern swung at her coal port. Sixteen men came out of that floating furnace into safety, only one of them severely injured. Driven by the fire from place to place, they had taken refuge in the engine room and the adjoining coal-bunkers. When the smoke threatened them with asphyxiation they stopped off their clothes and stopped up the openings. Not for a moment did they give up hope, and when one part of the ship's side had cooled a little they crawled up through an air pipe to a ladder, forced the coal port out by means of strips of cloth, in lieu of a wrench, and signalled with a petticoat light of the sort used in the bunkers. They were the last of the saved.

The *Scale* still lies sunken off Ellis Island. The *Bremen* and the *Main* are imbedded in the mud near Weehawken. All three look like men-of-war destroyed in battle. The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* has sailed. Where the North German Lloyd and the Thingvalla line piers stood, ragged and charred stumps jut from the surface of the water. Soon the piers will be built again. They will be of steel.

The other brilliant fire scene that drew thousands of sight seers out upon the water by night was the burning of the great oil tanks of the Standard Oil Company at Constable Hook, New Jersey, which began at midnight, Wednesday, July 4, and twenty-four hours later was still in fierce progress. Three tanks were struck by lightning, apparently simultaneously. They exploded and the blazing oil began to creep in all directions. Water poured from hose served only to accelerate the progress of the fiery rivulets. Tank after tank exploded from the heat or from flame passing through pipe connections, until by Thursday night twenty-three had been destroyed. At each explosion a solid column of whirling flame rose far into the sky, to be followed by dense clouds of black smoke that, crossing the bay, overhung the lower end of Long Island like a pall. It was estimated that the loss would be in the neighborhood of two millions of dollars. On Thursday night it seemed probable that the fire would last through the week.

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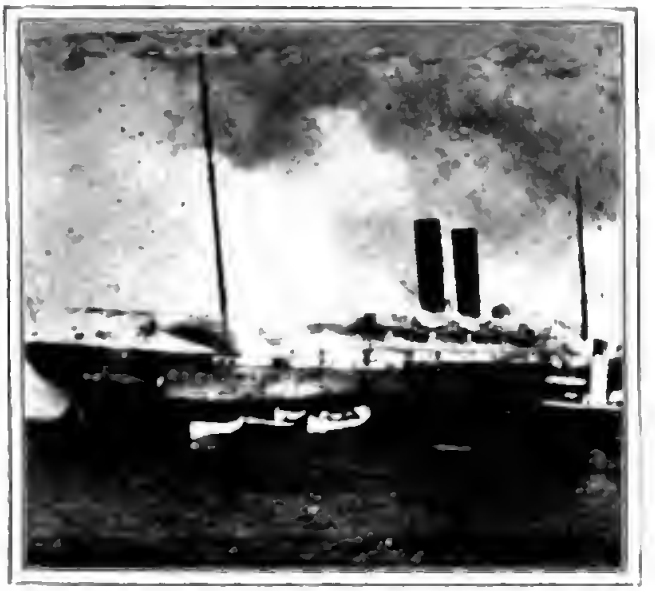
LIFE-BOATS RESCUING PEOPLE FROM THE BURNING "BREMEN."

THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE" BEING TOWED INTO MID-STREAM.



RESCUING THOSE ON BOARD THE "SAALE"
The White Spot near the Stern is a Towel being waved from a Port hole.

TUGS FORCING THE "BREMEN" AWAY FROM THE NEW YORK SHORE.

THE FLEET OF TUGS ESCORTING THE BURNING "SAALE" TO THE LOWER BAY.

THE "BREMEN" AND THE "MAIN," BEACHED ABOVE WEEHAWKEN, SUNDAY MORNING.

THE DISASTROUS FIRE IN NEW YORK HARBOR, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900.

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COMMANDERS OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY AND NAVAL FORCES IN CHINA.

INAUGURATION OF SANFORD B. DOLE, GOVERNOR OF HAWAII, HONOLULU, JUNE 14, 1900.

The ceremonies were held at noon in front of the Executive Building, which was elaborately draped with Hawaiian and American flags. The oath of office was administered by Chief-Justice Frear in the presence of a vast crowd of people, including the naval and military authorities of the United States and the Consular Corps.

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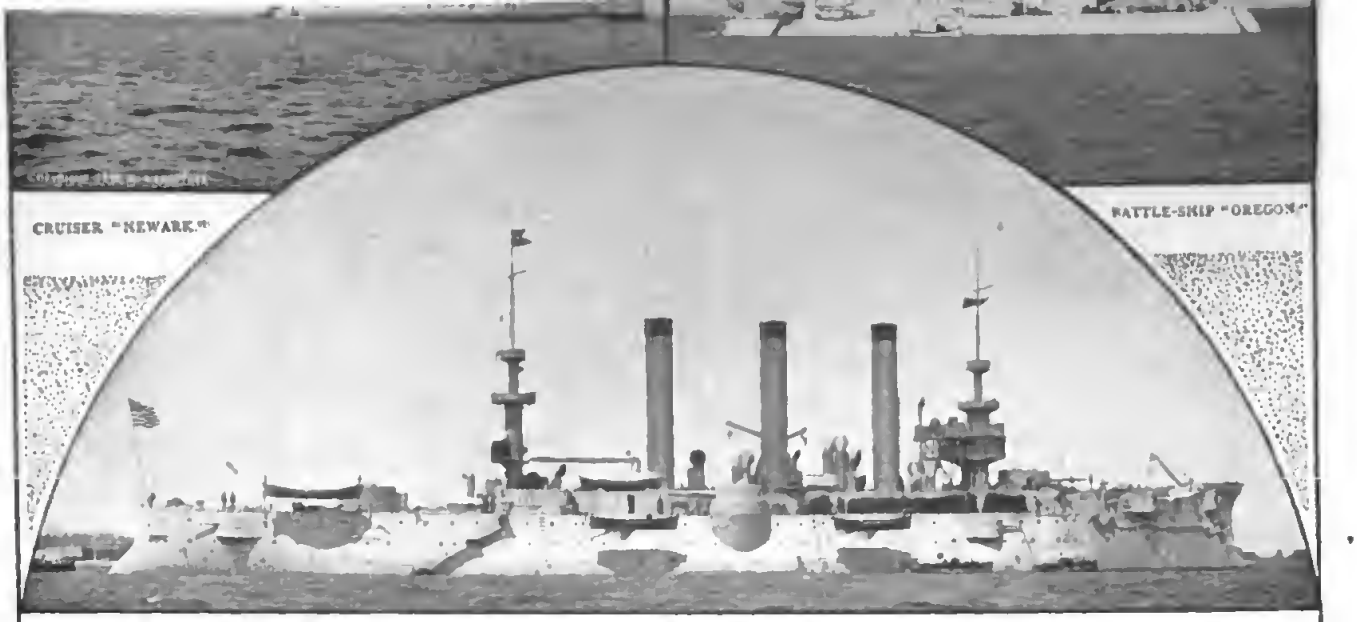
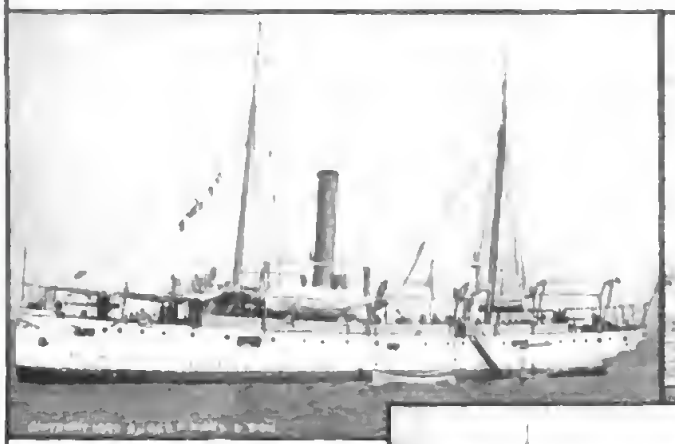


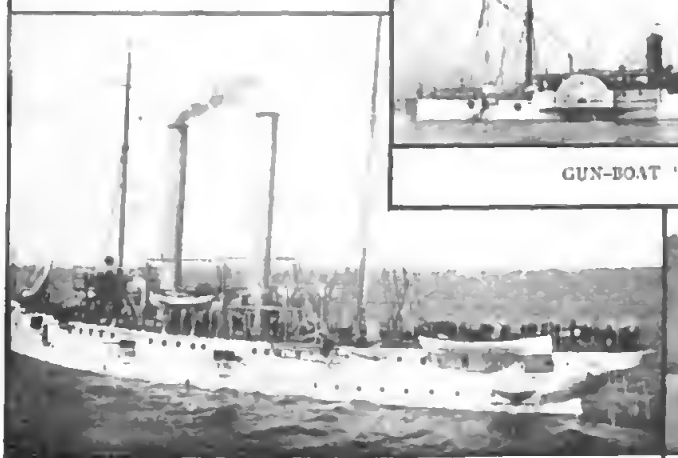
ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN," ADMIRAL REMEY'S FLAG-SHIP.



GUN-BOAT "MARIETTA."

GUN-BOAT "YORKTOWN."

GUN-BOAT "MONOCACY."



GUN-BOAT "NASHVILLE."

GUN-BOAT "DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA."

THE PRINCIPAL UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS IN CHINESE WATERS.

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THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL

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IN SESSION, KANSAS CITY, JULY 4–6, 1900

PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

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Warburton remembered that Gellibrand knew not the situation of the cave, nor, it may be, of their existence, and was, therefore, likely to make his landing in the tiny harbor and search the homestead.

Away on the level track of grayness loomed the pretty figure of the *Osprey*, seeming still and steady, as if she slept upon the water. Warburton contemplated the chances with a frown. Already the light was growing clearer, and those aboard the revenue boat would soon be able to make out the little skiff.

Already the *Osprey* stood nearer, and the wan light of the approaching sun lay on her sails, so that her spars glistened like silver; but overhead and westward the east of the sky was livid, leaden, and morose. Over the huge shaking waves of the sea the light began to run, and, even like a tide that races down the low sands the sparkle leaped from wave to wave, and with an incredible swiftness the darkness turned, flying across the face of the water.

The sloop was struck at once into full sight, as by a magic lantern; and from the sloop the boat, four hundred yards away, was as visible as in broad day. A hail sounded across the intervening space, but Warburton, without pause or answer, plied his arms faster; Chloris kept the tiller straight and the prow for the Skittles, among which the sea tossed and sucked audibly scarcely a quarter of a mile beyond them. But presently Warburton stopped in his work.

"The breeze has failed," he said; "she cannot come another yard; but I'll swear she will have her boats out. Mr. Gellibrand is a vigorous young buck."

Warburton nodded in approval, and pulled silently. And soon what he had prophesied came true, for a boat shot out from the flanks of the sloop and flew towards them. Warburton's breath came deeper and with labor as he increased his efforts, for he knew that their only chance was to reach the land before those who would inevitably suspect them and possibly detain them. The whole stretch of the bay was now alight and shining with silver, and in their wake the course of the boat made a black mark, which opened in a gulf of swirling water and bubbled up into placid, light again. Warburton's arms felt as though they were being wrenched from their sockets, but he whipped her along, and when the pursuing boat was barely one hundred paces from them, sighed his relief as the nose ground and snarled over the pebbles of the beach. "Out, Chloris," he cried, and himself setting the example, left the boat high and dry, and disappeared into the bushes that fringed the shore.

"We must make haste," he whispered. "Let 'em pass us somewhere. You must know the island. Where shall we hide?"

She thought for a moment, and then, "I will show you," cried she, and stepping lightly to the fore, made off up the slopes of that wooded sea front.

Chloris led the way into a fastness of the grove, where among those shadows of early dawn impenetrable darkness reigned behind the bracken and the tall junipers. Every moment now brought an access of fresh light and color to the earth, and the detail of the grasses sprang out instant by instant. But here, within those walls of soft green gloom, nothing was visible, and only the breaking sounds of the surf were audible in the stillness.

"Come," said Warburton, after a time, "they must be gone now, and there is no time to lose. The thunder threatens, and the storm will be here in half an hour."

They left their shelter, and began to climb again across the hill.

"'Tis darker," observed Warburton. "The clock is put back by that. They have no chance to catch us."

Yet as he spoke a voice called out of the void of the wood, hailing them. "Is't you, Cave?" said some one. "Faith, I believe I have mislaid myself. Damme, this island's all woods and hills."

Warburton recognized the voice, and would have struck into the darkness about him, but for the immediate appearance of the speaker, who was, moreover, accompanied by several others.

"Who is this?" said Gellibrand, and one thrust a lanthorn forward. "By Gosl, Mr. Warburton! what do you here at this hour? 'Tis a lucky meeting. And—but, by heavens! I did not observe— Rip me, a female!"

"Sir," said Warburton, with dignity, "'tis a lady I am happy to serve. She was benighted in Marlock, and I ventured to offer my services."

"As a gentleman, sir, as a gentleman," said the Lieutenant, promptly, "you could do no less. I envy you the privilege. Mr. Warburton; by God, I do!"

"Sir," said Warburton, angrily, "'Tis Miss Carmichael."

The Lieutenant started. "Why," said he, "it is, is it? The deuce! Miss Carmichael, I crave your pardon. My tongue wags on, but I have a soft heart. I am here on my duty, God forgive me. Mr. Warburton, explain me, damme. I would I had Powis here, who is mightily civil and mighty plausible."

"There is no need to explain, sir," answered Warburton, coldly. "No doubt you are here on good reasons, but they have nothing to do with us."

"That is so," assented Gellibrand, with relief. "I ask you to remember that, Miss Carmichael. I am here on a good reason: I must do my duty. Lord! 'tis ridiculous, but I must execute orders. Mr. Powis is

* Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2359.

Warburton murmured in Chloris's ear, and she withdrew, for he was anxious to know exactly how matters stood between the Lieutenant and himself.

"Damme, a monstrous fine girl," commented Gellibrand, under his breath. "She has took my fancy, but I interfere with no one's play, not I. You are to be congratulated, sir. Yet, perish me, this is an ugly, ridiculous tale. Do you know why I am here? There is some story of smuggling on the island—whence it comes I know not, but this Nicholas Carmichael is involved, a wild fellow. The military are after him. 'Tis all nonsense, I have no doubt, but you see my devilish position. Ugly, isn't not? I would not have that handsome girl know of it, but I feel sure I leave her in safe hands."

"Whither do you go?" asked Warburton.

"I am on the road for any port," returned the Lieutenant. "There is a flag-staff, so they tell me. I am set there, while Powis makes search below. It is supposed there is some hiding place for the contraband; but 'tis damnable nonsense to urge so black an offence against a gentleman and a baronet."

Warburton agreed, and having learned what he wanted, turned to take his departure. But he on his part must now be subjected to curiosity, and Gellibrand not unnaturally desired to know whither he was bound.

"Oh," said Warburton, smoothly, "to the house—to Sir Stephen's house. I must fully discharge my mission; the poor child cannot be left."

"Left!" cried Gellibrand. "Faith, I should think not. 'Twould ask a heart of iron to desert her, whether she wanted it or not," he chuckled. "I would desert no woman—eh, that is, if she were fair, and I had not tired of her," he added, pensively.

It seemed thus that their roads lay together, and, however reluctant, Warburton dared not refuse the offer of company. Yet he was greatly anxious to shake off this fellow, for time was running on and soon it would be too late for his enterprise. He bade the Lieutenant good by on the earliest opportunity, indicating a path: "That is your way, I believe sir, and mine lies here. I go down: you go up. I wish you luck."

With some few courtesies they parted, Gellibrand pausing to stare after Chloris with unaffected admiration. The growing light increased Warburton's anxiety, for he had no intention of descending into the valley, but waited only till the sailors were out of sight before turning back on his course. This after some time he deemed it prudent to do, and going quickly under the cover of the hollow and bush, succeeded in gaining, with his companion, the landward entrance to the smugglers' cave. Here he came at last to rest.

"You had better wait here, Chloris," said he.

"No, no, I will help you," she protested, eagerly.

"If I strike a light," he whispered, "can you find the torches?"

She whispered back in the affirmative. "But there

WARBURTON HURRIED FORWARD.

"'Tis very easy," he told Chloris. "We are aided by the very contraband itself. In a little there will be no cave nor brandy, nor any gunpowder for Honey left." He was hard at work, rolling the kegs into suitable position, trenching them and laying his heavy train, and the better part of an hour was so absorbed. By that time the black snake was creeping into the gallery which communicated with the world above.

"Sit down, child, and rest," said Warburton, as they emerged, breathless and clammy, into the cooler air of the open heaven. Above, the light had grown but little in the last hour, for the sky was charged with black and ominous clouds that lay low on the sea, and crept foot by foot upon them. In the distance the thunder muttered sullenly and sparks of fire darted on the horizon. The storm was near at hand. The sweat streamed from Warburton's face, which was black and grimy; tall and stalwart, with bare arms, he looked like Vulcan newly escaped from the prisons of the underworld. Overhead shot a flame of lightning, and down fell the thunder.

"'Tis here," he said, "and 'tis time to finish what was well begun and is well done."

Again the sky all about them glowed with fire, so that the summits of Lyneca were illumined lightly and stood up bare and bold in the prospect. Warburton uttered a cry, which was drowned in the deafening peal that followed, for what he saw in that moment was the flag-staff on the hill, and a body of men moving towards him.

"Up, Chloris, up!" he cried. "The time has come. They are advancing this way, and maybe they have some information." At his word she sprang to her feet, and seizing upon her, he hurried her forth from the grove of junipers, along a track that descended the ridge towards the valley of the homestead.

He set her down, and started swiftly away to the spot in which the granules of powder were aggregated in a tiny heap—the end of the trail, the front and butt of the deadly conduit. He took a pistol from his belt and primed it carefully. From this point on the highland of Lyneca the ocean was visible—westward, spread like an inky carpet, and almost soundless on that still air; the breath of heaven was hot and seething, and the bellies of the heavy clouds drooped in murk towards him. At that moment, as he stood considering his pistol and coolly preparing the last details of his plot, a flight of zigzag flashes gleamed and died above him.

Above and abroad and all about him of a sudden flared a white and horrible fire; its passage was so hot and dazzling as to blind his eyes; a sensation of fascination, mingled with unnatural terror, shuddered through him; he reeled under a stroke, and staggering, cast up his arms as if to ward off a blow from his body—and then in an instant into his ears poured the thunder of a thousand heavens; the earth reeled from edge to edge, quivering like a frightened fawn; then he knew that he was upon his back, his dazed eyes staring upwards, where the dust was lit with livid fires, and spume and smoke, as if belched from hell, rose and assailed the stars.

CHAPTER XXI

WHAT MET CHLORIS ON THE THRESHOLD

CHLORIS sat still in her refuge, listening with every sense of her body for news of the mine. The sky rattled about her in thunder, and she bent forward, straining her ears, as if she feared that in those inclement noises she would lose the sound of that imminent explosion. She counted the seconds with her breath, with the indrawing and outgoing of her bosom, and with each hallow she seemed to herself to anticipate what she expected and hear what she feared. But when next the lightning flamed she was aware simultaneously, as it appeared, of an appalling blow that struck the drums of her ears and sent her reeling in her seat. The earth shook as though it were jelly, and the whole face of the sky was obscured and darkened. As she clung to the bushes in terror, there seemed to return from out the open wilderness of sea echoes of that terrible explosion; noises of falling earth rumbled back upon her, and the prospect was covered with dust and sand. Then followed a grave stillness, in which, recovering her memory of what had happened, she rose with a fresh terror—a growing dread for Warburton's safety.

The heavens suddenly opened and the rain streamed down in a sheet, running in waterfalls down the hillside and gathering in pools within the hollows. Chloris ran out of her shelter on fast and trembling feet, into this tumultuous rain. Suddenly she saw him, prone on his back, his eyes to the thunder, and, to her senses, staring, dead and glazed. She stooped and pulled him to her, uttering a cry as a woman that is bereft of her child, and Warburton's eyes unclosed.

"'Tis done," said he, "but 'twas not I—'twas the hand of Providence."

Joyfully she assisted him to rise, and helped him to go slowly inland. She was amazed to find him alive, amazed and amazingly radiant. She cared not a whit for caves or thunder or rain, nor for the officers of the law that were pursuing the vengeance of the law. Yet Warburton recollected them.

When they reached the summit of the hill the flag-staff was still visible, wet and gaunt, and near by a

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burton, bluntly.

The two men feared each other, resolution in the bearing of one, and a certain gravity stamped upon the other's covert manner.

"I regret, Mr. Warburton, that this lady has been so exposed to such a storm," began Powis. "'Tis most unfortunate."

"Sir, pray pardon us if we must leave you now," said the younger man, abruptly.

"You would leave me?" said Powis, thoughtfully. "You would go down to the house, I suppose? 'Tis to pay a visit to Sir Stephen you are here—you and the lady? That, I regret, was not my mission, which was most distressing. You have heard, maybe, sir, that there is a warrant taken against Mr. Carmichael. It is on that business I am here," and he glanced towards Chloris, who sat veiled in her cloak and shrinking in the shadow.

"I have heard," said Warburton, curtly, for he could not understand to what his companion was coming, and he grew uneasy.

"I came to catch Nicholas Carmichael," went on Mr. Powis, "and I have failed. It seems that he is not here."

Warburton was aware that this studious rehearsal of the position could not be intended for his instruction, and it dawned on him with amazement that it must be aimed at Chloris. What was the magistrate's object? If Chloris had been recognized, why was she not claimed for examination on her letter?

"It would seem ridiculous, sir, that a gentleman of Mr. Carmichael's position should be guilty of breaking the law," he observed, at length.

"It would seem as ridiculous, sir, as if Sir Stephen himself were so charged," replied the Justice.

Warburton gazed on him sharply, and there was a moment under Chloris's cloak; but for a time there was silence between them—a silence which remained until Powis himself resumed, equably enough: "It would seem ridiculous if there were no evidence; but there is much witness to it, I fear."

"What witness is that?" asked Warburton, who would have had him declare himself once and for all time on his intentions.

"Mr. Warburton, you will pardon me," said the Justice, "but there are some matters which go beyond the topics of common folks. Yet this I may tell you, that when many are confederates, not all shall hold a discreet silence. Nay, there may even be one who seeks opportunity to reveal his knowledge."

"There is none, sir, who has done this," said Warburton, sharply, and making what was almost a gesture. "You will remember that, sir—have a care."

Mr. Powis was not discomposed. "I will confess I had my doubts," he said, quietly, "until the last hour."

Warburton was silent, considering, for he now began to doubt if the magistrate's words had been directed at Chloris. "You have had some information?" he inquired, and suddenly remembered the interrupted adventure of the sailors towards the cavern. "Some one gave you information recently," he added, quickly.

"True, Mr. Warburton," said Powis, coolly, and moving as if to break off the conversation, "and very soon I shall know the result. Indeed, I doubt not that the news is already in the hands of Mr. Gellibrand, yonder."

A grim look gathered on Warburton's face. "Then I am honored, sir, by your confidence because you deemed me to have an interest in this matter?" he asked. Of a truth he felt very warmly drawn to the magistrate, who had taken these pains, as he now realized, in order to intimate that he could do without Chloris as a witness.

"The interest of one who does us the honor to dwell on our coast for a summer month," rejoined the magistrate politely.

Warburton's face was grimmer than ever; he could already see Sir Stephen and Nicholas delivered over to justice.

"Faith," said he, "I doubt if your mission is not too late."

"What isn't you mean?" asked the other, curiously.

"Tut, tut!" said Warburton. "Mr. Gellibrand is a laggard. I would I could have warned him. He is anticipated." Mr. Powis's eyes interrogated him. "There has been a storm, sir," he said.

"I observed it," said the magistrate, dryly. "I have been witness of it at this moment."

"Sir, a storm may damage the face of nature," remarked Warburton.

The magistrate considered deeply. "Mr. Warburton, it is possible that in those cliffs by the Skittles there are caves," he said.

"Were, sir, once," remarked the younger man.

Without changing color or turning of a hair Powis accepted the emendation. "As you remark, were; but the change of time, sir, is the achievement of nature. I assume, the convulsion of her forces."

"There was lightning enough," said Warburton.

"True, true; but you remind me of my duty. I must examine this phenomenon. The cavern is gone, you say well, but there remains the witness. 'Tis a pity that nature should so significantly conspire to aid the unlawful, but there remains the witness."

CHLORIS AIMED THE PISTOL AT THE HEAD OF THE OLD SERVANT.

"What witness?" demanded Warburton, boldly and defiantly. The Justice's gaze passed over his face.

"That is my affair, sir, and none of my one else's. But I fear this lady is weary. She is soaken with the rain, and should be taken forthwith to some house."

"This lady, sir, is under my care and guidance," said Warburton.

Mr. Powis bowed. "I am sure that you will protect and guide her well," he said, courteously, and moved away. But Warburton caught him by the arm.

"Whither do you go and for what?" he asked.

"To arrest Nicholas Carmichael for an offence against his Majesty and country," returned the Justice, in a voice of new sternness and authority.

"And Sir Stephen?" exclaimed Warburton, whilst the cloak that hid the woman once more stirred and trembled.

For a moment there was a pause, and then came the Justice's answer. "There is no suspicion rests on Sir Stephen," he said, in a tone which was oddly soft. "We shall not trouble him."

With these words he left and went over the hill, where the day was come stronger and the rain was now abated. Warburton and Chloris resumed their journey to the homestead.

"They have found some traitor," said he. "There is some one who has told of the cave, and your brother's fate is sealed."

"Let him perish," she said, with animation. "He seeks your life," and turning swiftly on him, "Oh, my love," she murmured in agitation, "what am I! I am the sister of assassins. Get you hence."

Warburton laughed. "No shadow of shame shall touch you. What can they prove against Nicholas? I believe that this family will go scot-free. Did you not hear? They will not trouble Sir Stephen."

She made no answer, for in her agile mind floated suspicions, fears, and a shame at his blunt speech, yet he was unable to follow her thoughts. He had set his will to secure the safety of her house, and nothing but that task was in his thoughts. So they came down together from the heights upon the back of the garden.

The interval which had passed in this descent had changed the appearances of the sky and the sea. The heavy wrack had labored away, and with it the sultry air; a cool breeze started out of the west and blew stronger every moment, carrying in its breath the balm and fragrance of the ocean. Below, the park smiled under the soft sun, and the rain upon the green trees mirrored back the rays in a thousand flashes and sparklings; the garden seemed to be lit up with radiance and to tremble with the sunshine. Before the house sang the breeze in the tamarisks, and again below them the sea foamed on the pebbles, as wine foams in the glass. The doors of the house even at that early hour stood open, and the windows were wide to the air; it had the look of some hospitable and untenanted pleasure-house that invited the wayfarer with its silent lures. Chloris quickened her foot and ran down the slope, a creature of redundant vitality even after that long melancholy night. She stood in the gateway, her skirts swaying in the breeze, and the poplars almost rippling in the sunlight.

"Get you in to your home, child," he said. "I must leave you here."

"Leave me?" she echoed in dismay, and then pitifully: "Whither go you? You are not going away?"

"I have myself to take care of," he answered, grimly.

"You *shall* come: you are safe with me," she exclaimed, angrily, and seized his arm. Warburton smiled, and patted her hand.

"'Tis a devil," he said, and indulgently obeyed her. The weariness of the night's work bore him down, and he was wet and hungry; the body answered not to the plucking of the spirit. The two stepped across the threshold of the hall.

"They are awake betimes," said Chloris, and raised the hollow music of the gong. There was no answer, but from the cool shadows of the exterior ticked forth a slow invisible clock.

"'Tis strange," said she; "they have been disturbed by the storms and are all at sixes and sevens. You are hungry, dear heart, and must be fed."

Again she drummed on the gong, and when the dismal echoes had died away a sound was audible breaking across the miserable and empty silence. It was the clicking of a latch, and a man's face looked out from a chamber at the bottom of the hall.

"Sloan!" called the girl, in a tone of authority. "Where is your wit, Sloan, that you answered not before?"

"Is't yourself, mistress?" asked the man, in an Irish brogue, and stole half-way across the hall, eying Warburton anxiously. He was a thin, elderly, naked-faced fellow with small darting eyes.

"I want some food, Sloan, for this gentleman," commanded Chloris.

Sloan fidgeted upon his legs. "'Tis the master's enemy," he whispered, hoarsely. "Sure, 'tis he that Mr. Nicholas is for to kill."

"Do as I bid," said Chloris, fiercely. "'Tis a gentleman that has done us great service, and honors this house by his presence."

The man retreated with suspicion gleaming out of his rodent face.

"'Tis an easy part to be getting food this morning," he protested, "for the serving-maids is all gone, and there is none about the house but me, Miss Chloris."

"Gone!" said his mistress. "Whither gone, indeed? Is't a small noise and the lights of heaven frightened a household?"

"'Twas not that," he replied, and said no more, keeping his glance on Warburton.

"You had a visitor this dawn?" said Chloris, quickly, recalling their encounter with Powis.

"We did that," responded the man-servant. "'Twas a magistrate. He was looking for Mr. Nicholas, but he did not find him; so he went away."

The girl turned on him swiftly with a sharp fire in her eyes. "Who was it told the magistrate of the caves?" she demanded.

The man made no noise, but turned a greenish-white color, stirring helplessly on his feet.

"'Twas you that's the traitor!" she exclaimed, furiously. "'Twas you, Michael Sloan, that betrayed your master's house! Give me a pistol," and she snatched one in a tempest of passion from Warburton's hands, aiming it at the head of the servant, with every feature in her face eloquent of madness. The man cowered and held up his arm as if to ward the shot from his face.

"I am no traitor," he said, piteously. "'Twas no harm that I did."

Warburton stepped forward and with a jerk of his hand sent up the barrel of the pistol, and the report rang out through the hall. Chloris stared, and then put her open hands over her face with a sob. "God forgive me: 'tis not I that should wreak justice on a traitor—not I—not I."

She turned away, and went towards the door out of which Sloan had issued, but unexpectedly the man darted forward and stood before her.

"Not there, not there; ye shall not go in there, Mistress Chloris," he shivered.

"Stand aside," said the girl, stamping her foot.

"For love of the Holy Mother!" pleaded Sloan. "'Tis not for you, honey."

Chloris brushed past him and pushed the door open. The room was the library, in which Sir Stephen Carmichael had been wont to sit, and here he sat for the last time, his face turned to the wall, blind eyes upon vacancy, and every member of his body still and rigid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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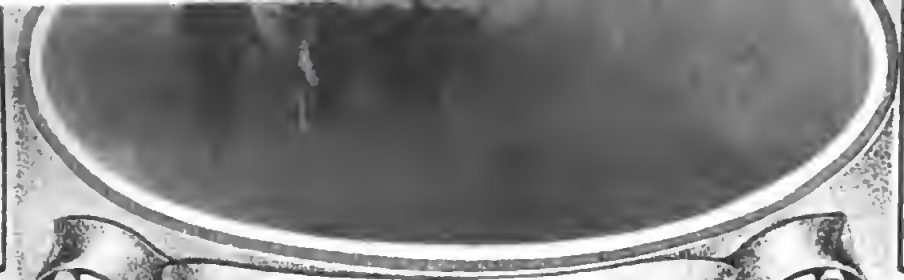
Colonel Knight



By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

General Hutton

FROM March 12, when Lord Roberts's column entered Bloemfontein, the capital of the Free State, after a fearful march across country from Paardeburg on half-rations, and with horses dying by the thousands), until May 1, the gathering forces remained inert, so far as the great outside watching public was concerned. No doubt those who remained at home in England, and anxiously searched the papers each day for war news, have asked one another why Roberts and his large army did not move on toward Pretoria, and perhaps they have restlessly criticised the slowness with which the commanding general advanced the English army on its errand of crushing the belligerent Boer.

The most hypercritical military students in the field have, however, nothing but praise for the celerity with which the stupendous army problem has been handled. It should be remembered that a week is but a day when attempting to outfit and move a great army, needing twenty thousand new horses, an army which must have heavier clothing against the winter winds of the veldt, thousands more wagons, quantities of quartermaster's supplies, thousands of tons of structural iron for railroad bridges, and an indefinite number of other materials.

Worst of all, it is an army of a hundred thousand men, who must have food every day. It is a herculean task, for every pound of food must be brought thousands of miles by water-transport, and this is a simple matter as compared with the difficulties of moving it forward to the base of supplies at Bloemfontein, over eight hundred miles of single-track railway.

When Lord Roberts started his army northward it was a May day, and the spring flowers peeped forth in British dells; but not so in the Free State. A little column of men crawled from beneath their blankets and shivered, as the dark, cold air of morning blew searchingly upon them. It was only a handful—a few thousand men—who started onward in the faint dawn of a cloudless sky, but, like a bursting dam, it trickled in drops, then flowed as a rivulet, and finally swept as a wave-wall of moving men, twenty miles wide, toward Kroonstad.

It is impossible, unless one is making dry history obtained from headquarters' office, in terse sentences, to attempt to handle in detail the movements of a great campaign like this. The writer in the field sees not even the advance or engagements of a single division, let alone those of half a dozen such divisions. He knows that, ten miles to the right, General So-and-so is advancing with infantry, and that, to his left, another general with mounted rifles is moving, and keeping contact by heliographs which flash from every koppe. He hears, far on one side, the artillery booming, and sees now and again the tiny cloud-puff of high bursting shrapnel, and at night he is told that an artillery duel has taken place between that column and the Boers, and a dozen British soldiers lie dead and buried around the spot where a Boer shell disabled their gun, but it is only an incident, barely impressing the mind, for did not the real battle take place in his immediate front, where he ran from flying shells and saw men double-quick to the front under the rain of steel bullets; and was not the roar of rifles in his ears, louder and louder as the battle developed? It was his fight and the only actual combat of the day, and thus every soldier feels who was within his sight; so this writer feels, and will describe what he vividly witnesses with greater emphasis than can be placed upon events as thrilling occurring many miles away.

Two correspondents—twenty-four hours behind the Colonial troops under General Hutton, who had orders to proceed to Brakpan, a farm northwest of the Modder River—drove northward over the hard, white roads of the veldt, with the intention of picking up this column on the left wing, where the Boers might be expected to fight by annoying the British flank.

The Glen was the first objective point, fifteen miles north on the railroad, which had been, for several weeks, the most advanced point of British troops above Bloemfontein. Long lines of convoys filled the wagon-road, and over the open veldt, in quarter-column, marched General Pole-Caren's Brigade of footguards. At the Glen, the railroad bridge has been blown up by the Boers. Urged by the howls of Kafir drivers, and the sharp cracking of thirty feet of raw-hide lash, fourteen span of oxen drag the big four-point-sevens of H.M.S. Dorm. The men hang on to the forward truck, which the lurching line of oxen has cramped until a wheel is two feet in the air, then into the creek-bed, the real trouble begins. A hundred feet of yoked rattle trying to pull up a stiff incline of wetted slippery rock is a sight to be remembered. With a score of yelling, shrieking black drivers furiously lashing the cattle, they force the animals upward. The leaders strain and plunge, and a dozen go down on their knees together, rise and try again, and then, maddened by the stinging whips, turn about into a jumble of moving horns and clanking chains. It takes fifteen minutes to straighten them out, and two hundred soldiers with drag ropes from the axles are called on to give aided draught.

"Take any road north of the Modder, and follow the river until the road leads off to Brakpan." So the order to the troops reads, and so the correspondents tried to do, by the aid of the very good military map compiled for the service, but the compilers had, on paper, only about half the roads which actually criss-cross a rolling country, where the topographic features have an amazing sameness, and every koppe looks just like the last one, so they were lost for thirty-six hours on the veldt.

Not daring to go near any farm-house, for fear of capture during the night, they drove off over the deserted land and made a dry camp, eating a cold supper, by the light of a candle, in a tightly closed brown shelter-tent.

Dogs bayed dismally at the moon, and during the night men on horseback rode by slowly, outlined against the sky on the crest of the next ridge—Boer scouts, no doubt. As daybreak came, clear and cold, they inspanned, and after another twelve hours of torture, suddenly found Brakpan, a great sheet of brackish water lying in a basin-shaped valley. The empty shining tin hardtack-cases, and cans which once held "bully beef," and the scattered downy feathers of a hundred geese come to grief, told the story of a British camp, but the troops had moved—inquiry revealed on Brandfort. There was nothing for it but to post back toward the British troops, for now the correspondents were twenty-five miles from any British soldiers, out in the Boer country. Two Boer scouts, unarmed—as is their method of watching the enemy—were held up and asked to show passes, but they innocently begged off on the plea of being too old to fight. Into Brandfort the next day the tired correspondents went without seeing a soldier until actually in the town, where they learned that General Hutton's brigade was again on the march, moving out to the left and toward a crossing on the Vet River. Brandfort had been easily taken in an hour's skirmish.

The brigade was finally overtaken a few miles from the river, and now begins the battle, or rather the rear-guard fight, of May 5.

It seems that the Boer general, Del Rey, had with him across the railroad at the Vet River a commando several thousand strong, which was to oppose the enemy's crossing as long as possible, to protect De Wet's commando, which, in turn, had by wonderful tinkking out of De Wets Dorp, where the British had tried to surround them, managed to elude the 20,000 men sent to cut them off, and had retreated on the railroad to Virginia Siding, over the main road through Winburg, just missing General French's column, which came into that town from the west a day too late. It was a masterly retreat, for De Wet had ten big guns with him, including two Long Toms, and miles of convoy. So far he has not lost a wagon.

The Colonials on the left are in advance of Lord

THE NAVAL BRIGADE CROSSING THE RIVER.

THE ROAD DOWN WHICH THE COLONIALS CHARGED THE BOERS.

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THE BROKEN BRIDGE OVER THE GLEN DRIFT.

THE MULE-WAGONS COMING INTO BRANDFORT.

Roberts's centre column, and have come in sight of the Vet River. Far in the foreground, the mounted scouts are scouring the country, so far away they are tiny specks, now lost in a dip of the land, now standing silhouetted against the sky.

"General Hutton presents his compliments, sir, and desires that the New South Wales Mounted Infantry will move up steadily and quietly, before getting under fire," the aide who has galloped up to Colonel Knight remarks mandatorily. "Under fire! where is the enemy?" and a suppressed murmur runs through the men prostrate on the ground beside their horses. There is a rustling of clothing as men reset their belts and shift their ammunition handoliers into secure positions across the shoulder.

For over a mile in front the brigade troops come up in separate squadrons, but in solid blocks they rest on the crest of the rise. Far from the right comes General Hutton, followed by his staff, riding like mad, with a pennant-bearer changing in the rear; now he is plunging through a field of stunted Kafir corn, at a full gallop, and then on to the hill at the left, where the Canadians, the New South Wales troops, and the Maxim guns are waiting. He studies the landscape, listens to the small-arms firing below, and watches the withdrawing scouts.

Under orders a squadron of Canadians advance half way down the sloping open hill-side, dismount, and while the horse-holders stand by the horses, the main body advances on foot, in extended order. Everything is quiet as death except for the restless champing of a few horses, as the thin lines advance. He down, start again, and have more intervals of rest; four thousand yards are to be traversed. Nothing develops, for the Boer is a cunning fighter and never discloses his position until he thinks he can inflict a serious blow on the enemy. The Canadians go to the scrubby line of trees which fill the river bottom and retire again without a shot being fired at them. Where are the Boers?

Half a mile to the right Major Allison of the Royal Horse Artillery has put his twelve-pound field-guns into action, under the protection of a stony bit of ground. He is firing at a white house this side of the river, at 3500 yards' range.

"Look there! Look there! See the Boers!" bursts from the throats of a dozen men with eyes glued to field telescope and glasses. Down the opposite slope of the dusty winding road two hundred Boers ride calmly toward the river-bed, in single file and far apart, for the Boer knows well enough never to travel in masses within shell reach. The guns are elevated to their maximum range of four thousand yards—petty things for fighting in this country of magnificent distances—and the shells go zeeing through the air one after another, creeping each time nearer that snaky line of men. "We've hit 'em!" "See that horse down!" Sure enough it is only a writhing speck, but it is a horse on its back, the rider cannot be seen. A little faster the Boers travel and disappear into the cover of the trees. They will fight from the river bank.

Now a street-corner general, and one accustomed to the deployed line fighting of the American army, wonders why a skirmish line several miles long, with men at ten yards' interval, is not sent down to develop the enemy's position, and, when he is thus forced to disclose his position, why the reserve and support are not thrown in at the flanks or feinted at the centre.

"I have a little work for you," the general remarks to the commanding officer of the New South Wales regiment. "I want you to move in toward that house" (meaning the white house in our front and on the main road through the spruit or river), "and feel the enemy's position. Nothing serious can happen, for you are under the cover of our guns."

The galloping Maxims are going in on the left, and a Canadian, who has a Colt's automatic and believes he can take the whole Boer position with it, is fuming because he has not had a chance to try.

The New South Wales fighting formation is all that could be desired. A single thin line of mounted

THE NAVAL GUN GOING THROUGH THE DRIFT.

men, with large intervals, is followed, at long spaces, by other lines—a most difficult target to hit. Halfway to the river-bed is a cluster of Kafir houses; the inhabitants clothed in house-drawn blankets, with naked ivory-black children frightened-eyed clinging to the flowing ends, have fled up the hill-side, and wildly talk with a display of white teeth. The first line is behind this bunch of huts, and bang! goes a Boer piece of artillery, and the shell ploughs up a cloud of dust right behind it. The line melts like wax under one of the colons, and the men lie crouched behind a low bank of rock. Now they are on their feet running onward across the open, and the horses are huddled still behind the wall. Tirrr-rr-rr-rr—and still the Maxims shower the ground, viciously kicking up five hundred spurts of dirt. The men are lying flat on their stomachs, yards between each man, but it seems impossible for them to escape this torrent of steel. Again they are on their feet running for the white house. The Maxim trills until the ground is a sieve of spouting dust, and a whole line of Mauser rifles opens on the left. They are in the woods now, shooting for dear life themselves, and another line and still another line of mounted men are going through the same performance, first under bursting shell after shell, and then through the rain of bullets.

Up the hill-sides wildly dashing go Boer horsemen by the dozens, and then by several hundreds—never near together, but moving singly and fast. Far up the hill-sides, several thousand yards out of range, they come down to a slower gait and trot away behind a great kopje. Our shrapnel is flying thick in their direction, but is doing little damage.

The New South Wales have carried the position. They have rushed the river-bank, and down the twenty-foot embankment they pile to find they were flanking and in the rear of fifteen firing from the outer river-bank. It was too much for Boer courage, and they made for their horses, tied in every side gulch, and rode for life on the open plain above. Colonel Knight, not content with a handful of men, raced up the opposite side to the road, climbed the near-by kopje, and fired incessantly at the fleeing enemy as they climbed up from the depression below him. The Maxim was out of action. The Colonials had cleared the gun, and twenty New South Wales men raced to lay a hand on it first.

The Boers had gone, except the poor devils who lay silent here and there in the gray dusk of evening, or a few who groaned in the agony of wounds. Miraculously not a British trooper had been killed and the wounds were all slight.

Before the sun went down a tremendous artillery fire began on the right, miles away. It was the Boers shelling Lord Roberts's column on the railway. The duel went on as the sun sank to sleep, and high in the air the glints of fire from big shells, with puffs of white smoke drifting away, dotted the sky and mingled with the blended tints of pink and blue of a cloudless eastern heaven. The Boers had disabled one British gun and killed some heavy gunners, but with the darkness the hoarse booming of big calibre cannons gradually became less and less, and the opposing forces faced each other in silence.

General Hutton's column was crossing the Vet and going into camp up on the hill-sides, a few hours previously held by the enemy. Camp fires sprung up and twinkled like little villages over the sloping slopes. Up from the river floated the sounds of the confused shouting of drivers at laboring cattle, straining on the heavy wagons, as they tumbled over the bowlders in the bed of the rapid river.

The soldiers were fast asleep in their greatcoats, not caring, in their fatigue, where the enemy was or what the morrow would bring. The hungry horses, scantily fed for the last two days, pawed uneasily in the long lines, striking fire from the steel picket pins with their iron shoes, and tugging at their heel ropes in the vain hope of being fed.

Over the hill-tops, a mile away, ghostly figures of men on horse-back rode against the sky line, lighted by a wan moon. They were the mounted pickets riding their posts, and protecting a soundly sleeping army from sudden surprise.

From Lord Roberts's camp, ten miles away, the flashing signal-lamps were blinking out the following message to General Hutton:

"My hearty congratulations to Mounted Infantry on their excellent day's work. Roberts."

On the Moon, April 5, 1900.

THE SLOW-MOVING OX-TEAMS, HALF HIDDEN IN CLOUDS OF DUST.

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agreed that he was strongly individual, very influential, fascinating, able, and resourceful; but it was Lincoln that was thoroughly great." Mr. Bancroft, or some one else, speaks of Mr. Seward at the close of his life as disappointed but cheerful. If he was disappointed it could only have been at the providence that at the crisis of his career raised up Lincoln to wield the baton that his own fingers had almost closed over, and left him to play first fiddle in the orchestra. It was pretty hard fortune for any man who aimed to be supremely great to find himself in the same group with Lincoln. That fortune, as we all know, Mr. Seward met like a hero and a patriot, and if he sighed when his public labors were over, he bore whatever disappointment he was conscious of with imperturbable blandness, and with humor and admirable resignation.

It looks as if he would be a greater figure and better known to the readers of the next quarter-century than to those of that just closing. For one thing he was the original expansionist, and things have come his way so fast these last three years as to make many readers desirous to inform themselves about him and about his views of the destiny and reasonable aspirations of the country. Then, too, there has been such a succession of lives of Lincoln that a fair proportion of grown-up readers have assimilated about all the Lincoln information they can hold, and are ready for collateral biography which will expand and amplify their knowledge of the civil-war period. Moreover, in the lapse of time some excellent books have come to be written in which Mr. Seward appears. One such book is the lately published life of Charles Francis Adams by his son of the same name. Mr. Adams's views of Seward are full of interest, and admiration and criticism enter into them with equal liberality. Mr. Bancroft's book, in two volumes, is the most considerable and important life of Seward which has appeared since Mr. Frederick W. Seward's biography of his father was published in 1877. Much more than any previous biographer Mr. Bancroft attempts to settle Mr. Seward's place in history.

IN a recent extended review of the book in the *Nation*, the reviewer, while in the main warmly commending Mr. Bancroft's work, considered that he exaggerated the influence of Mr. Seward's personal ambition on his actions up to the time of the civil war. Mr. Bancroft makes him out, the *Nation*'s critic thought, all politician up to '61, and all patriot-statesman afterwards, and so picturing him does injustice to the earlier part of his career. Let the reader determine for himself whether or not the critic's point is well taken. In American public life nowadays there is no doubt that an aspiring citizen has to learn to be a successful politician before he can get a chance to demonstrate his abilities as a statesman. Where the politician ends and the statesman begins is usually hard to say, but probably most statesmen whose achievements we reverence had some germs of patriotism and virtue in them while they were still merely politicians. Possibly Mr. Bancroft has taken so much pains to avoid the biographer's traditional tendency to become infatuated with his subject that in some cases the effort to preserve a judicial attitude has caused him to lean backwards. I unquestionably he admires Seward and has found him a fascinating study. He says himself that he regards him as one of the most interesting and complex characters in history, who has been so overpraised by some and so over-blamed by others that there is no similarity between the estimates. His aim has been to study Seward for the first time in the light of all the authorities, heeping back no facts, but giving all due weight, and reaching new conclusions, which, in fact, "make Seward appear much greater and more worthy of study than he ever seemed before."

SOME old and good friends of the United States, whose title to protection and succor from our government is better than that of Cuban or Filipino, are in sore distress and threatened with extinction, because they have not been protected in the enjoyment of easements and privileges necessary to their existence. The character and history of the Pima Indians of Arizona are comparatively well known. Whoever knows anything about them knows that they have always been good Indians, friendly and useful to the whites, and their allies years ago in wars against the Apaches. They are of superior character, and very self-respecting, and have lived for a hundred years by agriculture. The newspapers for a month past have reported that they were in trouble because the settlers near them had cut off their water. Mr. Lawrence H. Hamilton, of Phoenix, Arizona, has been to their reservation to find out about them, and writes to the WEEKLY that 2000 of them are starving and destitute, as the result of the encroachments of the whites, and 2000 more are in a condition that is very little better.

Agriculture in the Scottsdale reservation where they live is entirely dependent on the use of the water of the Salt River for irrigation. But the white settlers above them on the river have diverted its flow so that berries and cactus flour. They are uncomplaining creatures who won't beg, won't steal, and can't go to law, but near them is a tribe of Papagoes, who are less restrained and scrupulous, and who, Mr. Hamilton says, are likely to make plenty of mischief unless they get food. The Papagoes, it seems, usually subsist by farming on shares with the Pimas.

Congress has appropriated a little money ($33,000) for the temporary relief of the Pimas, but not nearly enough to be of any permanent benefit. The only thing that seems likely to help them where they are is the construction of a reservoir by the government. It is proposed to build one near Florence, Arizona, at a cost of $2,000,000, employing Indian labor only. It is for the government engineers to say whether that is a wise plan, but there is no doubt at all of the merits of the Pimas, or that it will be a lamentable disgrace to us and our government if white settlers are permitted to starve them out. Their troubles have been impending for twenty-five years, and repeated warnings have been sent to Washington, but without effectual result. These good Indians ought not to be driven to arms and then killed. Neither should they be suffered to starve. They are entitled to help, and should get it in time.

ARMIRAL JOHN W. PHILIP'S sudden death from heart disease on June 30, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, has been very widely and heartily lamented. We all knew him as the captain of the *Texas* in the fight off Santiago, also, when the *Oquendo* blew up, checked the cheering of his men. "Don't cheer, boys," he said, "because the poor fellows are dying." Still more widely remembered is his brief exhortation to his men on the deck of his ship that day, after the battle, to offer silent thanks to God. He showed himself that day a kindly man, a pious man, and an exceedingly efficient officer. No ship in the fight gave a better account of herself than the *Texas*.

Admiral Philip was born in New York in 1840, and graduated from the Naval Academy just in time for the civil war. He was appointed midshipman on January 1, 1861, and was actively employed in the coast service for the next four years. He was made a lieutenant in 1862, a commander in 1875, and a captain in 1889. After the Spanish war he was made commodore, and a little later rear-admiral. In 1877 he commanded the Woodruff Scientific Expedition on a trip around the world. He was an officer of many accomplishments, being versed in science and law, an electrician, an engineer, and master of several languages.

READERS of the WEEKLY will have observed with satisfaction and applause that Williams College at its recent Commencement conferred its degree of LL.D. on Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson. None too often, says the Boston *Transcript*, is a degree so well deserved, and it speaks of Mr. Nelson as "a keen observer and an incisive, vigorous, and fearless writer on the events of the day." All that and more the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY know him to be. Speaking of his connection with the Boston *Post*, the *Transcript* adds: "Not only has his work been characterized by directness and strength, but he has maintained through all his varying labors both a literary and a political conscience which has commanded respect for his judgments and confidence in his opinions."

The same degree of LL.D. was conferred by the same college on Mr. Hamilton Mabie, of the *Outlook*. He and Mr. Nelson were classmates at Williams.

THE Harvard Phi Beta Kappa, whose annual exercises in Cambridge have been the means of bringing out a great number of memorable orations and some notable poems, got its oration this year from Dr. William Everett, of Quincy. Dr. Everett is an orator, which is not invariably the case with the gentlemen who furnish orations to the Phi Beta Kappa. He had a great deal to say—he always has, and it is always worth hearing—and he found a text in Decatur's era, "My country, right or wrong." It is not a cry with which he sympathized, and he told why he didn't, and judging from the full report of his discourse in some of the Boston papers he gave the learned brethren full value for their attention. The burden of his communication was that war is not so good a thing as in some quarters it has been cracked up to be, but what he said and the way he imparted it illustrated again how good a plan it is, when you want an oration, to get it from an orator.

Bliss Carman was the poet that day, and his poem was all in praise of a soldier—of General Lawton. Yet the poem did not clash with the oration. Whatever views any one has had about war, there seem to have been no two opinions about Lawton.

THE collapse of Harding, stroke of the Harvard eight in the race with Yale, has caused a revival of discussion of the expediency of four-mile races for college crews. It is a question that should be thorough out all the strength they have in any race, and that it is the pace that kills, not the distance. But that argument may sound better than it really is. Courtney at Cornell insists that four miles is too far. Moreover, long distance horse racing is seldom heard of nowadays, a mile and a furlong, a mile, or less than a mile being the usual distance. Owners of valuable horses will not risk their beasts in feats of endurance which are liable to leave the competing animals useless for racing purposes forever afterwards. It is true enough that it is the pace that kills, but extreme effort long maintained seems more likely to result in lasting impairment of powers and vitality than extreme effort for a shorter period.

Many readers would be glad to know what sort of health American college oarsmen enjoy in later life. The Springfield *Republican* says that an article on that subject is being prepared for one of the magazines. It expects a record of impaired vitality to be shown.

NEWS from China at this writing still comes slowly and in meagre quality. We know a little. We know the German minister was murdered, and that Admiral Seymour's command could effect nothing, and was glad to be helped back to the coast. Now we are dreading what we may hear from Peking, where there are some hundreds of foreigners, including our minister and the other ministers and members of the legations, apparently penned up somewhere, awaiting a rescue which there seems slight chance to effect.

When four hundred million people get fighting among themselves the wise course for all outsiders would seem to be to let them fight. That seems to be the sentiment of our government. We don't want to fight in China, *provided* we can get our people out alive. But if our friends in Peking are murdered, there will be a different sentiment and doubtless a different story.

THE Agricultural Department at Washington has issued a pamphlet on Farmers' Reading Courses, which tells what has been done by various agricultural colleges in the country to put farmers in the way of studying at home such books and treatises as are likely to be useful to them in their business. The movement seems a useful one, since the average farmer, while not necessarily averse to getting new and profitable ideas about farming, is at loss to know in what books to look for them. The work of directing the professional reading of farmers is now definitely undertaken in at least seven States—by the Pennsylvania State College, the Agricultural College of Michigan, the New Hampshire College of Agriculture (Durham, New Hampshire), the Storrs Agricultural College (Storrs, Connecticut), Cornell University (Ithaca, New York), the West Virginia College of Agriculture (Morgantown, West Virginia), and the South Dakota Agricultural College (Brookings, South Dakota).

These different courses vary somewhat in details of method, but they all minister at very small expense to agriculturists of inquiring mind. Most of them send out printed lessons and conduct regular courses of instruction wherein pupils answer series of questions, and receive a diploma upon completing the course.

JAMES FITZHARRIS and Joseph Mullett, Irish ex-convicts concerned with the Phœnix Park murders, and lately pardoned after serving long sentences, were turned back from our shores as undesirable immigrants, and went back to England on the *Servia* on June 23 much displeased. They averred that the country had become pro-English and illiberal, but that position is weak, for it was certainly not a kindness to England to send her back two persons whom she had signified her willingness to be rid of. The men had no political standing. They had been mixed up in a great crime against Ireland. They were treated simply as persons with a criminal record. That gave just ground to keep them out of the country.

WE want to believe all news from the Philippines that is good, and the report that a select company of Tagal leaders have been putting their minds on General MacArthur's amnesty proclamation is decidedly reassuring as far as it goes, so we are trying to have faith that better times are coming out there. The most difficult preliminary to settle seems to be the status of the friars. The Filipinos clamor for their expulsion, and the American disposition seems on the whole sympathetic with the Filipino desire, but there are clauses in the treaty with Spain that are not to be reconciled with summary expulsion of the friars from the islands. Leaving the fine points of the friar question to the consideration of lawyers like Judge Taft, it seems safe to seize upon the general conclusion that time and events will demonstrate that we are not maintaining an army in the Philippines in order to impose friar rule on the Filipinos.

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hood.' That's what ye'd say, an' that's what all th' likes iv ye'd say. An' whin iliction day comes 'roun' th' on'y question ye'll ast ye'rsilf is, 'Am I with Mack or am I with Billy Bryan?' An' accordin'ly ye'll vote.

"'Tis always th' same way an' all platforms is alike. I mind wanst whin I was an alter-nate to th' county con-vintion—'twas whin I was a power in pollytics, an' th' on'y man that cud do annything with th' Bohamian vote—I was settin' here wan night with a pen an' a pot iv ink before me thryin' to compose th' platform f'r th' nex' day, f'r I was a lithry man in a way, d'ye mind, an' I knew th' leaders 'd want a few crimps put in th' raypublicans in a ginteel style an' 'd be sure to call on me f'r to do it. Well, I'd got as far down as th' tariff, an' was thryin' f'r to express me opinyon without swearin', whin who shud come in but Lafferty, that was sicrety iv McMahon, that was th' Main Guy in thim days, but aftherward thrun down on account iv him mixin' up between th' Rorkes an' th' Dorseys. Th' Main Guy Down Town said he wuddn't have no throuble in th' ward, an' he declared McMahon out. McMahon had too much money annyhow. If he'd kept on, dollar bills 'd have been extinct outside iv his house. But he was a sthrong man in thim days an' much liked.

"Annyhow, Lafferty, that was his sicrety, come in, an' says he, 'What are ye doin' there?' says he. 'Step soft,' says I; 'I am at wurruk,' I says. 'Ye shuddn't do lithry wurruk on an empty stomach,' says he. 'I do nawthin' on an empty stomach but eat,' says I. 'I've had me supper,' I says. 'Go 'way,' says I, 'till I finish th' platform,' I says. 'What's th' platform?' says he. 'F'r th' county con-vintion,' says I.

"Well, sir, he set down on a chair, an' I thought th' man was goin' to die right there on th' premises with laughter. 'Whin ye get through with ye'er barkin',' says I, 'I'll throuble ye to tell me what ye may be doin' it f'r,' I says. 'I see nawthin' amusin' here but ye'er prisince,' I says, 'an' that's not a divvle iv a lot funnier thin a wooden leg,' I says, f'r I was mad. Afther awhile he come to, an' says he, 'Ye don't raaly think,' says he, 'that ye'll get a chanct to spring that platform,' he says. 'I do,' says I. 'Why,' he says, 'the platform has been adopted,' he says. 'Whin?' says I. 'Before ye were born,' says he. 'In th' reign iv Bildad th' first,' says he—he was a larned man, was Lafferty, though a dhrinkin' man. All sicreties iv pollyticians not in office is dhrinkin' men, Hinnissy. 'I've got th' copy iv it here in me pocket,' he says. 'Th' boss give it to me to bring it up to date,' he says. 'They was no sthrike last year an' we've got to put a plank in th' platform or put the prisident iv th' Lumber Shovers' Union on th' county board, an',' he says, 'they ain't room,' he says.

"'Why,' says Lafferty, 'ye ought to know th' histhry iv platforms,' he says. An' he give it to me, an' I'll give it to ye. Years ago, Hinnissy, manny years ago, they was a race between the dimmycrats an' th' raypublicans f'r to see which shud have a choice iv principles. Th' dimmycrats lost. I dinnaw why. Mebbe they stopped to take a dhrink. Annyhow, they lost. Th' raypublicans come up an' they chose th' 'we commind' principles, an' they was nawthin' left f'r th' dimmycrats but th' 'we denounce an' deplore.' I dinnaw how it come about, but th' dimmycrats didn't like th' way th' thing shtud, an' so they fixed it up between thim that whichiver won at th' iliction should commind an' congratulate an' thim that lost shud denounce an' deplore. An' so it's been, on'y th' dimmycrats has had so little chanct f'r to do annything but denounce an' deplore that they've almost lost th' use iv th' other wurruds.

"Mack sets back in Wash'nton an' writes a platform f'r th' county on risolutions to compose th' week afther. He's got a good job—forty-nine, ninety-two, sixty-six a month—an' 'tis up to him to feel good. 'I—I mean we,' he says, 'congratulate th' counthry on th' matchless statesmanship, onshrinkin' courage, steady devotion to duty and principle iv that gallant an' hon'rable leader, mesilf,' he says to his sicrety. 'Take that,' he says, 'an' elaborate it,' he says. 'Ye'll find a

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as nourse, an' I'll exercise me other faculties,' he says. 'I'll write a platform,' he says. An' he sets down to a typewriter an' denounces an' deplores till th' hired man blows th' dinner-horn. Whin he can denounce an' deplore no longer, he views with alarm an' declares with indignation. An' he sinds it down to Kansas City, where th' cot beds comes fr'm."

"Oh, ye're always pitchin' into some wan," said Mr. Hennessy. "I bet ye William Jennings Bryan niver see th' platform before it wint in. He's too good a man."

"He is all iv that," said Mr. Dooley. "But ye bet he knows th' rale platform f'r him is, 'Look at the bad breaks Mack's made,' an' Mack's platform is, 'Ye'd get worse if ye had Billy Bryan.' An' it depinds on whether most iv the voters ar-re tired out or on'y a little tired who's ilicted. All excipt you, Hinnissy. Ye'll vote f'r Bryan!"

"I will," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "d'ye know, I suspicted ye might."

F. P. Dunne.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[Adv.]

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Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[Adv.]

BEATING THE RECORD.

It used to be said of life insurance that "you had to die to win;" but recent years have changed this, and the newer forms of policies combine investment with life insurance. As announced in another column, the Equitable Life Assurance Society has just settled the largest endowment ever paid. This endowment was on the life of a gentleman in Toronto, who was evidently a believer in endowment insurance, as he took out $400,000 worth in various companies. His policy for $100,000 in the Equitable at its maturity was worth $150,847, which, as before said, is the largest payment ever made to a living policy-holder, and makes a strong argument in favor of the form of insurance which makes provision for old age as well as giving protection to the family.—[Adv.]

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NEW YORK CITY

By John Gilmer Speed

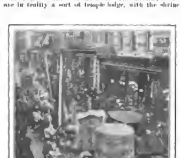
Joss House of the Wau Society: Mott St

NEW YORK is a series of worlds within worlds, like the little ivory spheres which the Chinese so deftly carve. Quite the inner one of these, by far the most conservative, estranged and difficult to penetrate understandingly, is that triangular blotch in the great city's very heart bounded by the ritts of Pell and Mott streets and Chatham Square. If a stone barrier the breadth and height of the walls of Shanghai were built about this district, and the only entrance to this inner world were a "needle's eye," so far as concerns the welfare and the content of the average Chinaman within, such a cutting off from the world would be a kindness rather than a hardship. So complete is the Celestial's little world, and so all in all to one another are Chinamen in their own haunts, that they can do without the rest of the contiguous motley of foreign colonies, the government, its Constitution, its laws, and its franchises. Insular as a caddis-worm, the Chinaman has enclosed himself in a stone cell, out of which he moves rarely, and never very far. There are Chinamen who would be utterly lost two blocks away from their district, and who, although residents of the quarter for years, know nothing and care nothing for the white-world save that which they gather from occasional glimpses through plate-glass to and from Evergreen Cemetery, where the bodies of many departed Celestials lie till such time as their bones are gathered up to be transported back to the Flowery Kingdom and to be mingled with the dust of the fathers.

The drab monotony of Chinatown contrasts the crushing confusion of the enclosing colonies, with this difference: the inactivity is only apparent. Of the types seen in the open, in flowing [illegible] of many colors, alone or shuffling along in idle converse, none seems ever occupied in mind, body, or estate. Wearing that vague aspect of their own imperturbable Joss, they may break into a mirthless grin, which at once disarms the audacious inquirer into Oriental ways and means, and which hides behind the vacant sluggishness of the ground-hog the sagacity of the weasel. Behind all this tranquil seeming, these burrow-builders labor on with patient steadiness, stoical, secretive, indifferent. Two passions alone ever stir that cryptic bosom: the game and the pipe. In the former is included whatever trade or profession the Chinaman follows, and which, for all his show of stock interests, is but a legalized gaming-board, with all the principles and perils of a well-laid hazard and the shrewd machinations by which the gamester encompasses the unwary. Chance and its passions are essential to the Chinaman's nature. His very Joss is no more than a god of luck. He brings the ethics of two-penny destiny into the simplest as well as the most momentous affairs of his daily life. John is not a productive being. The Chinese manufacturers in New York are meagre and futile. Business is embodied in the fantan game of Buy and Sell, with no laudable spirit of creation anywhere evident. He will neither produce nor invest in that which brings about production; he leaves that to the barbarians of the surrounding district—the toiling, staring Continentalist, the sweat-shopper, the Yankee. He is the gambler, the middle-man, to-day a loser, to-morrow a winner, able to pull up stakes within an hour and depart as mysteriously as he came, with the pipe to solace him with the illusions of success in losses, or to lift him into the higher latitudes of utopian content after his gains.

This isolation, this completeness, this remote spirit of the Chinaman in the country of his adoption has only intensified his natural clannishness, magnified his illusions of superiority. In China there are never allowed to meet together more than fourteen people in closed-door conference, for fear of a plot to overthrow an iniquitous despotism; but here the inherent passion for secrecy and seclusion has developed actual establishments of a social, financial, and mutual benefit nature. There are societies within societies, from the Lee, the Chin, and other "Companies" or Lodges, to the clan orders—the Haak-yip, Gong-ghom, Sze-yip, Naing-Yung, and the Sam-Yup—the members being descendants for many hundreds and perhaps even thousands of years from various districts of the province of which Canton is the capital; for in New York the Cantonese prevail, as in other places—Boston, Denver, San Francisco—other Chinamen, speaking quite another dialect, hail from Shanghai, Peking, or other great capitals. In these societies the natural gregariousness of the Celestial finds ample indulgence. Each thinks his own society the greatest on earth, its rites the most profound, its constituents the descendants of the most ancient Tartar fighting mandarins, its benefits the surest in life and the safest afterward. The rivalry between them is such that on the occasion of a public demonstration, such as occurs near the last of January, the Chinese New Year, and variously at other times when, perhaps, a funeral takes place, every effort is made to prove the superiority of one society over the others; and many is the bulge coffer that has been emptied and even put in pawn in this desire for display and to wear the aspect of unlimited prosperity to their compatriots. They are the greatest "bluffers" in the whole world.

There are five or six "Companies" in Chinatown, and they are all powerful. Indeed, if a Chinaman were to arrive in New York and refuse to affiliate with some one of them the chances of his succeeding in any business enterprise would be reduced to the minimum. The Lee Company, for instance, is composed of no less than fourteen thousand members here and in various parts of the world. What its numbers are in China will never be known; but of its widespread influence, its activity, its enormous wealth and solidity, there is an abundance of evidence. The Lee Company is in reality a secret society, a financial corporation, a temple of worship, a benefit organization in adversity, and a burial insurance after death, a pawn-shop, bank, and court of justice. If any one of its members wishes to go into business he may find financial help—at usurious rates of interest. The meeting rooms are in reality a sort of temple lodge, with the shrine



A FUNERAL IN PELL STREET.

where the ruby lamps, lighted at the great temple altars of Canton, never grow dim. Masses of carved wood overlaid with gold-leaf, variegations of crimson and green, magnificent embroideries, and carved teakwood furniture give this upper chamber in the very heart of the metropolis as Oriental an aspect as the remotest temple of Kwangtung. Here twice a week the members meet in secret council to talk over the affairs of the "Company," the members of which are bound together by more than fraternal ties. The oath is given in blood, and hence there might be said to be a consanguinity of interest which somewhat justifies the proud assertion that they are all "cousins." In further proof of this position, the name Lee or Chin or Sing, whatever company it may be, is interpolated into the name, and Wo-Sah becomes Wo-Lee-Sah, or Wo-Chin-Sah, the family surname being invariably that of the mother.

The resident Chinaman takes no interest in affairs outside his quarter. He asks only to be let alone. If he has a dispute regarding money matters, or something less serious, with another Chinaman, the difference never reaches the "Melican" court of law. It is settled at the next council of the "Company," if the two belong to the same organization, or by the heads of the two companies in question if the conflict involve opposing concerns.

The good effects of these societies are many, although directly against American interests in a way, since they tend to make the Chinaman more insular and conservative, more of a cave-dweller and less of a citizen than ever. One thing is patent to the most casual—there are no such specimens of starved, crippled, fawning, browbeaten humanity as one sees in any one of the contiguous districts. If a Chinaman does not belong to a society he might starve, but since this form of caste is the first thing he achieves on arriving here, there are no Celestial tramps in Chinatown. There was one—a [illegible], or contemptuously termed "short hair"—a most forlorn specimen who had been "Christianized." He was thrown out of the societies, and afterwards repudiated by the missionaries for something not at all to his credit. He returned to the quarter, only to receive a cold reception on the part of his former friends, and turned tramp; but he was such an exception to the rule as to prove its wide acceptance. There are many who have a hard time to get along; but by frequenting the society's temple-lodge and sharing now and then some of the offerings of roast pig and rice with the keepers and the priests of the Joss, the unfortunate is sure to get food enough to maintain life, and an occasional jar of "hop" to give him a taste of the luxury which comes to the fortunate. He may be in dire straits for years before his death; but upon his demise a five-hundred-dollar funeral is none too luxurious to advertise the prosperity of the organization.

The rivalry between the several secret societies is intense, but never bitter. Its demonstration takes the form of display rather than hostility. Each order gives a matinée to its particular Joss each year, on which occasion the latter painted dignitary is drawn in a carriage from the temple to the Chinese theatre, in Doyers Street, amid the blowing of trumpets, the beating of rattlesnake-skin, and the firing of cannon-crackers, till the narrow canyons of Pell and Doyers are fogged with smoke and the smudge of punk sticks. In the private box of the theatre the society's Joss is set up, there to watch the play, which is in the nature of a religious masque, glorifying the worship of ancestry, and there the Luck-god receives his offerings of roast suckling pig, chicken, sweetmeats, rice, and pear wine. On these occasions the theatre is filled to overflowing with the members of the society and their friends from other societies, for the best of fellowship prevails.

Altogether, the secret societies of Chinatown are its very life and stronghold. They are consistent with the secretive character of the Oriental, and encourage rather than overcome his timidity, his indifference to foreign customs, and his hatred of a governmental form which respects neither him nor his belongings, even making sport of his most cherished institutions. A curious effect of these collections of the polite Celestials is that, however strong may be the desire of the Chinaman to return to his native country—and away from it he is never completely happy—once having spent a few years here and become a factor in the life of the society with which he affiliates, he can never content himself with China again. One Chinaman of great means and influence has three times disposed of his business and taken his goodly profits back to the Celestial Kingdom, and has as many times returned. For, however he might have enjoyed the society of his wife and children there, when it reached the ears of the mandarin of the province that he had arrived, the unfortunate man was arrested on some frivolous charge and made to give up a great share of his wealth, or submit to torture, or even death. Whatever evil he may do in this country, his society will save him. Whatever good he may do there, nothing can save him. Forced for the third time to fly to avoid the rapacity of mandarin greed, he has returned to the solace of his society, his "cousins," the fantan game of Buy and Sell, and the occasional comforts of his "pipe."

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UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE EXPOSITION IV—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

UNCLE JEFF (*in the Ceylon Café*). "I say, Rafe, she'd be a mighty handsome colored gal if it wasn't for that bead."

Some Unique Wards of Uncle Sam

BY C. L. POHR,

GUAM, U. S. N.

WITHIN a very brief space of time this country of ours has gathered unto itself many strange and new lands, many odd and remarkable citizens. We have taken up the "White Man's Burden," and it lies with us to care for men of many races and many creeds.

Unique among our acquisitions is a handful of strange folk that are hidden away in our tiny, isolated colony of Guam. Of a verity they are "strangers in a strange land," for Guam is not their home nor birthplace, and they are citizens of Uncle Sam through a spasmodic effort of the Spanish government to promote the welfare of their island possessions.

The group to which I have reference are natives of the Caroline Islands, which lie a few hundreds of miles south of Guam. Some years ago the Spanish colonial officials feared a decrease in the population of Guam, and thought to check this by importing a colony of the hardier Caroline Island natives, so a number of them were put upon a vessel and taken away to exile. It was expected that they would mingle and intermarry with the Guamese, but their plans did not prove successful. Of totally different race, habits, and degree of civilization, the little community from the southern islands resolutely banded together and built themselves a village upon the shores of Agaña Bay, about two miles from the capital. Here, with their own chiefs and customs, they live separate and distinct from the more civilized Guamese, only mingling with them in so far as necessary for obtaining food or the few articles essential to their primitive mode of life.

Their village consists of one street running from the road to the beach. It is bordered on either side with their houses, built of nipa thatch, low, and resting directly upon the ground. This is in contradistinction to the Guamese, who build their houses upon raised pillars to keep them dry and free from insects. The cooking is done over fires built in rude stone hearths, generally placed under a small thatched awning just in front of the entrance. Overhead and all around tower the cocoanut trees, from which nearly all their wants are supplied—food, fuel, light, clothing, kitchen utensils—almost everything they require. At the end of the street is a lovely vista of white beach and the dazzling "coralers" of the Pacific. Upon the sand are their rudely fashioned log canoes, each with a small outrigger lashed to it. In these they find their recreation and seek their remaining source of food—the fish.

The inhabitants of this village are indeed a curious lot, and unlike any other people now claiming the protection of the Stars and Stripes. With dark skins and woolly hair, thick lips, sunken nose, and marked cheek-bones, they are typical examples of the Pacific Island race, true Polynesians, differing in every respect from the Guamese, who are of Malay origin. They are more nearly like our fellow Americans of Samoa than any others, but are not as fine a race as they. They are of medium stature, with strong well-knit figures, both of men and women. Their faces do not indicate great intelligence, yet are not entirely stupid. They seemed to be good-natured and merry, and evinced the greatest interest in our cameras, and were highly delighted when allowed to look through the finders at their mates, though much mystified by the inverting glass of the plate cameras.

As for their costumes there is little to be said, for their scarcity and simplicity were striking. For the women it consisted simply of a piece of close-woven grass cloth or fibre mat wound around the loins and fastened at the side. For the men, a breech-cloth of red calico or of grass fibre was *de rigueur*. The children up to quite an advanced age were clothed only in a happy smile and their innocence. All were entirely shoeless or sandalless, and no head-covering of any sort was worn, though some of the chiefs had heads of hair that would have been the pride of a football player.

Many of the women wore quaint necklaces made of shells or of ingeniously cut and carved pieces of fish bone. Some of these were quite pretty. One remarkable woman, whose hair hung in a vast spreading mop around her head and over her ears, *à la Méduse*, wore a wonderful belt, about six inches wide, made up of alternate squares of red and white. It consisted of countless pieces of scraped bone, very tiny, and strung upon threads placed side by side. It represented endless labor and was a remarkable piece of work. The married women have a queer habit of slitting the lower lobe of the ear. Into this they stuff bunches of grass, sticks, shells, and other odd things. They continue this until the lower part of the lobe is so distended and stretched that it often hangs in a loop as low as the shoulders. Into this loop bunches of flowers are thrust upon gala occasions.

All hands cover themselves with cocoanut oil, and their entourage is permeated with its rancid, sickish odor, indescribable and unbearable. The belles and village dandies mix yellow curry powder with the oil, which gives their bodies a startling greenish yellow color that is the acme of Caroline Island fashion.

In their original home they were wont to use the most cumbersome money in the world—huge stones, that they piled about their houses as visible evidence of wealth. Here they become of a more practical mind, and we found that they were most desirous of our Mexican dollars, and refused to show us their native dance unless they were forthcoming. The all-pervading cigarette has captured them, for we nearly precipitated a riot when we threw a few of them into the crowd that was about us. They are ruled by a chief, who seemed to have them well under control, and through him we succeeded in making them show us their national dance. It was not particularly striking. The women ranged themselves in two ranks, and, led by the woman with the belt, began to chant a weird ditty, advancing and stamping their feet, waving their hands, and slapping their breasts in time—just such a dance as one would see among savage natives the world over.

Only one or two of them speak English, and almost none can read or write, and were they numerous might prove somewhat of a white elephant to governmental authority. But there are only about sixty of them in all—men, women, and children—and disease and moral laxity have done much to stay any growth. Peaceable and well intentioned, they will give us no trouble whatever, and surely we cannot refuse their simple plea—that they be not compelled to wear clothes, but may be allowed to live in their primitive state. Alas! these strange, misguided, new Americans may soon find that American nationality sometimes, even in far-off Guam, brings with it the "strenuous life"—clothes and other rude shocks to Arcadian simplicity.

SAN LUIS D'ACAN, MAY 1898.

CAROLINE ISLAND CHIEFS.

YOUNG GIRL OF GUAM.

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The Intercollegiate Boat-Races

THE second annual intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie on June 30 was an interesting repetition of the first regatta of this association. In 1895 Pennsylvania defeated Wisconsin in the university race by one and one-half seconds. This year the Quaker and Badger shells were again lapped in the finish. The Pennsylvanians won by other victory, this time by a margin of one and four fifths seconds. [illegible] Cornell, who [illegible] to 1895 [illegible] long series of victories [illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] the [illegible] versity of Wisconsin.

The record of the three events of the regatta is:

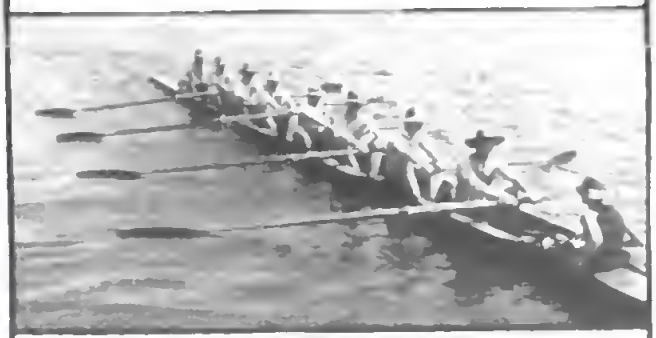
University race: Won by Pennsylvania, time 19 min. 14 [illegible] sec. Wisconsin second, time 19 min. [illegible] Cornell third, time, 20 min. [illegible] Columbia fourth, time [illegible] Georgetown fifth, time 20 min. [illegible] sec.

Freshman race: Won by Wisconsin, time, 9 min. 45 [illegible] Pennsylvania second, time, 9 min. [illegible] Cornell third, time, 9 min. [illegible] Columbia fourth, time [illegible]

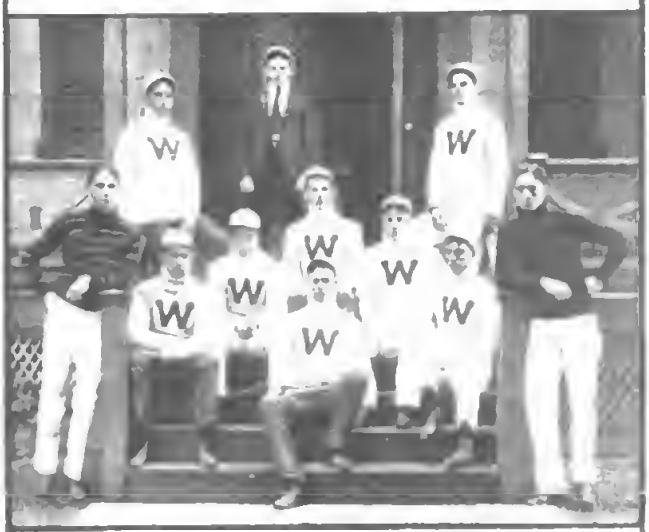
Four-oared race: Won by Pennsylvania, time 10 min. [illegible] Cornell second, time, 10 min. [illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] a new record for [illegible] Poughkeepsie course. [illegible] time of the winning Pennsylvania [illegible] was 11 min. and [illegible] sec.

The university race was a [illegible] sprinting contest for [illegible] the crews rowed very high [illegible] sylvania strokes per [illegible] miles averaged 37. Wisconsin [illegible] nell 36 to 2.3. [illegible] Columbia [illegible] town 36½. The [illegible] strokes were maintained [illegible] race can only be explained [illegible] First, the closeness of [illegible] the crews fighting for the [illegible] ond, that all of the [illegible] patently striving for a [illegible]

THE FINISH—PENNSYLVANIA 1st, WISCONSIN 2d, CORNELL 3d



THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA [illegible] CREW

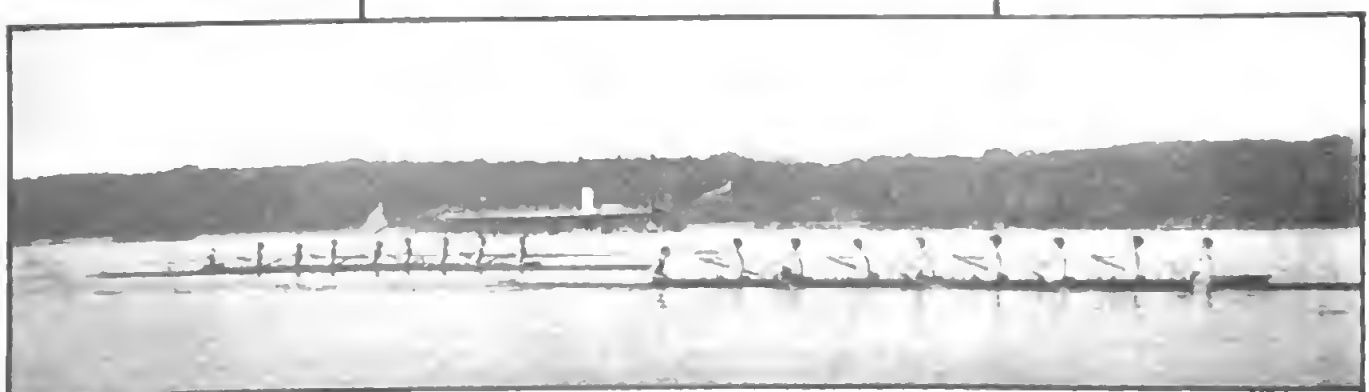


THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN CREW

[illegible] all both ends of their [illegible] in the movement of the race. [illegible] mile of the race, [illegible] Cornell and Wisconsin were even. [illegible] crews bunched on [illegible] unable to get her [illegible] of the race. At the [illegible] Wisconsin was leading Pennsylvania by a [illegible] margin with Cornell [illegible] Columbia fourth, and [illegible] At the mile and a half [illegible] leading, with Cornell [illegible] but there [illegible] between the [illegible] Wisconsin [illegible] in order of the [illegible] Wisconsin, Cornell [illegible] 40 feet between [illegible] and Ithaca [illegible] the two [illegible] even. [illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] again and [illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] in the [illegible] No. 2, [illegible] jumped for [illegible] Santa [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] made up [illegible] that is al- [illegible] strokes [illegible] Four [illegible] Cornell [illegible] condition [illegible] and [illegible] town [illegible] and the [illegible]

[illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] professionals [illegible] adapting [illegible] in such [illegible] great in [illegible]

[illegible] Cornell



THE CORNELL CREWS PRACTISING ON THE RIVER

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A TYPICAL NEW YORK BEER-GARDEN.

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A Dangerous Fallacy Exposed

IT has been an oft-reiterated statement on the part of many who are anxious to secure votes for Mr. BRYAN, and who would minimize the dangers of his free-silver heresies, that even if he were elected, after the currency legislation of last winter, it would be impossible for him as President to do anything inimical to the financial welfare of the country, during his four years' tenure of office. Entirely apart from the folly of such a statement as a bid for support for a candidate whose political nature is essentially unmoral, the facts are directly to the contrary. It is true that the financial legislation of the late session of Congress, over which there was so much rejoicing last March, declared the existence of the gold standard, and provided for the redemption of United States and Treasury notes in gold, but it distinctly did not establish gold as the final metal of redemption for all currency issued by the government, or for the payment of the principal of and interest upon government bonds. Neither did this measure embody, in any of its provisions, any clause making the payment of private or public debts in gold mandatory. As a matter of fact, the currency measure of last March, valuable as it is in many respects, does not bear critical analysis at the hands of those who wish the question of our finances settled once and for all and taken out of politics, and any elector of these United States who casts his vote for W. J. BRYAN in November next, under the impression that his wings are clipped by the recent act of Congress, will commit one of the greatest political mistakes at this moment conceivable.

The actual situation, as it exists to-day, has been forcefully pointed out by Professor J. LAWRENCE LAUGHLIN, of the University of Chicago, a recognized authority on finance, and a gentleman, by-the-way, who, if the Anti-Imperialism hugaboo were really of paramount importance in this campaign, would be only too glad to vote for Mr. BRYAN. In writing upon this subject some days ago, Professor LAUGHLIN expressed himself as follows:

> We are assured that we may rest free from all danger of the "silver issue," which we hear on all sides is now "dead." On the strength of this belief, political lines are being drawn, and a plan of campaign is being formed. That there has been a subtle game of politics played with our recent monetary legislation through the influence of the Senate is unmistakably clear, and is nothing unusual or surprising. But it is not certain that the general public is aware of the exact effect of the provisions of the new law, or informed how little has been done. Indeed, it may be a surprise to many to be told that, as regards the establishment of the gold standard, not only has practically nothing new been introduced into the situation by this bill, but that we have in general no new means of maintaining the standard which we did not have before the act was passed. If there had been possible danger from silver before March 14, 1900, the same danger still exists. Without any desire to be sensational or to create alarm, it is my belief that it is wise to face the facts of this new act as they are. While I do not believe that the gold standard is in any more danger than it was in 1899, I certainly do believe that we are not in any better position in 1900 than we were before.

Professor LAUGHLIN's analysis of the act, which he goes on to make, shows it to be plainly inadequate as a measure of final safety—not because of what it does provide, but because of what it omits, and chief among its omissions is its failure definitely to provide for a means of accomplishing that which it was framed to make secure: the main-

W. J. BRYAN, if elected President of the United States, from putting his dishonorable financial policies into operation, and to that extent destroying the credit of the United States, and causing the people thereof to suffer that shame which belongs to the welsher who contracts an obligation and refuses to discharge it.

No one who knows Mr. BRYAN, or is at all familiar with his recent dictatorial attitude toward the Boxer Convention at Kansas City, can for a moment doubt that, given the opportunity which the law gives him, he will avail himself of it to the utmost. Wherefore any sound-money man who votes for this candidate because "he can do nothing to injure the nation's credit," will do so without a knowledge of the facts in the case, and provided the so-called Democratic ticket is successful, will later have cause bitterly to repent his act.

As to Adlai E. Stevenson

IT is really pathetic to read the expressions of delight from certain Democratic sources over the nomination of ADLAI E. STEVENSON for the Vice-Presidency. There is at least one sterling Democrat on the ticket, these unhappy persons say; and then they shake their heads in great satisfaction, and flatter themselves that the grand old party is coming into its own once more, forgetting that the selection of Mr. STEVENSON as a representative of the old-time Democracy shows all the more emphatically into what parlous estate the party has fallen. Mr. STEVENSON was never a representative of anything in Democracy which was worthy of admiration. In matters where strength of purpose, conviction, principle, were required, Mr. STEVENSON, from first to last, has been weak and colorless, the tool of others, a creature so devoid of positive conviction that his personal influence in public life was actually nil. On the other hand, as a representative of the things which the best elements of his party held in reprobation, Mr. STEVENSON was a tower of strength. It does not require a strong memory to recall the days of "ADLAI's Axe," the memorable weapon with which this eminent statesman chopped faithful government servants out of office, and placed in contempt all his party's protestations of loyalty to the cause of civil service reform. Later, when Mr. STEVENSON managed to creep into the Vice-Presidency under the cloak of Mr. CLEVELAND's respectability, he for four years devoted himself to aiding the wreckers of the Administration to thwart the efforts of the President. In the bitter and prolonged fight on the silver question in the late days of the CLEVELAND Administration, Mr. STEVENSON was worse than useless to the men who stood steadfast for the integrity of the country and the honor of the Democratic party. He was the ally in the Senate of the blatherskite orators who tried to talk the country into bankruptcy; and the man who was honored by the people with the second highest office in the land, instead of standing by his chief in a conflict requiring the most unremitting loyalty, was a deserter, a skulker, and a coward.

If ADLAI E. STEVENSON is a type of what is left of the Democratic party, the salvage on the derelict is not worth a tenth part of a Bryanized cent.

Another Warning from Atkinson

IT is interesting to note that our great and good friend, Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, has turned aside from the contemplation of the horrors of Imperialism for a moment, and has been considering scientifically the possibilities of a world's famine. It is needless to say that Mr. ATKINSON believes the famine is bound to come. When a man of his pertinacity devotes a lifetime to the discovery of embarrassments, there is no possibility that any particular trouble for which he may search may remain long in hiding. Having discovered an undesirable conclusion, the Atkinsonian method is infallible in the detection of premises, and just as the eminent Anti-Imperialist, reasoning backwards, has found justification for his attitude in the matter of the Philippine Isl-

ATKINSON's articles on Imperialism, we can doubt the Imperial trend of this republic.

There is only one consolation. It is virtually admitted that the famine is not likely to come upon us for at least three thousand and three hundred years, which is reassuring to those of us who are not so deeply worried politically as to be unable to eat, or to digest what we have eaten. It is also reassuring to believe that Mr. ATKINSON's disasters are so far removed from the present, that there is no cause for immediate apprehension, and we can now quite understand his Imperialism scare. The American Empire, with all its trappings and satrapings, prophesied by this Tooley seer, is not a present possibility, but one for the far future. If we had known all along that Mr. ATKINSON's eyes were fixed upon the year of grace 5200, we should have been more lenient in dealing with him. We had supposed that he was looking upon Imperialism as an imminent danger, and therefore an issue in this campaign. Now that we know the truth, we humbly apologize for our guarded, but none the less plain, intimation that the eminent Back Bay philosopher is a nuisance, and a person utterly lacking in the commonest forms of patriotism and good sense.

Inflammable Piers

THE horrible catastrophe involving the destruction of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company's piers at Hoboken, of three liners, and the loss of over a hundred lives should result in an awakening of the proper authorities to the needs of this port for permanent dock facilities commensurate to the greatness of its commerce. It should not have required an accident of this nature to call attention to the fact that the average pier of New York is the flimsiest of structures. It has been obvious to all observers for many years that New York is wofully behind other ports in the quality of her dock construction; and as for the safety of the piers, any one who has ever taken the trouble to note the conditions existing not only upon sailing-days, but for two or three days in advance thereof, cannot really be surprised at the quick and appalling destruction which took place at Hoboken two weeks ago. This is a subject which comes pretty close to most of us. There are few persons nowadays who at some time or another are not required to go to the piers of the transatlantic companies. That they take their lives in their hands when they do so has been brought home to them with terrific force. If the greatest commercial city of the Western Hemisphere should continue to tolerate the existence of such firetraps, now that they are known to be such, it will not only be blindly derelict in the performance of its plain duty, but will be criminally responsible for such disasters as may hereafter occur.

The "Oregon"

THE best news that has come out of the East for a long time is that which tells of the safety of the *Oregon*. The *Oregon* is more than a battleship to the American people. She represents one of our ideals. She has seemed to be typical of our aspirations to be good, and strong, and worthy. She has taken on a human aspect to most of us, and the notion that she could be lost by some infortuitous chance without accomplishing the mission she was sent out to accomplish was intolerable. If the *Oregon* is ever to go we want her to go in one of two ways only. She must either live out her allotted span and die of old age as full of honor as of years, having served her purpose and done her duty well, or she must go down in a fight with her flag waving proudly above her, defiant, and to the last to be reverenced for her strength and for the full measure of her duty done.

To batter her life out upon a rock, useless and impotent, is no proper fate for this vessel, and when in future days she is manned care should be taken that those who have her in charge shall be chosen from among those who consider not only her honor and safety and general welfare, but the pride of the landlubber in the ship we all love so well.

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The platform begins with some carefully constructed rhetorical twaddle about a threatened lapse of the republic into imperialism, a menaced substitution of autocracy and despotism for free institutions. Yet where in all our history has there been a more arbitrary exercise of one man power than that witnessed at Kansas City? In what election have the people ever before been asked so directly as they are asked in this to make one man the uncontrolled ruler of the republic, the dictator of all its policies, the usurping executive master of the legislative power, and even of the judiciary? For the judiciary, too, in the Populist cry against "government by injunction," is threatened with subjection to this one man's will. Of course no sane person believes what is written in those first paragraphs of Mr. Bryan's platform. No man with a thimbleful of brains in his head suspects Mr. McKinley of a purpose or credits him with the ability to overthrow the free institutions to the service of which his whole life has been devoted. No man of common-sense believes that a party which has so jealously cared for law and order, for the national honor, for the safeguarding of citizenship, and for the financial integrity of the nation as to lift the country in a brief four years from the slough of business stagnation and industrial depression into the greatest and most universal prosperity ever known—no man of sense, we say, believes that a party with such a record is now plotting harm to the republic it has served so well.

Mr. Bryan's platform declares Imperialism to be "the paramount issue of the campaign." It might to many minds seem such if Mr. Bryan's election were at all probable. That alone of presently possible events could involve danger of even a temporary substitution of arbitrary power for free, popular government.

But Mr. Bryan has written into his platform certain declarations of policy and purpose which involve a more positive danger to the public welfare than even his dictatorship in his own party does.

Most conspicuous of these is the extraordinary menace of national dishonesty, of the impairment of contracts, of the debasement of the currency, and of the utter prostration of industry which the financial plank in the platform carries with it. This is the text of it:

"We reaffirm and endorse the principles of the National Democratic platform adopted at Chicago in 1896, and we reiterate the demand of that platform for an American financial system, made by the American people for themselves, which shall restore and maintain a bimetallic price level, and as part of such system the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of any other nation."

Here again the manner of the thing was even more threatening and more hurtful than the matter. The majority of the delegates earnestly objected to the adoption of any such resolution, as the great majority of their constituents did. The policy it embodies had been emphatically rejected by the people in three successive elections. It had certainly lost none of its offensiveness by lapse of time. On the contrary, all the conditions and circumstances that had once given some show of excuse for it had passed away. There was nowhere any room felt for complaint of a scarcity of money. The volume of the country's circulation had been increased by the coinage of mined and imported gold to a per capita average never before known. The national credit and the credit of our railroads and other great financial enterprises were better than ever before. Our industries were expanding at an unprecedented rate, and the volume of our exports of manufactured products had grown and was still growing beyond the expectations even of optimists. The policy of free coinage, formerly a mistake, had thus become an absurdity.

Yet Mr. Bryan insisted upon putting it into the platform in the most offensive form that his rhetorical ingenuity could give to it. And when the wiser men of the convention seemed disposed to refuse consent and to confine themselves to an indirect utterance in behalf of the folly, he issued peremptory orders for its insinuation, and enforced his will by such threats as only an angry master employs in dealing with bond servants.

Mr. Bryan thus made the policy of coinage-debasement and national faith breaking "the paramount issue," beyond the power of any convention utterance to alter the fact. He made his candidacy a defiant challenge to the honesty and common sense of the people. It is not conceivable that the intelligence and integrity of the country will deal with such a challenge otherwise than as it deserves. To integrity it is an insulting proposal of dishonesty; to intelligence it is a threat of general disaster.

The mere proposal of a party to elect a President and thus put the financial affairs of the country at the mercy of a President who would be elected in the expectation that his election would have the effect it would breed panic, drive capital abroad or into hiding, compel factories to shut down, and rob millions, for a time at least, of their bread and butter.

Happily there is no present prospect that any such misfortune will overtake us.

Mr. Bryan's election is now in a high degree improbable. If public writers and speakers do their duty well as instructors of the people, it will be made quite impossible before November.

But the free-coinage resolution does not cover all or nearly all of harm to the country's prosperity that Mr. Bryan's platform threatens. The forces of blind discontent and destructiveness have found voice also in the resolutions relating to trusts, corporations, taxes, the courts, paper money, and foreign relations. After some platitudes, about which there is nowhere any difference of opinion, the trust resolution goes on to declare that "trusts are the legitimate product of Republican policies, that they are fostered by Republican laws, and that they are protected by the Republican administration in return for campaign subscriptions and political support." But of this grave accusation not one particle of proof is offered. Not a fact is cited in support of it. No mention is made of the specially significant circumstance that it was a Democratic Attorney-General of the very highest learning who first staked his reputation on the opinion that the

IT NEVER FAILS TO MAKE HIM KICK.

existing Federal anti-trust laws are incapable of enforcement under the Constitution, and declared that his most careful study of the subject had revealed to him no constitutional power in Congress to enact effective statutes on the subject.

The Kansas City resolution offers no definition of the word "trusts." It apparently includes in its denunciation practically all corporations, and all those large combinations of capital without which no railroad could exist, and none of those great enterprises which are of the most vital importance to all the people could be carried on for a single day. There is, in fact, an express demand made for the enactment of laws "requiring all corporations to show, before doing business outside of the State of their origin, that they have no water in their stock." That is to say, every company engaged in manufacturing soap, or starch, or bicycles, or any other article of use, must be required to show that its stock issues represent no patents, however valuable, no "good-will," however priceless, no demonstrated earning capacity, however great, and nothing else except money actually paid into their treasuries. Merely to state such a proposal of legislation is sufficient to suggest its folly and its destructiveness. It is a proposal of pestilent and anarchic interference with perfectly legitimate private affairs. The paragraph was manifestly written, as other parts of the document were, in response to a demand of Populist ignorance and socialistic unreason. So was the denunciation of all laws permitting those perfectly secured bank-note issues which alone give elasticity to our currency.

of a revival of the old greenback, "rag-baby" heresy which the voters of the country so joyously buried under mountainous majorities of ballots a generation ago.

But why not? Why should not a party which, at Mr. Bryan's dictation, stakes its fortunes upon a revival of the free-silver madness, resuscitate itself again with the greenback craze? In the one case as in the other the demand is for fiat money. In the one as in the other the proposal is to "coin the breath of Congress." In the one as in the other the purpose is and the effect would be to cheat creditors of their just dues. In the one as in the other case the inevitable results would be financial chaos, industrial prostration, national dishonor, and the widespread impoverishment of the people. In the respects indicated, the platform is menacing to the public welfare. In others of its features it is chiefly ridiculous. It sets up the "straw man" of "Militarism" and hammers it with superheated denunciations, quite regardless of the fact that a Republican Congress in full sympathy with the present administration has by law limited our regular army to 65,000 men, and limited its existence at that strength to July, 1901. This meagre and temporary force is declared by the platform to mean "the strong arm which has ever been fatal to free institutions." It is true, as the platform tells us, that "this republic has no place for a vast military service and conscription," but as it happens to have no "vast military service and conscription" to provide for, and as nobody has thought of creating such a thing, the republic need not trouble itself overmuch as to its lack of a "place" for it.

The platform denounces the Dingley tariff law as "a trust-breeding measure, skilfully devised to give the few favors which they do not deserve, and to place upon the many burdens which they should not bear." But it wholly omits to tell us what sort of tariff law the authors of the platform purpose to substitute for it. We miss even the ringing old demand for a "tariff for revenue only."

One thing in the platform will command general approval. It expresses full faith in the Declaration of Independence, as a document embodying "the spirit of our government." That is certainly true. It is true also, though the platform omits to mention it, that "virtue is its own reward," that "honesty is the best policy," and that "birds of a feather flock together"—all in accordance with the teachings of our copy-books.

The platform condemns "that ill-concealed Republican alliance with England," which neither our own nor the British government has been able to discover or knows anything about. It favors the popular election of Senators, the creation of a new Department of Labor with a cabinet officer at its head, liberal pension laws, and other policies on which no party lines can now be drawn.

In its final paragraph the platform returns to the "scare" with which it began. Without so much as a seeming consciousness of its own absurdity, the convention gravely declares its belief "that our most cherished institutions are in great peril, that the very existence of our constitutional republic is at stake, and that the decision now to be rendered will determine whether or not our children are to enjoy those blessed privileges of free government which have made the United States great, prosperous, and honored."

It is difficult and quite unnecessary to characterize such an outburst of absurdity as that. There is no man of ordinary intelligence who does not know it to be untrue in every line, word, and suggestion. It was written into the platform, as the opening paragraphs were, for purposes of deception. It is intended to blind the eyes of honest Democrats to the real and only issue which Mr. Bryan has permitted to present itself for settlement at the coming election. That issue is simply a question of national honesty. Shall we debase the coinage? Shall we legalize cheating and the repudiation of half of every debt? Shall we resort to fiat money at a time when there is less excuse for such gathering than ever before in the nation's history? Shall we invite dishonor and disaster in full certainty that they will come to us in response to the invitation? Shall we create panic with resulting industrial collapse? Shall we shut up our mills, paralyze our commerce, destroy our credit, and relegate our millions of new busy and happy workmen to the class of the unemployed? Having achieved a prosperity such as was never before known, shall we madly fling it away in response to the demand of chronic discontent and unreasoning destructiveness?

These are the questions which Mr. Bryan's platform forces upon the country for decision at the polls in November. Is there any possible doubt as to the answer?

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CHIFU, AS IT APPEARS FROM TEMPLE HILL.
The Consulates and the Mission Station are on the high Promontory to the Right. The white Vessel near by is a United States Gunboat.

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, TIENTSIN.
Burned by the Boxers.

A STOP ON THE ROAD FROM TIENTSIN TO PEKING.

THE TROLLEY ROAD FROM THE RAILWAY STATION TO THE CITY WALL, PEKING.
Reported Destroyed by the Boxers.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

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ENTRANCE TO THE FRENCH LEGATION.

THE FRENCH MARINE GUARD.

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD,
British Minister

COMPOUND OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION

EDWIN H. CONGER,
United States Minister

M. S. PICHON,
French Minister

MICHEL DE GIERS,
Russian Minister

THE GUARDS OF THE FOREIGN POWERS

THE ITALIAN LEGATION

THE JAPANESE LEGATION.

THE LEGATIONS AND THE FOREIGN MINISTERS, PEKING.

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A NEW LAND OF COTTON

WHEN, a decade ago, eager home-seekers lined the edges of the Indian lands of Oklahoma, and at the crack of a revolver raced across the virgin prairie to stake out claims, they had little conception of the real possibilities of the new Territory they were to conquer. While they hoped to raise corn and wheat and stock, they did not realize that they might also produce the staples of latitudes to which it had been forgotten that Oklahoma belonged. Even five years ago it was not yet generally accepted that cotton was a profitable crop in the Territory. But suddenly the farmers' eyes were opened, and it has come to be a most important factor in the revenues of the people.

While few consider that Oklahoma is in the "cotton belt," this crop is probably first among the ready money sources of its population. It is bringing into their pockets something over $5,000,000 a year, and is adding to the industries of the Territory in a most helpful manner. Oklahoma is in the latitude of North Carolina, Tennessee, and northern Arkansas. It is at the northern edge of the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina. It has south of it a wide stretch of comparatively level and tillable land. The soil is a virgin one, not like that of the Southern States with a record of decades, and even a century, of hard cropping. The skies of the prairie West, to which Oklahoma belongs, are proverbially sunshiny ones. All these things go to make cotton growing a success, and account for the strides of the past half-decade. Expert cotton buyers say that the Oklahoma district ranks among the best in the nation, climate and soil making the product satisfactory in every respect when the proper care is taken by the grower. This is the weakness of the Oklahoma farmer, for the business is a new one to him. What delights him is that dry weather does not scare cotton. It may injure the yield, but it does not kill it. For the claim taker who has had experience with crop raising in the semi-arid sections of western Kansas and Nebraska, as many of them have, it is recommendation enough.

Then, it is a poor man's crop—and the Oklahoma farmers are not yet riding on the wave of affluence. With large families of boys and girls to care for, or with little money for the expensive machinery needed for wheat-raising, the poorer farmers are prevented from engaging in that business extensively. But with cotton it is different. The young folks can save labor in tending and picking time, and often the five-acre patch returns a net $100 as a reward for the children's assistance. "Then," says the farmer, "it's outside money." This is a strong argument in the West. It means that all the product is sold outside the State or Territory, and that it brings in cash to be distributed and increase the "per capita."

The first large yield of the crop was in 1897, an ideal cotton year. Many growers reported a bale to the acre, while three-fourths bale yields were common. The entire Territory averaged over half a bale to the acre, and 140,000 bales was the crop. For it the farmers received nearly $5,000,000, and it was probably the cash at money that came in from the season's harvest. The low price discouraged some, however, and in 1898 there were only about 125,000 gathered. There was talk of "three-cent cotton" as a possibility, and many farmers there, as well as in the States further south, thought the industry had seen its best days. The 1899 crop is estimated at 100,000 bales.

With the revival of business, that came to the West as elsewhere, came better prices for cotton, and there has been wide lamentation that more faith was not shown by increased acreage. Even as it is, it is likely that the crop this year will return more cash money than last season. Prices in the local market ranged during the fall from $6.20 to $7, according to grade, and there was little that did not grade so that it brought $6.50. Cotton in the seed brings much less. The picking season, which began early in September and ended with November, was a busy one. Last year hundreds of bales were lost because of the lack of laborers.

Oklahoma has few railroads. For the most part they run north and south at considerable distances apart. As a result the farmers who live east and west of the lines are far from market. They think no more of a thirty-mile drive to town than does the New Englander of a four-mile journey. When there is enough cotton gathered in a neighborhood for an excursion to the nearest market, all the farmers go together. One day in October a procession of wagons bringing forty-four bales came to Norman, one of the leading cotton markets, after a journey of thirty-four miles. The farmers had raised a fine quality and received $7 per cwt. for their loads. Other processions, with fifty-three and forty-eight bales respectively, came in later, one having come forty miles, and almost as much was paid for their product. So encouraged are the farmers that there will be a large acreage next season, and arrangements will be made to harvest the crop.

About one hundred gins are in operation in the Territory, most of them being in the smaller towns. At first they were in the market towns, but the country gins are becoming scattered so thickly over the country districts that there is no difficulty in getting the crop cared for wherever the fields are ripe. The large amount of hand-labor required first and last in gathering and utilizing the crop is giving employment to many workers.

The sticky substance that is taken from the boll, put into bales, compressed, and shipped to the East or exported to Japan or Liverpool, was once considered the only part of the plant worth saving, and the remainder was thrown away as refuse. It is different in these times of utilization of all parts of the product of the field. The cotton raiser once had to pay for the ginning, now he gets it done for nothing, or perhaps something is paid for the privilege of doing the work. This is because the once unused seed, thrown away and looked upon as something to be disposed of at a loss, is now considered one of the most valuable parts of the crop. It is taken through the crushing machinery, and appears in four forms—lint, oil, hulls, and meal.

Several cotton-seed mills are already in operation, and others are in course of erection. They turn out the product in its profitable form in huge quantities, and there is a market for every pound. The lint, which runs twenty-five pounds to the ton, is used for cotton batting, the hulls are fed to cattle and horses as a substitute for hay, being valued by the stock men as one of the best varieties of "roughness"—the Western term for any kind of coarse feed. The oil is used in many ways. It forms the basis of cottolene; compounded with lard, it makes one grade of lard; it adulterates various oils for table and lubricating purposes.

But out of the meal does the West get the most benefit. It costs less than corn when that cereal is at its average price, and its fattening qualities are claimed to be far in excess of maize. One mill at Guthrie shipped, last season, 400 car loads of meal and oil. On the meal and husks from this mill 2300 cattle were fattened. It is estimated that on the meal and hulls available within a radius of fifty miles from Oklahoma City 60,000 cattle could be fattened. This is of importance as an element of the future of the industry, for there is a prominence given to the cattle ranches in the Territory found in none of the cotton-raising sections, except in Texas.

Greater than any other need in connection with the cotton raising of Oklahoma is that of cotton mills wherein can be utilized the raw material that is produced. At present the method is to ship the bales to Massachusetts or Connecticut, and then ship the woven goods back to Oklahoma—and the people of the Territory, who had the first chance at the material, pay the freight. They not only lose the wages paid to the operatives in the Eastern mills, but they lose the expense of transportation in both directions, without any particular benefit to themselves. The population is made up largely of Northerners, and they have the push and enterprise to urge this need. With such persistence has it been brought to the front, that it is likely that there will be, before the end of the century, two or more cotton mills working on the cotton raised within sight of the operatives. It will be an impetus to the farmers, and will give employment to a large number of the people of the community.

It is unlikely that Oklahoma will ever become a great cotton State like some of the Southern commonwealths. Labor is too high, for one thing, and there are too many other lines in which the farmers can find profit.

C. M. HARDER.

OKLAHOMA FARMERS BRINGING IN THEIR COTTON

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ONE OF THE MONUMENTAL CORNERS OF THE NEW PONT ALEXANDRE III., PARIS.

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General Pole-Carew

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

General Hutton

THE enemy had abandoned their Vet River positions on Saturday night, May 5, 1900, though the fight on Lord Roberts's front at the railway had continued up till dark, and it was not positively known, until daylight next morning, that they had evacuated.

The advance in the early morning was very beautiful, for the main road led up through a rather deep and narrow valley, from which rose swelling hills, capped with flat, rocky kopjes. Over the crests of these hills galloped the Colonial scouts, far and wide, cautiously approaching the precipitous kopjes, which have been death-traps in the past, and, when no fire came, circling around them to the rear, to appear suddenly as figurines blocked against the blue sky.

Only at one point was contact made with a handful of Boer scouts, who hastily fired a few shots and plunged away across the veldt. The main column on the road, with its trailing convoy, pressed steadily forward, and at eleven o'clock the scouts, followed by the New South Wales, who were moving over the hilltops, came suddenly to sight of the tin-roofed village of Smaldeel, lying below them 500 feet.

Lord Roberts, at daybreak, began feeling the enemy's former position in front of him, and, discovering his absence, soon had his masses of men crowding down on Smaldeel to the right of the line, but they were two hours behind General Hutton's column.

One man in Smaldeel—an English storekeeper, who had been straddling war issues for months in striving to save his stock in trade—almost cried for joy when the British troops arrived, and instantly urged the correspondents to retire to the secrecy of his chamber, where he opened fizzing bottles to celebrate the occasion. An hour afterward he was very unhappy. Tommy, when he is tired and hungry and in the "bloomin' enemy's country," has not a very delicate conscience regarding property rights vested in wandering poultry and sheep, and he is—that is, some of the soldiers are—inclined to seek for a few odd sovereigns that may have been carelessly tucked away in old stockings. The Englishman, a loyal British subject, stood inviting as cordially to dine with him, when in rushed a black boy exclaiming, "Master! dar killin' de ducks!" Yes, the ducks were all gone, and down the street rode a procession of innocent men, with nice fat fellows, strung in pairs, flopping from their saddle-rings. It is strange how a flock of fowls, sociably clucking and quacking about a yard, will dwindle away in one short half-hour, as they review a passing army. The Englishman's next shock was when the commanding officer commandeered all his forage and put a sentry over it; that was not so bad, for he was to be paid by government voucher. He later rushed in shouting: "By God! Do you know they have killed two hundred of my sheep! What shall I do?" "See the provost marshal, of course," we explained, "and get vouchers for them." but before he could act on this sound advice, again he started, and stared down the street, and shot away to haul an inquisitive Tommy by the legs out of a window of his house.

There was no rest for the weary. The British army was going to Kroonstad as expeditiously as a great force, which must be fed from wagon-trains each day, could move, and they were going to cut off the retreating Boers if possible; hence orders were out for General Hutton's brigade to move again at six o'clock Monday morning.

The brigade made no halt until near Welgelegen Siding, fifteen miles from Smaldeel and nine miles from the Zand River. It was here that a very superior farm was found, with out-buildings crowded with grain and fodder, which stock was promptly commandeered and issued to the hungry horses. The orchard was filled with trees heavily laden with yellow oranges when Tommy arrived, and in the pond gracefully floated geese and ducks, but Tommy's aesthetic tastes are in his stomach, and possibly he did not understand how mutilated was the charming rural spot without a single golden sphere to decorate the trees, nor even a lone goose left to buoy itself up on the waste of water. It must be admitted that oranges are a very grateful dietary change after hardtack and "bully-beef."

"There is a Boer convoy ahead," the report spread, "and the Mounted Infantry is to chase it."

Over rises and through dips in the veldt we go, watching anxiously for the telltale column of dust made by moving wagons to appear on the horizon, but with each elevation reached comes a distinct sense of disappointment, for, instead of looking miles ahead, we can see but a puny thousand yards. The sky has clouded into heavy hanging masses, caused, perhaps, by the gigantic explosions of dynamite used by the Boers in rending bridges all the day long. The sun is slowly sinking westward, and if we are to capture a wagon-train it must be done soon, or night will have fallen.

Three miles away a halt is called, and a dozen officers are sweeping the country with their glasses. "Heavens! There's the whole bally Boer army. See 'em! There's thousands of 'em!" The British army officer and soldier have never before seen so many Boers in a single mass. True, at Paardeberg they saw Kronje's four thousand surrender after a display of days of bull-dog grit against overwhelming numbers, but here, before the eyes of a few squadrons of New South Wales and Canadian troops, only a mile or so away, were eight or ten thousand men. How helpless that little body of Colonials was against these numbers! They simply stood and watched the magnificent spectacle of the enemy's army moving slowly away.

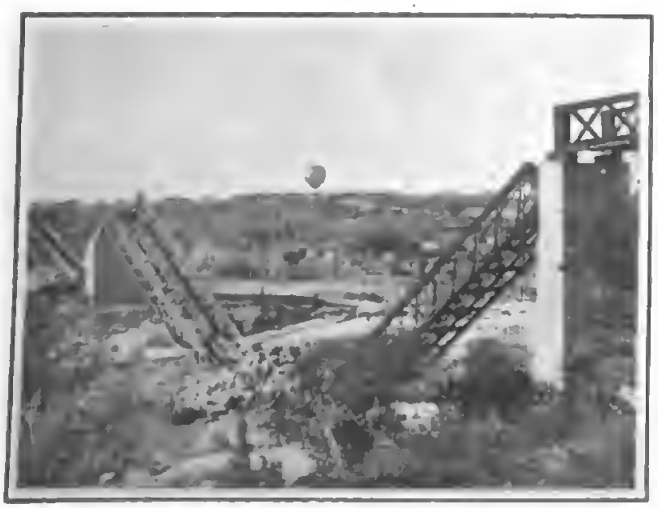
Several thousand were quietly riding off to the left, following the general trend of the Zand River. A thousand or two were passing to the right of the railway and up into the steep-sided kopjes, evidently intending to fight there. Organization in solid phalanxes, as known to the Britisher, did not exist. They rode singly, in clusters and by hundreds, every man apparently for himself, yet obeying a directing hand. On the railroad four long trains, with steam up and a mass of moving men around them, stood in the station, and, as the onlookers strained their eyes at the field glasses, they pulled out, one by one, and disappeared over a rise in the veldt, winding in and out ten miles away. Far to the right, on what must have been the main road, a massive but low hung dust cloud reached out to the horizon, and, following it back again, it mount down to the river's edge. It was made by the enemy's wagon-trains, miles and miles in length.

"I say. Look at that! They're taking the last convoy across the drift now," said a New South Wales officer, excitedly. "Come on with those scouts and we'll feel our way down to the river. Tell the men of the squadron to come up on this hill and see the Boers, but not to expose themselves too much."

The handful of scouts pressed on. A mile back on the railway track, General Hutton and his staff watched the display; before them and to their left the Canadians were drawn up in a solid body, with the ambulance wagons just coming to a standstill behind them, eight hundred yards from the bridge—a structure of three high-string steel spans. Then a roar like a trebled clap of thunder filled the air, and every man instinctively shrank back from the expected blow.

The Boers had blown the bridge up under our noses, and the heavens were filled with clouds of white smoke, the yellow dust of flying rock and black bits of steel girders and rails.

Again an explosion came—the second stone pier was gone, and with a rushing, crackling, reverberating sound, the structure fell in a tangled mass to the



THE WRECKED BRIDGE OVER THE ZAND.

THE WAR-BALLOON AND ITS WAGON.

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CONVOYS WAITING TO CROSS THE ZAND RIVER. WATERING THE HORSES AT A "PAN."

river-bed, fifty feet below. Suddenly, half a mile to the right, our scouts were seen fleeing for the rearward hill-tops—four hundred mounted Boers were making a desperate attempt to outflank and capture them. Before any one could breathe, or before those to the left recognized their own possible danger of capture unless a quick retreat was made, there came a shower of bullets; everybody was on his feet, watching the wonderful sight of a bridge sailing upwards, under the impulse of ten times the quantity of dynamite needed for its destruction.

Zweet Zweet Zweet "Here it comes!" Bumpt and a shell has rushed over the squadron just in the rear, and torn up the ground with a muffled explosion.

The shells came in one, two, three order, over and over again, bursting just ahead of the column of men, who at first walked their horses, then trotted them, and finally set them into a faster pace, moving by the right oblique or "right slant." At least six guns were in action, and the range was fully 5000 yards.

The Boers got tired of trying to hit single squadrons moving off at angles, though they placed shell upon shell right behind and right before each body, as fast as they could fire. They wanted us to understand that all they had previously done was short-range firing, for they quite unexpectedly sent a big shrapnel roaring up the lines over the massed Canadians, fully fifteen hundred yards farther away, and it burst high in the air to fall in a racking shower in front of the ambulances.

They moved out steadily, never changing the formation, and miraculously enough, amidst all the hissing pieces of jagged iron and steel balls, not a man was killed, though some few were badly jarred by ricochetting pieces.

The sun sank behind the straight edge of land in the west, and, as is the way of nature in this dry climate, a beautiful band of pink, blending into the blue, rose on the eastern sky—the dash was just sufficient to show the vivid brilliant flash of every bursting shell, now falling farther and farther behind the withdrawing troops.

The Boer commandoes were those of Del Rey and De Wet—but it was De Wet's convoys we came so near cutting off, so said some of the Free State soldiers who had surrendered. It was afterward learned from other prisoners, who had been with the Boer column from the beginning of its retreat from Wepener and Dewetsdorp, that the backward movement had been one of frightful torture to every man in it. De Wet eluded all the British troops, except where he fought rear-guard actions, but the effort cost him a large number of horses, and his oxen were utterly worn out. General Hamilton, of the Mounted Infantry Division, succeeded in finding De Wet's trail after he had run around Thaumchu on the right, and for nine days this doughty Boer had his men fighting a rear-guard fight, which successfully held the British advance long enough for him to keep his convoys always about twenty miles north of his pursuing enemy. It was at the Zand we were closest, when Hutton's men watched him make junction with Del Rey, and pass his last wagons safely over the drift.

The brigade of Mounted Infantry could inflict no damage on the big Boer column. The Guards Brigade and the 11th Division of Infantry had been left far in the rear, so all of Tuesday was spent in camp at Welgelegen, though the Remington South African Scouts and the Canadians kept in touch with the river to the north. In the evening the startling report came in that the enemy, supposed to have gone, were in fact still present on the Zand in great numbers. The spirits of the men rose accordingly, for the promise of a fight—a knock-out fight—appealed to Tommy far more than this weary, fruitless chasing of a fleet-footed army.

In this perfect climate men do not feel the fatigue of a march greatly, and recuperate quickly—within a few hours. It is surprising how men go down with disease when the temperature and general atmospheric conditions are exactly suited to out-door life and prolonged exertion. It might be suggested mildly that, while the average British officer is a fine physical specimen—or rather a type of carefully trained, well groomed thoroughbred, who must have his environment somewhere near in keeping with his habits or he is injured—Tommy is not a very stalwart man. He is scrubby, ill-shaped, carries himself badly, and has not the physical or mental stamina of the American soldier. The writer quite appreciates, now, the enthusiasm exhibited by certain British military attachés in Cuba over the magnificent type of manhood presented in that little army sent to the fever-hole of Santiago. The British Tommy is more of an automaton, obeying orders, willingly, mildly, and hence when he gets a day's holiday in camp—unlike the American soldier with great reserve of vital energy which must exhibit itself in many forms of devilry—he lies down to idleness and wishes the "bloody war" was over, or that the "bloomin' Boers would stand." The Colonials evidence the same unsuppressible characteristics as our own soldiers—scouring the country on French leave at every opportunity, and playing games in camp. Horse-stock being the most important problem to every Colonial trooper, he naturally keeps his weather eye open for an exchange of the Roman-nosed half-mule Argentine pony furnished him by the government. He doesn't steal—oh no!—he commandeers, which is far more genteel, but the painful exertions he sometimes makes in disguising an irate farmer's horse into a new unrecognizable specimen, while the owner complains to the general, are very ridiculous. Into camp rides a typical cowboy, leading a very pretty animal with flowing mane and tail. "Where did you get that?" shouts one of his companions. "Did you commandeer it?" The Colonial's lip curls and he answers: "No! Don't you chaps know an Argentine horse when you see it?" Now the Argentine horse is the most profoundly ugly animal ever bred, and his sally always provokes a laugh. In fifteen minutes the new acquisition is divested of mane, has a docked tail, blackened hoofs, and a new brand on its flank. It is to be feared that some of these men may get into habits which will hang them at home, in later years, where a worse word than commandeering is used.

THE DYNAMITED RAILROAD.

The Guards Brigade of General Pole-Carew did not reach Welgelegen until 2 P.M. of Wednesday, though Lord Kitchener came through to General Hutton's temporary residence at the railroad station several hours earlier and was soon followed by Lord Roberts and the staff.

Later in the afternoon the beautiful balloon, fastened to the rear of a wagon and with the aeronaut in the basket, came trailing up the road in a cloud of dust, and a little behind came the big naval guns.

Now came the difficulties of crossing the deepest river-bed so far encountered out of Bloemfontein, and, as the thousands and thousands of wagons with their snaky lines of oxen and mules drew in on the river and were packed into a solid mass, running backward in radiant lines from a single centre—the road into the gulch—one wondered if it ever would be possible to pass such a conglomeration of vehicles through the steeply inclined, deeply cut roadway in a week's time. It did take thirty-six hours, but the engineers worked through day and night to make new roads and lower the grades, and the transport officers ordering the wagons through were as thick as bees, and kept the procession (once started) moving without more than an occasional hitch—when some woolly-headed driver locked the wheel of his ten-ton load under his wagon, and fifty soldiers were required to skid the back wheels into line again.

Mile after mile the footies marched, and behind them came mile after mile of convoy. At first in a single line, then gradually spreading out over the rolling veldt, until it was an immense wagon procession of three or four great heads, split into several wagon-trains travelling side by side. Dust clouds rolled up until they filled the sky, covering drivers and escort deep with a yellow coating. Far into the night they moved (sometimes blocked for a few minutes by a bellowing herd of cattle), travelling in the brilliant moonlight, but visible only as an immense pyramid of penetrating, rising dust, and now blocking one another at narrowing places in the road.

Kroonstad was ours without a fight; the city where Steyn had said they placed their capital because it could be defended. Over the stone-laid river, where the road is cut in solid rock, stood sentries, at the entrance to the town. No one could pass in until Lord Roberts had made his triumphal entry.

A delegation of Englishmen and Dutchmen from the town drove out in a hotel bus to see Lord Roberts, and on the edge of the dead-line to the city the civilians and black Kaffirs discoursed animatedly, in droves, on the retreat of the enemy and the incidents of the past few days.

"Here they comes!" and a general rush for favorable positions is made, as over the hill waft the strains of a military band. Nearer and nearer, and then swinging around the last turn in the road reaching to the water, comes the procession, with Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener at the head, followed by a long line of staff, and through the water, splashing in sparkling drops, they move.

Kroonstad, one hundred and thirty miles from Bloemfontein, was reached in twelve days, which is a marvellously rapid advance for huge convoys and infantry to make.

Kroonstad, May 18, 1900.

Lord Roberts. Lord Kitchener.

LORD ROBERTS'S ENTRANCE INTO KROONSTAD.

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MILITARY MUSIC ON THE

THE WATER-FRONT AT SHANGHAI

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the Lord! here is vengeance; 'tis justice unmasked," he murmured.

Warburton turned to the man Sloan, who had entered after them, and seeing he was observed, the fellow began to wring his hands, muttering to himself. "How did this happen?" Warburton asked, sternly, pointing to the dead man.

Sloan's agitation visibly swelled. "Sure, 'twas over very sudden," he declared, garrulously. "There was a knock came on the big door, and it roused me by three of the morning. I looked out, your honor, and the sky was black with rain; but at the door was him knocking, and standing very still, with a lanthorn in his hand, like as one that is come for to claim his own in the dead of the night. I was afraid of the lanthorn, and he knocked again; and then I put my head right without the window. 'Who is there,' says I, 'that makes so bold a noise?' He looked up, and I saw his face, ashore, like a dead man's—still and white under the lanthorn. 'Open to me,' says he; 'I am come for your master.' 'Devil a bit,' says I, and shut to the window, for indeed the master had been long abed, and I thought 'twas time he spoke. But after that he knocked harder than before, and bids me angrily to let him in in the name of the Law, and when I heard he was come for to do the Law I was more feared, but I durst't disobey him. When he was in he turned sharply on me. 'I hear your master is ill,' he says, 'and I regret that my errand will brook no delay,' he says. 'I must talk with him.' But ere more was said there was a voice on the stair, and we turned about, and the master was standing there with a light in his hand, very pale and shaking. I cried out, your honor, for 'twas the first time that I see him afoot for these many weeks. But the gentleman that was like the devil, says he, quietly, 'I am all sorrow to disturb you, Sir Stephen,' bowing while he spoke, 'but there is that in which the Law requires me to talk with ye.' Then, Mistress Chloris, 'twas all over, alas! for the master, his honor, took a step and opened of his lips, but fell down where he stood and lay there and never spoke. Sure, 'twas the devil and I carried him into the room here, and set him like that, peaceful and still."

"And you were informer against your master?" said Warburton, regarding him with contempt.

"Indeed, your honor," answered the man, in a humble but surly tone, "'twas not for me to gainsay the Law, with the master dead and Mr. Nicholas gone, and Mr. Philip away."

"He is no more traitor than the rest of us in this house," broke in Chloris, in a hard voice. "'Tis our trade. I am glad he gave the information, for 'twill end us all." She stepped forward again to the couch on which her father's body lay and bent over it. Warburton respected her action and walked to the open window, looking forth. Then he felt himself touched

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 3259.

plough, and I will not look back. See you here, sweetheart. You have said in your blindness that this is my doing. 'Tis not, and you know it. But what remains is so to achieve things that there shall rest no suspicion on any one on this account, save on this fellow only," he added, with a glance at Sloan.

"What is it you mean?" she asked, forlornly.

"We must not leave our work half done," he replied. "There is one duty accomplished, but another rises. Where is the letter that I left with you?"

She said, "'Tis in the cottage in the dunes."

"It must be burned," he said. "As your letter is destroyed so this must be, and none then may cast a stone at my wife."

"Wife! Wife!" she said, staring at him, and threw herself into his arms. "I have misjudged. I knew you not. I had fears of you. You are a strange and foreign man to me. Why do you hold yourself so cold and aloof? Oh, my God, what is it you say? I care not. Wife! What do I care? I hold you, I have you. I will give up my brothers to any justice for you."

He raised her from where she had fallen, very tenderly. "There is a noise without," he said. "Some one is returning, and maybe Gellibrand. We were better away. I do not desire that you should encounter these people."

"But my father—" she said.

"He is safe; he sleeps sound. No harm will touch him. Come away."

He drew her with him into the hall and they passed out together, going down to the little bay. One of the boats rocked in the long ripples idly, and the sun shone brightly on the silver strand. Presently they had pushed off and were standing for the coast, the sails swollen with a rising breeze. The islands fell away, and in front the moorland rose up with significance. In the bow Chloris reclined, her face towards him and the rolling blue space behind, but slowly her lips drooped and she passed into the sleep of the weary. Warburton sat and watched her and the horizon alternately.

He woke her as the keel struck on the beach, and with a start she opened her eyes.

"I would I could leave you here, dear," said he, "but I must see you safe in Marlock. There are those who will take you in and befriend you."

"I will stay with you," she said, eagerly, and refreshed by her little rest, set out with animation to climb the dunes.

The sun hung proudly over the moorland when they reached the cottage, and already the heat of the day was begun.

"Where is the paper?" asked Warburton, and she handed it to him silently, watching. He gathered some dried grasses from a corner of the room and put them in the fireplace; upon this he set sticks, and striking a light, kindled the flame. The sheet of fire

'twill be all over very quickly, Mr. Warburton," and turned on his sister blazing eyes.

Warburton had drawn himself up and now stood at his great stature, coolly contemplating the latruder. He was bitterly angry, yet held himself quiet, awaiting events. But it now seemed that Nicholas kept a rigid command of himself, for he made no effort to translate into action that ferocious threat of his expression. The two men surveyed each other without words until Carmichael broke the silence.

"I have sought you long, Mr. Warburton, but everything comes to patience, and I find you at last."

"Sir, you are welcome to any satisfaction you may obtain from the fact," responded the other, coldly.

"We have some business to settle together," pursued Nicholas.

"On the contrary, I am not aware of any particular in which we have a common interest," rejoined Warburton, indifferently.

"You wonder why I talk so quietly," went on Nicholas, paying this no heed. "It is because I am sure of you this time. Other times I have trusted to fools and been deceived, this time I trust myself."

"A very natural confidence," returned Warburton, "if confined to yourself."

Nicholas Carmichael shook with anger, and he drew a pistol. "I have the power and the right to shoot you like a dog," he said.

Chloris uttered a cry and moved a step forward, but Warburton held up his hand in warning. "What is your quarrel, sir?" he asked, restraining himself for her sake. "You have savage ways upon this coast, and I confess I do not wholly understand you."

"There is no need to capitulate your offences," said Carmichael. "There is need only to be rid of you."

"Come, come, sir," said Warburton, with a sigh of vexation. "You are at cross purposes with me. I know your ground of offence, which is that I have given you up to your just punishment of the Law. But it is not so; your secret is still in my hands. I have done nothing."

"You lie!" said Nicholas, hastily. "And if it were so, there would be the greater reason for your death."

"I am a man of honor," said Warburton, still patient to outside seeming, "which may not be said of all that lay claim to the name of gentleman, no doubt. Yet I am one, and I assure you of the truth of what I say."

"How is it that there is a warrant against me?" inquired Nicholas, furiously. "The soldiers are after me."

Warburton threw up his arm quickly with a stern question of authority, as the girl stepped forward, with lips parted, eager to speak, and at that sign she fell back crestfallen.

"There is another who is no friend to you and your house," he said, slowly. "There may be many."

"Who is that?" asked Nicholas.

"I am just come from the island," explained Warburton, "and with orders for your arrest."

"Well," said Nicholas, with a sneer, "they shall not take me, and are welcome to what they can find."

"They know of the cavern," said Warburton.

"It does not surprise me," said the other, glaring on him.

"Nay, believe me, sir," said Warburton, with exemplary restraint, "you do me wrong. The informer was of your own household, an Irishman."

"Sloan!" said Nicholas, fiercely, and swore a horrid oath. "What has this to do with the case?" he demanded, "save that it ensures your death the more."

"You speak very confident about my death," answered Warburton, calmly. "You were wiser to consider your own neck and how it is imperilled. Come, Mr. Carmichael, I am in no mood for argument, being very tired. I am much wearied by your family. Let me explain. I have no quarrel with you. I once thought I had, but philosophy proved me foolish. Let the dead bury their dead. I have no wish to mingle in your affairs. Indeed, I have just gone out of the way to help you, or rather Sir Stephen, for you are nothing to me. Lieutenant Gellibrand will find nothing in the cave."

"What do you mean?" asked Nicholas, staring.

"Why, there is no cave any longer. It disappeared at dawn, thanks to a raging thunder storm and Bonaparte's gunpowder."

Nicholas Carmichael scowled at him, but was silent, considering.

"You have done very well. I commend your zeal, sir," he said, at length, ironically. "You have done good service to the Carmichaels, and they do not forget. But touching the matter of that letter."

Warburton pointed to the fire, in which a thread of smoke still rose from the black film of the letter. "'Tis there," said he. "It burnt ere your entrance. There is no evidence against any Carmichael in my possession. They are free."

He spoke with some dignity of utterance, as one conferring a favor upon ungrateful ears, or as one that pardons magnanimously a grave offender out of indifference.

"Sure, sir," said Nicholas Carmichael, in a soft and treacherous voice—"sure, sir, we of our house should owe you a deep debt. There is no evidence against us, you say. I am glad to hear it and that you have done so much in affection for us."

"I would not raise a hand to help you," broke out

NICHOLAS CARMICHAEL STOOD IN THE OPEN DOORWAY.

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as, me for your taste at coat letter. There is an end of it. But did you think, fool, that I was here merely to take vengeance on you for that? No! You are condemned on many counts, and each one is Death. Do you think I know not what has moved you to this act? I was but playing with you, Mr. Warburton. The cause is there! 'Tis there, standing with a look of terror on her face!" he thundered, pointing a finger at his sister. "That is what I am come for—to exact upon your body the penalty of our shame! You have dared to love her, and by you is she taught to betray her blood. You shall die for that, and God shall judge if she also shall not die!"

Warburton moved from his place by the fire. "Hold your peace!" he said, with authority in his bearing. "You are beside yourself. You name one that should not be mentioned, who stands too nigh to be thrust into the quarrel."

"I name one who has shamed my blood, and one that shall die for that shame," said Nicholas, drawing his sword, with his black face alight.

But Chloris sprang forward from the background where she had staid in response to her lover's commands and swallowed in a mighty passion like her brother.

"Who are you, Nicholas Carmichael," she cried, "to interfere between me and what I will? 'Tis for me to avenge myself, if I will, and not for others. Go forth out of that door and never let me see your face again! I care not if you be taken and rot on the gallows! You are no brother of mine, but a devil! Let me alone! I will not be bounden to you, and you shall do no harm here!"

Nicholas struck at her furiously with his hand, but Warburton, with an exclamation of anger, at last stood between, pushing her aside, and the blow fell on his arm.

"She shall wait; 'tis with you first," said Nicholas, and thrust out his sword.

Warburton was unarmed, for his pistol had been dropped in the hall of Lynsea, and he gave way towards the hall so as to avoid the point. Hastily he cast his eyes about the room, and perceiving a rude billet of wood in one corner, secured it at a bound, and caught the next thrust of the madman's weapon upon this rough buckler. Ere a third stroke could fall, Chloris, with all her majestic litheness, leaped upon her brother like a panther, arresting his sword-arm.

"Curse you!" he said, and uttered a foul name.

"Run! Run!" she panted to Warburton, and even in that moment back upon his memory flashed the scene in the cave and the picture of the girl swaying with her brother once again.

Warburton took a step forward, and seizing Nicholas Carmichael's arm, wrenched away the sword. He was still cool and master of himself, though breathing quickly.

"Let him go, Chloris!" he said. "Let him go! He plays but a foolish part. He is mad."

At his words the girl loosened her arms, but her brother threw her off with an oath, so that she staggered against the wall. In a moment he stood glaring at his antagonist, who now held the long blade in his hand.

"For the sake of your sister, I bid you go," said Warburton, sternly. "I would slay you with your own weapon were it not for her who shall be my wife. She shall thus be saved from your accursed blood."

"She shall never be your wife," said Nicholas, and flinging forward a pistol which he had taken from his coat, hurled and cocked it.

Chloris uttered a scream, and Warburton raised his sword swiftly, but ere the hammer could fall there came a sound from without of voices, which deranged even the design of that mad assassin. He halted, turned his ear to the door, and behold! gleaming in the morning light shone the red coats of the soldiery. An ejaculation issued from his lips and he darted past his sister, flew like a rat at the broken window, and carrying with him a cloud of mortar in his leap, was out of the cottage and running like a hare through the precincts of the ancient ruined chapel.

CHAPTER XXIII

ON THE SANDS BY LYNSEA

THE miraculous speed of this flight took Warburton aback, and annoyed the posse of soldiers also that stood in the door. The officer in charge, whom Warburton recognized as his own Captain, issued instructions on the instant, and his men spread in a too in pursuit of the fugitive. He himself offered a greeting to Warburton, very civilly, and his glance lighting on Chloris, started.

"What, a lady!" said he. "I ask your pardon. But I believe we came just in time—a desperate fellow, that, though 'tis a pity for his family."

Warburton motioned him from the room (which silent command he obeyed with a stare), and then took Chloris's hand.

"I will follow," he said, "and see what may be done. He is mad. Rest here."

She shook her head wearily. "I care not what

"THEN I AM SIR PHILIP!"

"True, sir; very true," agreed the soldier. "But I must catch him."

They quickened their pace to a run, and emerged then into the wilderness of grass-grown sand.

Warburton pointed to the left, where a man was to be seen breasting a hill of sand, and to him they directed their steps. When they were near enough he was recognized for one of the soldiers, and explained that he and his companions had separated in order to cover as much ground as possible, but so far as he was aware no traces of Nicholas Carmichael had been found.

"He cannot have run so fast as to be clean away," protested the Captain. "He must be in these accursed hills."

"Aye," said Warburton, smiling scornfully. "There is a 'needle in a hay-stack,' sir, if you will hunt it through."

Presently, as a pheasant starts out of the ground, there rose upon their left the figure of a man and fled. The private darted from Warburton's side and raced over the hillocks in pursuit. Then upon the farther side of the fugitive rose cries, and a third figure came into sight, running towards Carmichael. Warburton watched eagerly, the wish strong in his heart that this man should escape. Nicholas Carmichael hesitated in his course, and then, swerving, turned away and ran parallel to the hills of the pursuit. Without a sound of any kind the two men followed, but their Captain raised echoes across the dunes calling upon his scattered band.

"Let be! Let be!" said Warburton, impatiently.

"Sir," said the other, drawing himself up, "I can take no commands from you."

"Oh, be damned!" said Warburton, and began himself to run in the direction in which the others had vanished. He caught sight of them presently—the quarry and the hounds—and the distance between them remained. Whither was Nicholas Carmichael bent? And was it possible that he could escape if he should outfoot the soldiery? Then it dawned swiftly upon him whither the chase was leading, for over the elbow of the dunes he saw the sea gleaming and tumbling in the morning sun. Nicholas Carmichael saw it also, and the prospect appeared to encourage him, for he increased his pace and passed away. Warburton saw the three men fading from his sight; the edge of the land swallowed them; they seemed to roll over a precipice and down upon the rocks below.

A little later, however, he saw what had happened, for the cliffs suddenly sprang out before his feet, and he beheld the shelving land miles towards the bay, beyond that the smuggler leaping down the rocks; and farther still the dancing waters of the tide, and the sunlit peaks of Lynsea.

Warburton slipped down the hill as fast as he might, and by this act was brought nearer to the fugitive, who had taken a sharp angle in his course and was making for the sands. Suddenly Warburton saw his object, for floating upon the tide upon the distant edge of this tiny bay was a little boat. It was true that it stood upon the margin of the ravening tide, yet Nicholas was an expert sailor, knew every foot of water thereabouts, and at all events the chances were better than upon the land, and to be taken on that capital charge. Once at sea he would be out of his pursuers' reach, and it would be odds if he could be taken on that rugged and unfriendly coast.

Warburton now found himself running towards the sea down a descent of green grass, while the two soldiers raced near one another in the wake of their prey. They had gained upon him, but he threw a glance over his shoulder and redoubled his exertions so that the space between them drew out. Then once more it drew in and fast was swallowed up. Warburton heard some one behind him, whom he guessed to be the Captain, and he heard next the man's voice screaming breathlessly:

"Shoot! Shoot! He will gain the boat! He must be taken!"

At these words one of the soldiers made a furious spurt and came within a dozen yards of Carmichael. He had already raised a hand involuntarily as if to grasp his prisoner, when the fugitive threw up his arms, staggered, rose again, and staggered even more; and rolling over, seemed to fight and struggle for an instant, and then with a horrible cry of terror was sucked in and vanished in the oozing sand.

The soldier checked himself on the verge of that terrible slough and stood shaking like a reed—the man behind flung himself upon his face, drawing deep, discomfortable breaths.

Warburton drew up.

"'Tis the quicksand," he said.

"My God!" said the Captain of the posse, and shuddered.

"The quicksand has him," said Warburton, slowly, and with difficulty, by reason of his breathless state; and to that he added: "I was wrong. 'Twas not his escape that would be for the best. 'Tis this," and he pointed towards the water's edge.

The Captain shuddered again and stared on him with open amazement. "'Tis a devilish fate," he said. "Yet I am glad 'twas I that arrested him."

Warburton turned his back on the scene without further talk, and slowly retraced his way towards the cottage. He found Chloris lying upon the rude couch of grass, asleep, and for some moments he stood watching her, the expression upon his face changing. She was sunk in the slumber of exhaustion, and to wake her were to bring her back to the hard fortune of life and realization. Yet it was advisable that she should be removed elsewhere, and he thought of her brother Philip, who was, as he conjectured, somewhere in the neighborhood of Marlock. He stooped and kissed her forehead lightly, and at the touch she stirred and sat up with a gasp. Her eyes fell on him and smiled affectionately, then she remembered, and some questions rose on her speaking features.

"He is gone," said he. "'Tis all over. They have not taken him; his secret dies with him."

Chloris uttered a little trembling sigh and said nothing. He lifted her to her feet.

"If you are rested, sweetheart, it is well that we were going," he said.

"Going! Whither?" she asked, vaguely.

"I will give you in charge to your brother Philip," he replied. "He shall look after you until I claim you."

She answered nothing, and presently they were upon their way. In Marlock the whole village was by this time astir, and news of importance was passing from lip to lip. Warburton walked up the street, and many inquisitive glances followed him and his companion. No doubt they had heard something of what had happened and wondered. At the head of the street a person of some position in the village passed and seemed as if he would address the girl, casting a look askance at Warburton, but he put up his hand with an impatient and stern gesture, and the communication was never made. These gossips were full of the stuff they loved. Before the "Three Feathers" they unexpectedly encountered another group, which breaking swiftly, out of the thick stepped Sir George and eagerly accosted him.

"Mr. Warburton, there are strange tales about, of Sir Stephen Carmichael and—" he paused, as his gaze struck upon Chloris, "How comes this lady here?" he inquired in astonishment. "Does she not know? Her father is dead."

Warburton regarded him steadfastly. "You can give us no news, Sir George," he answered, and behind her guardian he met the curious eyes of Dorothy Holt, which were fastened on him with what he interpreted as a look of triumph.

"Sir Stephen is dead," said he, "of an ancient enemy. His loss was expected, poor man. I trust his family will bear up against the dreadful past. But there is a successor—the name still remains."

"Indeed, sir, I understand something very differ-

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"What a that?" said Sir George, pricking up his ears.

"Miss Holt, sir, was obliging enough to have me laid by the heels," explained Warburton, while the girl grew scarlet and then white. "For some reason she can best explain, she swore an information against me."

"He is in league with these Carmichaels," burst forth the girl, with hysterical anger, trembling in her fear.

Chloris's eyes shot fire, but Sir George, who was greatly taken aback, and thrown into a state of fuss, checked his ward sharply.

"You will be returning soon to town, Mr. Warburton?" he said, in an effort to regain his composure. "You will be seeing your uncle?"

"Maybe," said Warburton, tartly.

"Commend me to my lord," persisted Sir George. "I heard he was far from well—his old complaint."

He glanced at Chloris, as one who would suggest that here stood the future Countess of Crayle.

sis here?"

"Go outside and you will learn what it means," said Warburton, contemptuously. "Have they not brought the news of your father's death?"

"'Tis true, he is dead, rest him," said Philip, swiftly. "But you have broken my bottle," and rapped loudly for the innkeeper.

Warburton stood regarding him with a glance of disgust, and was conscious that Chloris's hand was stolen gently into his. He turned and found a pitiful face directed on her brother, in which a great horror mingled with tears. He held tight the hand.

"Know you this also," he said, sternly, "that your brother Nicholas is dead also?"

The fingers closed convulsively on his, and Philip started.

"What! Nick dead?" he exclaimed, in bewilderment. "How comes he dead? You are lying." Warburton did not answer to this, and he let his eyes drop. "The devil!" Philip exclaimed, in a lower voice, in which was a thrill. "Then I am Sir Philip!"

Tremayne stammered, and, dismissed by a look, went forth.

"A coach!" cried Chloris, dreamily. "Whither go you, sir? Is it to London? Are you tired of this place? I wonder not. 'Tis no fit home for such as you. We are barbarians here, and have an evil taint."

"Aye, 'tis for London," he said, with his arm about her.

"Do you go to-day?" she murmured. "I would that you staid with me a little ere you go; but 'tis no matter. You were well to be gone. There is nothing here meet for you. I will but you farewell, sir."

Warburton looked down on her with a smile. "'Tis you and I that go, sweetheart," he said. "I go not without you, and where I go you shall go. This is no place for you, but your place is with me and where mine is."

She opened her half-closed eyes, a long-drawn sigh escaped her, and then her lids fell softly, and she hung a dead weight upon him. She had swooned away.

THE END.

CAMP LIFE IN NICARAGUA

THE dream of Spain's hardy adventurers seems about to be realized, and the new century will doubtless witness water transit across the narrow strip of land which separates the Atlantic and Pacific. Nicaragua is, therefore, destined to become the Mecca of the world's greatest engineers, and this garden spot of the tropics, with its majestic lakes, its pathless swamps, and its lofty volcanoes will soon be the scene of stirring events.

When the silent San Juan, flowing out of the purple peaks of Omotepe and Madera, is "white with sails and alive with the throbbing propellers of a mighty traffic," future generations may possibly recall some of the men whose brains have made possible this magic change; but of their privations and hardships in that lonely wilderness little will be said or written. It is, therefore, of these and a few thrilling experiences during a recent survey that this story will treat.

The results of the last survey of Nicaragua made by Peary, the great arctic explorer, have passed into history, but many incidents of camp life during that eventful year that I was associated with him are still unwritten, and as these will be the experiences of the engineers that are to carry on the work of construction they cannot fail to be of interest. The line of the canal, it will be remembered, was divided up into sections, each being placed in charge of a well-known engineer, under whom were several young assistants and a number of negro laborers. The work of the different parties was carefully planned and laid out—each was to clear the dense undergrowth, fell gigantic forest trees, and bridge over wide swamps, until his line could join that of his neighbor.

It is with headquarters, however, which was called Camp Carazo, in honor of the then President of Nicaragua, that my story has to do. This was situated upon a wild and picturesque island, shaded with lofty trees and distant forty miles from Greytown. It was selected owing to its convenience for communicating with the other camps, either by canoe or by striking a trail through the forest. Chief Engineer Peary and his staff, consisting of Civil-Engineer J. F. Le Barron, Surgeons William Nicholson and L. F. H. Birt, Jacob Crowinshield, C. E. Kern, A. Aguirre, and the writer, were domiciled there during the progress of the survey.

I shall never forget my introduction and initiation into the mysteries of camp life at headquarters. We embarked upon one of the old stern-wheel river steamers at Greytown, and after a twenty-four hours' battle with the current, so strong at times that it turned us completely around, we ran alongside of a slimy bank and tied up to a tree that projected into the river. Before us lay our future home—an almost impenetrable jungle—so dense and black that no ray of light could enter. For two days and nights it had rained incessantly—not the rain that one is accustomed to witnessing in the temperate zone, but a rain that copes down in one solid mass, as though all the floodgates of the heavens were opened simultaneously. The men were soon upon the banks, and clad in their waterproof ponchos, looked like drowned rats. The ground, which had not seen the face of the sun for five months, was almost ankle deep in soft mud. Before disembarking it was necessary to lay planks upon the soggy ground, and upon these the officers stood as they directed the clearing of the dense undergrowth and the felling of the tall trees that covered the island.

After three hours of hard physical labor a space was prepared large enough to admit sunlight and air—two most important factors in the problem of preserving health in the tropics. Four canvas tents were then erected for the officers, and two large *shacks* for the men. The latter consisted of four uprights supporting a roof which was thatched with leaves of the suite-palm to keep out the rain and sun. The officers slept upon cots, the men in hammocks or upon beds made from the wild cane which grows abundantly upon the river banks. Before darkness had closed around us our homes were ready and though they were neither luxurious nor comfortable, we felt fortunate, indeed, to possess a dry place upon which we could lay our heads. The first night at Camp Carazo was one that I shall long remember, for in it were the elements of both comedy and tragedy.

"It will never do to let the night pass without a bowl warming," said one of the younger engineers after we had partaken of a cold dinner and gathered around the camp fire in our flannel sleeping-suits.

"My tent is at the disposal of the officers," promptly replied Chief-Surgeon Birt, "and if you will accept an eggnog minus the eggs, I agree to prepare one that you will not soon forget."

And we did not, for often since that memorable night have I tried to remember the ingredients of that mysterious concoction which he offered us. The surgeon was an Englishman, who had passed many years of his life among the soldiers of India, and there he had learned to brew a punch which, he pecuiarly remarked, would make one see not only snakes, but tigers as well.

There was no time to send out written invitations to our improvised *fiesta*, for it was then nearly eight o'clock—a late hour in the wilderness. All of the officers were bidden, and all came—even the Jamaica negroes, who stood outside in the pouring rain—to enjoy the stories, and possibly the taste of that mysterious mixture, whose fame was known before it was even prepared. Toward midnight the rain ceased, and a large fire was built in front of the surgeon's hospitable home. Around it we sat and dried our sleeping-suits, which had become cold and damp from the

A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.

THE INVASION OF THE POOL.

moisture without. More than once the surgeon's punch was tasted and declared a pronounced success, and the conversation shifted to stories of snakes and wild animals.

"You may tell of your tigers in India," said an old Nicaraguan, who had been attracted by the warmth of the fire, "but we have them right here on the Isthmus—in fact, I know of one that broke into a cattle-ranch and was strong enough to carry a full-grown steer five miles through the swamps and jungles between the lake and the sea."

The fellow had barely finished this statement when there was a roar in the distant jungle that silenced us all. It was a sound, or a succession of sounds, different from any that we had ever heard. At first it was so light that we thought it only a breeze whistling over the tree-tops. Then, as it drew nearer, the volume so increased that the very forest seemed to shake. Every one instinctively grasped his rifle and looked in the direction of the noise. The Nicaraguan laughed, as he remarked: "You will have to get accustomed to

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... I was awakened by a sound as of some animal crunching bones just at the entrance to the tent-fly. Hastily grasping a rifle, I called my two companions, and cautioned not to make any noise. Looking through the closely woven meshes of the nets, the outlines of two animals could be traced despatching several bones—the remains of our dinner. Before we could arise, however, our visitors, having heard a sound within, had moved away slowly, completing their supper as they departed. As the animals retreated we became braver, and being armed with Winchesters, did not feel disposed to throw away the honor of having killed the first tiger.

"Let us follow them as far as the edge of the forest," I said.

The suggestion was adopted, and clad only in red flannel sleeping-suits, we stepped out of our tent into the damp night air. The rain had ceased, but the ground was still wet and soggy, and as our bared feet sank deep into the soft slime the possibility of stepping upon some venomous reptile added another terror to the situation. The moon, which had just risen, was obscured by a bank of black rain-clouds in the east; still there was sufficient light to follow the outlines of the two tigers. To our surprise, however, they did not appear to be at all alarmed, but continued walking slowly away, stopping at the edge of the forest to continue the meal which had been so rudely disturbed. By this time the entire camp had been aroused, and an army in red flannel uniforms was quickly mobilized for battle. Just as a dozen rifles were levelled at the tigers the moonlight struggled through a rift in the clouds, and we saw—two pet dogs of the expedition.

As we returned to our tents, laughing over the incident, our little comedy almost resulted in a tragedy, for one of the rifles which had been full-cocked during the excitement was accidentally discharged in the centre of the men's quarters. The report was followed by a scream which terrified us far more than that of the Congo monkey during the early night, for it came from one of the Jamaica negroes, who declared that he had been shot. The fellow was quickly carried to the surgeon's tent, where, as the blood trickled down his right leg, the frightened negro continued to groan like a man in the agonies of death. An examination revealed only a flesh wound, which, when washed and dressed, was pronounced harmless. After that it took more than the roar of tigers or even the crunching of bones to disturb the slumbers of the engineers at Camp Carazo.

The next morning when we arose the sun was shining for the first time in many weeks. Several of us hurried down to the river bank for an early plunge in the San Juan; but the sight of innumerable alligators sunning themselves upon a sand spit in mid-stream, with now and then the dorsal fin of some huge shark projecting above the surface, caused us to reconsider our determination, and content ourselves with pouring water over one another from *huacals*, a kind of gourd that the natives use for this purpose. The presence of sharks in fresh water was a phenomenon that few of us could explain. It seems, however, that not only is this river infested with man-eating sharks, but also the lake, which is one hundred miles from the ocean and one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. And the kind that are found there are not

THERE WAS A DISTANT SHRIEK.

THE TIGER WALKED SLOWLY AWAY.

fresh-water sharks, but of the same hungry genus that prowl around the shores of the Caribbean. They are never seen swimming down stream, but always away from the sea and against the strong current. The San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, I afterwards learned, are the only bodies of fresh water in the world where sharks are known to exist.

As a bath in the early morning is deemed essential to health in tropical countries, we decided to construct a swimming-pool in front of our tent, for there were other and necessary dangers to encounter on the Isthmus—and the thought of having one's leg nipped off by a hungry alligator was not the pleasantest in the world. To guard against this we collected a number of logs and piled them one upon the other in the form of a large rectangle. Thus protected against man's natural enemies in the water, we bathed each morning in fancied security. None of us, however, had been thoughtful enough to observe that during the rainy season these tropical streams rise and fall many feet in a night, and one morning we received a scare before which the tiger episode paled. Wandering down to the river-side about sunrise, as was our daily custom, we spread our towels upon the bushes, and were soon floundering about in the cool water. Our horror can well be imagined when between us and the shore there was a furious lashing of the water, and above the turmoil appeared the head of an alligator. All hands quickly clambered up the sides of the pool, and shouted to the men ashore. In a few minutes one of them ran to our aid with a rifle, but the alligator was too clever to be made a target of. He quickly dived down to the bottom of the pool, and neither persuasion nor threat could induce him to expose that hideous head again. Finally an old Nicaraguan hit upon a brilliant idea. Cutting several yards of a tough ropelike vine, which fortunately grew near the water's edge, he secured to it a small piece of wood about four inches long and sharpened at both ends, which he baited with a piece of fat meat. The monster's appetite was more than his discretion, for in a second he had swallowed the improvised hook, and the bold fisherman had given a sudden jerk, which caused the sharp ends of the stick to catch against the sides of the animal's stomach. The pain was evidently so intense that, beyond lashing the water wildly with his tail, the alligator offered little or no resistance as he was hauled high and dry upon the beach, where a rifle-shot through the eye quickly despatched him. By actual measurement his length was five feet nine inches, and his mouth large enough to have accommodated the greater part of a man's leg.

After this thrilling experience we dressed hastily, and then began an investigation as to how our pool had been entered. One of the men, after carefully sounding every part with a long stick, entered the water to see if any of the logs were out of position. To the surprise of every one, each was in its place, the upper one being at least two feet above the surface. The mystery was explained, however, when we learned that it had rained for several hours during the previous evening, but had stopped about midnight. This had caused a sudden rise, which brought the stream some distance over the top of the pool; and the alligator, which chanced to be swimming by at the time, had probably taken a nap at the bottom while the water was resuming its normal height. Our pool, instead of protecting us, had served as a trap. After this, I must confess that the morning bath was never the same, and each day, before entering the water, we passed five or ten minutes carefully sounding every hole and corner.

Another precaution that we learned to take every night before retiring was forced upon us by an experience almost as thrilling. After a hard day's work in the forest one of the engineers had donned his sleeping-suit and was about to jump into his cot, when he noticed a suspicious movement of the covering. Grasping a sharp machete, he quietly opened the blanket, and discovered between the folds, comfortably coiled up, a huge snake. The reptile had crawled in out of the wet during the day while the occupants of the tent were absent, evidently congratulating himself that he had succeeded in finding a warm and dry bed for the night. Before the unwelcome visitor had time to strike, which he could have done for a distance equal to the length of his body, the keen-edged weapon had done its work, and the snake's head was exhibited to all in camp. This gave us a sacred duty to perform every night, and it was amusing to see how zealously each one went about it. Sheets, pillows, woollen and rubber blankets, were carefully removed, and as carefully examined and shaken before the candles were extinguished. This habit became almost a second nature to us, and for a long time after my return to civilization I never retired until I had looked between the sheets and blankets—very much like a woman is accused of looking under her bed for that traditional man.

One theory that we learned to respect day by day was that of Darwin on the origin of mankind, for one has only to study the monkey in his native land to appreciate the wisdom of the great philosopher. The men of the expedition, it seems, had become very fond of monkey meat, the red species in particular affording delicious food. Although the officers had learned to eat iguana, a lizard that is found all over the isthmus, only a few had become sufficiently cannibalized to indulge in monkey. Several of us decided, however, to give the men a treat on Christmas day, and with that end in view went into the woods on a monkey hunt.

As we wandered through the forest hordes of the little fellows were seen jumping from tree to tree. It was difficult to get within rifle-shot, however, for they seemed to divine our purpose, and after making all manner of grimaces at us, would scamper away at our approach. We finally managed to sneak upon a number of them about five miles away from the camp, when several well-directed shots brought down three of the number. As a large female fell we noticed that within her arms she carried a young one. What became of it no one could tell, for when the mother was picked up, though we searched the tall grass carefully, there was no trace of the youngster. Shouldering our game, we returned to the camp, but scarcely had we thrown down the bodies in front of the men before a diminutive monkey was discovered close upon our heels. As the mother lay upon the ground, with an expression of agony upon her face that I shall never forget, the infant rushed up, utterly ignoring our presence, and sought some sign of recognition. As there was no response, he began to rub the body vigorously in hopes of restoring life. Not succeeding in this, he threw himself across the body with a human cry that is still ringing in my ears. The little fellow was tenderly removed, and afterwards became a great favorite among the men. We vowed then and there never to shoot another monkey—a promise which was faithfully kept during the remainder of our stay in Nicaragua.

A few words about the healthfulness of the climate of Nicaragua, and my story shall have ended. The experiences of many expeditions, and the reports of trustworthy surgeons accompanying them, seem to have had no appreciable effect upon those who persist in believing that any one fresh from a Northern climate, when exposed to the so-called deadly miasma of the Isthmus, is destined to lose health and strength. Panama, with its tragic story of a dead man for every railroad tie between the Atlantic and the Pacific, has sealed the fate of that part of the isthmus; but Nicaragua's forest, always cooled and rustled by the breath of the trade winds, has ever been exempt from this curse.

The expedition under Chief-Engineer Peary transported two hundred men to Nicaragua, only five of whom had ever lived in tropical climates before. Many of these were young men fresh from college or luxurious homes, and had never slept upon the ground at night. They reached Greytown in the midst of the rainy season, when the earth was damp and soggy, and notwithstanding the fact that they waded about in the swamps, sometimes waist-deep, and were exposed alternately to sun and rain, there was not a single case of serious illness during the year. I have more than once accompanied Lieutenant Peary on his trips to the different camps, and slept by his side coiled up in a canoe at night or upon the slimy bank of some stream, and yet returned to the United States in perfect health.

Such is a pen picture of life in the jungles of Nicaragua, and such it will be for those who may carry on the work begun by distinguished engineers. Many of these have made their last survey of a wild and picturesque region that will soon be touched by the magic wand of progress.

W. Nephew King,

Late Lieutenant United States Navy.

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[illegible] society. Mr. Astor has given up a great deal to secure peace and a moderately retired life in England, and folks who intrude upon him without his consent take great chances. What the true inwardness of his recent row with Captain Milne is, does not yet appear. According to the cabled reports Mr. Astor gave a concert, to which Captain Milne was brought by a lady at whose house he was dining. Mr. Astor spotted him when he came in, asked his name, told him he had not been invited, requested him to leave, and said that he would give notice of the intrusion in the newspapers next day. The same night Captain Milne sent Mr. Astor a letter of apology, notwithstanding which Mr. Astor sent word next day to the newspapers that Captain Milne had come uninvited to his concert.

There do not seem to be facts enough here to account for Mr. Astor's energetic action. Either he has been so overrun with trespassers at his entertainments that he had determined to make an example of the next one, or else he had some special reason for objecting to Captain Milne's presence. To be sure his concert was a very expensive show, and it is quite credible that his intention was that none but highly remunerative guests should enjoy it. But the mere fact that Captain Milne was getting something for nothing does not account for Mr. Astor's wrath. We cannot have heard the whole story. Either there is more to it, or else Mr. Astor's eccentricities must be growing on him to an extent fit to give his friends concern.

INTEREST in wills is remarkably lively and continuous. The normal man wants to read everybody else's will in the newspapers in full, and have the wills of his own family kept sacredly private. There are wills occasionally which reveal tragical chapters of family history, and which it is unkind and unnecessary to publish in full, but the ordinary contention of persons who, having read eagerly all the notable wills in their town for a generation, insist on occasions that wills are private and ought not to be published seems fallacious. The intent of the law which provides for making wills matters of public record is clearly against privacy, and reasonably so. The power to devise is a legal right conferred by society, and society is entitled to know how it is used. Moreover, the recording of wills and their publication, if they are interesting enough to publish, safeguards the intentions of testators and the interests of legatees. If the intention is that a will shall not be carried out, of course the less the public knows about its provisions, the easier it will be to defeat them. But heirs, as a rule, want wills kept private, not because they mean to break them, but because they don't want other folks to know about their family affairs, and newspapers that publish wills do it not from a high sense of public duty, but because wills are often highly interesting and make reading that the public enjoys.

What an interesting will, for example, was that, published the other day, of Mrs. Emma Schley, widow of William Schley, and sister-in-law of Roswell P. Flower, who, besides providing duly for her legal heirs, left to more than a hundred legatees sums seldom smaller than $500! The group included relatives and family connections, friends, servants, and landlords, and saleswomen in one of the New York shops. It was a real fairy godmother will, and recalls that of Henry L. Pierce, of Boston, who cut his great fortune up into slices convenient for distribution among his friends.

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S air-ship, which was reported to have made a successful voyage from Friedrichshafen, Germany, on July 2, seems hardly to have succeeded so fully as the first brief despatches claimed. The ship is a big balloon, or combination of balloons, four hundred feet long and thirty feet wide. It is dirigible to some extent by air-propellers driven by benzine motors. It carried five men to Innerstadt a distance of 35 miles, and it came down safely and in the right place. But how far it was steered and how far it merely sailed with the wind is not clear. It did not come back to the starting-place. That much, at least, we observe. Mr. Hiram Maxim is quoted as saying that to make an air-ship that will sail away is no great trick, but that to make one that will come back to its starting point is what no one has yet succeeded in doing.

THE friends of Captain Andree, who sailed for the far North in a balloon, have not yet given up hope of finding him. Several European expeditions are searching for him this summer. A Russian party under Baron F. von Zoldt will search the arctic coast of Europe and Asia, starting from Norway, proceeding by way of Nova Zembla, wintering on the Taimyr Peninsula, and searching the Siberian coast in the summer of 1901. It hopes to reach Behring Strait from the north, a feat which has not been done since Baron Nordenskjöld accomplished it in 1871-73.

A party of Germans goes to Franz Josef Land to meet an Italian expedition under the Duke of Abruzzi; of him, must be found, unless he and all his belongings were swallowed up by the sea.

AT one place, at least, in this country, it is worth while to be an ex-President of the United States. That place is Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. Cleveland lives there. By his sagacious and sportsmanlike behavior since he came to Princeton he has won the full approval of the Princeton undergraduates. Their sentiment towards him finds one expression in the fact that the athletic committee of the university reserves two seats in the grand stand on Brokaw Field for Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and that the undergraduates do not suffer those seats to be occupied by any one else. Either the Clevelands sit in their seats or the seats are empty. Whenever any stranger stumbles into them, straightway Princeton roars at him with a great voice, and ceases not until he gets out of "Grover's seat."

This is more glory than has accrued to any other ex-President in the memory of the present generation. If Indianapolis accords any like distinction to Mr. Benjamin Harrison, it ought to be known.

IT seems that the Rock Island Railroad has concluded that smokers of cigarettes are undesirable employees, and have determined not to hire any more of them. They want men who are alert and active, can think quickly and have steady nerves, and they consider cigarette-smoking unfavorable to the development of these qualities. It is doubtful if anything was ever so bad for mankind as cigarettes are reputed to be, but it won't do any harm for Rock Island and other railroads that disapprove of them to give practical evidence of their contempt. There is no argument against rum that is more efficacious than the unwillingness of employers to hire men who drink. A like prejudice of employers against cigarettes will have its due influence with ambitious lads. If they recall that the Rough Riders in the late war strewed the path to glory with cigarette stubs and endured the worst sufferings of the war when their cigarettes gave out, somebody must remind them that rough riding is not a steady job, nor often available. Also that it was not cigarettes that brought the arch Rough Rider within sight of the Vice Presidency, for Colonel Roosevelt himself does not smoke at all.

GOOD accounts of the Cuban teachers come from Cambridge. The Boston papers say they are good students, attentive, eager, intelligent and polite. The women impress Boston as being cheerful to the point of gaiety; the men being much more sedate.

The Catholic societies of Boston, which are interested in their visit and glad to share in entertaining them, have provided for their pleasure a series of dances on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, at the Hemenway Gymnasium. The first of these dances was reported to have been very cheerful and highly interesting, especially to lookers-on.

A Cambridge temperance society invited President Eliot to let some of the teachers come to one of its meetings and address the members, but Dr. Eliot wrote back: "I cannot think that the Cuban teachers would take any interest in regard to total abstinence. They have no tendency to drink to excess, and cannot understand it in others. The vice against which you contend is not practised among them. Our people have much to learn from them on that subject, but they can get nothing but a warning from us."

This reply, judicious as it seems, did not give satisfaction to the society, to most of the members of which the idea that total abstinence is not needed everywhere was doubtless absolutely mad.

YACHTSMEN who venture northwards this season as far as the mouth of the St. Lawrence may find more news than usual in that part of the earth they care to hunt for it. If they are allowed to make a landing on the island of Anticosti they may possibly be in time to see the last of the Fox Bay settlement, from which M. Menier, the French chocolate manufacturer who has bought the island, is driving off the British subjects who came there from Newfoundland at the invitation of a former proprietor. These poor people are fishermen, and have lived at Fox Bay for twenty-five years. They did not own the land they built and lived on, and when Menier ordered them away the courts at Quebec were obliged to sustain his demand. It was a wanton and ruthless action, and Canada has sympathized warmly with the victims of it. Land has been granted to them in Manitoba, but Manitoba will seem a strange home for these salt water fishermen.

In Newfoundland, also, there is much more going on than is usual. Nearly every franchise on that island that is worth having is now owned by Robert Gillespie Reid, contractor and capitalist. He owns much besides franchises. The estimated area of Newfoundland is 42,000 square miles, of which Mr. Reid owns about 7000. He owns also all of the 650 miles of railroad. The only thing he doesn't own which would be useful to a capitalist is the people. The population is about 190,000, and a majority of the voters think at present that Mr. Reid's holdings in Newfoundland are dangerously great. They want him to let go of the telegraph system and some of his land grants, and to sell back to them the reversionary right in the railroads. He has engaged to run the railroads for forty years. He bought the ownership of them after that term for one million dollars. The Legislature wants him to take his money back and give up his reversion.

But he won't give up anything. He has a big scheme for a company with $25,000,000 capital, to develop the island, work mines, build pulp-mills, and bring in settlers and prosperity, and he wants to go ahead and do it. But the Legislature won't sanction the transfer of his holdings to a company except on its own terms, and for the present there is a deadlock and Mr. Reid is going slow. Newfoundland has been exceedingly poor. Reid is a wonderful organizer and can command money, and if he has his own way he will bring a vast deal of money into the island and make a live country of it. But in so doing he might get very rich himself, and of course the thought of that is very distressing to the honest islanders, who, like the rest of mankind, want to eat their cake and keep it.

Mr. Reid has not given up yet. His business at present is politics. If he can upset the present government and get in one that will work with him, there will be great changes in Newfoundland.

THE federation of the five colonies of Australia and Tasmania is now all but complete. The movement towards it began in 1885 with the authorization by the Imperial Parliament of the Federal Council of Australia, to which any colony that chose might send two delegates. That council did not amount to much, but in 1891 a convention was held at Sydney, New South Wales, which after long effort drafted a bill to constitute the commonwealth of Australia. There the enterprise halted for four years while discussion and local agitation went on. In 1895 the prime ministers of five of the six colonies met and agreed to have their Legislatures pass bills for appointment of delegates to a new convention which should prepare a federal constitution and submit it to popular vote.

It was done. The constitution was drafted in 1897-8; all six colonies finally accepted it, and after hesitation and much discussion of one or two points the British government accepted it without material change. Mr. James Bryce said, on June 10: "The scheme may now be deemed to be in smooth water. In a few weeks it will have become law. In a few months the first Parliament of the Federal Commonwealth will be elected, and the new machine of government will have begun to work."

New Zealand and Fiji were invited to join the new federation, but have not accepted as yet. The present population of the new commonwealth is about four millions.

WOMEN have voted in Colorado for the last five years, but apparently no political millennium has struck the State, and it is even averred that if the question of woman suffrage was submitted to-day to the women of the State a majority of them would vote against it. So reports Mr. J. C. Dana, who has been at pains to give the Boston *Transcript* as much information as possible about the women voters in Colorado and what they have done. He submitted a list of questions to a Denver politician and a woman resident of the same city. Their answers were in fair agreement. They both thought women's votes had raised the tone of Colorado politics in a very slight degree; they agreed that the quality of the women who took an active interest in politics had decidedly deteriorated in five years. Formerly, said the politician, bad men ran things; now bad men and bad women run them. Both thought the interest of disinterested women in politics had fallen off very much. Mr. Dana thinks the Colorado women who have held offices have done quite as well in them as men have done. He thinks, too, that the suffrage has improved in some degree the position of women in Colorado, and caused them to be treated with more deference by men, and to take more interest in public affairs. But he quotes the opinion of a Colorado lawyer that the woman vote has no influence in deciding elections, because the women who vote, vote as their male relatives want them to.

IT sometimes seems as if, in the abundance of organized oppositions in this country to such details of iniquity as intemperance and cigarette-smoking, there was a rather defective abhorrence of the root of all evil, which, the Scriptures maintain, is the love of money. There are no societies or organizations to wean folks from the love of money. Even the churches don't do it; at least not very definitely. And yet if we were better philosophers, or even better Christians, we might find reasons for thinking that it was a more dangerous propensity, and one more ominous to the welfare of our country, than any other that could be named.

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THE FIFTEENTH INFANTRY ON PARADE AT MADISON BARRACKS.

ADJUTANT LYNCH.

BOARDING THE TRAIN AT PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK.

COLONEL MOALE.

DEPARTURE OF THE FIFTEENTH INFANTRY FOR SERVICE IN CHINA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. T. WOODWARD.

The New York "Times" and "Harper's Weekly"

THE WEEKLY has few misgivings, as a rule, in connection with its cartoons, for the very good reason that, however radical they may at times appear to be, they are never prepared without the due deliberation of the cartoonist. It is only proper for the editor of the WEEKLY to say that when Mr. Rogers deliberates he is invincible, because, added to his qualifications as an artist, he is a sane observer of political and social events, with a most satisfying grasp upon their trend and ultimate meaning. In view of this fact it is very gratifying to find on the editorial page of the New York *Times*, another healthy-minded factor in our daily lives, a tribute to one of Mr. Rogers's recent achievements. We reprint the whole article, not only to emphasize our pride in Mr. Rogers, but also for the strong political point involved in the cartoon in question, which the *Times* came home with its customary force. The *Times's* editorial is as follows:

"FREAKS AND BRIGANDS

"Mr. Rogers's cartoon, 'The Fourth of July at Kansas City,' in the current number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is an important addition to the list of memorable political caricatures which deserve to become famous. It is much more in spirit like the work of Hogarth than of Gilray, whose brutality it avoids in emulating his vigor. And it particularly recalls Hogarth's famous 'Bedlam.' It is a lunatic asylum which the caricaturist has represented, and in thus representing the Bryanite convention he has expressed the sentiment of a very large part of the American people.

"Of course it is not nice or flattering to our national pride to have to regard the assembled wisdom of a great party of 'the Opposition' as a collection of freaks and cranks. But some Americans cannot dispute that such it is. There is one notable exception, and the caricaturist has marked it. The Tammany delegation in front of the platform is not a collection of maniacs, but a collection of scoundrels. It was if a pirate crew had made an incursion into a lunatic asylum. Those brutes are there on business. They know what they want, and they mean to get it. What they want is to eat as much as possible of the taxes of this town and to stay out of jail. That is their programme and their platform and their political principle. And it seems that they have made up their minds that the surest way to attain their object this year is to leave the present Administration in control of the country, and Platt in control of the State. 'Let Anne be Queen or George be King, I'll still be Vicar of Bray,' is the war song of Croker.

"It is the consciousness of this fact which has made Tammany always odious in a National Democratic Convention as a standing disgrace to the party as well as to mankind, more odious than ever this year. The wonderful tribute to Hill owed much of its enthusiasm to malice, to the desire to humiliate the bloated Boss who had succeeded in keeping his better off the Platform Committee. It is creditable to the convention that it despises the brigands of Tammany Half. The contempt and odium which were heaped upon them by the convention proved, so far as they went, that the very mental processes of the mass of delegates had not corrupted their hearts, and that when a case of plain, old-fashioned, unsophisticated public robbery came before them they knew how to regard it and how to resent it. It is a schoolmaster that the Democratic party needs. It is a warden that Tammany needs. The cases are different."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[Adv.]

FOOD FOR BABIES

Must be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free.—[Adv.]

TELEPHONE service at a private residence needs only a short trial to prove itself indispensable. Our Message Rates offer very moderate terms. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO., 15 Dey Street, 111 W. 38th St.—[Adv.]

DON'T think you have drunk the no plus ultra of wines until you have tried COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.—[Adv.]

THOUSANDS testify that DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is the proper tonic to take in the spring.—[Adv.]

If your appetite is "off," adjust it with AMBITT'S, the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS. You'll eat.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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Ask your Physician about it.

When a good physician prescribes beer for a patient, it is Schlitz beer. A physician knows the value of purity.

Ask him how germs affect beer and he will tell you that few stomachs can digest them. He will say that impure beer is unhealthful.

You will know then why we brew Schlitz beer under such rigid precautions—why we even filter the air that touches it; why we filter the beer, then sterilize every bottle.

If you knew what we know, and what your physician knows about beer, you, too, would insist on Schlitz.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

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A PREARRANGED COLLISION AT INDIANAPOLIS.

For the entertainment of a large crowd on the Fourth of July, there was a head-on collision between two locomotives at the Fair Grounds, Indianapolis. The locomotives met while running at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and although both were badly damaged, neither was injured beyond repair.

NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

MR. HORACE FLETCHER is a benevolent and interesting gentleman who has found out for himself the manner of eating that best promotes his own peace and pleasure, and who has properly been moved to relate his experience for the benefit of a world that he would like to persuade to be as sensible and as happy as he is. A little book, *Glutton or Epicure* (Herbert S. Stone & Co.), is the medium of this curious and valuable revelation. Mr. Fletcher eats one meal a day, with a keen relish which is not difficult to understand when it is considered that twenty-four hours is a fairly long time in which to cultivate an appetite. He holds his food in his mouth and bites it until its taste is exhausted, by which time all of it that is fit to be taken into the stomach will already have been swallowed by involuntary process. The rest is rejected in an unostentatious manner. One who eats in this way for a week, Mr. Fletcher says, will never again eat in the eager, gluttonous way which is common. It takes Mr. Fletcher something like half an hour to consume properly, with the highest effects of nourishment and of pleasure, the food that he needs in the period of one day. This amounts to thirty-five mouthfuls—certainly not an immodest quantity. When he has finished he is perfectly satisfied, and his entire being is permeated with an indescribably powerful and glorious feeling which greatly enhances the pleasure attending upon some light amusement, such as riding in a trolley-car or sitting on the piazza. We often read of the great difficulty of supplying food to an army. It is said that soldiers grumble unless they are provided with enough food to leave them with a distended feeling. Great or remote wars always mean tremendous difficulties in this particular of food-supply. To accommodate 100,000 men with a distended feeling, at a distance of several thousand miles, is one of the profoundest and most important problems of war. An army of Mr. Fletchers would carry great gladness to the heart of a commissariat.

We agree with Mr. Brander Matthews that a society woman does better to bestow her attention upon a husband and baby—her own, of course—than to go upon the stage as an actress. There are so many actresses who have left their husbands and babies behind them in society, and whose acting is not a bit better for that reason, that one cannot help feeling that the stage has already come to possess a plenty of them; whereas no sensible person will deny that there cannot be too many devoted wives and mothers. In his latest novel, *The Action and the Word* (Harper & Brothers), Mr. Matthews puts this valuable proposition before us in his characteristic way, setting forth the lesson with that unfaltering patience and that conscientious restraint which make realistic fiction what it is. He might have let young Mrs. Brookfield slip away from the reasonable joys and wise restraints of home, and embark upon a feverish career with rings on all her fingers if not with bells on her toes. In the interests of common-sense, and respecting the plain law of supply and demand, he did nothing of the sort. If this is a problem story, it is at least one that is solved wisely and without fuss. It proceeds without too many intricacies and retardations to a luminous and happy close. Those of us who do not care to be puzzled or distressed will thank Mr. Matthews.

Monsieur Beaucaire was a clever and cool and interesting gentleman, as anybody may see for himself who will be so sensible and so wise as to read the story of that name, by Mr. Booth Tarkington (McClure, Phillips, & Co.). Not often do we meet with a story so ingeniously constructed and so effective in its dramatic quality. The wit of Monsieur Beaucaire will delight any reader. He is a master of repartee, and nothing could be more charming than his habit of leaving off the consonants from the ends of his words. It is no wonder that the Lady Mary Carlisle, the Beauty of Bath, should have fallen in love with him, or that a man so clever as he should have discovered the shallowness of the Lady Mary's heart, and should have severed himself from her in the gentle and mournful manner which is here set forth, and which was so very becoming to him. Beau Nash, the Duke of Winterset, and all the other gentlemen at Bath thought that Monsieur Beaucaire was a barber, but he was somebody much more eminent, notwithstanding his graces and his remarkable powers of conversation, as the story shows. It is an unusually clever piece of work.

GENERAL LIU KAO-CHAO,
Commander of the Troops in Hunan Province, China.

Press despatches of July 8 stated that Li Hing Hung, ex-Governor of Shantung province, who was dismissed from office in compliance with a demand from Germany, had been in Hunan trying to persuade General Liu and his troops to march on Peking and join the revolted imperial troops of Chili province. General Liu refused, and his troops declared they would obey his orders only. This photograph of General Liu was taken by Mr William Barclay Parsons when he made his journey through Hunan province, described by him in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Nos. 2256, 2257, 2258, and 2259 (March 17 to April 7, 1900). The picture shows General Liu taking his first taste of Scotch whiskey, a beverage which he grew to appreciate highly.

We think we should call *The Last Lady of Mulberry*, by Henry Wilton Thomas (D. Appleton & Co.), a story of realism with romantic admixtures, and with more humor than is to be found in either realistic or romantic stories ordinarily. The Mulberry of the title means Mulberry Street, and the story is a story of Italian New York. To the average stranger who passes through it Mulberry Street does not suggest itself as a place in which he would like to pass the summer. It is interesting, but its conditions are such as to seem to limit its attractions to the cooler seasons of the year. This story, however, transacts itself within the limits of the heated period; and whether we should consider the circumstance as a revelation of the unsuspected truth, or as testimony to the author's power of quite unfounded fancy, it persuades us that Mulberry Street is a very fine place indeed during the hot weather. It speaks of the fire-escapes blooming with flower pots, of splendid areas of green salads and radishes in front of the grocery stores, of the Park of Paradise with the scarlet and gold band playing in it by moonlight, but it does not mention the thermometer and the humidity at 90, or the ambulance raging around the corner, or the Board of Health coming with carbolic acid and chloride of lime. But if Mulberry Street in summer is somewhat idealized here, by ingenuous methods of selection and omission, it is still treated with a very thorough sense and knowledge of its "local color," and we are very sure that it never had anything like so clever and so artistic and so good a picture of itself before. It may be that Genoese sculptors of ten inch Peters are as innocent as here represented, that Mulberry Street grocers from Genoa are as magnificent, that the clerks of these are as irresistible in love and as ready with the avenging knife, that prima donnas from Naples are as massive and as unscrupulous, that bankers from the sunny peninsula are as shockingly hard up. We are eager and willing to believe that the Alley of the Moon is just as it is here said to be; that the restaurant of Santa Lucia still endures in it, doing business and awaiting the curious reader's verification; that Luigia the garlic-woman, and Sara the woman who fries pepper pods, and Chiara the hair-comber, who combs hair in Signora style for two cents, are all to be found in the alley, or near it, busy with their own and with other people's affairs. We are sure that one may see, almost any Sunday in Mulberry Street, just such a splendid wedding party as the one here so cleverly described, and we do not doubt that the Feast of the Springtide will be celebrated by the Sicilians of Elizabeth Street as usual next year, and may be seen by anybody who goes down to look at it. But the marble image of the Last Lady of Mulberry will not be seen, because that splendid work of art was thrown out of a second-story window and broken into a thousand pieces.

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WALTER J. TRAVIS,
Amateur Champion of 1900.

FINDLAY S. DOUGLAS,
Runner Up

HERBERT M. HARRIMAN,
Amateur Champion of 1899

A. G. LOCKWOOD.

HARRIMAN PUTTING.

THE HOME HOLE, GARDEN CITY LINKS

TRAVIS DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE.

LOCKWOOD DRIVING.

THE NATIONAL AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND, JULY 2-7, 1900.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES A. SLOBSON.

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UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE EXPOSITION. V.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

UNCLE JEFF *(who has been wearing a silk hat for the first time in his life, thinks every one is laughing at him, and finally loses patience in front of the Japanese bunkering)* "Ah, you ugly heathen, what be you a grinnin' at?"

MR. DOOLEY*

XXX.—ON THE CHINESE SITUATION

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Hennessy, "ta think iv th' audacity iv thim Chinymen! It do bate all."

"It do that," said Mr. Dooley. "It bates th' wurruld. An' what's it comin' to? You an' me looks at a Chinyman as though he wasn't good f'r annything but washin' shirts, an' not very good at that. 'Tis wan iv th' sports iv th' youth iv our gr-reat cities to rowl an impty beer keg down th' steps iv a Chinee laundhry, an' if e'er a Chinyman come out to resist it they'd take him be th' pigtail an' do th' joynt swing with him. But th' Chinyman at home's a diff'rent la-ad. He's with his frinds, an' they're manny iv thim, an' he's rowlin' th' beer-kegs himsilf, an' Westhern Civilization is down in th' laundhry wondhrin' whin th' polise 'll come along.

"The Lord f'rgive me f'r sayin' it, Hinnissy, but if I was a Chinyman, which I will fight anny man f'r sayin', an' was livin' at home, I'd tuck me shirt into me pants, put me braid up in a net an' go out an' take a fall out iv th' invader if it cost me me life. Here am I, Hop Lung Dooley, r-runnin' me little liquor-store an' p'rhaps raisin' a family in th' town iv Kiaochou. I don't like foreigners there anny more thin I do here. Along comes a baldheaded man with chin whiskers from Baraboo, Wisconsin, an' says he: 'Benighted an' haythen Dooley,' says he, 'ye have no Gods,' he says. 'I have,' says I. 'I have a lot iv thim,' says I. 'Ye ar-re an uncultivated an' foul creathure,' he says. 'I have come six thousan' miles f'r to hist ye from th' mire iv ignorance an' ir-religion in which ye live to th' lofty plane iv Baraboo,' he says. An' he sets down on an aisy-chair, an' his wife an' her frinds come in an' they inthroduce Mrs. Dooley to th' modhern improvements iv th' corset an' th' hat with th' blue-bur-rd onto it, an' put shame into her because she hasn't let her feet grow, while th' head missionary reads me a pome out iv th' *Northwesthern Christyan Advocate*. 'Well,' says I, 'look here, me good fellow,' I says: 'me an' me people has occypied these here primises f'r manny years,' I says, 'an' here we mean to stay,' I says. 'We're doin' th' best we can in th' matther iv gods,' says I. 'We have thim cast at a first-rate foundhry,' I says, 'an' we sandpaper thim ivry week,' says I. 'As f'r knowin' things,' I says, 'my people wrote pomes with a markin'-brush whin th' likes iv ye was r-runnin' around wearin' a short pelisse iv sheep-skins, an' batin' each other to death with stone hammers,' says I. An' I'm f'r firin' him out, but bein' a quite man, I lave him stay.

"Th' nex' day in comes a man with a suit iv clothes that looks like a table-cloth in a section-house, an' says he: 'Poor, ignorant haythen,' he says, 'what manner iv food d'ye ate?' he says. 'Rice,' says I, 'an' rats is me fav'rite dish,' I says. 'Deluded wretch,' says he. 'I riprisint Armour an' Company, an' I'm here to make ye change ye'er dite,' he says. 'Hinceforth ye'll ate th' canned roast beef iv merry ol' stock-yards, or I'll have a file iv sojers in to fill ye full iv onlygistible lead,' he says. An' afther him comes th' man with Aunt Miranda's Pan Cakes an' Flaked Bran, an' Ye'll-perish-if-ye-don't-eat-a-biscuit, an' other riprisintatives iv Westhern Civilization, an' I'm to be shot if I don't take thim all.

"Thin a la-ad comes down with a chain an' a small glass on three sticks, an' a gang iv section-men that answers to th' name iv Casey, an' proceeds f'r to put down a railroad. 'What's this f'r?' says I. 'We ar-re th' advance-guard iv Westhern Civilization,' he says, 'an' we're goin' to give ye a railroad so ye can go swiftly to places that ye don't want to see,' he says. 'A counthry that has no railroads is beneath contempt,' he says. 'Casey,' he says, 'stretch th' chain across yon graveyard,' he says. 'I aim f'r to put th' thrack just before that large tombstone marked Riquescat in Pace, James H. Chung a lung,' he says. 'But,' says I, 'ye will disturb pah's bones,' says I, 'if ye go to layin' ties,' I says. 'Ye'll be mixin' up me ol' man with th' family's in th' nex' lot that,' I says, 'he nivir spoke to save in anger in his life,' I says. 'Ye're an ancestor-worshiper, heathen,' says the la-ad, an' he goes on to tamp th' mounds in th' cimitry an' ballast th' thrack with th' remains iv th' deceased. An' afther he's got through along comes a Fr-rinchman, an' an Englishman, an' a Rooshan, an' a Dutchman, an' says wan iv thim: 'This is a comfortable lookin' saloon,' he says. 'I'll take th' bar, ye take th' ice-box an' th' r-rest iv th' fixtures.' 'What f'r?' says I. 'I've paid th' rent an' th' license,' says I. 'Nivir mind,' says he, 'we're th' riprisintatives iv Westhern Civilization,' he says, 'an' 'tis th' business iv Westhern Civilization to cut up th' belongings iv Eastern Civilization,' he says. 'Be off,' he says, 'or I'll pull ye'er hair,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'this thing has gone far enough,' I says. 'I've heerd me good ol' cast-iron gods or josses abused,' I says, 'an' I've been packed full iv canned goods, an' th' Peking Lightnin' Express is r-runnin' straight through th' lot where th' bones iv me ancesthors lies,' I says. 'I've stud it all,' I says, 'but whin ye come here to bounce me off iv me own primises,' I says, 'I'll have to take th' leg iv th' chair to ye,' I says. An' we're to th' flure.

"That's the way it stands in Chiny, Hinnissy, an' it looks to me as though Westhern Civilization was in f'r a lump. I mind wanst whin a dhrunk prize fighter come up th' r-road an' wint to sleep on Slattin's steps. Some iv th' good, sthrong la-ads came along an' they were near bein' at blows over who shud have his watch an' who shud take his hat. While they were debatin' he woke up an' begin cuttin' loose with hands an' feet, an' whin he got through he made a collection iv th' things they dhropped in escapin', an' marched ca'mly down th' sthreet. Mebbe 'twill tur-rn out so in Chiny, Hinnissy. I see by th' papers that they's four hundherd millyons iv thim boys, an' be hivins! 'twudden't surprise me if whin they got through batin' us at home, they might say to thimsilves, 'Well, here goes f'r a jaunt ar-roun' th' wurruld.' Th' time may come, Hinnissy, whin ye'll be squirtin' wather over Hop Lee's shirt while a man named Chow Fung kicks down ye'er sign an' heaves rocks through ye're windy. Th' time may come, Hinnissy. Who knows?"

"End ye'er blather," said Mr. Hennessy. "They won't be anny Chinymen left whin Imp'ror Willum gets through."

"Mebbe not," says Mr. Dooley. "He's a sthrong man. But th' Chinymen have been on earth a long time, an' I don't see how we can push so manny iv thim off iv it. Annyhow, 'tis a good thing f'r us they ain't Christyans an' haven't larned properly to sight a gun."

F. P. DUNNE.

* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.

The National Golf Championship

MR. WALTER J. TRAVIS has at last attained the summit of his ambition. He is now the amateur champion of the United States, having won that title at the fifth annual championship meeting, held at Garden City, Long Island, July 2-7. Last year Mr. H. M. Harriman won at Chicago, being the first American-born player to attain to that honor. Findlay S. Douglas, a graduate of St. Andrews, Scotland (both the university and the links), was the runner-up both in 1899 and 1900. Mr. Douglas had won at Morristown in 1898.

If Mr. Travis is not a native-born American, he is one by choice, and he is very proud of his naturalization papers. His game at any rate is entirely of home manufacture. He has been a close student, from the beginning, of the theory of golf, and has worked most assiduously in putting those ideas into practice. He plays golf with his head. Strategy enters into match play at golf just as it does into chess, and herein lies much of Mr. Travis's strength. He endeavors, not to make more brilliant strokes than his opponent, but to play his own game and to make no bad mistakes. In nine cases out of ten the result is that his adversary beats himself.

It must not be hastily concluded that Mr. Travis's golf is entirely of the machine-made, colorless variety that may win matches, but is uninteresting to watch. He is not a long driver—that is, when measured by the Douglas-Pyne-Johnstone standard—but he gets a respectable carry and keeps out of trouble. His short game is good and often brilliant; it is perhaps his strongest point, although he is also good on the putting-green. He can make a clever recovery if need be, and if he does not do it so often as some other players—Harriman, for instance—it is simply because he does not so often get into trouble.

The victory of an American bred player over Douglas and Lockwood (both of whom learned their game abroad) is encouraging, but it does not justify the absurd vaporings in which some of the newspaper scribes have indulged. We have not as yet produced an amateur champion who can hold his own with the first flight of British players. Douglas and Lockwood were never in the first rank at home, and there are probably a dozen men in Great Britain who could give our champion three strokes in the round.

Mr. Travis won the prize for lowest score in the qualifying round (166) and also the championship itself. This is the first time that the double honor has been scored.

He beat in the match rounds R. C. Watson, Jr. (2 and 1); T. S. Beckwith (8 and 7); Charles Hitchcock, Jr. (12 and 11); A. G. Lockwood (11 and 10); and F. S. Douglas (2 up). Together with Douglas, the new champion also made a new record for the course—78. Truly a fine week's work.

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is no art distinctively American. It is a process of reasoning quite natural, and the illusion, it must be said, is not explained away by the European-Americans. Many of these painters have sought a condonation of their voluntary expatriation in belittling their colleagues at home; and not a few, in return for the art atmosphere abroad—a thing, by-the-way, that is worth very much, and the absence of which over here is deplorably apparent—have acquiesced in being submerged by foreign influences, and for present satisfaction have bartered any prospect of permanent recognition in American art.

The policy of the authorities at the Paris Exposition has been to allow only a comparatively small space, in order to secure from each country a choice display, representative of the best—a boon that will be appreciated by art students visiting the Exposition.

On the whole, the representation is fairly adequate. George Inness, Homer Martin, and Wyant are dead, but many of their finest pictures were painted since 1889—the limit of time set by the French authorities. Thus "Clouded Sun," "The Mill Pond," and "Sunny Autumn Day," by the first named, will be included; "Newport Neck," "The Adirondacks," and "Westchester Hills," by Martin; and "Moonlight and Frost," "In the Adirondacks," and "The Sunlit Vale," by Wyant. These form a brilliant nucleus which receives a worthy setting in a number of works by living painters—among which may be mentioned J. Alden Weir's "The Ice Cutters" and "Noonday Rest"; Horatio Walker's "Spring Plowing"; Leonard Ochtman's "A Winter Morning" and "Autumn Twilight"; Frederick W. Kost's "Old Vanderbilt Dock"; Childe Hassam's "Snowy Day on Fifth Avenue"; H. W. Ranger's "Brooklyn Bridge" and "Becky Cole's Hill"; Charles H. Davis's "Clouds over Water" and "Summer Evening"; Bruce Crane's "Signs of Spring"; Louis Paul Dessar's "Sheep in the Dunes"; William M. Chase's "First Touch of Autumn"; and George H. Bogert's "Sea and Rain."

It is a matter of profound regret that Dwight W. Tryon and J. H. Twachtman are not to be represented. Whatever the reason may be, it is certainly not one for which the department or the jury must be held responsible. They would gladly have included examples of their work, as also of Thomas W. Dewing's, whose name is also unaccountably absent from the list. These omissions throw a strong side-light on the difficulties which had to be encountered in forming a truly representative exhibit, and will also explain why a certain amount of material, undoubtedly below the standard suitable for such an occasion, had to be included.

To satisfy the diverse and widespread interests the representation had to be a little too democratically inclusive.

The fact that many American painters have chiefly occupied themselves with mural painting explains their absence from the list of exhibitors. A determined effort to have this branch of painting, in which so much progress has been made, represented was made by the department, but lack of money prevented any large scheme, and it was decided to confine the decoration to the United States pavilion. A frieze under the portico of the main entrance was intrusted to Robert Reid, who has painted an allegorical subject. The Spirit of the Country is represented in the centre, seated beneath the folds of the flag, looking forth from the shadow of a veil.

In front is a well modelled figure typifying electricity, with a group to the left consisting of a father and mother and child. On the right of the centre is a figure symbolizing the manufacturing arts; this side of the frieze being aglow with light from a fire, near which is an iron-worker and other figures representing the resources of the country. It is a very decorative canvas, vigorous and refined.

The ceiling under the dome and four lunettes have been filled with paintings by Elmer E. Garnsey.

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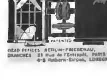

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Pending these shipments have ceased, the storage capacity of Shanghai being glutted, and the prospect for new orders being uncertain. The entire cotton trade of the country has been badly affected of late by the advance in the price of the raw material and a lack of buying orders. The result has been a reduction in the price of print cloths and other fabrics, and the shutting down of some of the New England factories. Fall River has been most affected. The price of cotton advanced to ten cents a pound on reports of a short supply in sight and of damage to the growing crop, and there was a good deal of excitement in the market.

The iron and steel market has not become settled. Officers of some of the companies have been holding conferences and trying to get prices to a basis that would start up new orders, but no agreement was reached. Meanwhile prices of pig-iron and of steel billets have been cut still further without making up the demand. It is known that buyers are merely waiting, for many improvements on railroads in the way of new tracks and equipment and new bridges, and many building operations, have been suspended to await the reaching of bottom prices for the needed materials. The manufacturers are groping carefully to prevent the bottom from sinking too low. Steel is nowadays made so much into special forms and sizes to meet actual requirements that the mills can only proceed upon definite orders and contracts, and cannot accumulate stocks for a future demand. Hence when orders cease production must stop, except upon work in hand and such permanent articles as rails. The accumulation of blooms and billets, and even of pig-iron, is impracticable beyond a narrow limit. That is why the industry is so seriously affected by the check caused by the high prices of an overactive period.

Crop reports still indicate a short supply of spring wheat, but they are somewhat less doleful since the rains came on in the Northwest. It is doubtful if the cereal crops of the year will nearly equal those of the two preceding seasons. There is already some evidence of a reduction of railroad traffic in the West, though the reports of bank clearings indicate a generally active business in that section. A decrease of over $110,000 in the gross earnings of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad in the first week of July was taken as a sign of diminishing traffic for the granger roads generally, and many conservative representations have been given out. The transcontinental lines, especially the Northern Pacific and Great Northern, have been somewhat affected by the falling off of the China trade. On the whole, there is a waiting disposition in the railroad world as well as in other fields of activity.

While the reports of bank clearings indicate a larger volume of business in the South and West, especially the far West and Pacific coast, than a year ago, there is a distinct decrease in New York and other financial centres in the East. This is due in some measure to slackening in general business, but more to the absence of speculation and the promoting of new enterprises, which were rampant last year. Stock operations are comparatively light, and the markets are dull and irregular. The steel stocks and such railroad shares as figure on the Exchange are heavy and difficult to manipulate. The sugar-refiners seem to be working together for a liberal profit, while the demand for their product is active. The price of both raw and refined sugar has advanced beyond all recent figures, and the latter has been put up until there is a margin of 94 cents a hundred-weight for the refiners. There is no fighting of the Trust now, but the advance in its stock has not been large. It is still regarded with some suspicion.

There is no material change in the easy condition of the money-market or in foreign exchange. The European markets have been somewhat disturbed by the situation in China, but there has been no violent agitation and little activity. The panicky feeling at Berlin seems to be subsiding, but the market there is under some strain. Foreign and domestic political influences are having rather a subduing than a disturbing effect here.

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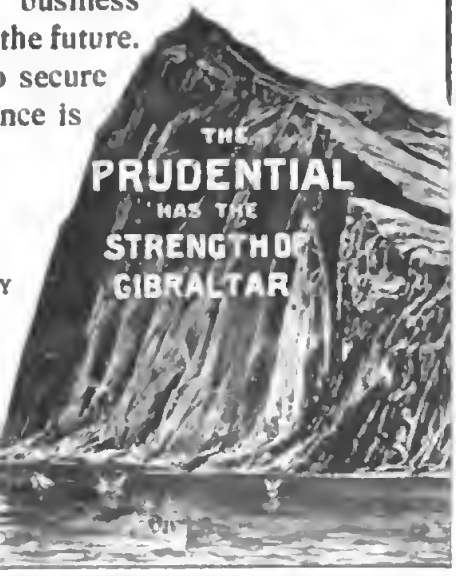

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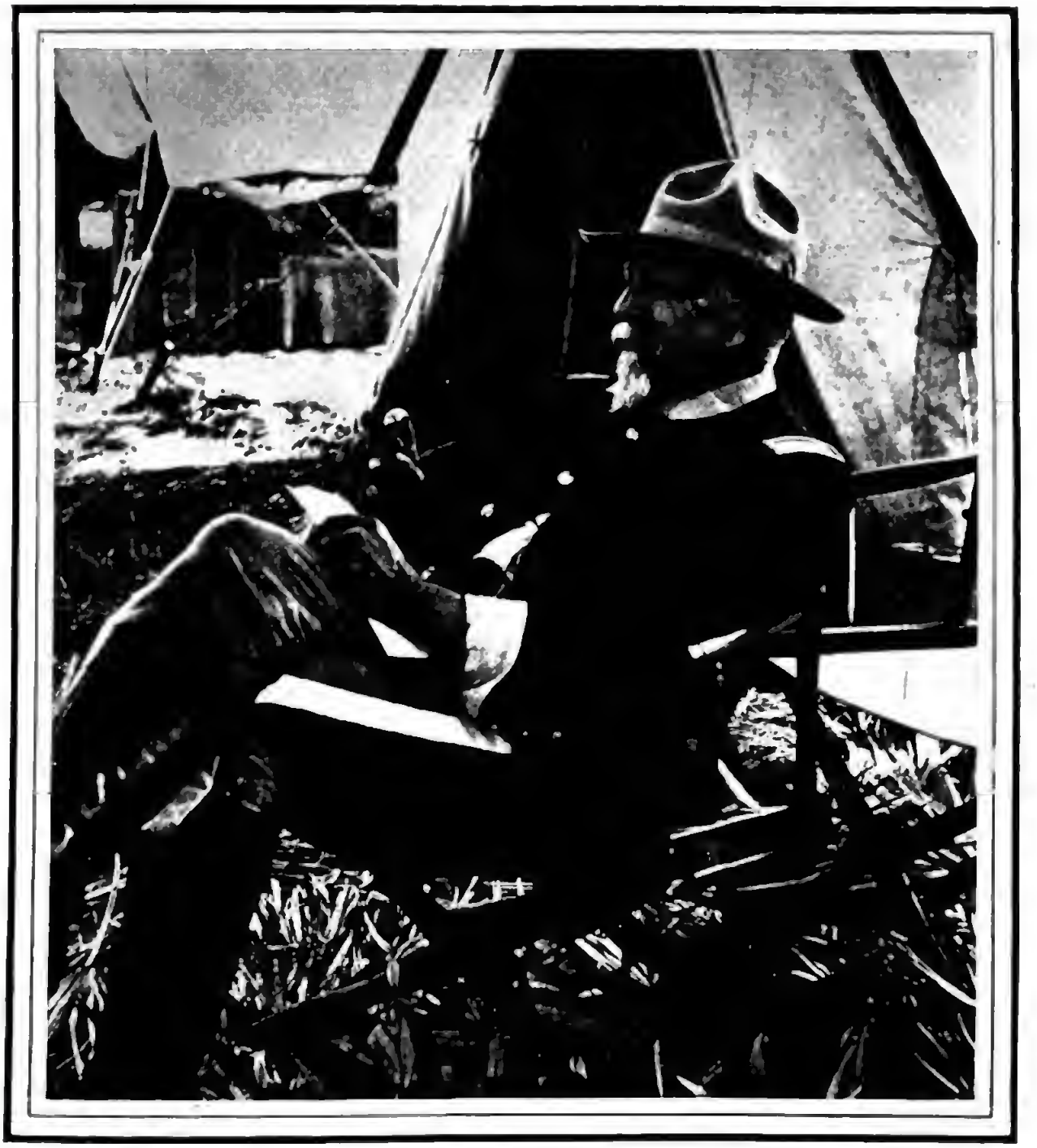

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Mr. Bryan's Honesty

THERE are a number of reasons advanced in their own justification by those who propose to support Mr. BRYAN in spite of their abhorrence of the measures for which he stands. One man likes him because he has proven himself to be an honest man; another prefers him to Mr. McKINLEY because Mr. McKINLEY is an Imperialist; and still others voice the old cry that the country needs a change. The Imperialistic cry is respectable only because certain individuals like Mr. SCHURZ and Senator HOAR are found giving voice to it. For campaign purposes Mr. HOAR realizes that it is not worth talking about. Mr. SCHURZ is, as usual, an irreconcilable, as all men who sit apart from the world, and in the comfortable seclusion of the study reason things out from theory, are apt to be. That Mr. SCHURZ has gone over to BRYAN and Bryanism is a sad development, which his friends and admirers, who are many, deeply regret, but over which they can manifest no surprise, since Mr. SCHURZ is of that peculiar type of individual who must always be against something, regardless of consequences. He is a dreamer whose constant and very rude awakenings do not seem to have cured him of the habit of dreaming.

As to the reason that the country demands a change, this is in its essence no more justified than the Imperialistic scare. We have always with us persons who want things to be otherwise than they are. These are, as a rule, men who do not take the trouble to think deeply, who are suspicious by nature, and to whom the long continuance in power of one party or another is a sure indication of corruption somewhere. These unfortunates cannot sleep well at night under any circumstances, because their minds are troubled always by what they conceive to be their duty in the matter of preserving the public conscience, of which they seem to think themselves not only the guardians but the sole possessors. They think well of no one but themselves, and in nine cases out of ten are unable to eat the simplest kind of food without suffering later from bad dreams and the pangs of indigestion. The fact that the country is happy and prosperous under the existing régime cuts no figure with them. They are blasé with mere happiness and prosperity and want to become happier and more prosperous on a margin. They would rather speculate on BRYAN than bank on McKINLEY. Fortunately the American people are not a dyspeptic race, and these persons are, therefore, an inconsiderable factor among the electors.

The third class are more numerous and to that extent more dangerous. It is the voter who believes Mr. BRYAN to be an honest man who is to be feared at this juncture. Let us consider his faith for a moment. Up to a certain point we must ourselves be classed among those who believe Mr. BRYAN to be what the world considers an honest man personally. We do not for a moment entertain the suspicion that the Populist candidate would appropriate to his own use and profit a material object that belonged to somebody else. We would trust Mr BRYAN with any number of silver dollars that we happened to own, and would be absolutely confident that when we asked to have them back we would

law and order by the authority of the courts or of the Executive is not far removed from the rioter himself, who lays no claim to distinction because he is honest. Certainly a man who advocates the ratification of an agreement between two parties and then vituperates one of the parties thereto for doing so is not in the strict sense of the word a sincerely honest individual. Certainly a man who for his own advancement, public or private, raises a cry which he knows to be false cannot be considered of spotless integrity. Certainly a man who after dictating with all the strenuous vigor of a despot a certain policy pretends that another policy is paramount, and that the thing he has fought tooth and nail to get is comparatively unimportant, is not a person of whom we can confidently say that he is honest. Certainly a man who panders to the lowest passions of the people in a time when they are much in need of steadying cannot be classed among the men who are wholly honorable.

It is undoubtedly true that Mr. BRYAN would not under any circumstances make away with a hat, or an overcoat, or an umbrella, or a government bond that happened to lie handy and to belong to somebody else, but this is by no means the test of a man's intrinsic honesty. It is plain that he is no hypocrite; we are confident that he never committed any overt act of dishonesty in his life, but for so long a time as he chooses to stand as the advocate of vicious political principles, as the very incarnation of repudiation, not only in matters of finance, but in respect to the administration of law and the preservation of order, neither he nor his followers may justifiably complain if politically his integrity falls under suspicion.

It is not conceivable that an individual holding the views on questions of public import that Mr. BRYAN holds has not somewhere in his nature a streak not of immorality, but of unmorality. We must admit that in Mr. BRYAN's case it is a disease rather than a vice, but that is a sad fact which makes him all the more dangerous in the present emergency.

A low moral tone is a good thing to keep out of power in a country like our own. Views that might be expected of a politician of the CROKER stamp are unworthy of a man who aspires to sit in the chair of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN.

SPEAKING of RICHARD CROKER, it is difficult to see how, if Mr. BRYAN is elected, the latter can evade the payment of the political debt he will owe the New York boss. Mr. CROKER has already done great service to the BRYAN cause, and must in the nature of things come in for some substantial reward in the event of a party victory. Precisely what the reward will be is, of course, not wholly clear at this time. It will doubtless lie along the lines of patronage, however, and Mr. CROKER may yet become a Federal as well as a State and municipal power. We say this because it is hardly possible that even with his marked predilection for English society Mr. CROKER would find the ambassadorship to the Court of St. James to his liking, and the fees of the consul-generalship at London, large as they are, would hardly tempt him from the more lucrative pursuits in which he is engaged at home. Outside of a cabinet portfolio, which we do not think even Mr. BRYAN would offer him, there are but two alternatives—the one we have indicated, by which Mr. CROKER would "expand" and control the Federal patronage, and the other his appointment on the Philippine Commission with Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. ATKINSON in order to bring about the fulfilment of his party's contractionist promises. We fancy the latter would appeal to his taste, since there is a rich opportunity for Tammanyizing in the Philippine Islands, but we doubt if after all Mr. CROKER could be induced to go so far from Fourteenth Street,—the organization always makes such an ass of itself when he is absent.

The Reward of Croker

Whatever Mr. CROKER gets, what a pleasing

such that ordinarily sane and usually conservative minds are filled with rage against the offenders. It is impossible for any man with blood in his veins to sit quiet and to accept with equanimity the story of slaughter at Peking, comprising as it does the possibility of outrage upon women and the torture of children. Any nation that should choose to pour its forces into the Chinese Empire for the purpose of visiting summary vengeance upon the perpetrators of the crime would not be lacking in justification, and a simon-pure Imperialist, such as Mr. McKINLEY is alleged by his enemies to be, would undoubtedly by this time have set the wheels to moving for a war of revenge and conquest. The wise and conservative attitude of the Administration from first to last in this crisis is the most convincing evidence that the cry of Imperialism, or, as some of them now have it, Militarism, is vain and empty.

IT is equally true that as the Chinese crisis offers an opportunity properly to measure the President's Imperialism, so does it also present a chance to estimate with some degree of certainty the precise quality of the patriotism of his opponents. Far be it from us to say that patriotism requires that the citizens of this nation should always support the Administration, right or wrong, but there are times and conditions when there must be no faltering in the matter of loyalty. We are at this moment going through such a period. It is probably the fact that there was never in the history of this republic a more vexatious problem than that which now confronts Mr. McKINLEY. For what he does there is no precedent to guide him. The problems which he has to solve he must solve for himself and upon his own responsibility. Whatever he may do, no right-minded man can doubt that, in view of the extreme gravity of the situation, the President is as anxious as any idealist can be to do exactly the right thing and at the right time; and this being so, no individual, or set of individuals, is justified in subjecting him to the annoyance and disheartening effect of captious criticism.

A Test of Patriotism

The man who, like J. HAMILTON LEWIS, for instance, tries to make political capital out of his opposition to the policy of the Administration in this Chinese mix-up, is lacking in the qualities which go to make up the best in American character. In an emergency of this nature the man who occupies the Presidential chair is not a party man, but is the American people, the outward and visible sign of their power and their principles, and he is entitled to their loyal support. On domestic questions and on questions of merely academic import men may reasonably differ, but when it comes to a condition such as that which now confronts us, new and hitherto undreamed of, it is clearly our duty to put up a united front before the rest of the world.

He who does otherwise is not worthy to be classed among the true patriots of the country.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the New York *Times*, appears to be of the opinion that the marble effigy of the Populist candidate before which so many of the delegates at Kansas City bowed down at their recent orgie of deliberation may have typified a feeling of idolatry toward Mr. BRYAN on the part of his followers. We find it difficult to believe this. We worship strange gods in this land perhaps, but not even a Popocrat would bend the knee to an ordinary mortal, such as Mr. BRYAN, for political reasons, must insist upon remaining. As a matter of fact the effigy was nothing more than a sadly prophetic symbol of the fate that is in store for the candidate. The "bust" of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN will be complete on the sixth day of November, 1900, along about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Significance of the Bust

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because it was sincere, eloquent because it was simple, and irresistibly winning because of the courage, the common sense, and the patriotism that inspired it. Its appeal was made solely to that intelligence and love of country among the people which constitute the secure bulwarks of the nation's liberty and prosperity.

Mr. McKinley began by pointing to the Republican Administration's faithful fulfilment of promises in the past as the best possible guarantee of the fulfilment of promises in the future. He invited a comparison between the conditions that existed when he assumed office and those which now prevail. Then the industries of the country were prostrate; now they enjoy a prosperity more abounding than any that was ever known before in this or any other country. Then working men by hundreds of thousands were unemployed and in want; now employment eagerly presses itself upon every man who is possessed of the willingness and the capacity to work. Then wages were distressingly low; now they are higher than ever before in history.

These are facts familiarly known to the "plain people." They need no statistics to emphasize their significance. But the story of prosperity's recovery during the last three and a half years does not end here by any means. When Mr. McKinley and a Congress in sympathy with the policies he was elected to carry out assumed charge of administration and legislation, the domestic trade of the country was stagnant beyond precedent in many years past; now it is greater in volume and far richer in profit to those who carry it on than at any previous time since inter-State commerce became a large factor in our national life. In 1897, the people, farmers and operatives alike, were too poor to buy anything but the barest necessities of life; now they are earning a surplus and spending it freely in maintaining a higher level of living, in the more general and more generous education of their children, and in the betterment of their condition in every other way. When Mr. McKinley was inaugurated our export trade consisted almost wholly of farm products, mineral oils, and the like. To-day we are exporting a multitude of highly finished articles of manufacture, representing the labor and paying the wages of a great army of workmen of every class and kind. Then the public revenues were insufficient to meet the necessary expenditures of the government; now, although a costly war and other circumstances have entailed heavy outlays, there is a large and increasing surplus in the Treasury, and one of the welcome duties of Congress, at its next session, will be to relieve the people of a large part of the taxes they have hitherto paid.

During the Democratic administration preceding Mr. McKinley's, the public debt was increased by the issue of hundreds of millions of bonds at high rates of interest; since Mr. McKinley's inauguration, notwithstanding the extraordinary drains made upon the Treasury by the Spanish war and its resultant events, the debt has been reduced, and the public credit raised to a higher level than that of any other nation on earth. Thanks to wise legislation and sagacious administration we have refunded more than three hundred millions of our 3, 4, and 5 per cent. bonds at the low interest rate of 2 per cent., and have every promise of a like reduction in the interest rate on the rest of the debt, if in the coming election the people shall put the needed emphasis of overwhelming majorities into their final condemnation of the Bryanite threat of repudiation and financial dishonor.

We quote Mr. McKinley's own tersely eloquent summary of these facts of public record:

"We have lower interest and higher wages; more money and lower mortgages. The world's markets have been opened to American products, which go now where they have never gone before. We have passed from a bond-issuing to a bond-paying nation, from a nation of borrowers, to a nation of lenders; from a deficiency of revenue to a surplus; from fear to confidence; from enforced idleness to profitable employment. The public faith has been upheld. Public order has been maintained. We have prosperity at home and prestige abroad."

That last sentence will ring in American ears like a clarion call to duty. "Prosperity at home and prestige abroad!" Individual welfare and national honor! What more or better could any people ask? And what intelligent people would think of sacrificing these supreme advantages in mad experiments at the suggestion of visionaries who insanely assert their ability to make two and two equal something other than four?

That is precisely what the Kansas City platform, in words chosen by Mr. Bryan himself, asks the American people to do. Mr. McKinley sees clearly, as all patriotism when he forced upon the convention that nominated him he challenges the verdict rendered by the people four years ago, and deliberately threatens, if elected with a Congress of his own kind, to undo the progress achieved, and fling away the prosperity in which the country now so greatly rejoices. "The threat of 1896," Mr. McKinley says, "has just been renewed by the allied parties without abatement or modification." He might truthfully have said that emphasis has been added to that threat by the rhetorical fervor in which the candidate has coached it, and still more by the way in which he hurled his convention into adopting and proclaiming his destructive purpose. "The menace of 16 to 1," says Mr. McKinley, "still hangs over us with all its dire consequences to credit and confidence, to business and industry. The enemies of sound currency are rallying their scattered forces. The people must once more unite and overcome the advocates of repudiation, and must not relax their energy until the battle for public honor and honest money shall again triumph."

This question between honesty and repudiation, between national honor and national shame, between popular prosperity and the impoverishment of the people, is not only the paramount issue, but the only issue of the campaign, the only thing to which honest, patriotic, and wisely self-regarding voters will give

"WHO SAID I WAS A DEAD BIRD?"

a thought while closeted in the polling booths this year. When that question is settled, and settled right, and set at rest forever, there will be time for the discussion of minor matters of policy.

Mr. McKinley is much too clear-sighted a statesman not to understand all this. In his speech of acceptance he has put this paramount issue forward with a force and effectiveness which the adversaries of prosperity, the apostles of repudiation, will find it impossible to escape. He next proceeds to expose the futility of the effort made to divert attention from this matter of supreme concern by a burst of platform rhetoric. He deals with the declaration of the Kansas City platform makers that Imperialism is "the paramount issue of this campaign" in so conclusive a fashion as to leave it no legs to stand upon. He frankly meets his accusers and completely puts them to confusion.

Severely conscious that in all the Administration's dealings with the complex problems growing out of the Spanish war it has been scrupulously regardful of right and justice, and inspired only by considerations of national honor and national duty, he faces the falsely manufactured issue as squarely as if it were a thing of real substance. He makes no apology for having done his duty bravely and wisely in the perplexing circumstances in which events have placed him.

He points to the annexation of Hawaii as a thing done in response to the expressed wish of our own and of the Hawaiian people.

He cites with just pride the fact that in the Hague Conference our delegates gave new emphasis to our as that "we have happily ended the European alliance in Samoa, securing to ourselves one of the most valuable harbors in the Pacific Ocean," with no entangling bargain involving us in the government or even the protection of that group of islands.

Then turning to those larger matters on which the demagogic charge of Imperialism has been founded, Mr. McKinley unflinchingly accepts for his administration and for a Republican Congress the full responsibility for what has been done in the name and by authority of the nation, under unforeseen and most trying circumstances. These circumstances bed birth in the war with Spain, which Mr. McKinley properly characterizes as "a just war for humanity," summing up its results on this side of the earth by saying: "Spain has been ejected from the Western Hemisphere, and our flag floats over her former territory. Cuba has been liberated, and our guarantees to her people *will be sacredly executed*. A beneficent government has been provided for Porto Rico."

Concerning the Philippines, he unhesitatingly says, "The Philippines are ours, and American authority must be supreme throughout the archipelago."

Do the great mass of the American people desire anything else? Is there anywhere a considerable number of thinking men who actually wish for the withdrawal of our forces from Manila, a tame surrender to a beaten foe, and the abandonment of the Philippine Islands to unspeakable anarchy? Do Americans desire our government weakly to shirk responsibilities that have been forced upon it by a war that was not of its seeking? Is there anywhere in American minds a wish that we should withdraw from those possessions and leave them the helpless prey of Germany or some other autocratic, imperial power? "There must be no senile policy," says the President, and the great majority of Americans will eagerly echo the sentiment. "There will be amnesty, broad and liberal," he promises, but he gives warning that there will be "*no abatement of our rights, no abandonment of our duty*. We will fulfil in the Philippines the obligations imposed by the triumphs of our arms and by the treaty of peace; by international law, by the nation's sense of honor, and, more than all, by the rights, interests, and conditions of the Philippine people themselves."

For this programme of right, justice, and national honor he confidently asks popular approval. In evidence of his faith he adds a stinging rebuke for the shameful apostasy of those who meanly seek political advantage by advocating national cowardice and offering encouragement to public enemies. "No outside interference," he points out, "blocks the way to peace and a stable government [in the Philippines]. *The obstructionists are here, not elsewhere*. They may postpone but they cannot defeat the realization of the high purpose of this nation to restore order to the islands and to establish a just and generous government in which the inhabitants shall have the largest participation of which they are capable."

With regard to the Chinese troubles, the President most emphatically declares the purpose, already clearly indicated, to have no part or lot in the spoliation of the East, but on the contrary to exert to the utmost the nation's influence to prevent such spoliation. "There will be no turning aside," he declares; "no wavering, no retreat," from our purpose to confine our efforts in China to the protection of American citizens there in their lives and property, or failing that, to the exaction of such indemnity for wrongs done, as our treaties with China provide for. Most emphatically he declares that in China "no blow has been struck except for liberty and humanity, *and none will be*."

Yet in China, if anywhere on earth, it would be easy for an Administration inclined to Imperialism to find excuse for aggression. The government of that empire has completely forfeited all claim to respect for its integrity. Either it has made war upon us by butchering our citizens resident in its territories under treaty protection, and even invading our legation territory and slaughtering the diplomatic representative of United States sovereignty, or else it has weakly abandoned its functions and let anarchy loose to wreak its wicked will upon those whom it is our national duty to protect. Under such circumstances the country would have pardoned and the civilized world would have applauded a much more aggressive and vengeful policy on the part of the Administration than any that the President, in his scrupulous regard for right, has permitted to himself.

This speech of acceptance sets the tone of the campaign. It brings into strong relief the anarchic and destructive purposes that have found expression in the populistic platform adopted at Kansas City, and it strips off the rhetorical mask behind which the advocates of reaction and chaos have sought to hide their mischievous intent.

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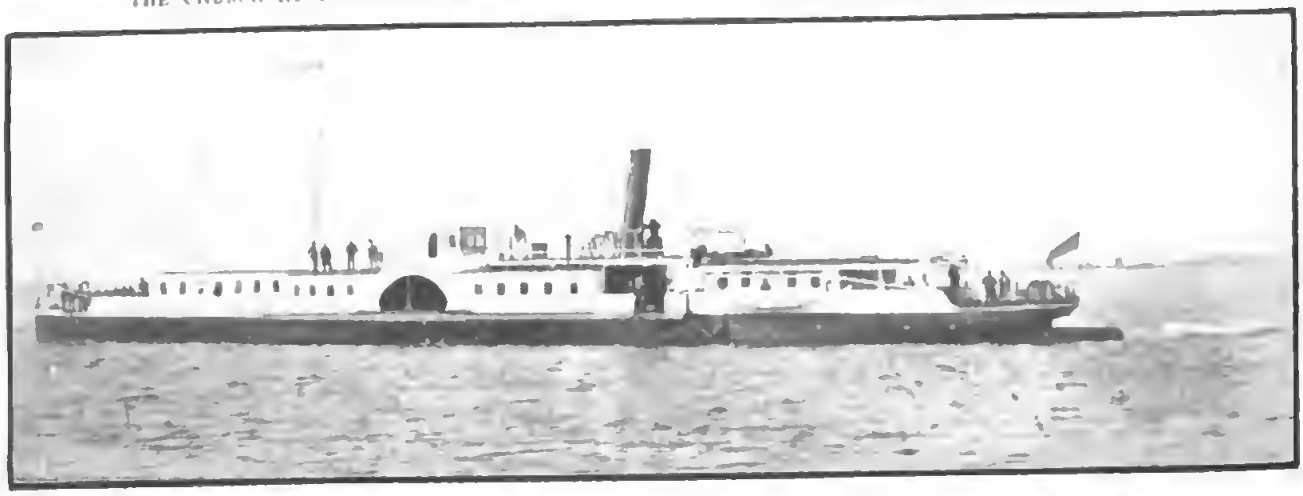
RUSSIAN TROOPS LEAVING NIKOLSK FOR THE FRONT

THE CHURCH AT BLAGOVESTCHENSK

MAIN STREET OF BLAGOVESTCHENSK



THE "MURIEFF AMURSKI"—TYPE OF AMUR RIVER TRANSPORT ATTACKED BY THE CHINESE

THE STATE OF WAR IN SIBERIA.

The first Conflict between Russian and Chinese Troops occurred at Blagovestchensk, in the Amur District, July 15.

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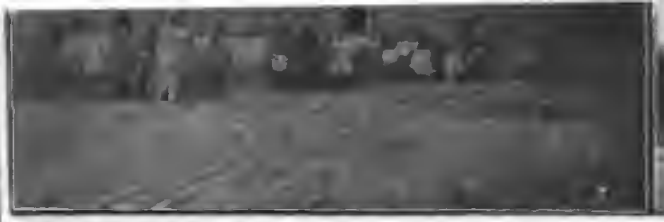

STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE.

RUSSIAN CONSULATE.

JAPANESE CONSULATE.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE.

BAND-STAND AND GORDON HALL.

FRENCH CONSULATE.

PRINCIPAL FOREIGN BUILDINGS, TIENTSIN.

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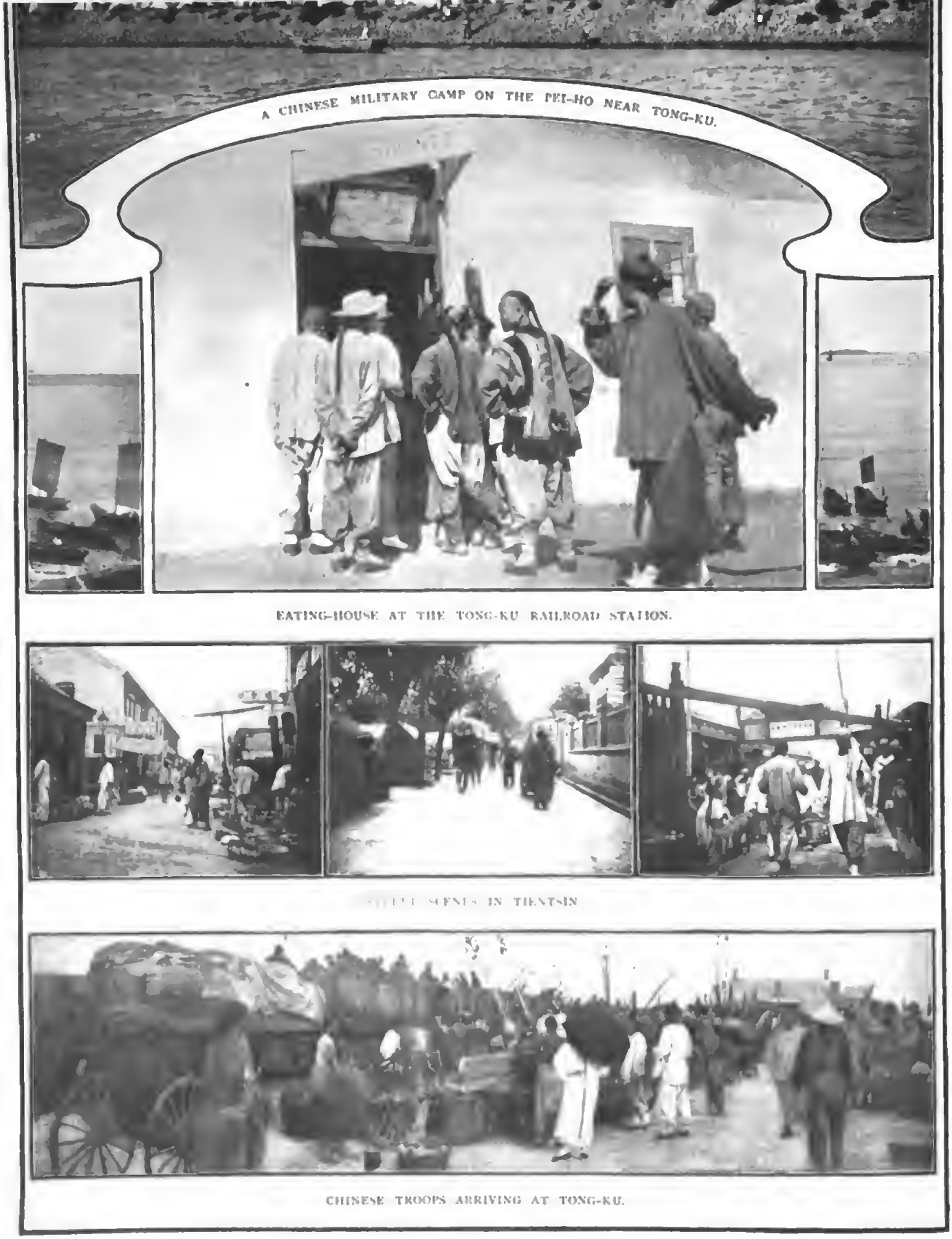

SCENES IN TIENTSIN AND TONG-KU SHORTLY BEFORE THE OCCUPATION BY FOREIGN TROOPS.

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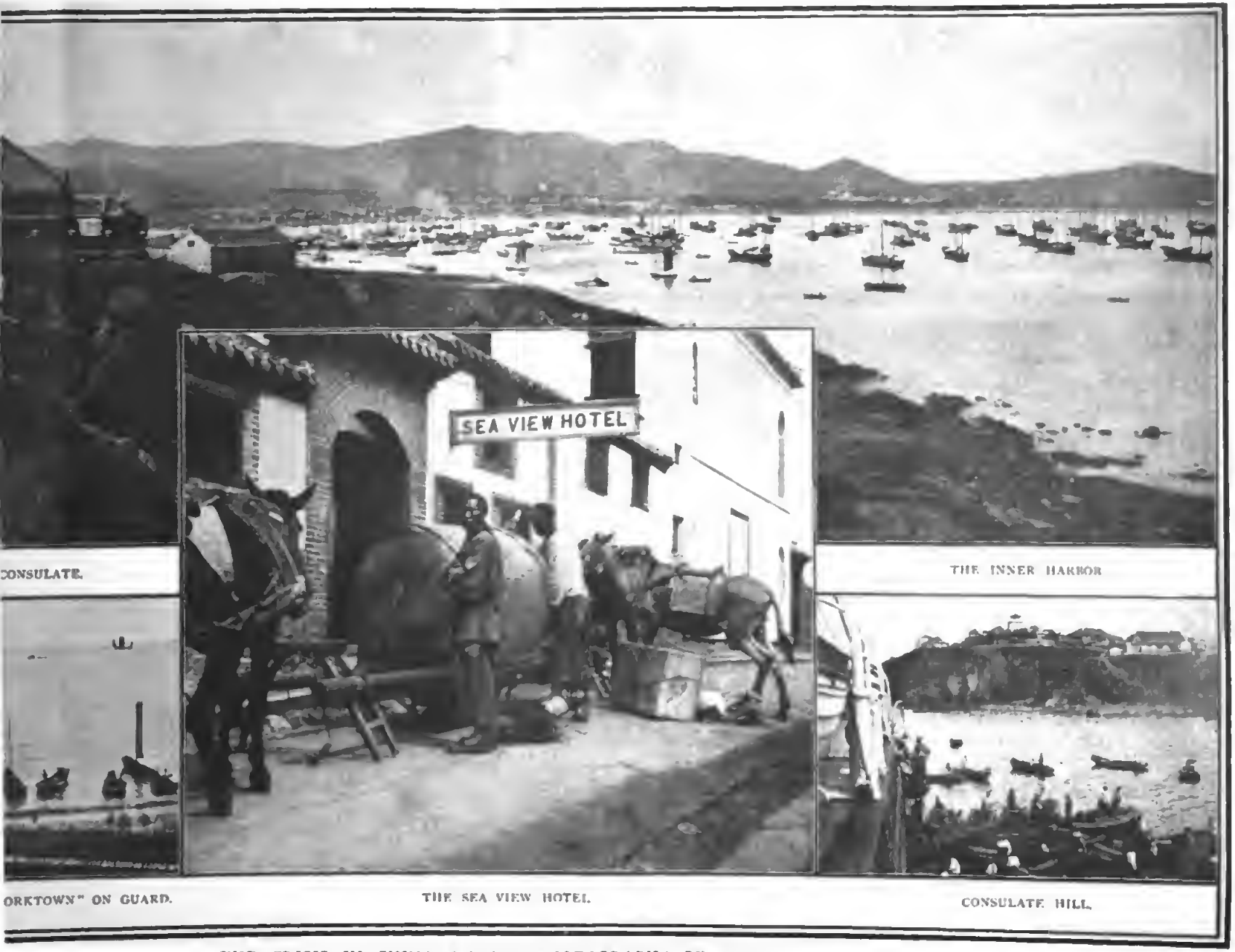

CONSULATE.

THE INNER HARBOR

ORKTOWN" ON GUARD.

THE SEA VIEW HOTEL.

CONSULATE HILL.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHIFU.

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IMPRESSIONS

By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

PART I

ON account of the air of mystery that surrounds him, there is no nationality that awakes our interest so much as the Oriental, and of all the Orientals the most attractive as a character study is the Chinese.

A recent journey in China, in an official capacity, covering a stay in the three great seaports of Tientsin, Shanghai, and Canton, in the capital of the country, Peking, and in the distributing centre, Hankau, and a long journey in the interior, for a large way through the closed and ultra-conservative province of Hunan where the foreigner is unknown, brought me in contact with all classes of society, from the highest officials next to the throne down to the lowest order of peasant, who had perhaps heard of, but never expected to see, a "foreign devil."

The government of the empire, the oldest continuing form of rule in the world, is a bewildering mixture of the most absolute autocracy and liberal democracy, and in that exemplifies the key-note of the character of the nation, viz., the juxtaposition of strange and singular contradictions.

The autocratic part is represented not so much in the will of one man, the ruler, for the system of government has tended more and more to seclude him from popular contact, but in the almost slavish observance and veneration for precedent. What is, is; and what has been done stands as an example for all time or until some extraordinary event establishes a new order. The personality of the ruler and of the leading statesmen, therefore, is not stamped upon the course of affairs, nor are the official personages of the same relative importance that they are in other countries. Government is largely a matter of custom and of precedent.

The democratic side is shown by the fact that, with but few exceptions, rank is not hereditary, and that the meanest of the emperor's subjects may not only aspire to but actually attain the highest place in his councils. Examinations form the basis of political preferment, and these examinations are open to all. But by one of those strange inconsistencies which make the oddest of students of Chinese character timid as to exact determinations, the Chinaman, having elaborated the most perfect system of selection, loses sight entirely of the main object, and so conducts the examinations as to render them practically valueless in really determining the contestant's fitness for anything except writing involved essays on a text from Confucius. I met some Chinamen of the official class, endowed by nature with strong talents that would have insured their rise under any circumstances and had already won the highest of examination honors, who told me that they were endeavoring to forget their Confucius as fast as possible and trying to learn other things.

The most striking trait in the Chinese character, and which is chiefly answerable for the present condition of the country, is exclusiveness. As a nation they have produced great things, but they have been for their own use and not for exchange with other peoples for other ideas. This exclusiveness has operated not only to shut China in from other nations, but has prevented that flow of thought from within outwards and from without towards, a reciprocal action which is as necessary for the development of a nation as is variation in physical and mental exercises for the development of an individual. The teachings of nature seem to be that a stationary condition is impossible, that motion forwards and backwards is always taking place, and as approach towards perfection is attained a new condition of life is brought about under a course of development: so life leads to death, and death is but a birth for a new life. This law is true for nations as well as for animals and plants. Every great nation of the past has expanded until its limit of growth is reached, when it enters a period of decadence and finally comes to a natural death, giving rise, however, to new nations and new peoples. China seems to be an anomaly; here is a nation which died centuries ago, but which has never been buried, but continues to remain above ground as a sort of rivelled mummy. Everywhere in the interior where one turns, one is struck with this deadness and arrest of development, as it were, that occurred some centuries ago. Every writer on China regards the peculiar natural condition from his own point of view, and suggests as the cause the lack of his particular nostrum. The missionary argues that it is necessary to instil in the Chinese a high moral sense, and then all would be well; the writer on material development calls for unlimited railways; the military man for the reformation of the army and navy as the panacea; while the commercial man claims that if enough treaty ports were opened China would soon take care of herself. Any one of these or other similar views is too narrow. A deficiency in moral sense, and the failure to appreciate the benefit of railways or unrestricted commerce, are effects, not causes. The nation is dead: a new birth, a regeneration, a new life is needed; and while each one of the urged reforms is necessary as one of the conditions to bring into existence this new life, no one by itself is sufficient. To produce plant life it is not only necessary to have the seed ready to germinate, but there must also be the required conditions of light, heat, and moisture—no one in itself is enough, and without the proper combination of all three our seed will refuse to bring forth. Such is the condition of China. The seeds for a new life, better and stronger than the past life was even when China was the greatest nation in existence, are there ready to sprout; the potentiality is great; the people are by nature peaceful, law-abiding, industrious, frugal, hard-working, and patient—qualities absolutely essential to produce a great nation, and which under proper conditions must produce one, in the same way that a healthy acorn under the proper conditions must give growth to a sturdy oak.

In examining the characteristics of a people one turns first to the status of education and to the nature and depth of religious belief, and in both of these this dreadness is oppressively conspicuous. One

AN INTELLIGENT OFFICIAL.

day while journeying along a highway in Hunan I turned to a bright little boy of apparently about ten years who was in the crowd surrounding me and asked him if he went to school. "Oh yes," he replied, and in answer to a question what he studied, said, with a look that clearly indicated his surprise that any one should ask such a question, "Why, the classics, of course." Not a word about geography or history, even of his own country, to say nothing of others; not a line of science; not a single thought of anything that could do him a bit of good or fit him to be a useful member of society, but merely the teachings of Confucius, who lived twenty-five hundred years ago. An illustration of what this leads to was well shown one night when the local officials of the village where we were stopping called, according to custom, to greet us and arrange for future progress. One of them, a dear old gentleman, who had a laugh that would have made his fortune on the stage in any capital of Europe, inquired what land I came from, if it was far from China, and then whether I came by land or by sea, each question being punctuated by a delirious laugh. To tell him, who considered one hundred miles as a long journey, that I had come over ten thousand miles, was to give the impression of a gross exaggeration, as he had no idea of the size of the earth or where America was, as the question whether it was north or south of China indicated. One of his companions, finding that his friend was quite at sea, finally summoned up courage and rebuked the questioner by pointing out that America was in the Western and China in the Eastern Hemisphere. After other inquiries the first man brightened up and said, "Oh, I know now where your land is; it is between France and Germany," whereupon the second, who had been carefully watching our faces and so perceived that the other was wrong again, repeated his hemisphere remark with a most supercilious and superior air, and as he ventured nothing more there was little doubt that that comprised his whole knowledge of the world's geography, although there was considerable doubt that he really knew what a hemisphere was; and yet these two men held important government positions, and one of them has since been promoted and is on the highroad to still greater places of trust, and to such men the people must look and rely on for their guidance. But this state of affairs must not be confounded with ignorance. These men were ignorant in the sense of being uneducated according to our standards. From a Chinese point of view they were very highly educated, and had spent an amount of time in acquiring their information that would suffice with us to take a man through a leading university and give him a Ph.D. degree. They had a great amount of learning, but it was of no practical value. It was the teachings of the fifth century before Christ rather than the nineteenth century after.

Then, as to their religion: Nominally they possess the Buddhist faith; practically the only religion they have is ancestral worship. Their Buddhist temples, as a general thing, are neglected, the idols dirty and broken, and even subject to sale by the priests if the traveller wishes to carry them away, and nowhere seemingly treated with any veneration or respect, except possibly by the boatmen, who have a sort of superstitious fetich, as is common to the sailor class in all lands. Their ancestors they venerate, and every Chinaman consequently wishes to have a son who will worship at his grave as he has done towards his predecessors. In going across the country one sees occasionally a handsome grave, on which a certain amount of care and thought had been bestowed at the time of its construction, and possibly since; but when one contemplates the usual resting-place of departed Celestials, little hummocks of pyramidal shape, unmarked by any inscription, untended and unkempt, on one hand scattered about in more or less disorder, or on another hand huddled together, one is easily forced to conclude that ancestral worship cannot have any deep-rooted sentiment, and that it is, like the system of government, a matter of precedent, or as the native picturesquely puts it in his pigeon-English, "That b'long ole custom."

At Shanghai, Canton, and even in the interior, there are to be met large buildings, frequently of elaborate and beautiful design, called ancestral temples, where the records of past members of a great family are kept and the honors that individuals have won for the house are properly posted. Here the various branches of the family can meet and worship before the little tablets bearing the names of their fathers and grandfathers. But such buildings have a purpose other than a purely religious one. They provide a place where, at stated times, the scattered members of the clan can come together and see each other. They have, therefore, a social and even tribal function as well.

Reference was made above to the trait of exclusiveness in the Chinese character. No great principle ever stops abruptly in its effects, so this spirit of exclusiveness not only limits the external bearings of the empire, but affects the internal relations of the people as well. Carried out to the logical conclusion it has made the family the supreme unit. To his family, not merely his wife and children, but his family collectively, to the tribal or community relation, as it were, the Chinaman owes his first allegiance; after that to the district; then to the state or province; and finally to the nation. In consequence any real national feeling or pride, or any sense of genuine patriotism, or in fact of any patriotism whatever, is absolutely wanting. The nation as a whole is a great mass without cohesion, and inviting the comparison, which is so frequently made, to a huge jelly-fish. When the war between China and Japan broke out, the men in the interior, provided they were cognizant, which many were not, that a struggle was going on, declared it to be that "Peking man's [Li Hung-chang] war," that he had got into it, therefore let him get out of it, entirely oblivious of the fact that they themselves constituted China, and that no matter who was the author or what the cause, war was on, and war with China meant not war with Li Hung-chang, but war with them. In the same way they have tolerated, with scarcely a protest, the giving away of their national territory. The man from the interior cares not a whit whether Germany occupies Shantung, or whether Russia has seized the Liao-tung peninsula—"that is the pigeon [business] of the Shantung man." On a journey of some thirteen hundred miles between points of civilization

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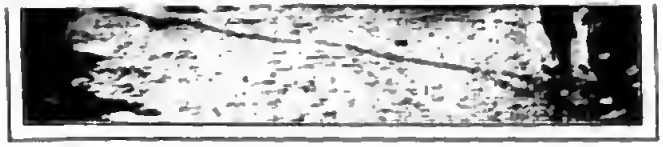
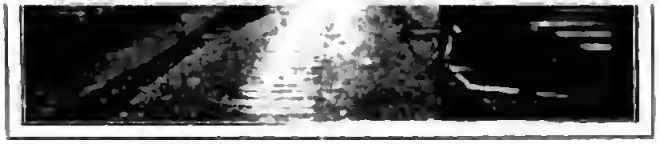


THE DRAGON WHO FRIGHTENS EVIL SPIRITS.



THE EXAMINATION HALL.

which our expedition in its various parts collectively covered, with the single exception of a tug belonging to the China Merchant Steamship Company which, according to the custom of that company, carried the Chinese flag, and which we happened by accident to meet on the Siang River, we saw not a single Chinese national emblem, except the one that I flew on my own junk alongside of the Stars and Stripes. From no official yamen, from no city wall or military camp, was it once displayed. No river gunboat threw it to the breeze, nor did any body of troops carry it at their head. Flags everywhere were in evidence, and in great profusion of colors and design, but they were always of a local or personal nature. The gunboat carried at least two beautiful red ones with huge white characters—the name of the commander. The regiment or guard that marched with us bore standards on which was inscribed the designation of their captain. The flag of China was everywhere absent. There was but one man in that long journey found to do it honor, and that man was a "foreign devil." Undoubtedly there were thousands who saw for the first time the flag with the yellow field and a blue dragon, and which they supposed to be the fanciful and decorative creation of the foreigner's mind.

In thinking of the Chinaman we frequently make the error of vastly underrating his mental ability, especially in the direction of alertness. We regard his stolidity and tenacity to his own ways as precluding him from grasping another's point of view. But even from my short experience I am convinced that such is far from being the case. The Chinaman naturally prefers his own way of accomplishing a given end, but that does not prevent him from seeing the line of thought and action of a mind trained in methods diametrically opposite from his. On one occasion, when the regular nightly council of local officials was being held to arrange plans for the next day's march of the expedition, I stated my desires, a suggestion which immediately met, as was not infrequently the case, with their very strong opposition and with a proposition that I must follow a highway in quite a different direction, for so the Governor had ordered. The officials were firmly but politely informed that the Governor was not the chief engineer, and therefore not responsible for the survey. When they realized that I was set upon my own course they adopted the usual Chinese custom of indirectness, and began to assure me that it was impossible for me to go the way I proposed, as there were high mountains and deep rivers intervening which were quite impassable. According to Chinese custom I should have accepted such circumlocution, although they not only knew it was untrue, but knew that I knew it was untrue, because they were well aware that I had made a personal reconnaissance in

A NEGLECTED TEMPLE.

advance to develop the feasibility of the route proposed. At this juncture one of the officials, who at the outset had behaved in exactly the same way by raising all sorts of absurd objections and then in the end doing without difficulty what he had previously insisted was impossible, leaned across the table and said in an undertone to his coadjutors: "Don't talk to that man about mountains and rivers; he does not mind that language. When you talk to him you must talk to the point." Two weeks' intercourse had sufficed to make him understand direct, straightforward methods. One of these officials who that night had been chief in resistance accompanied us for four hundred miles, and developed into one of the very best men we had, dropping his indirect ways and talking to the point.

The personal bearing of the upper-class Chinaman, even in the interior where he never comes in contact with the outer world, is kindly, courteous, and polite, and quite up to what is found in similar classes in other countries, to which we apply the term "civilized." On my inland journey, when approaching a town or city, I was invariably met, at some distance outside the walls, by a subofficial representing the chief magistrate, who handed me the latter's card and bade me welcome. A Chinese card is a piece of thin red paper, about six inches long and three wide, with the name printed in bold, black characters. There are fashions in cards corresponding with ours. Some high officials affect large cards as indicative of rank. Other persons, when leaving cards on persons of position, use characters of microscopic size as suggesting great inferiority on the part of the caller—a very pretty compliment, but one whose sincerity, like other compliments, is open to question—and period of mourning is indicated by a small character in an upper corner. On reaching my quarters, usually a temple, the local officials immediately called, those of junior rank merely leaving their cards without troubling me, and those of higher rank sending in their cards and waiting for an interview if I desired one. The etiquette of leaving cards and immediately returning calls is more rigorous than with us. On first meeting with an official, conversation was naturally formal and stilted, but on subsequent occasions small-talk would flow as easily as the limitations of interpreting both ways would permit. In some cases, where acquaintance was developed by being fellow-travellers, we found among these people precisely the same spirit of companionship that existed among ourselves. External appearances and differences in environment do not affect human nature. General Lin Kao-chao, military commandant of Changsha, who journeyed with us for 300 miles, by his genial and whole-souled character caused us to part with him with deep regrets, and his evidently unfeigned delight in his midday tipple of Scotch whiskey at tiffin will always remain as a bright spot in a very interesting journey.

IN CHINA FLAGS ARE EVERYWHERE IN EVIDENCE.

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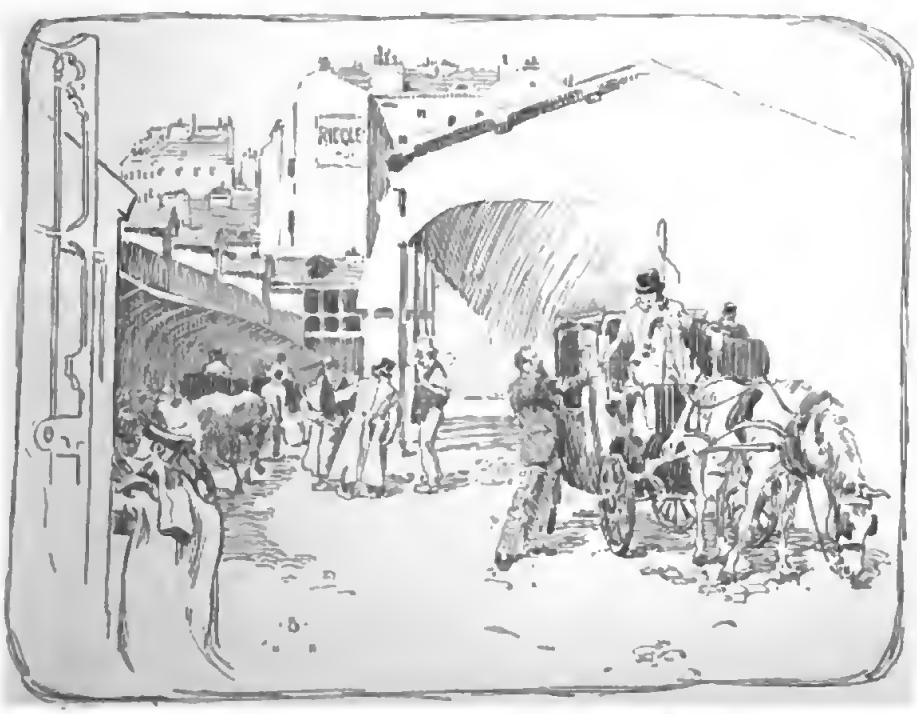
THE Paris *cocher*, or "cabby," is a misunderstood individual. Before leaving their distant home for a visit to the French capital, foreigners are wont to look upon him as an enemy, as a terrible foe whom they must vanquish at any price if they are to derive pleasure from a drive along the boulevards, and w little repose from a promenade through the Champs Elysées and in the Bois de Boulogne. Ninety-five out of a hundred visitors to Paris appear to be absolutely convinced that if the *cocher* were to endeavor to be polite, he could not use other than vile language. They have been told that when he is in a bad humor and his blood is waxing up, it becomes absolutely impossible to withstand the terrible missiles that sally off his irritated tongue. The inevitable result is that, from the outset, the foreign hirer looks upon the *cocher* with fear and distrust, and instead of stepping into the open victoria—that most alluring of all public conveyances—with an occasional smile, the hirer assumes a severe and determined look and the *cocher* remarks, in *petto*, that he is about to convey a bear—*ex ours*—and not a *mea*. Not an atom of sympathy exists between the employer and the employee, no understanding other than that laid down strictly by the law. The brief contract entered into between the two parties is rarely executed with good grace; it frequently ends in trouble.

The Paris *cocher* is misunderstood. His clients seem to be forgetful of the fact that he remains on his seat in all weather, through the heavy rains that make him feel icy cold, and in the hot sun that scorches him. His sufferings are great at all seasons. He is unable to say what month of the year he finds the least unpleasant. Probably the rainy season, for then the *pourboires*, or tips, are at their zenith, and the *courses*, or drives, are short. The moment is now admirably chosen to speak of the *cocher*. The patiently awaited Exposition summer is at last arrived, and the Parisian drivers have a keen eye open to foreign patronage. They make no secret of the fact that during the Exposition months they expect to reap a good harvest: and is one really entitled to complain, if, after working twelve or fourteen hours a day during several consecutive months, they are able to put a little aside? But there it is—everybody does complain. *Monsieur Tout le Monde* is alarmed at the mere thought of the *cocher* making more than his dollar a day. And in *M. Tout le Monde* are comprised not merely visitors to Paris, but the Parisians themselves. For if foreigners arrive in the gay city of their dreams with prearranged ideas about the *cocher*, the Parisian who "never quits the asphalt of the boulevards" has his own particular grievances. They are of a more serious nature than the visitors' motives of complaint. To the boulevardier the main arteries of Paris appear at all times to be most disagreeably entangled, unnecessarily filled with vehicles of all descriptions. It is doubtful whether, if he were granted a new life, Boileau, the famous seventeenth-century satirical poet, would find terms sufficiently forcible to express his discontent at the sad state of Parisian thoroughfares. The Parisian holds the *cocher* responsible in a large measure for the congested state of streets and avenues, and instead of seeking consolation in the art of epigram-making as did the poet, he will bear him more or less of a grudge until the end of his days. Perhaps he is alarmed at the idea that he may not rise to the level of Boileau, but the satirist's success, by-the-way, in that departure was never very great. The poet had more common-sense than malice; with the Parisian the contrary is, perhaps, the case. But whilst the reader has been glancing through these lines of introduction and the frequent digressions that accompany them, autochthones of the capital, visitors from the French provinces, and from native lands, are from morning to evening and from evening to morning imploring for means of transportation. For years past, a few hundred workmen have been digging, boring, perforating, and upsetting portions of underground Paris, and now and again one reads a report that a subterranean metropolitan railway is being built; but, in truth, one is beginning to add as much faith to this revolution beneath the soil as one did to the much announced revolutions that were to have taken place aboveground about a year or so ago. In the mean time, the omnibuses and tram cars are nearly all marked *complet* (which means "full"), making one think that some must have been born with this particular sign on them, whilst in the case of others one feels fairly certain that, were the conductor to attempt to take the sign down, the mechanism would be found to be rusty and out of order. There being no other means of locomotion, one falls back on the "cabby," who has to bear much of the ill-humor provoked by the unfinished condition of the promised underground railway, the insufficient number of street cars, the loss of much valuable time, and the additional outlay of a journey home.

Who shall write the psychology of the *cocher*?

What eminent philosopher will be tempted by that important problem, one of the vastest that the evolution of modern society has placed before the human mind? This is not exaggeration; no irony is intended. The driver is immovable; he remains while the world passes on. Around him, revolutions have shaken Paris to its foundations, and have transformed political and social institutions; great scientific discoveries have improved the modes of transportation and altered the face of the globe; but the *cocher* has not changed: he is the man who from his elevated seat contemplates impassively the course of things. From his lofty position he gazes somewhat scornfully on the busy crowds, and when he grows tired of the vain spectacle he falls asleep. Nothing escapes his disdain, and he frequently gives expression to it in vehement terms. No one will deny the wealth of his vocabulary of abuse; but in this respect he differs little from the conductors of horses in other cities. Nothing impresses itself very strongly on the mind of this assiduous spectator of all things. That is why, lost in his interior dream, our *cocher* is subject to frequent spells of forgetfulness which result in much alarm, and sometimes in injury, to so many members of the fair sex, and to an incalculable number of dogs, in the French capital. Continually wandering through the city at a speed that varies between four and five miles an hour, the latter figure being exceeded on rare occasions only, the *cocher* has arrived at a stage where he totally neglects certain conditions which are observed by the rest of humanity. He will remain quite unconcerned when he drives his quadruped into collision with an ordinary biped, the lack of rapidity of the pace at which he travels alone saving many a valuable life; he is totally indifferent to the loss of a hat, a soiled dress, or a little damage to the human body. He does not consider this brutality; it is his second nature. It is of no use to attempt to conceal the fact, it is brutality—and is the one great vice of the Parisian *cocher*. He is cruel towards his fatigued steed and has little, if any, feeling for men and women who travel on foot. On the other hand, he has one great virtue; it is probity.

Outside many wine-shops in Paris, and in the principal cities of France, a sign is often to be seen bearing the words (*a cocher fidèle* ("To the faithful *cocher*"); beneath it a driver is pictured, hat in hand, restoring to a gentleman and lady, the hirers of the coach, a purse forgotten on the cushions of the vehicle. This is not a conception of the artist, nor vile flattery of the restaurant or wine-shop to draw thither the coachman with a folle for the bottle, but a reality which often occurs and of which the *cocher* has every right to be proud. Anybody who has lived any length of time in Paris will endorse the statement. Who has not forgotten an umbrella, a walking-stick, a small satchel, or some little object on the seat or floor of a public vehicle? And who has not had his property restored without even having taken the number of the vehicle, without any remembrance of the physiognomy of the driver? By a simple application to a special office at the prefecture of police, where all objects found in public carriages are deposited, and arranged according to the date and hour at which they were brought in, one is able promptly to regain possession of his lost property. This reflects great credit on the Paris "cabbies," few of whom, by-the-way, are born Parisians. They hail from the central departments, chiefly from the Aveyron and the Lozère. Few come from Brittany or



LEAVING THE STABLE-YARD WITH A FRESH HORSE.

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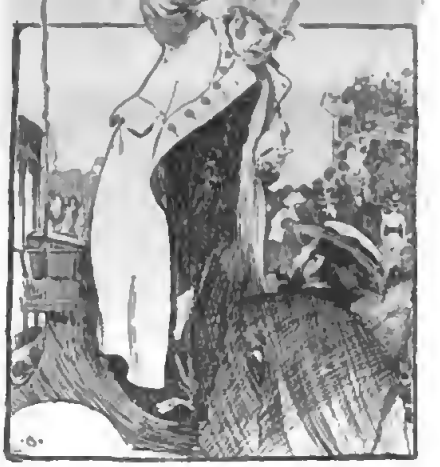
cents an hour; during the night, fifty cents a drive and fifty-five cents an hour. It is customary to give the *cocher* a gratuity of a few cents, say five cents when hired for a drive, and about double that amount when hired for an hour. This gratuity, called *pourboire*, is of course not obligatory, but it is so customary (and the *cocher* reckons absolutely on it) that it would be preferable to commit any ordinary misdemeanor than to attempt to escape the penalty. A *cocher* should give every hirer a slip of printed paper on which is inscribed the number of the vehicle and the legal charges.

The *cocher* hires his cab and horse from one of the large companies. According to the most recent statistics there are about 15,000 cabs, or *fiacres*, belonging to five or six companies; all these vehicles are numbered; there are about 2000 *rôdeurs*, or vagabond *fiacres* without numbers. The companies allow three horses to each cab. The first commences work about 9 A.M., and continues until 5 P.M.; the second leaves the stables at about 6 P.M., and returns at midnight. The third horse takes the second day's work, from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M., while number one is resting. Horse number two always does the 6 P.M. till midnight spell. In winter the *cocher* pays about 60 francs ($3 20) a day for his horse and cab; in summer he pays from 20 francs ($4) to 22 francs ($4 40) a day, according to the price exacted by the company. As a general rule, his earnings average between one and three dollars a day over his "yard money."

The companies from whom the drivers hire their vehicles pay the insurance on the horse and cab. Formerly they used to collect a tax of a couple of sous a day from the *cochers*, but they have abandoned the system for several years past. If the *cocher* has the misfortune to bring his vehicle into collision with another *fiacre*, and the affair should end in a police-court fine, the *cocher* will have to pay his fine, while the company usually settles the bill, if any, for damages. The cabmen's co-operative societies, of which there are several in Paris, come to his aid in such cases, and if he pays his dues regularly he gets an allowance from the fund when he is ill, or meets with an accident, or with a family misfortune.

[illegible] means that it is likely to enjoy a fairly long lease of life. Every ten years the question culminates in a monster strike, but the problem is never solved and the *cochers* always lose the day. The drivers now demand—1, that the companies fix a maximum daily charge for the hire of horse and cab; 2, that a *modus vivendi* be established between *cochers* and public during the Exposition months, and that this *modus vivendi* be reached by conferences between the representatives of the companies and the coachmen. But nothing of the kind will take place. The companies will not hear of it, and argue that as they can never control the work done by the *cocher*, it is impossible for them to allow him a fixed salary. The *cocher* is not an ordinary workman; he is a partner of the party from whom he hires the vehicle, consequently his remuneration can be calculated in two ways only—participation in the profits or participation in the gross receipts. The first system is inapplicable, for it would carry with it the participation in the losses, and as several proprietors of livery-stables fail in the course of each year, a number of *cochers* would be reduced to a state of misery. The companies conclude that the second system is the only one possible, and it has the advantages of being equivalent to allowing the *cocher* a percentage on his earnings. Nowadays the *cocher* makes a deposit of 50 francs ($10) as a guarantee for the vehicle and horse which he hires for the day. He does not pay in advance the price agreed upon for the day's hire.

The average price paid by Paris *cochers* during the last ten years has been decreasing almost constantly. In 1889, at the last Paris Exposition, it was 18 fr. .12 per day; in 1890, 16 fr. .08. It decreased almost regularly until 1898, when it reached 14 fr. .87. In 1899 it was 15 fr. .30. It will probably attain 17½ francs in 1900. In brief, the *cocher* rarely, if ever, pays less than $3 a day for "yard money," and never more than $5. However remunerative the Exposition summer may be for the *cochers*, it is easy to understand that they will never remain content with a system that empowers the companies to increase, or lower, the "yard money," according to the probable number of visitors in Paris. When the next strike breaks out, the *cochers* will insist on receiving a fixed minimum salary of five francs a day, and they will



DISSATISFIED WITH THE FARE.

early and retire late. They lunch and dine in great haste at the wine-shops, their ruby-red faces deriving color far more from prolonged stays in the open air than from the tempting absinthe and eau-de-vie bottles. Their meals are promptly despatched, for not only is the lunch hour included in the "yard-money" time, but whilst at table no *pourboires* are forthcoming.

Strange to say, the *cocher* is generally a married man. It is, perhaps, owing to the fact that he is compelled to wander perpetually through the streets, that he is deeply attached to his family and to the delights of home.

A TYPICAL COCHER'S RESTAURANT.

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THE PARIS EXPOSITION—ENTRANCE TO TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Drawn by Charles C. Curran.

OUR AMBASSADORS ABROAD

The Embassy to Berlin

PERHAPS it is because the very atmosphere of the great German capital is full of titles that it always pleases me to think of our ambassador in Berlin as his Excellency. In a world which not only adopts but insists upon such ridiculous dignities as Mrs. Brevet Field-Marshal General von Pumpernickel or Mrs. Third Under-Secretary of the Imperial Chancellery Schmidt, it seems almost a crime not to give to the usually unpretending Yankee all possible titular distinction. I hope that all the good people to whom he is accredited take pains to speak of his Excellency the Honorable Professor Doctor White, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, etc., etc. You may perchance look upon this as a very undemocratic sentiment. There was a time, I know, when I did; when the very word Excellency always halted on my tongue. But the briefest of diplomatic experiences on the Continent cured me of that. Now I am very careful to give our diplomatists every possible honorary prefix to which they can lay claim.

There are probably many reasons why Berlin should seem less desirable as an appointment to be sought than London, Paris, or Rome. Not only in society there less sympathetic to strangers than in the other places named, but also our relations with Germany for a number of years past have suffered from continual misunderstandings, both political and commercial. To a man of scholarly attainments like the present ambassador, the atmosphere of German learning and philosophy is doubtless very pleasant. But there is much work to be done, and there are many delicate tangles to unravel. It is also much more difficult to set up a transient establishment in Berlin than elsewhere. There are very few available residences or apartments which are suitable and at the same time within the means of a poorly paid representative. The German people seem to have an innate prejudice against giving out their Lares and Penates for hire; in other words, furnished homes are practically impossible. Therefore, the newly arriving official, who can never be sure of his tenure of office, must not only find a dignified and not too costly residence, but he must go to the additional expense of furnishing it. He knows that this latter proceeding is also of a temporary nature, and that at the end of four years at most he must expect to sacrifice all of his belongings, or double their cost by taking them home. Unless a man be very wealthy this is a difficult undertaking. It has been the ruin of more than one of our representatives abroad. Every one remembers how this very expense actually threw the estate of the lamented Bayard Taylor into bankruptcy. He died so soon after establishing himself in Berlin that he had not been able to pay off the first part of the debt it entailed.

Of course much of this difficulty will be removed when our government at last, as it surely must some day, buys permanent homes for its missions. Not only will succeeding ambassadors be saved the enormous trouble and worry of house-hunting, but if the government should not at the same time purchase furniture, at least the furnishings fitted to the house could be passed on from occupant to occupant. As it is, the furniture which suits the home of one ambassador may be wholly out of place in that of another, for now these residences change with each administration. No matter how small the house owned by the government should be, it would be preferable for many reasons. Belonging to the government, its size would be a matter of no personal concern to the ambassador. Of much more importance—the home of the government's representation would then be permanent, and people would know where to find it. Ask any little boy in a Berlin street where the British or the French Embassy is and he can tell you. These nations are great to his mind, to the minds of his father and mother, because they have the object lesson of the fitting houses these ambassadors live in. But none of them know anything about the American Embassy; they have, most of them, never heard of it. In fact, one man whom I asked said: "I think the Americans have no such things as ambassadors. They have no kings in America." Perhaps Mr. Bancroft was in Berlin long enough to become identified generally in the public mind, but neither before his time nor since has our representation in the German capital been anything like a well-established fact. While there is some convenience in our present system of having the offices of the Embassy, what is called the chancellery, separate from the ambassador's residence—in fact in another part of town—on the whole it would be much better if they were combined, as they would be if the government owned a proper building. As things stand it is impossible, for the government pays the rent of the chancellery, while the ambassador's rent comes out of his own salary. If Congress cannot be prevailed upon to purchase residences in the principal capitals, at least it is to be hoped that at an early date some reasonable rent allowance will be added to the salary list. That would be an advance towards the desired end.

Since the coronation of the present Emperor, at no other European capital has there been need for so much tact and discretion as here. For it is useless to pretend that he is a friend to our government or to us as a people. Those in authority must keep up the fiction of friendship, but aside from his innate hostility to the whole republican idea of which we are the foremost representatives, on a dozen specific points he holds us in special dislike. The wholesale emigration of German subjects to America and the readiness with which they surrender their allegiance to the father-land have long been sore subjects with the school of Berlin politicians of which the Kaiser is now the head. They have always prevented the conclusion of any kind of treaty of extradition by which this renunciation of citizenship is recognized. They have kept our relations in a constant state of ferment by repeatedly impressing for military service the sons of Germany who have acquired American citizenship. In a desire for the discontinuance of this loss of blood and since the great German hunger for colonies has been born. The Emperor has repeatedly said in connection with his country's need for colonial expansion that not only were markets needed for German commerce, and additional ground space for a growing population, but also space where they might still maintain their allegiance to the home government. This brings forward another subject always sure to provoke bitter comment at the German court. The Kaiser holds that it is only what he calls the verfluchtiger (accursed) Monroe doctrine which prevents the acquisition of a rich German colony in South America. I have the information upon substantial authority that for many years plans against the independence of Argentina were brewing in Berlin. Colonists were sent out by the hundreds of thousands. Trade relations were assiduously cultivated. Many emigrants were kept in the employment of the government for the furtherance of the scheme.

Then the Venezuelan incident startled the world. And nowhere, not even in England, was that expression of the Monroe doctrine so bitterly assailed as in Germany. Even the old Chancellor came out of his retirement to denounce it and to declare that Germany could never agree to such a position. And however much his rebellious imperial pupil disagreed with him at home, he has always kept in view the Bismarckian foreign policy, which will in time come to be as much the text-book of German Imperialism as the famous so-called will of Peter the Great is to Russia.

Berlin society is perhaps the most rigidly formal in the world, Vienna alone excepted. It has more of the restrictions inherited from olden times than perhaps any other. It is, for instance, still the marked exception to meet Jews in the great world here, whereas in London and Paris they are now so numerous as to escape any special notice. The struggle of the Jewish world of high finance for social recognition in Berlin is quite a long and wonderful history. Court functions are, if anything, more solemnly tiresome here than elsewhere. A court ball is never a very gay affair, even when dancing is wholly unrestrained.

The usual entertainments are given by the court in honor of the diplomatic corps—a reception on New-Year's eve, at least one dinner, and two balls to which they are invited. Perhaps the most pleasant feature of the present régime in its informal entertaining. Both the Emperor and the Empress are given to sending for their friends and for distinguished visitors to come in to luncheon. On these occasions the homely but admirable virtues of German royalty are seen in

THE MAIN SALON

THE MUSIC-ROOM

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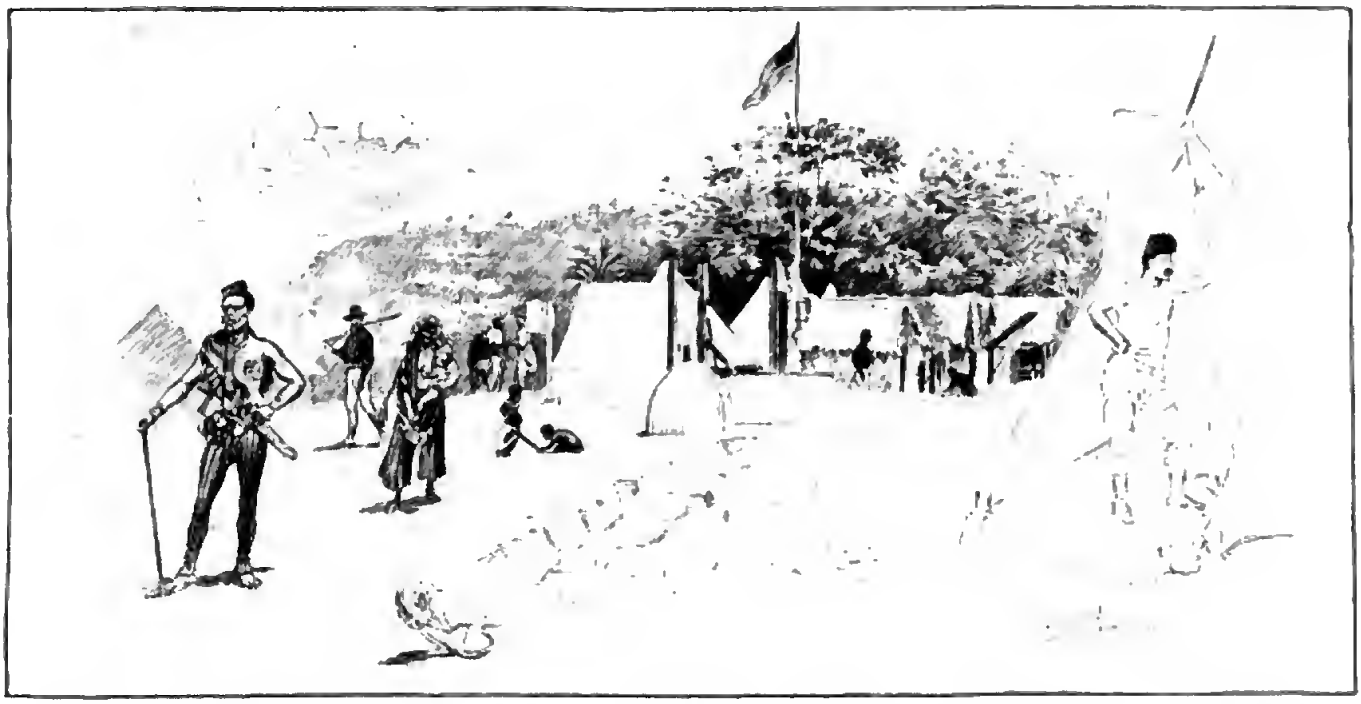
with his attractive wife has made for himself an enviable place among the people to whom he is accredited. And the ambassador, Professor Andrew Dickson White, is perhaps the best equipped diplomatist our service holds. He has not only had much con- commission to decide upon our famous controversy with Great Britain. This labor was scarcely finished when President McKinley asked him to again accept the mission to Berlin. In this way Mr. White, aside from the active interest he takes in the work, easily for us at this time the danger-point of the Continent, we have met the difficulty well by placing there to watch over our interests the ablest of our body of self-trained diplomatists.

CHALMERS ROBERTS.



TENTS AND SOLDIER-MADE HUTS OF THE AMERICAN GARRISON AT BUNGAO, SULU ARCHIPELAGO, OUR SOUTHERNMOST POSSESSION IN THE PHILIPPINES

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BINGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE PHILIPPINES: OUR APPROACH TO ASIA

BY JOHN BARRETT

THE crisis in China demonstrates beyond question the importance of the Philippines. It proves their strategic and political value. The readiness and despatch with which the United States is able in a supreme hour of peril to send ships, marines, and troops to protect and rescue American lives and property have touched the pride of the nation. Only the lightning development and avalanche force of the Chinese hordes have prevented the complete success of these efforts.

Instead of depending upon the charity of European powers and being treated with patronizing kindness, we have been able to stand on our own resources as a first-class power. We are commanding the evident respect of other nations. We are treated as their peer. We are seeing our soldiers and ships occupying the most dangerous and responsible places in the line of advance and defence.

All this is being done without a suggestion of so-called imperialism. It is the meeting of unavoidable and imperative responsibility. It is the strict execution of duty. Had we held back, a cry of horror and protest would have gone up from our people. The very imperialism which partisan prejudice claims has inspired our holding the Philippines now enables us to pursue an anti-imperialistic policy in China. We are at Taku, Tientsin, and Peking in force, not only to protect life and property, but to exercise all our moral influence to preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire and prevent imperialistic alienation of the territory. Still there are some men, some newspapers and some demagogues, who would rant against the President's avowed intention to guard, first, the lives of our diplomatic and consular officers, missionaries, and merchants; and second, our treaty rights and vast opportunities of trade and commerce throughout an unpartitioned area. Such men hold the sixpence of prejudice so near their eyes that they cannot see the responsibility, duty, honor, interest, patriotism, and pride beyond. It is unfortunate that the passion of a political campaign should also exert its warping influence, but time will prove that President McKinley is right in China as it is proving with overwhelming logic that he is right in the Philippines.

Those of us who, from long residence in the Far East and through acquaintance with the development of events in the Philippines, are convinced by personal observation and experience that America's position in these islands is the unavoidable result of meeting responsibilities that unexpectedly grew out of the war with Spain, likewise from familiarity with conditions in China not only recognize the absolute necessity of the present action of the government, but appreciate the strategical value of our Philippine base.

Let us in confirmation study the map of transpacific seas and countries. It is both fascinating and instructive. All maps of important lands are interesting to the student of world progress, but none is more surprising than that of the incomparable broken coast that reaches from Australia to Siberia, from Melbourne to Vladivostok. Its supreme revelation to the man who has not before investigated these Asian-Pacific shores is this: *the Philippines are the geographical and strategical centre of the Asiatic and Australasian Pacific coast-line that has an unrivalled extent of 6000 miles, has debouching upon it a population of over 850,000,000, including India, and supports already a foreign commerce exceeding $2,000,000,000 per annum.*

From this undeniable premise we draw another conclusion which has even a more direct bearing upon the value of the islands to the United States: *the Philippines, being the geographical and strategical centre by reason of physical location, will become under American influence the commercial centre of the transpacific coast, seas, and millions of people.*

Let us first draw a neighborly circle around Manila with a reasonable radius of 1000 miles, the distance from New York to Chicago. Points on the extreme limit of this circle could be reached in four days with even low-power merchant-steamers. Distance in the Oriental seas is usually estimated by days and not by miles. Well within this circle we find Hongkong, Great Britain's impregnable outpost of empire and teeming trade entrepôt, only 650 miles, or less than three days' steaming, from Manila. Hongkong is the great point of Asiatic commercial exchange, and the one place where all steamship lines stop. It is estimated to handle $250,000,000 worth of exports and imports per annum. The proximity of Manila to such a capital of commerce emphasizes the importance and value of its own location.

Noting the sweep of the 1000-mile radius we find that it almost reaches to Shanghai, the New York of China, and gateway to the spacious Yangtse Valley, and includes productive Japanese Formosa on the north; includes the populous southern coast of China with the large cities of Fuchau, Amoy, Canton, and Hongkong on the northwest; the resourceful coast of French Indo-China and its beautiful capital Saigon on the west; British North Borneo and Sarawak and part of the rich Celebes on the south. If the radius were extended half again, to 1500 or 1600 miles, and two days more of steaming added, the messengers of commerce from Manila could reach such important points as Nagasaki in Japan; Hankau, the Chicago of China, up the Yangtse River; Chefoo and Taku, now of so much interest; Bangkok, the growing, prosperous capital of Siam; Singapore, Britain's thrifty gateway to the Far East, and a port boasting of an annual trade exchange of $150,000,000; Batavia, Holland's populous emporium in the East Indies; and Guam, our own new connecting-point in the vast Pacific seas.

The full scope of the 2000 mile radius, or the distance from New York to Denver, includes a population of nearly 500,000,000, or five times that of the United States, and comprehends half of Japan; all of Korea, the great part of China; all of Siam and Burma; all of French Indo-China; the British Malay states and Straits Settlements; the rich Dutch possessions of Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Moluccas; New Guinea and Borneo; the Carolines and Ladrones; and just touches the northern end of the continent of Australia. The annual trade comprehended in this 2000 mile circle approaches $1,000,000,000 per annum, of which America's share now is hardly one-tenth, or $100,000,000, but can be in time one-third or one half.

If we extend the radius to 3000 miles we have an interesting and yet stupendous field to survey. This distance is a reasonable one, as it is approximately

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lippines is not greater than the distance from New York to St. Louis, or less than 1500 miles, with countless islands sandwiched in between.

As we run our eyes up and down from north to south we see at once this conspicuous advantage of America in the Philippines, and ask ourselves: With the British in Australia, India, Singapore, Hongkong, and Wei-hai-wei; with the Dutch in Java and Sumatra and Borneo; with the French in Cambodia, Annam, and Tonquin; with the Portuguese in Macao; with the Japanese in Formosa and their own snug islands; with the Germans at Kiaochau and in the Carolines and New Guinea; with the Russians in Manchuria, Port Arthur, and Siberia; and with the Italians trying to get a hold at San-mun—with all these nations in a position to control Asia's millions of people and millions of commerce to their advantage, and our disadvantage if we abandon the Far East, are we for a moment going to think of surrendering our new position and sovereignty in the Philippines? Never; because we obtained them not in the line of conquest but in the performance of duty.

A few statistical facts about the environment of the Philippines will help us to appreciate their importance. We are all now closely watching China, only 600 miles from our American territory. What of her future? She has 4,000,000 square miles, 400,000,000 people, and only 400 miles of railroads! She needs in the near future 40,000 miles. What opportunities for American manufacturers, for American capital, and for American engineers, and for American labor at home providing what is wanted in China! China's foreign trade in 1899 under unfavorable conditions was $333,000,000, an increase of 40 per cent. over 1898. This was less than $1 per head of the population; but when the empire is opened to the world, the government reorganized, and general material progress inaugurated, the trade should develop to at least $5 per head. That of Japan has grown in the short period of thirty years from $1 to over $6 per head. That of America is about $25. In all my estimates of foreign trade, I include of course both exports and imports. Exchange is the life of commerce. A nation or people cannot go on buying unless it also develops a large selling capacity.

If we multiply China's population of 400,000,000 by $5 we have a reasonable possibility of $2,000,000,000 per annum for that country alone. We can never afford to retreat from such possibilities. Our trade exchange with China now amounts, including Hongkong, to nearly $13,000,000, which is about 12 per cent. of the total and 100 per cent. increase over ten years ago.

Other interesting opportunities in a reasonable trade neighborhood of the Philippines might be specified in Japan, Straits Settlements, Dutch East Indies, Siberia, Siam, and Korea, whose combined foreign commerce even in its infancy amounts to nearly $400,000,000; of Burma, India, and Ceylon, whose total is already passing $300,000,000; of Australasia, whose annual returns equal nearly $600,000,000. In all this America's share is only one-tenth now; with the Philippines as a base we will in due time develop it to one-half.

the Philippines. If the British have taken Burma, which is even larger but less resourceful than the Philippines, and established in fifteen years perfect peace, contentment, and prosperity among 10,000,000 people, not unlike the Filipinos, and an annual trade of $150,000,000, we can more than surpass their record in the Philippines, or I mistake the courage and capabilities of Americans.

The people will buy of us in great quantities along many lines when order is established and they can sell their own products. The good qualities of the Filipinos far outweigh the bad in time of peace. When their minds are freed of the false instruction about America and Americans, and when they clearly understand our purposes and people, they will surprise us with their earnest, peaceful support of American government. If the Presidential election in November decides that the United States will not shirk her responsibilities in the Philippines, the present guerilla warfare will lose its inspiration and hence its following.

Under phlegmatic, mysterious, and depressing Spanish control, the outer world never realized the commanding position and wide opportunities of the Philippines. On the occasion of my first visit to Manila some five years ago while United States minister to Siam, I was astonished at the extreme general ignorance of the resources, people, and possibilities of the islands that prevailed in Hongkong. Now, under American occupation, the world is standing in wonder

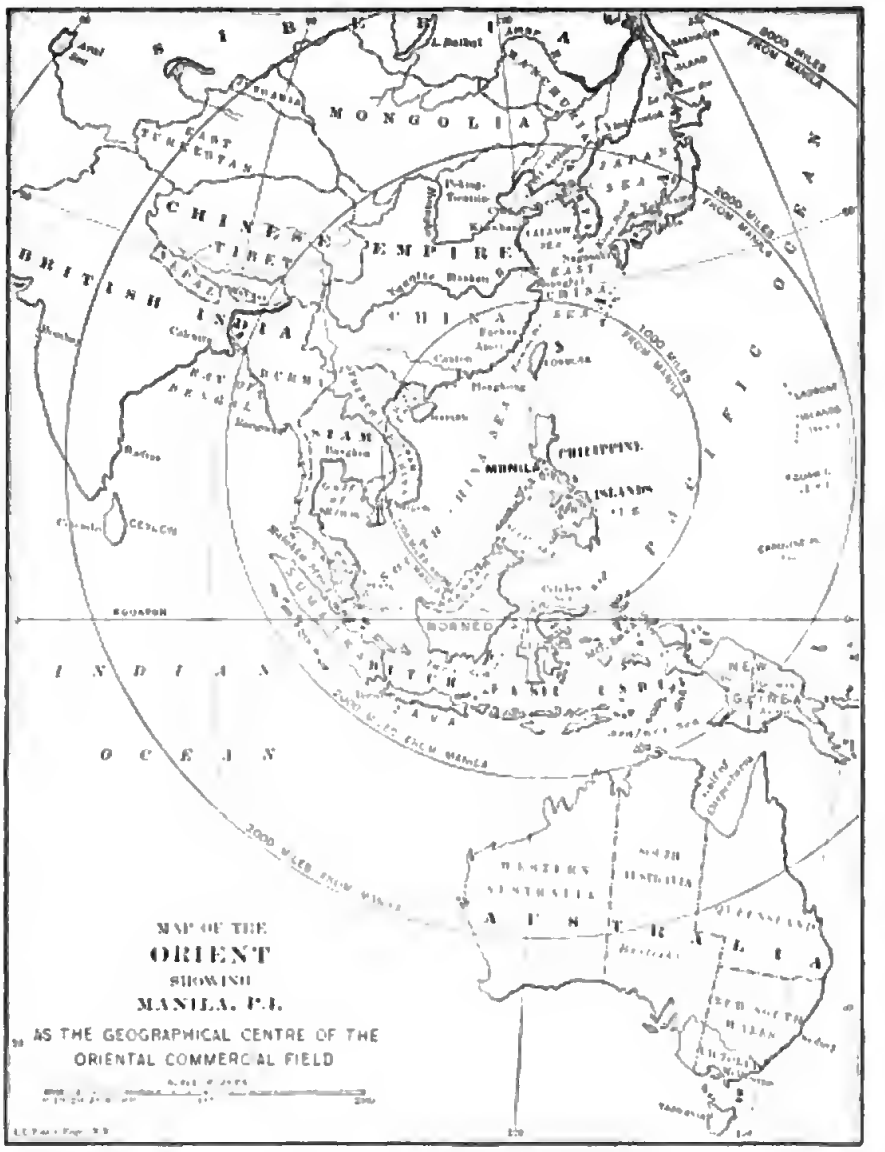
The long and short of the whole Philippine situation, viewed in its moral light, which is of far more consequence than the material side, is this: *the United States is in sovereign control of the Philippine Islands as a direct and honorable result of meeting and mastering the unavoidable responsibility that grew unexpectedly out of the war with Spain.* The sooner every American realizes this, the better. History will confirm it beyond a doubt. History will further show that there would have been no insurrection or rebellion against the United States if it had not been for the unfortunate accident of an Englishman named Howard W. Bray stopping Aguinaldo at Singapore; that it was Bray, and not Dewey, Wildman, Williams, or Pratt, who made him promises of what America would do; that he went to Cavite on the gunboat Petrel at Dewey's request as a result of his own pleading and request than upon the urging of any authorized American official. Being present at all of the meetings of Aguinaldo and the American officials at Hongkong, I hope I can speak with some degree of authority.

History will further demonstrate that if a few regiments of American troops could have been landed at Cavite immediately after the destruction of the Spanish fleet, they could have gone and would have been welcomed everywhere with acclaim by the natives. The only opposition would have come from Spanish garrisons.

Moreover, let it be remembered that there was no general desire for independence from the United States, no thought of opposing our government among the masses, until Aguinaldo by show of force had excited them to arms, misrepresented the intentions and attitude of the United States, and permitted the people to be falsely educated about and against America through malicious circulars, irresponsible native papers, and various anti-American agencies like ex-Spanish civil servants, unscrupulous Spanish and Filipino agitators, foreign jingoes and other enemies of our country.

When the conscience of the American people has been fully satisfied—as it will soon be through knowledge of all that happened—that we are not crushing out a just spirit of liberty, that we are not ruthlessly and unjustifiably shooting government into the Filipinos, but rather putting down by force a government established by force and overthrowing the dictatorship of one man who has been blindly followed by the multitude, there will be an more shouting of Anti-Imperialism. That bogie is being forever and effectually unmasked.

Now that the Philippines are ours and will remain ours it is natural and logical that we should bend our energies to develop them commercially and materially as well as politically and morally. Never forgetting that we are a Christian as much as a commercial nation, we recognize that where moral and material interests labor to mutual advantage without the surrendering of the former to the latter, the greatest good can be accomplished. On this platform it is fitting to study the map and remember what it teaches in regard to Manila's commanding location as the centre of the mighty Asian-Australian coast-line



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[illegible] country, cannot hold its breath for three weeks. So we have gone on about our business, but conscious all the time of a depressing influence, and with minds that reverted at every interval of leisure to Peking and the people of the legations.

Much talk as there has been about China and matters there, there has been even more thinking. Wherever there are Americans that think at all about matters of public interest, they are thinking about China. The South-African war for the time being is forgotten; the Philippines are considered malady for their bearing on our duty in China. Yet there is comparatively little violent talk or violent writing. Nobody is calling for a war of mere revenge. There is retribution and punishment to be provided for, but the problems on whom it shall fall and how it shall be administered, and what final result should be sought, are much too obscure and perplexing to be settled off-hand. Neither what should be done nor what can be done is at all clear. All that we see is that Tientsin should be held, if possible, and that presently an expedition should be sent to Peking, and that it will need to be a strong one if it is to get there. Modern arms in the hands of Chinese have already shown their power, just as they did in the hands of the Boers. In its irresponsibility the massacre of the ministers has been more like a convulsion of nature than an act of men. The Boxers did it, and the Boxers are a revolutionary mob. Moreover, they are a mob rising against a government which we have long regarded as hopelessly corrupt and moribund, and which ought to go down. Yet it is the weak forces of the moribund government that seem to have fought and died in defence of the legations. We Americans want to see home-rule in China, and no dismemberment of the empire. The Boxers who have murdered our people want apparently the same thing, and were stimulated to their atrocious outburst by the growing intrusion of foreigners and their open plans for cutting up the country. Certainly the Chinese pot is boiling, and wonderful is the mixture that it contains.

THE share of the missionaries in stirring up China and bringing about the present upheaval has been much considered and discussed. Lord Salisbury in his speech last month to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts pointed out, in speaking of the crisis in China, that all the natives who were being killed were Christians. They were being killed, he said, not because of their religion, but because the Chinese had got the idea that missionary work is a mere instrument of the secular government to carry out its ends. The notion was utterly unjust, but still the Eastern proverb, "First the missionary, then the consul, then the general," had too often been borne out by facts. In old times, he said, the missionary who wore the martyr's crown did not injure the cause he was preaching or those whose interests he represented, but nowadays, when it is the practice to take official notice when a missionary is killed, martyrdom involved grave risks to the lives of the martyr's converts, and of the soldiers and sailors who were sent to avenge his death. He thought it made missionary work very complicated and difficult, and he urged prudence on those who manage missions, because they run the risk not only of losing their own lives, "but of producing terrible events on a gigantic scale."

An interesting commentary on what Lord Salisbury said appeared the other day in the form of a cablegram from certain missionaries in China, which read: "Arouse the Christian world immediately to our peril. If this arrive too late, avenge us." But we must not judge the average missionary by that despatch, for though his friends clamor lustily for vengeance when he is killed, he rarely asks for it himself. A much larger proportion of the Christian missionaries are Christians than most casual observers suspect, and very many of them have given evidence in these recent weeks of a lofty spirit, and profound devotion to their calling and appreciation of its demands.

YET, no doubt, missionary zeal, along with Russian vindictiveness and German greed and the rapacious eagerness of all the powers of Christendom, has had its share in bringing out the Boxers. Dr. Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, just back from China, said in London on July 14 that there was no foundation at all for the charge that the tactlessness of the missionaries is responsible for the present crisis in China. Yet he quoted Minister Conger as saying that missionary work had been the most powerful influence in the Orient, not only in behalf of civilization, but in behalf of the advancement of China herself. No doubt Mr. Conger's testimony is true. Missionaries have been the pioneers of Western civilization in China and elsewhere. They are the natural enemies of Chinese conservatism, and the Chinese reactionaries who want no civilization that is not Chinese are logical in hating and killing them. They are not to blame for the land hunger of Europe or for the trade-hunger of all the Western world, but [illegible]

Dr. Clark seems to think the missionary leaven has been effectually introduced into China. In his opinion, "the inevitable solution of the pending horror must be the destruction of China as a government. It is impossible for the dynasty to prevail there now. Somehow or other the powers must step in and revolutionize the empire's governmental machinery."

WITH Destiny working overtime in the far East and cutting throats by the light of burning palaces, it is hard to apply the mind to the consideration of comparatively humdrum things at home. Our Presidential campaign is largely taking care of itself for the time being, the chief passing incidents of it being declarations of disgruntled Republicans that they will swallow all their displeasures and support the gold standard ticket, and admissions of old-fashioned Democrats that they cannot see their way any clearer to vote for Bryan this year than four years ago. Mr. Hewitt is for McKinley; so is Mr. Thomas Waller, of Connecticut; so is Mr. Fairchild, and hundreds of thousands of Democrats more. Mr. Bourke Cockran is going—or has gone—abroad, and seems not to contemplate voting. Mr. Godkin expects not to vote. General Lew Wallace will vote with the rest of the Republicans, hard as it is for him to get over some particulars of the Administration's policy. Senator Hoar stands by his party of course, and the Anti-Imperialists have pretty much read him out of their clan. Mr. Erving Winslow deplores his inconstancy; Mr. William Lloyd Garrison insists that he is an apostate, but Senator Hoar admits none of the allegations, but declares he is as much of an Anti-Imperialist as he ever was, and that he never expected to abandon the President or his party because he disapproved their policy in a single particular. The variety of the controversies in which Senator Hoar has been implicated in the last two years is very remarkable. It is only two summers since he wrestled with Professor Norton over the Spanish war, and few firing squads have been out since then that have not included him. He thrives well on objurgation, and never seemed younger or more cheerful or more generally welcome than he was at the Harvard Commencement this year, when he sat at the head of the table and spoke first in meeting.

MEANWHILE the newer lights of the neo-Democratic aggregation unloosed themselves as opportunity offers. Mr. James Hamilton Lewis, of Washington (State), is the first to expose the responsibility of President McKinley for the doings in China. He is quoted as saying, "I charge the Chinese outrages on Americans directly upon the head of the Republican Administration." He insists that they are the direct result of our government's Chinese policy as lately announced.

Mr. William R. Hearst, of New York, is president of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, and has issued an address to them, which is heavily loaded with exhortation and warning. "The spirit of militarism," he says, "marks every act of the national government." When we recall the unprecedented size of the type Mr. Hearst used in shouting Spanish despotism out of Cuba and the Philippines, the figure of him now crying out against militarism seems somewhat like that of a Saul among the prophets. But he is very earnest about it, and would not grudge red ink to his appeal if it seemed likely to make it any stronger.

Mr. Oliver Belmont has not been heard from yet, but it is unlikely that so ardent a leader was lost in the 16-to-1 crush at Kansas City, and doubtless he is saving himself up to back the centre for Bryan when the heat is less intense and the Newport season less engrossing.

Mr. Webster Davis is one of the new Bryan recruits. He is already making speeches.

COLONEL EMERSON H. LISCUM, of the Ninth Infantry, killed in the attack on Tientsin on July 13, was born in Vermont, in 1841, and began his military service 20 years later, enlisting May 2, 1861, as corporal of the First Vermont Infantry. He served through the civil war, and came out with the rank of captain.

In the Spanish war he led the Twenty-fourth Infantry at San Juan Hill, and was wounded. For this service he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In April, 1899, he became Colonel of the Ninth Infantry, and went immediately to the Philippines, where for three months he commanded a brigade. He sailed for Taku on June 27.

MR. KIPLING had not gone to China at last accounts, but it need not surprise any one to learn at any time that he has started. When empires shut down for repairs he likes to be at the shop and see them tinkered.

THE plans for the Harvard Union, the new club that is to be built at Cambridge, and which is to take in everybody in the university that is clubable, are well along, and it seems likely that construction will begin this summer. The site finally settled upon is the estate lately left to the university by Henry C. Warren, of Boston. It is on Quincy Street, near the President's house and close by the Colonial Club. The size of the lot is ample, the grounds are pretty, its outlook is good, and it seems on the whole a very suitable place for the purpose. It might be a little nearer the colleges, but there is no nearer site which is on the whole so advantageous. The ground, being offered by the university, does not have to be bought out of the club fund, and that leaves more money for a building, which, apparently, is to be big, comfortable, and well adapted for its purposes. The effect of this club upon the social life of the university will be very interesting to watch and may be very beneficial. The fact that Cambridge is a no-license town will doubtless constrain it to follow the example of its neighbor, the Colonial Club, in selling no intoxicating beverages to its members.

IN some States it is unlawful this year to display flags which bear the names of Presidential candidates. Massachusetts, for example, has a statute, passed since the last Presidential election, which makes it unlawful to display a flag of the United States "upon which are any words, figures, advertisements or design," except that flags of Grand Army posts, or of State or Federal organizations, may bear the names of battles, or of the organization to which they belong. In New York State a statute of analogous purport (chap. 12, Laws of 1899) makes it a misdemeanor to attach names to the flag or otherwise misuse it.

BELLE BOYD is dead. Every one who reads newspapers must have read about her at one time or another. She was the most famous woman spy of the civil war, a woman of talent, education, and beauty, well born and of great daring. She was seventeen years old when the civil war broke out, and being very ardent in her devotion to the South, she did what she could for her side. Her services were extremely valuable, and certain information in particular that she conveyed to Stonewall Jackson won her a commission as Captain and an honorary place on Jackson's staff. She was several times captured, twice condemned to be shot, and finally sent out of the country. She was married in London after the war to a Federal officer whom she had seduced from his allegiance. After his death, in 1869, she became an actress, married again, and in 1884 was divorced, and married a third time. For a good many years she gave lectures, especially at Grand Army encampments. She died at Kilbourne, Wisconsin.

THIS is the time of year when the advertising signs along the country roads stir the observer to indignant sympathy with the outraged landscape. Provided the indignation take a practical turn, it is not difficult to abate the more reprehensible advertisements along any stretch of road that the observer habitually travels. The ordinary advertisements of commerce, such as in the neighborhood of large towns, are tacked to the fences, trees, and telegraph posts, come off quite as easily as they go on. An excellent way to promote their disappearance is to interest young persons in them as objects proper for collection. The suggestion made to an active male child between the ages of twelve and fifteen, that road side advertisements are worth one cent for two, has been known to sweep a mile of country road perfectly clean of these abominations within two hours' time. Of course, public notices proper to the country, such as auction bills, notices of cows strayed, or any notice that interests or concerns the rural population should be respected.

GENERAL OTIS spoke the other day at West Point of the Macabebe scouts, whom Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder of the Forty-third Infantry has been organizing near Manila into a squadron of cavalry for use against the Tagals. They are the hereditary foes of the Tagals, and there seem to be two motives for enlisting them and keeping them under discipline. One is to use them in fighting the insurgents; the other to have them under such control that their belligerency may be regulated so that they won't fight the Tagals except when ordered. The order of General MacArthur, under which this first squadron of native Filipino troops has been enlisted in the American service, has been received in Washington. The native scouts get about half as much pay as the American soldiers. They are enlisted "until the fifth day of June, 1901, unless sooner discharged." There is no doubt about their fighting qualities.

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that they would be improved, and the cuttings of lumber would pay for this beneficial work. If this could be done at this remote place, where wood was very cheap, and where the best trees on this estate had been cut long ago, then it could be done everywhere else. That this has been done at Biltmore is shown by the published balance sheet of the operations.

The purchases of land for the estate comprised many farms of various sizes, and some of these had been partly under cultivation since the Colonial era.

The previous owners used without reserve all the resources of their scantily productive lands, and they therefore turned their cattle into the forest, and often burned over their woodlands for the sake of pasturage; they were in the habit of cutting all trees which could be used or sold as fuel, fencing, or saw-logs. Under such treatment the forest, originally of moderate quality, grew steadily worse, as the more valuable species of trees were removed and the less valuable ones remained to seed the ground and perpetuate their kind. The fertility of the soil was destroyed by fire, while the young trees which grew up plentifully in many places were cut back year after year by the browsing of cattle.

Previous to the engagement of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Mr. Vanderbilt's forester, there had been made an extensive topographical survey of the estate, so that Mr. Olmsted could lay out the roads and determine on the landscape features with which he was specially concerned. The lines of this survey divided the area into squares of five hundred feet, and Mr. Pinchot adopted these sections as the units of description in making a catalogue of the trees in the forest when he took charge of it. This description was in the form of a card catalogue, and so each section could be studied by itself.

With this information to guide him, Mr. Pinchot could act within the limitations that he was to do nothing immediately unprofitable and nothing that would be of injury to the forest. Any one who has observed the methods of ordinary lumbering knows that the smaller growths are as completely ruined as possible by the falling trees and by the handling of them in removal. A careful forester sees that trees felled under his management will do the least possible damage to the young trees, and in sawing them up and removing them the same carefulness is always required of the workmen. The two results are widely different. By the old method there are sad havoc and ruin; by the scientific method a young and improved and a vigorous forest is left standing. There is naturally a more immediate profit in the latter method, while the prospective profit is incalculably greater. As for the appearance of the thing, there can be no comparison whatever. After three years of management under a forester the woodlands at Biltmore are so improved in appearance that they seem to be in a different section of the country from those in the neighborhood of Asheville and outside the limits of Mr. Vanderbilt's estate. It must not be understood that these woodlands have been cleared of underbrush and made to look like city parks. Not at all. Such treatment would be most unscientific and injurious to forest growth. In clearing away, so that the ground may become carpeted with turf, the waste and dead leaves would have to be sacrificed, and then would be lost, in conjunction with too much light and air, that all important factor the vegetable mould.

In the treatment of the Biltmore forest Mr. Pinchot has had to be influenced by the character of the estate as a country residence, with its gardens, farms, deer-park, and woods carefully planned and planted. His working plans have therefore needed to be quite elastic, and he has never had the liberty of action that he might have had in a vast forest pure and simple. So Mr. Pinchot has in his plans had these three things in mind: first, profitable production, so that the forest would have direct utility; second, a nearly constant annual yield, so that there will be steady occupation for a trained force permanently organized; third, an improvement in the condition of the forest, without which its future would be nearly hopeless. These general objects he has hoped to attain by means of two systems of management—the regular high-ting, after passing over it, and then over all the others in succession, would reach it again at the end of 150 years. The selection forest in its perfect state has trees of all ages mixed together everywhere instead of being separated into groups of uniform age. The annual yield is taken each year from all parts of the forest. But under such a method transportation would manifestly be too costly for American conditions. Consequently the localized selection system was adopted in its place. Under it the annual yield comes from a restricted portion during several years, then from another portion during a like period, and so on until the cutting has passed over the whole forest. In the present case the yield will come from one-fifth of the area during each period of five years. Consequently the cutting will return over the same land once in twenty-five years."

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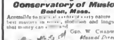

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FOOTBALL AND CRICKET GROUNDS ON THE ESPLANADE, SINGAPORE.

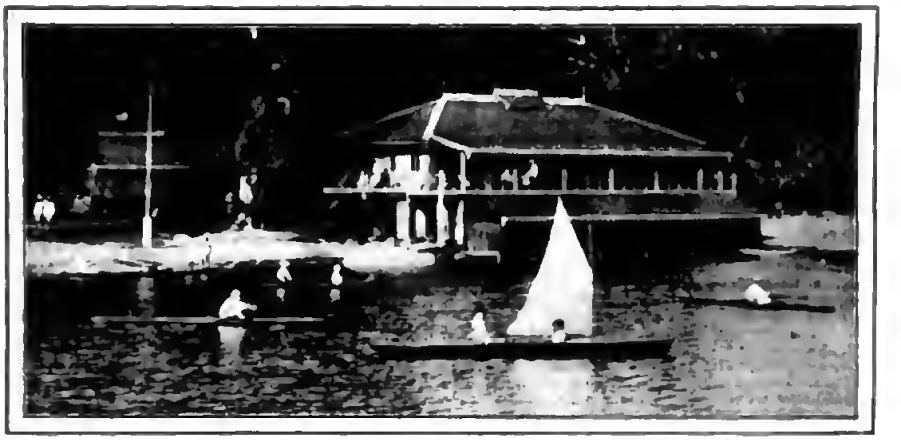
SPORT IN INDIA. *By Caspar Whitney*

THE vast population of India comprises so many different types it is rather difficult to include them in one sweeping statement. Yet, so far as their sporting characteristics are concerned, one may classify them without great difficulty.

Roughly speaking, the country may for our present purpose be divided into Bengal and the Madras Presidency on the eastern coast; Bombay on the west, and Rajputana, Punjab, and the Northwest Provinces on the north; and Mysore on the south. Pursuing the subject in mere outline—the Bengalis are a servile, weak-hearted lot, the Tamils of the Madras Presidency even more so; the Bombay Presidency people, which include the Parsees, are an improvement, the Rajputanas still better, and the Punjab and Northwest Province people the most manly and courageous of all. In other words, the northern tribes of India are the only ones of courage and address, and not only supply England with the best fighters of her Sepoys, but are the only ones native to the country in whom a love of sport is natural.

The native sport of India, however, has never extended over many fields or to many people. Games indigenous to the land were always exceedingly few, and have for the greater part faded from the memory of even tradition. The ancient polo at Manipur is of course known the world over, but I was considerably disappointed in its quality. Perhaps it has degenerated, but now it is little more than hockey on pony-back. Though the play is interesting because of the very diminutiveness of the ponies (which are only twelve hands high) and the picturesqueness of the players, yet it falls flat in comparison with the *pukka* (genuine) game. Nevertheless, it is not to be forgotten that the present generation owes its polo to these Manipuris, because the English in India learned it from them, and sent the game on to England and thence to America. It may be as well also to remember that in the first English days of the game in India these Manipuris defeated their foreign opponents—as much, let me also add, through frightening the Englishmen's ponies by yelling and by the flapping of their huge stirrup leathers against their ponies' sides as by superiority of play.

The sporting instinct of the northern tribesman turned, however, rather to hunting and to wild beast fights than to the tamer amusement of mere games. It is quite likely that in the days of the Moguls, when human life was light and as lightly sold, if only it provided a Rajah's afternoon amusement, there were fights between men and wild beasts and between wild beasts of various kinds which provided real excitement. But certainly the relics of those wild beast combats, with which our always some up-country Rajah attempts occasional entertainment, are most stupid. One held recently promised combats between elephants, buffaloes, and goats, and the only good fighting was by the goats. Both the elephants and the buffaloes seemed on very friendly terms, one with the other, and apparently had no intention of putting an abrupt, much less painful, ending to an occupation less fatiguing than domestic service. The elephants poked each other gently in the side, grunting in good humor the while, and between these friendly exchanges they parted, and facing about, trumpeted shrilly, and lest the Rajah detect their mutual good feeling, blew sand with great gusto into one another's face.



BOAT-CLUB HOUSE, RANGOON, BURMAH.

The buffaloes were huge brutes, and looked as if they could butt down a house, but they too were evidently not disposed to resort to unnecessary violence, and locking horns, pushed one another about the arena, with much pawing of earth and amid great excitement on the arena walls. These buffaloes are bred by the Rajahs especially for fighting, and have horns of tremendous girth. The arena itself was I should judge about a quarter mile oval (perhaps a little larger and more oblong than oval), surrounded by a thick stone wall twelve feet high, and for as many feet backed by a solid earth embankment. At frequent intervals around the wall are narrow openings through which the luckless attendants employed in some of the elaborate fighting spectacles make good their escape when their intrusion is resented by the principal performers. The soil in the footway did not look worn.

There was another bloodless combat the same afternoon that was quite as novel, and, I must say, just about as uninteresting. It was wrestling between several pairs of men from Baroda, which, together with Cutch, is the home of a class of professional gladiators of this type. The men were, with few exceptions, great beefy creatures, with pendent stomachs, and, except for physiognomy and color of skin, the counterpart of the wrestlers I had seen in Japan, only their work was less interesting and not so workmanlike. They entered the ring clothed only

THE ROYAL BOMBAY YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

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A GROUP OF INDIAN WRESTLERS.

in a very tightly drawn loin-cloth, and their bodies glistened with the generous coating of oil that had been given them. They did the usual walk around and gesture-making which the native of the Orient appears to regard as an essential preliminary to all physical effort, and following it by a few passes with the arms, they suddenly closed and dropped to the ground. There was a suggestion of the catch-as-catch-can style in this and in their subsequent work, if it may be called work, for the greater part of the time it looked as though, locked in each other's arms, they were discussing the prospects of the coming rice crop. Now and again the pair would disentangle, and with a blowing and grunting that must of itself have required much physical effort, proceed in turn to pull each other's head through his own legs. There was a great deal of grabbing at the groin, and hugging and pulling at the stomach. Finally, out of a cloud of dust, one man arose, and everybody shouted.

These men are really famed throughout native India, great feats of strength being attributed to them; and I was told in Calcutta that in a match, several years ago, between one of them and an ex champion of England, the Indian was victorious. They are a professional class, kept and bred by the wealthy up-country Rajahs for their especial amusement, and rarely seen except at royal entertainments. They are big and stout, and undoubtedly powerful; but the skill of their wrestling seems insignificant to one who has seen really good work in England and America.

The wrestling and the animal fighting are confined to the up country districts; elsewhere the Indian, if he takes to any branch of sport, follows in the footsteps of the Englishman. There are English cantonments all over India, and wherever there is a cantonment there is sport, of as many varieties as the number of residents and character of the immediate country will permit.

In Burma the facilities are considerable, and many different kinds of sport are maintained. At Rangoon is a very attractive gymkhana club, with excellent dirt lawn-tennis courts, while on the other side of the road from the club is a large field where polo and several games of football and cricket may be carried on simultaneously. Near by is a very fair golf course.

The word gymkhana has a wider significance in the Far East than we give it in America or, if I mistake not, than is given it in England. We use the word to describe a distinct kind of sport in which man and pony, ladle and eggs, umbrellas and cigars, thread and needles, combine to make an afternoon's fun. In India the word, as applied to a club, indicates an institution that supports a variety of games. For instance, the Gymkhana Club of Rangoon is devoted to football, cricket, polo, lawn-tennis, and golf, and there is a larger boating interest than at any other Eastern settlement, for which a picturesquely situated boat house is well equipped for the sport.

The native of Burma does not differ materially from his neighbors in matters pertaining to sport; he is also disinclined to athletic endeavor; but on the other hand is the most enthusiastic and good-natured spectator of the efforts of others. In his relish for sport he is perhaps even keener than the Malay. Apart from the football which I have already described as played in Siam, the Burman has now no native sport to which he gives very much attention; but wrestling of the usual Asiatic pattern is traditional, though one must search far and long to find those who will give you an exhibition of it. The boats, in pattern, are somewhat like those of the Siamese, though much fewer in numbers and type, but the Burman gets more pleasure out of his craft than his neighbor over the line, and his house-boat is an excursion and a living craft continuously in use. English Burma and the Burman take their deepest pleasure in horse-racing, and though the latter does not ride, none follows the horses with keener interest, nor views the racing with more visible delight. The Burman is a child in his pleasures, and takes his enjoyment with true youthful abandon.

There is no sport possible to the country that India is without, and Calcutta, the capital, is rightfully equipped with a plant of utmost completeness. Nowhere in the world is there a recreation field of such extent as the *maidan*, which for about three miles in length and fully one mile in width, quite in the city, and on one side running down to the Hooghly, is a series of meadows devoted to sport of all kinds. At its lower end it begins with Eden Gardens, which contain an excellent athletic field with turf running track, and a small park where one or the other of two regimental bands plays every evening from six to seven. At the upper end of the *maidan* are the grounds and stands of the racing club, which are large enough for a one mile and a quarter track, with steeple-courses and polo fields within the oval.

On both sides and at each end of the *maidan*, and through its centre, from the race-course to the Gardens, run broad driveways, where every afternoon at five all Calcutta takes its daily airing. On both sides of the driveways, from the Gardens to the race track, are fields for hockey, lacrosse, cricket, lawn tennis, and ponds for yacht-model racing, while around these and over the *maidan* extends a golf-course of character so easy as to suggest lawn billiards. And on the *maidan* every evening during the three winter months, December, January, and February—when exercise is possible in Calcutta—one may see play at all these games.

There are no athletic clubs recruited, as in England or America, but various industrial and military and naval institutions organize clubs within themselves and hold meetings; for example, there are the Naval Volunteers Club and the Telegraph Recreation Club, etc. Once a year, in February, these and others combine to hold the Presidency Athletic Meeting, which is in reality the championship event of the Bengal Presidency; the word presidency being applied to the various districts into which English India is divided. The only athletic club open to general membership is that within the Y. M. C. A., which, however, devotes itself more largely to hockey, and has recently imported the first gymnasium apparatus seen at Calcutta. There are two colleges at Calcutta for the natives; one of these has an excellent athletic field, and both hold sports every winter. There is a swimming and a rowing club, and not a great deal of either sport; but the bicycle is popular, though the racing, done on a hard turf track without elevated corners, is chiefly confined to the soldiers, who are continuously holding sports of various kinds—mostly football and track athletics—throughout the winter.

While the native Bengali holds annual sports at his college, and can be seen every afternoon playing Association football, lawn tennis, and hockey, yet is he an indifferent factor in any one. They do not attain high skill, even though a native fifteen actually did defeat a scrub English team two years ago. The fact is, the Bengali is entirely without sporting blood, and pursues these several games merely in imitation of the English, and as an imagined part of that eagerly sought educative process which removes caste, gives them the coveted title of *babu* (gentleman), and is the real cause of the "unrest" of which we have recently heard so much. The malcontents of India are these *babus*, who, educated by the government and raised from the depths of degradation and lowest caste, now murmur and threaten because, forsooth, the government cannot find lucrative positions for them all. England has treated these people too generously, too kindly—that is the real reason of the trouble. But of that subject I may later have that to say which is based on my own investigation in India, hysterical data to which both England and America have been treated by radicals and a sensational press. The trouble on the frontier has no connection with the much discussed "unrest" in India; neither had the recent riots at Calcutta and at Bombay.

The polo of India is, on an average, thoroughly good, but of not so high a class as the game played in England or in America. For this the difference in ponies is partly responsible. The Indian Association permits no ponies over 13.2, and the average that comes within that measurement is not fast and has a villainous temper. There is considerable difficulty in getting good ponies, and a fair one averages upwards of 1000 rupees (about $330 gold), though the best bring as high as 3000 rupees. Despite his increased value, the pony of to-day is no better than ten years ago, when prices were not so long by one-third, and regimental players—officers with private means beyond their pay—are responsible for the inflation of prices. Ponies are picked up wherever they can be found—Australia of recent years supplying many, as the wishes by the officers of the race clubs everywhere, and too few of the limited number of gentlemen's events that are granted are suitable for the average sportsman, who, perhaps a bit heavy, is none the less fit, and regrets to lose good sport because he has neither time nor inclination to train down to professional jockey form. Gymkhana clubs and events are numerous, and many of the clubs even have racquet-courts; Calcutta has two; there is but one tennis-court in India, and that belongs to an up-country English educated Rajah. The untenanted palace at Agra of the once mighty Akbar provides excellent indoor lawn-tennis courts, which are used by the local garrison.

Riding to hounds attracts very fair fields at a number of the larger settlements, and the "fox" is a jackal, who not invariably has the gameness of Reynard, but nevertheless gives a majority of good runs. Hounds are imported from England, and there are kennels at Bombay, Benares, Poona, and at several other cantonments. At Calcutta paper chases take the place of following hounds, and attract large fields. Madras and Bombay are both large and active centres of sport, where polo, golf, cricket, football, and gymkhana clubs abound, and this in a less degree is true of Lucknow, Delhi, Benares, Agra, Simla, and all the other important up-country posts. There is less of the native element seen on the play-ground at Madras, and also at Bombay, than at Calcutta, but at Bombay, with its 900,000 people (the second in population in the British kingdom), there are many Parsees, and these have gone in largely for cricket, and play a tolerably fair game. The sport of Bombay is quite as varied as that of Calcutta, and, despite its bad name, the former, when not plague-ridden, is a much more attractive and active city. A horse show is among its annual out of door entertainments, and there are polo and horse racing of the first quality.

The most attractive daily rendezvous of Bombay, however, is the yacht club house, with its restaurant, large and comfortable lounging quarters, its band that plays on the lawn four nights a week, and its attractive location at the water's edge. Nor is its only entertainment social, for races are held frequently among its fleet of lateen rigged one raters, that afford exceeding good sport.

To those sportsmen of India who seek more stirring adventure, there is pig-sticking, and a fair amount of big game in several districts, though the fearful slaughter visited upon the game by that kind of creature who likes a big bag has lessened the sport very considerably. Rajahs and that type of wealthy English shooter who gauges his sport by the extent of his kill have, by repeatedly organized hunts of immense scope, joined with rinderpest in making the sportsman work harder and go further afield for his trophies. For instance, when the Duke of Portland visited India, the King of Nepaul gave a hunt in his honor, in which there were employed 900 elephants, and 14,000 beaters and followers! There were 30 guns, and the bag of deer and small game was enormous, while of tigers there were 66, and rhinoceros 160! Curious idea of sport that!

In point of fact, the visiting sportsman will get no shooting worth the while in India unless he enlists official or royal (native) aid. Without he has letters to some of the high officers in government service, or to a wealthy rajah, he might as well stop at home. Large tracts of hunting country belong to rajahs, and they close it to all save those whom they invite, elsewhere you will not be able to get trackers and guides without the assistance of those of influence, and practically everywhere in India you must have elephants for beating out your game, the more elephants the better your chance of success.

You may have a little fun and perhaps the good luck of a shot with say twenty elephants, but if you wish to hunt thoroughly one hundred are needful. The usual number used on such occasions as a hunt by the rajahs or high officials is about 300. Needless to say hunting on such a scale is expensive for the visiting sportsman, who may always reckon on paying in one way and another for everything he gets. The daily keep of an elephant is about a dollar

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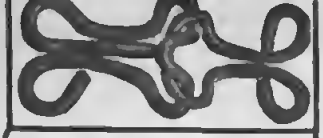

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AMERICAN MARINES ENTERING TIENTSIN.

The men shown in this photograph—which was taken June 10—are from the U. S. S. "Newark," and are marching into the foreign settlement of Tientsin, having come up from Tong-ku. These marines subsequently proceeded to Peking to act as a Legation guard. If alive, they are now imprisoned in the Chinese capital.

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As to China

ASIDE from the Presidential campaign, the question that is of paramount interest in this country to-day is presented by China. Whatever may be the real truth as to the situation in Peking, whether we are confronted with an awful tragedy or have been made the victims of a fiendish cabal of sensation-mongers, the pathos of the spectacle cannot be otherwise than deeply moving to all men and women of right feeling. To most of us China is as yet an unopened book, and the Chinese are identified in our minds with the rather melancholy specimens of that race who have immigrated to our shores and embarked upon the dubious enterprise of washing clothes in filthy laundries. That within the walls of the vast Asiatic empire there dwells a great and a proud people, who have for thousands of years lived according to the principles of a civilization which in their own eyes is superior to that of the West, and which in our eyes cannot be denied to have great and wondrous virtues, comparatively few of us are aware, and many being told of it to-day for the first time find it difficult to believe. That these heathen, as we delight to call them because they are different from ourselves, have had for thousands of years a religion of their own, to which they have adhered quite as consistently and as loyally as we have adhered to ours—even if the balance of loyalty to faith be not against us—the mass of us have not dreamed, and not many of us are prepared to accept readily. Yet such are the facts that men who have gone out into this land to carry the benefits of Western civilization to a nation of four hundred millions of souls are forced in sincerity to tell us, as does Dr. CHARLES JOHNSON, in his enlightening article on "The Struggle for Reform in China," in the July issue of the *North American Review*, that "any inherent superiority on the part of the West is rather a pleasing fiction" than a demonstrable fact. That in point of fact "the West is superior in combative and destructive elements—the very things which the religion of the West has been trying to eradicate for two thousand years; so that even from a Western point of view, Europe's material victory"—if indeed Europe is to win such a one at all—"is a moral defeat." A statement of this import comes to us in the light of a revelation, but we must accept it, for Dr. JOHNSON is one who has made a close and intimate study of that concerning which he writes and knows whereof he speaks. Startling as it is, it is less so than the positive assertion in the pages of the same *Review* for August by President GEORGE B. SMYTH, of the Anglo-Chinese college at Foochow, to the following effect. We quote Dr. SMYTH at some length because we believe, as he does, that while the subject is not wholly a pleasant one for the West, it is only plain justice to both sides that the full truth should be known:

> The civilization of China is the development of its own national genius and life. Of no nation in the West can this be affirmed. The countries of America and Europe have been so closely related on terms of equality that the civilization of no one of them can be said to be entirely its own. They have so acted and reacted, one upon another, by physical force and moral and intellectual influences, that the civilized life of each is the development, not of its own national genius merely, but that modified in many and various directions by the civilization of each of the others. Vastly different have been the conditions under which the civilization of China has grown. With the exception of India, to which she owes Buddhism, I do not know to what other country she is indebted for anything. She has been surrounded by peoples who, in all the great qualities of life, were vastly inferior to her from Europe, not only claiming equality, but professing to be able to teach her, it was a shock to the national pride not easy for the West to appreciate. It is not pleasant for a people who have thought themselves the chosen of the world, and who, it must be admitted, had, under the circumstances, some reason for thinking so, to be summoned to sit at the feet of men whom their peculiar history and recent experience had taught them to look upon as barbarians. The claim to equality, then, made by foreigners in their relations with China has been a cause of offence, a fruitful source of antagonism. If it be said that the claim was right, and that China has had time to learn the folly of her conservatism and the madness of her intolerant national pride, let it be remembered that the feelings of a nation do not easily change, that the prejudices of centuries cannot be overcome by the teachings of a decade.

East and West

UPON these people we of the West have intruded. We have told them in plain terms that they are ignorant heathen. We have told them that they are barbarians. We have told them that the faith to which they have held for thousands of years and which has sufficed to their needs, even as our creeds have sufficed to ours, is a vain and empty thing, and that if they wish to be saved they must turn their backs upon it and embrace our own. As a prominent Chinese resident of London said recently in an interview: "You have told us that our children are born to be damned; that our ancestors who died in our faith and not in yours are suffering the tortures of purgatory; you have frightened our women and children; you have sown doubt in the minds of our old people; you have filled our souls with unrest; you have tried to destroy the faith to which we have clung for ages, and you have offered us nothing better in its place. Indeed, you have not even agreed as to that which you believe yourselves. My people have become suspicious; some day, I fear, they will become something worse."

Apart from this phase of the question, it cannot be said that Western ideas of commercial integrity have been such as to allay a possible hostility and suspicion. "Rapine, murder, and a constant appeal to force chiefly characterized the commencement of Europe's commercial intercourse with China," is the flat declaration of a leading authority on the affairs of the East, H. E. GORST by name. "The early Dutch and English adventurers had also a share of blackening the reputation of Europe in the East, and it is not surprising that the Chinese came in time to look upon all Europeans as barbarians, men whose only objects were robbery and war," says President SMYTH, in his *North American Review* article. "Still more deplorable," Dr. SMYTH adds, "was the impression made by the Spaniards. After they seized the Philippine Islands in 1543, a great expansion of trade with China resulted; and such large numbers of Chinese settlers went there that in time they outnumbered the Europeans in the proportion of twenty-five to one. The Spaniards saw in this great influx of Chinese immigrants a menace to their own sovereignty, and they massacred the larger part of the defenceless and innocent Chinese. The impression which such savage butchery of its people made on their native province of Canton may easily be imagined, and partly accounts both for the reception which the English met with in the following century when they first entered the Canton River, and for the fact that the people of that province are, with the exception of those of Hu-nan, the most truculent haters of foreigners in China."

When we have beyond these facts of history the drastic measures of retaliation for crimes, commercial and otherwise, meted out by the enlightened, Christian and civilized European state of Germany to the province of Shantung so late as 1897, in which for the murder, during a riot, of two missionaries she seized territory about the bay of Kiao-chau, secured the dismissal of the Governor and six of his subordinates, successfully demanded payment of an indemnity of 3000 taels, exacted a promise to build three expiatory chapels, and secured a concession for two railways, and the for faith and country they rise up in open rebellion! Is it evidence of lack of civilization that they insist upon their own gods and upon their own rights, and wish none of ours? Even the British shield is emblazoned with the legend "Dieu et mon droit."

SO much for Europe and its relations with these benighted people of the East. What of the United States in relation to China and the Chinese people? If the Chinese themselves are to be believed it is our good fortune to have so conducted ourselves as a nation in China that we have won their confidence. Writing in June last it was the testimony of China's official representative, Mr. WU, at Washington, that the sentiment of good-will entertained by the government and people of China for the government and people of the United States is strong and profound, because of the long, unblemished past, and that it is the desire of China to maintain such relations to the last, seeking only "gentle peace, sweet friendship, helpful exchange of benefits, and the generous application of that Golden Rule which people of all nations and all creeds should delight to follow." All of which may or may not have been sincere. In the light of subsequent developments, it is perhaps well to take it "cum grano salis," but it states clearly the essential fact that China has had very little cause to mistrust the United States, and in reality regards us with a greater degree of confidence than she does any other nation.

The United States and China

On top of this expression of good-will, in the emergent hour, China seeks our good offices in setting herself right with the world. We devoutly hope that the actual situation shall turn out to be such that we may be able to accede to the Emperor's request; and we congratulate the country upon the fact that it has in the executive office a man who has so much of human sympathy for the fallen, and is at the same time so strongly regardful of the rights of his own people in the complications that have arisen, that in his reply he insists only upon the rights of the American people which are based upon the humanities of life; and in the face of great provocation fails utterly to show himself the truculent Imperialist which his enemies wickedly claim him to be. "No blow has been struck except for liberty and humanity, and none will be," said Mr. MCKINLEY in his speech at Canton. In his reply to the Emperor of China the President is living up to his profession. His note is a statesmanlike utterance, which contains at once the menace which an outraged nation could not fail to make if our worst fears are realized, and the proffered hand of friendship and good-fellowship if happily all shall turn out to be well.

IT is a very sensible conclusion which has been reached by the gold Democrats not to put a third ticket in the field this year. The conditions do not justify any such movement, and an organization primarily conceived in sincerity is most wise in declining to make itself the tail to the kite of a body of notoriety-seekers, concerning whose real seriousness of purpose there is grave reason to be doubtful. It would have been an unpleasant spectacle to see the sturdy little band that represents all that is left of the old true Democracy—that is, the sole remnant of the Democracy which even its most ardent opponents could not fail to hold in respect—dragged about by the nose by such notorious characters as Senator PETTIGREW, an official of the United States government, who is avowedly in correspondence with the enemies of his country, as the amusing WINSLOW, the sonnet-singing GARRISON, and the ever-entertaining ATKINSON.

A Wise Move

The record of the gold Democratic party is one of lofty purpose and dignity, and it would be too bad to find it in alliance with the Anti-Imperialist League, thereby imperilling the laurels which it has won and now so deservedly wears.

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A CORRESPONDENT of HARPER'S WEEKLY, writing amid the uproar of the Kansas City convention, interpreted the hysterical greeting there given to the Anti-Imperialism resolution as meaning that the Republicans "are to be put on the defensive in the matter of Imperialism."

But why and how? What is this "Issue of Imperialism" except a senseless outcry against the Administration for doing well a duty forced upon it by uncontrollable circumstances? What is there in it but the empty wind of rhetoric? What does it signify to sane minds except a desire on the part of those who framed the Kansas City platform to divert attention from that Populistic menace of financial dishonesty, coinage debasement, debt repudiation, and malignant antagonism to the country's industries and prosperity, which is the very soul and substance of Mr. Bryan's candidacy?

The enthusiasm over this matter which showed itself in the convention was altogether natural. It was born of the hope that the resolution might blind men's eyes to the destructive purposes embodied elsewhere in the platform. It was inspired by the belief that the suicide might thus be cut down before life was quite extinct. The voters of the country will consider the matter with less excited minds. They will coldly question the Kansas City rhetoric as to the facts with which it so hotly deals.

The Case of Cuba.—These facts are perfectly simple and entirely to the credit of the Administration. When our country accepted Spain's challenge to war, and undertook the duty of making an end of the most intolerable despotism surviving on earth, "all the people said Amen!" The Administration prosecuted the war to early and complete victory. But victory imposed new and very burdensome obligations upon the nation. Cuba was free, but there was neither a government in the island nor, for the time being, the possibility of establishing one, except by the strong arm of military administration. To Cuba and to the civilized world we owed it to retain control there until such time as the Cubans should be able to govern themselves in an orderly fashion. To have withdrawn our military forces from the island at the end of the war with Spain would have been to plunge Cuba into almost irremediable anarchy. It would have been a crime against civilization; it would have been worse even than to have restored Spanish misrule.

Never in history was any nation's duty plainer or more imperative than was ours to hold Cuba in tutelage and in trust for its own people until they should themselves be ready to administer their heritage. It was our duty to pacify the island after its years of revolution, to bring order out of the chaos in which misgovernment and chronic war had left it, to help the Cubans in their difficult task of creating a stable, free, and orderly government of their own.

Could more or better have been done in the fulfilment of that duty than has been done under the singularly wise and successful administration of General Leonard Wood? He has rid the island of pestilence. He has established order, and made possible the restoration of industry. He has induced a respect for law such as Cuba has never before known. He has not only prepared the way for successful self government, but has actually set up such government in so great a measure that the Cubans are satisfied with it as an earnest of complete self-rule to come. He has laid the foundations of the Cuban republic broad and deep, and Cuba seems abundantly content to wait for the orderly building of the superstructure. It is not patriotic Cubans but pestilent politicians in our own country who heap hysterical reproaches upon the Administration, charging it falsely with broken faith, and the non-fulfilment of our national pledges to the Cubans.

The Philippine Matter.—In the course of the war for the rescue of Cuba and Porto Rico from the Spanish oppression, it became necessary for an American fleet to destroy the Spanish power in the Philippines. Again victory imposed obligations. There were multitudes of Americans and Europeans in those islands. There were homes and factories there, and mercantile establishments, all requiring the protection of law. Yet no law remained after we had expelled the Spanish power. There were 8,000,000 natives too, to be looked after. Some of them were civilized, some half civilized, and some barbarous. For the benefit of all of them, as well as for the protection of foreigners, a government was necessary, and our military force was the only power that could provide it promptly. The Administration at Washington could no more shirk this duty of restoring and maintaining order in the Philippines than it could neglect its obligations at home. It would have been an unpardonable failure in duty towards humanity for us to withdraw and leave the islands a prey to ceaseless civil war, with the certainty of their early and disastrous spoliation by some other and less scrupulous power. Our duty there was so plain and so binding upon us that nobody in all the land would have questioned it had not its doing afforded an opportunity for unpatriotic politicians here to make political capital, for yellow journalists to manufacture sensations, and for a little group of impracticables to exploit themselves by misrepresenting facts and perverting truth.

From the beginning it has been both the declared and the obvious purpose of the Administration to give to the Filipinos, under American protection, the fullest measure of self-government of which they are capable, and in the mean time to maintain that order without which the establishment of free government is nowhere possible. That purpose has never been abandoned, and if its execution has been embarrassed and delayed by the madness of ambitious Filipino leaders, encouraged to civil war by the seditious clamor of sensation mongers at home, it is surely gross calumny to charge the fault upon the Administration.

The Chinese Trouble.—Still less excuse is there for citing the Administration's course in the Chinese trouble as an indication of imperialistic tendencies, as many newspaper writers are doing with phenomenal disregard of the facts. In that matter the Administration's prudence, conservatism, and forbearance have been truly extraordinary. China has inflicted upon us wrongs and insults which, under any Administration we have ever had, we should have been quick to avenge had they been the acts of any other nation than China. She has permitted, if she has not indeed ordered, the wholesale massacre of American citizens, including women and children, legally resident in Chinese cities. She has consented to or directly ordered the destruction of our legation at Peking, though in the contemplation of international law the legation house is American territory, and its invasion is a direct act of war. Still worse, there is every reason to believe that she has permitted or caused the assassination of our minister, though in his person he represented nothing less than the sovereignty of the United States itself.

Nevertheless we have scrupulously abstained from all acts of war upon China in resentment. The Administration has rigidly restricted our naval and military forces in the East to the work of protecting the lives of American citizens so far as that has been possible. It sent troops to Peking only by permission of the Chinese government, and only for the purpose of guarding our legation there. Under orders from Washington our forces refused to join with those of the other powers in the bombardment and reduction of the Taku forts, our Admiral Kempff going so far in avoidance of war as to enter his earnest protest against that procedure, which the Chinese government has officially cited as the only act of war committed by Western nations since the trouble began.

In brief, the forbearance and self-restraint of the Administration under the extremest provocation have been such as were never before known in our history. With every circumstance justifying war, it has abstained from war. With every temptation to conquest it has refused to be driven, even by outrage of the most intolerable kind, into participation in the plans of other powers seemingly inclined to conquest. Is this the temper of Imperialism? Surely ambition of empire "should be made of sterner stuff."

No, the Republicans will not be "put on the defensive in the matter of Imperialism."

And now just a few words as to the votes that Mr. Bryan needs:

In order to be elected Mr. Bryan must secure 48 more electoral votes this year than he received in 1896. From what States is there a chance for him to get them? Kentucky, in 1896, gave 8 of her 9 electoral votes against him by a popular plurality of only 281. Mr. Bryan is more likely to lose the 3 votes of Wyoming and the 4 votes of South Dakota than to recover those votes this year. California gave him 1 vote in 1896, giving the other 8 to McKinley. California is this year concededly certain to cast her entire vote for McKinley. Maryland, which repudiated Bryan and free silver four years ago by a plurality of 32,224, has seemingly lost none of her detestation of dishonest money and rabid Populistic policies since that time. Ohio gave McKinley a plurality of 47,497 in 1896. In Illinois there is the enormous plurality of 142,498 to overcome. It would be scarcely greater folly to reckon upon Pennsylvania or Massachusetts to furnish the missing Bryan votes than to look for them in Illinois. Minnesota is equally out of the question. In like manner Michigan has always gone Republican in Presidential elections. Indiana is often an uncertain State, and its 15 electoral votes may this year be in doubt, with the preponderance of probabilities in favor of McKinley.

What of New York?—In 1896 Mr. Bryan called New York "the enemy's country," and in the election it fully justified his phrase. For while the State had gone Democratic in the last preceding Presidential election by more than 45,000 its hostility to dishonest money found expression in the enormous plurality of 268,469 against Bryan—the heaviest plurality ever given in the State since the civil war for or against any man or any cause. McKinley's vote indeed was a clear majority of 215,800 votes over all other candidates together.

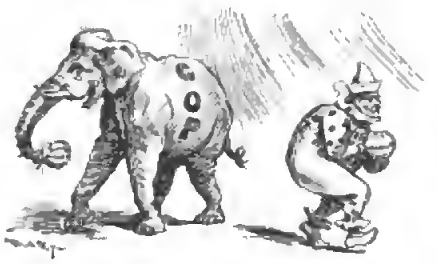
This phenomenal vote was attributable to one sole cause—New York's intense hostility to dishonest money. Is that hostility less now than it was four years ago? Has it not been intensified rather by the prosperity which has followed its triumph? Is there the least reason to expect that the voters of this State will fling away all of progress that they have achieved? Have the scores of thousands of Democrats who defeated their own party by way of rebuking the Chicago platform, and repudiating the Populist candidate who represented it, the smallest reason to be better pleased with the same candidate and the Kansas City platform? Was not Mr. Bryan's arrogant course in forcing its specially aggressive free-silver resolution upon a very unwilling convention a direct and insulting slap in the face to those New York Democrats who so earnestly pleaded for a chance to act again with their party? Has not Mr. Bryan in effect said to them: "Submit yourselves to my will! Take your punishment without a murmur! I am your master! It is not for you to entertain opinions or offer counsel or ask for concessions. It is not for you to question my will, but to obey it. Get you to my heels, at the crack of my whip, like so many curs!"

Added to all this is the dangerous extension of Richard Croker's malign influence. At a time when even the great Democratic newspapers of New York are crying aloud against the rule of plunder established by him in the city, and demanding the removal of his puppet Mayor from office for alleged crime, this most insolent of bosses has extended his arbitrary rule from the city to the whole State. He has made himself absolute master of the machinery of his party. He has openly snubbed and insulted so popular a leader as ex-Senator Hill, for daring to advocate moderation at Kansas City, and make it possible for New York Democrats to support their party this year.

Manifestly Mr. Bryan will find none of his coveted electoral votes in New York. The Democratic voters who repudiated Bryanism four years ago cannot be expected to accept it now in emphasized form, with the additional incubus of Crokerism saddled upon it.

I.—"I'll put him on the defensive!"

II.—But the elephant has an idea or two himself.



III.—And it didn't come out just that way.

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A TROOP OF THE 3D CAVALRY

OFFICERS OF THE 3D CAVALRY

THE 8TH INFANTRY ARRIVING FROM CUBA.

UNITED STATES TROOPS ORDERED TO CHINA.

A BATTERY OF CHINESE LIGHT ARTILLERY.

This photograph was taken at the Hsiao Chan camp on the outskirts of Tientsin.

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CHINESE IMPERIAL TROOPS GUARDING THE UNITED STATES LEGATION

THE MACHINE-GUN IN THE LEGATION COMPOUND

OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN MARINE GUARD.

THE BOXER UPRISING IN PEKING.

VIEWS OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AND GUARDS, TAKEN EARLY IN JUNE.

The correspondent from whom these photographs and those reproduced on pages 713, 722, and 723, were received, says, in his letter of transmittal, dated Tientsin, June 11, 1900: "The Boxer movement is progressing rapidly. Tientsin is patrolled by a thousand troops, with machine-guns, defending every street. Yesterday the Chinese government refused the foreigners railway transportation, and the soldiers of England and Germany seized a train by force. It is reported to-day that the Chinese will resist the foreigners' entrance into Peking, which will then be taken by assault, and a state of war will exist."

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VLADIVOSTOK, THE RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS IN EASTERN SIBERIA, NOW DECLARED BY THE CZAR TO BE IN A STATE OF

The Photograph shows the Sailors and Marines of the Russian Fleet being Reviewed by the Governor of the District prior to their Departure for Tientsin and Port Arthur.

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PART II

THE distressing sensation that is produced on the traveller in China is the lack of care that buildings and other structures receive. Even in Peking such really artistically beautiful things as the Temple of Confucius or the Hall of Classics are dropping to pieces for need of a few repairs. In the interior the most striking things are the gateways to the city walls and stone-arched bridges. Some of these gateways were originally of exceedingly good design, with a massive substructure with its arched portal, and surmounted by carved wooden lattice-work and the typical Chinese curved tiled roof. The native apparently gives them no thought, no care, and they, by their existing sad condition, seem to emphasize the arrest of progress or national development that is everywhere so much in evidence, and to which reference has been made in a previous paper.

Many of the personal peculiarities of the Chinaman are amusing, in that it is extraordinary how in so many ways the Caucasian and Mongolian minds are capable of getting so diametrically opposed. With the Chinese white is the color of mourning, and the left is the place of honor. Men wear skirts and women breeches, while he writes his signature with the family name first. He talks of the magnetic needle pointing to the south—singular reasoning for one living in the Northern Hemisphere—and he reads and writes from right to left, and so on through almost every detail of every-day life. But the most amusing instance in the practice of the night watchman, who flourishes everywhere from Peking down to the small cities in the interior. Instead of going his rounds stealthily, so as to detect thieves if there are any, he equips himself with a bamboo rattle and a tinkling metal cymbal, which he beats rhythmically as he goes. In the still hours of the night it is perfectly easy to tell exactly where he is, and when he will pass in return to a given point. The theory is that his fiendish weapons of noise strike terror into the hearts of all evil-doers, but I fear, judging from personal experience, that the ways of evil-doers, contrary to the rule of Chinese opposite, are the same in all lands.

Taking Hunan, the closed province of China, as an extreme example, for there foreigners are practically unknown, nevertheless the general condition of life among the Hunanese along the Siang River, the chief artery of travel and trade, does not differ materially from that found in the more frequented parts of the empire; nor, in fact, does the under-current of human affairs flow in channels radically different from those in other countries. There is the usual struggle for success, attended with the ordinary run of victory or failure; men rise and men go down. In Chang-sha there is the regular excitement always surrounding a political capital, while in lighter ways there are the festivities attending the Chinese New-Year's celebration, and the occasional rendering of a Chinese play, for the Chinese as a nation take great interest in the drama. There are newspapers, and the telegraph puts the great cities in daily touch with other parts of the empire. The majority of the people have probably heard of the Japanese war of 1895, and the greater part of these understand dimly that China was defeated. Travelling merchants come from other provinces, and the river boatmen are constantly going to and from Hankau, or perhaps even to so distant a port as Shang-hai, so that the people hear accounts of the doings of the outer world. If foreigners are personally unknown, their appearance is not; for the Chang-sha belle sees on her bottle of pomade the prevailing fashion in which her French sister does her hair, while the young man about town in Siang-tan finds in his package of American cigarettes a photograph of the latest favorite of the London music-hall.

In Hunan there are two distinct classes, those, such as the above, who can enjoy life, and who have attained a position easily comparable with the best of conditions to be found anywhere, and those who, living in the more remote parts of the province, never come in contact with the outer world. As soon as a departure is made from the Siang River, such a difference is at once noticed, and there is reached along the eastern side of the province, where there is practically no trade and consequently no communication with the rest of the world, a condition of life that is distressingly depressing. Not that there is suffering or want, for everybody seems to have a home and enough to wear and eat, but it is life reduced to its simplest form, in which there is apparently lacking every desire for amelioration or even a knowledge or comprehension that such a thing is possible. Of education or religion or any aspiration towards a better or a higher life or intercourse with the outer world, there is none. The soil produces enough food and an occasional surplus, which is sold in the nearest market-town, and thus serves to provide clothing and the other wants, which are of the simplest nature. There seems to be nothing in the way of social intercourse between the people, and life is merely a struggle, day after day, for a mere existence. From one year's end to the other there is no pleasure no enjoyment beyond the mere animal instinct of living, and without a single event to break the monotony. And yet, it must be remembered that this is not a savage country, but one that had a high and complex civilization before the time when Rome was, which civilization still remains among these people in the way-off corners, probably not much altered except that it may have become sadly worn.

On our journey eastward from the Siang, we made a short detour out of Hunan into the adjoining province of Kiang-si, and at the border line of the province came across an amusing specimen of Chinese reasoning, and a suggestive illustration of the attitude of the Hunanese towards their neighbors. The so-called anti-foreign feeling in Hunan is a misnomer; it is really Chinese exclusiveness carried to its logical conclusion, giving rise to an antipathy against all who do not live in the province, and to whom they apply the epithet of "foreigner" without discrimination. The people of Kiang-si, in order to defend themselves from the wicked inhabitants of Hunan, had erected, at the frontier, where the highway entered their province through a narrow valley, a massive masonry wall with a wide rampart and embattled parapet, and a gateway with watch-tower complete—a most formidable-looking structure, and one that was practically impregnable by direct assault by archers. Its length, however, was only about 1500 feet, merely reaching from hill to hill, and as the flanking hills were low and easy of ascent, there was nothing at all to prevent an invading army from turning from their path but a few yards to either the right or left and marching unmolested, so far as the wall was concerned, around its ends. That the constructors evidently considered this a secure defence, in the way that the ostrich buries his head, there is apparently little doubt, but I could not help wondering whether the Hunanese had been similarly affected and so deterred from making an attack. But this is on a par with an old bridge that we met with on our travels. Once upon a time, when perhaps Elizabeth was reigning in England, this bridge crossed a stream, but the stream, unlike the natives, was capable of changing its course, and left the bridge spanning dry land. The highway, however, still continues to cross the bridge, and the coolies, with their load upon their backs, still climb the flight of steps at either end as their predecessors have done for centuries. The Chinaman always accepts things as they are, without inquiry or reasoning—actuality and precedent being to him always paramount.

The circumstance that produced the deepest impressions, partly because it was not anticipated, as the conclusions are at variance with the statements generally made by those who write on China as a whole, but on the other hand in line with many who treat of it in detail, was the density of population, a question which has given rise to more theorizing than perhaps any other in connection with the race. The usually conceived picture is one where the population has grown to the actual limits that the land can support, and that the "yellow terror" needs but the suggestion and the means to burst his bonds and, from sheer necessity for the acquisition of more room, to overrun Europe. While the proportion of China actually inspected on the journey herein described, and on other trips to the north and elsewhere, is small as compared with the whole, nevertheless the portions seen were certainly typical and contain the great centres of population. From what I saw I am forced to the belief that the density of the population of China has been most grossly exaggerated. Nowhere, not even on the plains surrounding Peking, did I see anything approaching a condition of overcrowding. On all sides there was evidence in abundance that the soil could support a very much larger mass of people than it does at present, and this is the view taken by nearly every intelligent traveller in the interior. Not one of them brings back information saying that the district travelled over has reached the limits of support, except possibly in certain portions of the Great Loess Plain, but, curiously enough, each traveller puts down the usually given figures as an exaggeration for the particular district visited, while accepting the similar figures for the rest of China without question. Certain authorities, notably Williams in his great work *The Middle Kingdom*, make a defence of the ordinarily given figures of population on the ground that we should accept these figures until we are able to contradict them. This is a most specious form of argument, and wholly unsound when we consider that the Chinese people are, by nature, wholly inaccurate, are vain and conceited to an inordinate degree, and invariably make an over-statement in regard to any subject under consideration. In addition to this, when one recalls the average ignorant local official from whom, in the first place, figures concerning population must originate, one would discredit any statements until the same had been amply substantiated. When these facts are taken into consideration in connection with the general inaccuracy and looseness of statement char-

THE HALL OF CLASSICS, PEKING.

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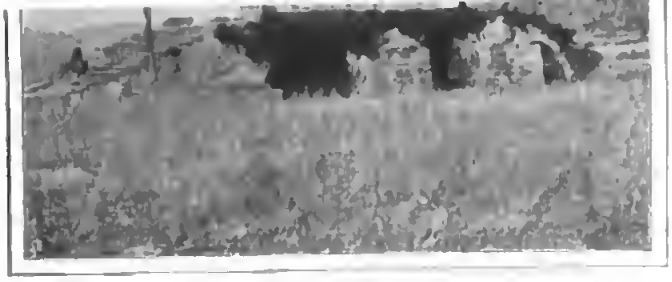
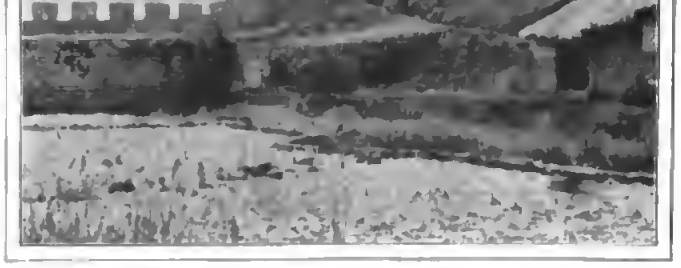


A USELESS BRIDGE.



WALL ON THE HUNAN FRONTIER.

acteristic of the Chinaman, the figures of population are set aside as almost unworthy of serious consideration.

The usual figures give a population for the empire of China, including Manchuria, varying from 350,000,000 to 450,000,000, with a figure of 385,000,000 as the one most likely to be near the truth; although there are unofficial estimates overrunning 450,000,000 by from fifty to one hundred millions, and these various estimates differ from each other radically in details, a fact that does not add to their reliability. In 1895 the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons, France, sent a large and well-equipped commission to investigate the trade conditions of certain parts of China, notably the provinces of Yu-nan and Sze-chuen, in which the French government claimed special commercial privileges, and in order to acquire information they subdivided their main body into several parties, and thus in their two years' work covered all the principal routes. Of the province of Yu-nan, usually credited with 20,000,000, they speak as follows:

"There is the same uncertainty in the matter of population. In spite of the authorities we are forced to believe that the figure of twelve millions is too great, and that one of seven or eight millions would come closer to the truth, although a missionary who had travelled much throughout the province gave an estimate of from four to five millions."

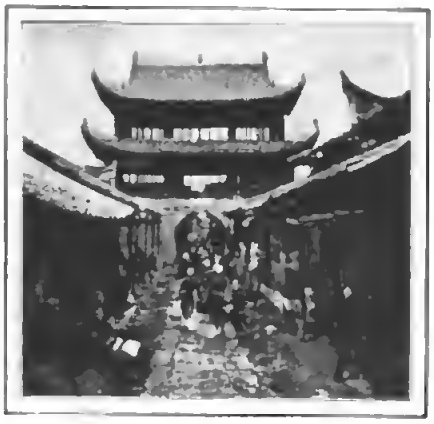
The province of Sze-chuen, which is the largest province in China, has assigned to it a population of 73,000,000. The French commission state that they discard, without hesitation, the above-named figure, and give as their estimate from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000, but add that the customs authorities at Chungking and the missionaries estimate the population at from 30,000,000 to 35,000,000.

We thus have a careful estimate made by men who can hardly be accused of pessimism, on a basis of 60 per cent. of the usually quoted figures, while they feel constrained to point out that the missionaries, who probably know the country better than anybody else, estimate the population on a basis of from 30 to 40 per cent.

Taking the provinces of Hupeh, Hunan, and Kwangtung, along whose chief trade routes, and consequently most densely populated sections, my journey led me, of these Hupeh is usually credited with something over 30,000,000. The only large centre of population of Hupeh is Hankau, which, with Wu-chang and Han-yang, cannot have more than 1,250,000, and while there are several large cities, with possibly from 50,000 to 100,000 people each, there is no other very large aggregation of people. Hunan has an area of 75,000 square miles, or just about one and one-half times as much as the State of New York. The former is credited with 22,000,000 and the latter with about 6,000,000 of people. My journey through Hunan is comparable with a trip from New York to Buffalo along the line of the Erie Canal and the New York Central Railroad. On the former there are but two really large cities, Chang-shu and Sung-tau, to offset New York, Albany, Schenectady, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and intermediate points. It is impossible to see how there can be a relative density per square mile of more than two to one in favor of the Chinese province. Kwangtung is given 30,000,000 approximately, on an area of about 80,000 square miles. The northern part is mountainous and almost bare of people, and no crowding is apparent until Canton is approached. If the district of Canton, including Fat shan and the other places in the vicinity, be credited with 5,000,000—a most generous allowance—there would remain 25,000,000 to be made up by the smaller cities and villages. If these places should average 2500 people each, there would then be needed 10,000. I am quite sure that no such number can be found.

The foreigner gets his idea of the overcrowding of China by a cursory trip through the streets of a Chinese city like Canton. These streets are narrow, being but from eight to twelve feet wide, and are consequently crowded, but he must remember that the widest one of Canton's business streets is narrower than a single sidewalk in New York, and that any one of the latter city's thoroughfares carries many times more people than any one of Canton's streets. The net increase of population in a country like China is out of all proportion to the net increase in countries with a modern civilization, and, therefore, a comparison with European or American figures, as is so often made, is out of question. Although the Chinese are prolific, there are many causes that operate to prevent a net increase. Diseases like smallpox and typhoid are rampant, being encouraged by the vile sanitary conditions existing everywhere. Medicine, proper diet, and nursing of the sick are things unknown, so that when a native falls seriously ill death is almost certain to result. The actual death-rate is, of course, unobtainable, as no figures are kept, but all who have lived among the Chinese report that it is enormously high, especially among young children. Then there are extraordinary causes to reduce growth, such as rebellions and famine. Rebellions periodically have swept over the empire, leaving in their wake a tremendous death roll. The Taiping rebellion alone is supposed to be responsible for the killing of 15,000,000 Chinese.

In spite of what has been claimed, in spite of what has been written, I cannot see how it is possible for 400,000,000 of people to be found within the limits of the Chinese Empire, and that therefore the overcrowding of the country by its so-called teeming millions is a myth. What the actual population is it is impossible to say; but if an accurate count were taken I should be very much surprised if the results were much above 200,000,000, nor would I be incredulous of the result if the figures fell below that amount.



AN OLD CITY GATE.

Even this figure, however, would give an average density of population of about six times that of the United States.

This question of population naturally leads to the consideration of a possibility of the Western World, or at least Europe, being overrun by the Oriental race. In this connection it must be remembered that mere force of numbers no longer constitutes the chief requirement for a successful military movement. The occasions when peoples have been conquered by others of a much lower civilization belong to a period when the so-called hordes were opposed by forces but little better armed than they, when it was practically a struggle of man against man. Modern mechanical appliances in war and transportation have vastly magnified the disproportion. Against such appliances hordes and mobs are of little avail. The days of Jenghis Khan and the Saracens, when each man carried only his spear or sword, and when the force was not too large to be able to subsist off the country, are gone forever.

An Oriental army attacking Europe would have to consist of several millions of men and weighed down with rifles and ammunition, artillery and ordnance, and the other heavy impedimenta of modern warfare. Thus encumbered—for the whole of the equipment would have to be carried from the starting-base—this huge, unwieldy army would have to cross on foot (for all railways would be at once destroyed) the steppes of Siberia and the high table-lands of Central Asia, a distance of at least 6000 miles. These countries are intersected by high mountains and deep rivers, where there are long stretches absolutely incapable of feeding any considerable force in addition to the existing scanty population.

To be able to carry out such an invasion there would at least be required tremendous preparation; the development of industrial enterprise, and the consequent bringing up of the people to a high standard of civilization. When that point is reached the people themselves will shrink from general warfare, the same as other civilized nations do now, as their interest at home will transcend any possible gain to be obtained abroad. This reluctance in the case of the Chinese will be further enhanced through local racial prejudice, diversity of language and temperament, as developed by climatic conditions varying from the temperate to the tropical.

The only way in which the yellow races can conquer the world will be not by force, not by hordes, but by peacefully developing, as the Western World has done, a higher civilization. The contemplation of future generations receiving from the East a betterment in condition and a higher civilization is one that does not appear to contain many terrors.

The above impressions were written previous to the recent Boxer outbreak, but the latter seems to emphasize the above-described national traits of character and existing conditions of life. There is really no such thing in China as a government, according to our understanding of that term. There is the outward form, but it is entirely devoid of substance. There are officials, but they lack power, and even the imperious will of the Empress Dowager cannot be impressed on the people at large. The present disturbance, if it is at least a popular uprising, indicates the helplessness of the central government to govern; or if it is at most actually supported by the authorities, then we see the curious spectacle of a government carrying on a war against the civilized world in concert, with the greater part of its people and the whole of its navy standing by apparently unmoved. What other country but China can present such an anomaly?

But China and the Chinese must not be judged by the movement of a fanatical sect, although that movement may require sufficient strength to inflame the whole country, but rather by the failure to govern on the part of a government whose life-spring has long since been dead. On this account there is no need to destroy the country, to cut it up, or to reduce the people to a state of vassalage to be used by other powers as "buffer states." Such is not world's progress. The fault lies not in the people, but in the so-called governing class, who are unable or unwilling to guide the people in their tranquil ignorance or to control them in their ignorant turbulence. If the break-up of China can be prevented for a few years, all this is susceptible of correction. Give China a chance and a little help and she is quite capable of working out her own salvation. Let there be established a government that is capable of governing honestly and well. Let order be guaranteed. Let the way be prepared for transforming the dead civilization of the past into the living civilization of the present. As one looks at her fertile fields and sees her patient and industrious people, one cannot help wishing that there may come for China a Peter the Great to elevate his people by the developing of industry and diversity of occupation, and a Washington to instil in them a lofty sense of national unity, spirit, and love of country. The seeds for this work have been sown. Schools have been founded, by even the Chinese themselves, where the arts and sciences are taught. Railroads are being built to connect the various parts of the empire and so actually and metaphorically to bind them together with bands of steel. The foreign settlements that are springing up are silent but eloquent witnesses of better possible conditions of life, by all of which, if time be given, in spite of such temporary set-backs as the present trouble there will develop in the Chinaman a new and intellectual activity, and make the man from the East and the South feel that he is one with him from the West and the North, and thus enable China once more to take her place among the great nations of the earth.

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THE very able discourses in Congress on the Philippine question seem to lack definiteness. It would be difficult to get up a political platform on the theory that the Philippines should be accorded the same treatment as that which was granted to Cuba. There is no fundamental reason for any parity of treatment. Cuba does not belong to us; the Philippines do. We cannot apply the same treatment to a territory which belongs to us that we apply to one over which we simply exercise a species of protectorate. Even if we ultimately intended to give independence to the Philippines, as long as they are a part of our own territory our action towards them in law and in fact must be more direct and more in accordance with American principles than can be our treatment of Cuba.

I base no arguments in favor of the retention of the Philippines upon the theory that government does not rest upon the consent of all the governed, or that charity should begin abroad. I believe that in accordance with the theory that governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and in accordance with the theory that charity begins at home, we can build up a satisfactory argument in favor of the retention of those islands.

But without now going into the problem as to what shall ultimately be done with them, let us confine ourselves to the actual present. Those gentlemen who antagonize the simple, straightforward, and practical course of the Administration say that we should announce to the Filipinos that whenever they are capable of self-government they shall be independent. When asked at what period this promise should go into force they are silent. They cannot tell—it may be ten, or twenty, or thirty years. During all this period of tutelage we are to bear the burdens of government for the Philippines, and during all this time there is to hang over us the certainty that some day we must evacuate the islands. This policy would paralyze commerce, destroy trade, and annul our influence.

The period stated would be one of great unrest and rebellion. The foreign merchant would abandon the islands, and the American would not go thither. The Filipinos who have cast their lot with us would look forward to the time when an awful retribution would come to them. Nobody else would ever come over to us. Why should they if we are not going to hold the islands? Ambitious leaders would always be scheming, and the claim for complete independence would be urged from this moment until it was finally secured. No foreign capital would seek investment in the islands. Our treaty obligations would be violated. There are some clauses of the Treaty of Paris which embody certain obligations not only to the natives, but also to foreigners. It may be desirable to cite some of these articles.

Article VIII. of the Treaty of Paris, in the second paragraph thereof, reads as follows: "And it is hereby declared that the relinquishment, or cession, as the case may be, to which the preceding paragraph refers, cannot in any respect impair the property, or rights, which by law belong to the peaceful possession of property of all kinds, of provinces, municipalities, public or private establishments, ecclesiastical or civic bodies, or any other associations having a legal capacity to acquire and possess property in the aforesaid territories renounced or ceded, or of private individuals, of whatever nationality such individuals may be."

It will be seen by this paragraph we have bound ourselves to secure to all classes of peoples and corporations the enjoyment of their property.

In the Malolos constitution it was provided that the property of the ecclesiastical bodies known as "friars" should be restored to the state. It will be seen at once that there will be a direct conflict between any independent Philippine government and the article of the treaty just cited.

In Article IX. of the Treaty of Paris it is provided that the Spanish subjects, natives of the Peninsula, may remain in the islands. They may retain their rights of property, and they may carry on their

Just at Present the only Thing for Uncle Sam to do is to Stick On.

businesses, trades, and professions. They may preserve their allegiance to Spain if they choose.

The United States Congress shall determine the civil rights of the native inhabitants. The rights of the Spaniard as to judicial matters are preserved in Articles XI. and XII.

In Article XIII. it is provided that the rights of property secured by copyrights and patents shall be respected. Also that Spanish scientific, literary, and artistic works shall be admitted free of duty for the period of ten years.

In Article XV. the same treatment in respect to all port charges, including entrance and clearance dues, light dues, and tonnage dues, which is accorded in our shipping, is granted to Spanish vessels.

By Article IV. Spanish ships and merchandise are to be admitted to the Philippine ports for ten years on the same terms as the ships and merchandise of the United States.

All these obligations with reference to Cuba are, by the terms of the treaty, limited to the time of our occupancy thereof, but as to the Philippines there is no such limitation. Nor is there any limitation of time as to the obligations assumed by us vis-à-vis the foreign powers. We are therefore bound by them for all time to come, or until the Treaty of Paris is abrogated and new treaties are substituted in its place.

By taking possession of the islands we assumed the duty of securing to all foreigners residing therein the rights which accrue to them under international law. It is believed that these foreigners without exception would disapprove of and resent the transfer of the islands to a native government. From their disapproval might result a scramble by the European powers for the control of the islands.

If the Anti Imperialist party of the United States is sure of its convictions there is but one course left to it; that is to declare that our troops should be withdrawn from the Philippines now and instantly, and that the islands should be immediately handed over to the Tagalogs. It does not do to say that the islands should be retained until the Tagalogs are capable of operating an independent government. That will satisfy nobody, because the Tagalogs say they are now capable of doing that, and many of their apologists in this country make the same declaration. It is scarcely worth while to undertake to show that the Tagalogs are not capable of operating an independent government at this time, because nobody, not even the most violent Anti-Imperialist, actually proposes to give them their independence until after they shall have been taught and drilled by us.

If the political situation were sized up as it exists in this country now, it would be found that the people are so little divided on the Philippine question that there is hardly room for a contest. One portion of the people, presumably, favors the permanent retention of the Philippines. This is the substance of the resolution offered recently in the Senate. The other party favors the granting of independence after an indefinite period of time has elapsed.

It is the difference between a fee-simple and a ninety-nine years' lease. It is conceded that a fee-simple to a piece of land is more valuable than a ninety-nine years' lease, but it is noticeable that Russia, England, France, and Germany, when they recently leased China, took by preference a long leasehold, when they might just as well have taken a fee-simple.

At the polls, however, it is believed that the people will not see that there is any difference in morals or in law between taking other people's property as the Anti-Imperialists claim the Philippines are, for ninety nine years and taking it forever.

The issue to go before the country on must be sharper than that. It must declare for an immediate evacuation. The Anti-Imperialists would otherwise have to qualify their favorite doctrine to the effect that it is our duty under Providence to enfranchise all peoples, and make it read so that the duty shall commence after the lapse of ninety-nine years.

This time limit for occupation and tutelage is evidently too remote to fight the battle of 1900 on.

Probably all of us, except those persons who do not use tobacco or whiskey (who are very few), will be dead before this lease expires. To have all the orators of all the parties get up and say we are all in favor of holding the Philippines, but some of us are in favor of holding them for a period of years, which is to be determined hereafter, and some forever, would confuse the honest voter. He would call this the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum. Possibly he would turn to a third class if he could find any of them existing. The members of this class might say they would not announce any decision on the period of time that they would hold the Philippines, any more than they would fix a time for holding Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, Alaska, or the Samoan Islands, which we recently acquired. They might say that we legitimately acquired the islands; that we intend to do everything we can to improve the condition of the people, and that we would not "jump until we come to the stile." They might say—not that one Congress cannot bind another, of which declaration the morality at least is doubtful—but that Congress had not fixed the status of the natives, and that meantime the

Uncle Sam intends to do Everything he can to Improve the Condition of the People.

Administration was doing its plain and unqualified duty in upholding the sovereignty of the United States.

Taking into account the speeches made in Congress and the general trend of newspaper criticism, this would seem to be the true aspect in which people will look at the questions involved.

As nobody seems to favor the immediate evacuation of the islands, it would seem reasonable for all men to agree to give to our friends who live there a chance to assert their influence, and to put in operation if they can, a government which will represent the consent of the governed, before we announce absolutely that we will turn them over to the Tagalogs at any time whatever.

The Policy of Obstruction.

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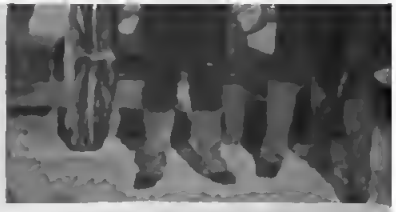
ITALIAN SAILORS AT THE RAILWAY STATION.



AMERICAN NAVAL OFFIC

AMERICAN SAILOR ON GU

LANDING AN AMERICAN MACHINE-GUN AT TAKU.

BRITISH MARINES MARCHI

THE CRISI

THE LANDING OF THE FOREIGN TROOPS AT TIEN

COMING ASHORE ON A TUG.

RUSSIAN MARINES WAITING TO TAKE THE TRAIN FOR PEKING.

AND CHINESE POLICEMAN.

TO THE TRAIN FOR PEKING.

PUNISHMENT OF A DISORDERLY CHINAMAN AT THE STATION

IN CHINA

N, AND THEIR DEPARTURE FOR PEKING, JUNE 10, 1900.

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CLAIM ON ANVIL CREEK, WHERE A CLEAN-UP OF A DAY-AND-A-HALF'S RUN AMOUNTED TO $10,000.

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CAPE NOME BEACH AND TUNDRA PLACER MINES

BY GEORGE EDWARD ADAMS

CAPE NOME certainly presented many novel features entirely new to the mind. It was, without doubt, a most wonderful spot in a more wonderful land. After reaching there one was brim full of interest to note the particular direction each arrival took, or the exact spot where he expected to wrest from Mother Earth a more goodly share of her golden treasure than had been his good fortune in the past. The arrival of each steamer brought its quota of gold-seekers, bent upon acquiring a competence in this newly found land of easy fortunes. The sun was not only the glory and beauty of the day, but of the night. The miner, as if in harmony with his surroundings, had the "sunshine of the country in his face and manner too." None appeared to even dream of sickness, misfortune, or non-producing claims, or that the number of claims was not sufficient to provide one for each prospector. This was probably as it should have been, for it is indeed grand to realize that "hope springs eternal in the human breast." This was as forcibly evidenced at Cape Nome as at any other spot on earth, for he who had mined in Africa, in South America, in Australia, and in other portions of the world without success, was now willing and anxious to try anew, and felt sure of success in this new source of placer wealth. Yes, indeed, the successful and the unsuccessful alike flocked to Cape Nome, with their souls full of hope that they might add to their present finances or retrieve a lost fortune. Cosmopolitan to a marked degree was this swarm of "gold-hungry" humanity, and if one wished to study physiognomy or individual characteristics of the world's distinctive races, a better opportunity could not be found. One was struck with the wholly dissimilar types and could readily write at length on the peculiarities of each. However, the population of the district was pre-eminently American, thoroughly imbued with Yankee ingenuity and push.

To the beach! to the beach! was heard from every tongue. Every one appeared in a hurry, for the saving of the precious moments was of great concern to all. Only a short time in which to work with any degree of comfort meant a deal to those eager producers of new wealth. The beach afforded many pleasant surprises. One soon espied a chap of tender years bent on following an apparently intangible streak of peculiar sand formation, and wondered what was to be the result. The mind's query was soon answered by witnessing the peculiar sand hurriedly thrown into an old-fashioned gold-rocker near at hand, and the ocean water applied simultaneously by ladling. Soon the sight of countless atomlike flakes of gold, almost as bright as the noonday sun, told the story. After watching this interesting and novel operation for some fifteen minutes, one was informed upon inquiry that the washings for so short a time amounted to about $2 50, thus producing $100 for ten hours' persistent hard work. The many different rockers were of much interest. That used by this miner was about three and a half feet long by two and a quarter in width, with an upper sheet-iron bottom punched full of three-sixteenth-inch holes, to allow passage of the flakes of gold and small particles of sand to a catch-blanket or basin hung at an incline midway between the sheet-iron bottom and the real base of the rocker. This entire arrangement was styled the upper works of the rocker. On its bottom was placed a set of rockers much resembling those used on an ordinary cradle. The final base was constructed of two strips of wood about two inches in thickness, having the same length as the rocker, and joined together by cross-bars of the same length as the width of the rocker proper. Upon these cross bars were nailed notched pieces of iron, the object being to produce a "gaging" motion, as the machine was rocked back and forth, agitating its contents more successfully than would have been the case if rocked on a smooth surface. The object of the blanket on the inclined surface was to catch and retain the particles of gold washed from the sand or gravel. The blanket has proved to be one of the most successful gold-savers in use. At comparatively short intervals it was removed and rinsed in a barrel of water having at its bottom a quantity of mercury, it having an affinity for gold. Some distance farther along the beach, one discovered another process for saving the gold. Instead of the blanket, copper plates coated with mercury were used to catch the golden flakes. Still another plan was in operation, and this time Uncle Sam's assistance was required. A number of United States $1 silver pieces were coated with mercury, the same as the copper plates just mentioned, and were used in their stead. After a considerable amount of the mercurialized gold was accumulated, it was strained through a chamois-skin, that the mercury not amalgamated might be used again. The amalgam was retorted in many novel ways—ways one would hardly imagine until the need became pressing. Chief among them was the use of the ordinary frying-pan. The amalgam was placed in the pan, then securely covered and subjected to the fierce heat of the camp fire to volatilize the quicksilver. Great care was exercised in the process, as the imperceptible gases were very poisonous, the inexperienced often becoming salivated while inadvertently inhaling it. Fortunately there were but a few aggravated cases during the season of 1899, and it was hoped that charcoal retort furnaces would be in operation during the season of 1900, precluding the possibility of a recurrence of so distressing an injury to the physical man. Here and there one noted the use of the primitive gold-pan, and at other places on the beach a series of rockers were in operation under the supervision of one man, who fortunately came to the district supplied with a small steam water-hoisting machine. By its use he kept many rockers in constant operation. Occasionally one had an opportunity to see the sluice-box in operation on the beach, but not often, as timber was very scarce, and not assay pumping plants obtainable. A brief mention of the system employed will interest many. There was usually one flume, carrying from five to eight inches of water and supplying three strings of sluice-boxes. The boxes were respectively twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four inches in width, the riffles in each being about eighteen inches apart, flush on both sides, and constructed of one and one-fourth inch dressed plank. The gain in each riffle was cut square across, three-eighths of an inch wide and four-eighths deep. Each gain was divided into several compartments by using short pieces of hoop-iron, and each compartment nearly filled with quicksilver. About an inch of water was allowed on the plank in the first sluice, three-fourths of an inch in the second, and about a half inch in the third. At the beginning of the second sluice box was a "grizzly" that permitted the water and sand to drop through to the third, and in the bottom and lower end of the latter were the amalgamated plates, over which the water ran not more than a half-inch deep. These plates were protected by a board forming a cover to the undercurrent. All three sluice-boxes were given a gradient of one and a quarter inches to the foot. This briefly described method was that mostly used in the limited amount of beach sluicing done in the summer of 1899.

Miners were not debarred from operating on a large scale last season by lack of funds, but principally by an insufficient supply of mercury, copper plates, timber, and small steam water-hoisting engines. Many patent rockers were in operation, and some of them with good success. In operating either on the beach or on the rivers or creeks, patience was a very desirable requisite, as one lost a considerable portion of the golden flakes when hurriedly rocking or sluicing.

Everywhere on the beach one constantly met with surprises. Here a former acquaintance, there a neighbor, yonder a youthful college graduate, while many of the miners were over fifty years of age. An elderly man from New York city, who was forced out of employment by the organization of a trust, scraped together enough of this world's goods to purchase a good outfit and reached Cape Nome early in the season of 1899, leaving wife and family at home praying for his ultimate success. After some considerable prospecting he finally located a claim with an excellent "pay streak." As the gold had accumulated in his rocker in rather large quantity, he was overcome with feelings of gratitude and thanksgiving, and his rugged frame shook with the emotions within, tears of joy affording a pleasant relief. For this moment he had withstood unaccustomed hard knocks, and suffered remorse of conscience in the thought that perhaps his family were by that time in rather straitened circumstances. But now, with a full realization of all that his newly found riches meant to the loved ones at home, he could not contain himself for joy. Many happenings of this nature occurred at Cape Nome last season, and will, no doubt, find repetition during the season of 1900. Some, on the discovery of a rich "pay streak," threw their hats into the air and shouted at the very top of their voices for joy. It was a spontaneous overflowing of innate good-nature, and no one but a sordid fellow held in check the feelings of gladness on beholding the desideratum of his most sanguine dreams of wealth. There were but few miners in the district who begrudged one any portion of success, as the great majority were more than pleased when a brother miner "struck it rich." This good-fellowship had its softening and refining influence, even though roughly expressed. Picture to your mind's fancy a sight of two or three thousand men and a few women rocking out gold along the beach, their hearts as light and gay as young school-children. It was infectious and drove away dull care from the

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PRINCIPAL STREET, NOME CITY.

CLAIM FROM WHICH TWO MEN TOOK $10,000 IN FIFTEEN DAYS.

CLAIM FROM WHICH THREE MEN TOOK $22,000 IN THIRTY DAYS

LIGHTERING PASSENGERS ASHORE

SNAKE RIVER STEAMBOAT

UNITED STATES ARMY BARRACKS

THE MAIL-CARRIERS

THE MOUTH OF THE SNAKE RIVER.

THE PLACER MINES OF CAPE NOME.

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INTERIOR OF A WEALTHY NATIVE'S HOUSE IN THE SULU ARCHIPELAGO.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH

heart of many a new arrival in the district. The old-timer, as it were, was not importunate towards his new neighbor, nor were his attentions anomalous, even when the population of the beach became redundant.

The beach at Cape Nome ranged in width from eighty to ten hundred feet, and the "pay streak" was found at a depth of from eighteen inches to four feet. While digging in the surface sand, the gold-pan was occasionally used to determine just when the "pay streak" was reached. There were several layers of clay, each having its respective "pay streak," and hence much care was necessary by the neophyte, lest he now and then in his hurry overlook a very productive strip of sand. A Cape Nome miner, who had placer-mined in many sections of the world, informed the writer that he uncovered as many as five "pay streaks" on the beach before reaching the final bed-rock stratum; some but four or five inches apart, while others were ten and twelve. During twelve hours' rocking, he removed the blanket six times, and the day's work produced $250 worth of gold dust. The "pay streaks" were usually found in a stratum of ruby or very fine black sand, but the general formation of the beach was of rather coarse gravel. It was, indeed, no uncommon sight to see man and wife respectively shovelling sand and ladling water into a rocker. In fact, a hundred or more women did very effective work on the beach last season, and their influence was felt alike in the government and work of the district. Several of them rocked out as high as $6000 each in the short summer season, having fortunately located very productive claims. They were the heroines of the district, receiving congratulations and praise from every member of the community. The illustrations herewith afford the reader an opportunity to pictorially witness the actual operations of rocking out gold from sea-beach sand—a novel sight, and practically unknown a year ago.

The rivers emptying into the ocean in the vicinity of Cape Nome have, at the very least, two hundred small tributaries, all of which, so far as prospected, produced gold in paying quantities. Snake River, at the mouth of which Nome City is located, has thirty-five tributaries already supplied with names. These rivers and creeks drain a large extent of auriferous territory termed tundra, it being a rolling, marshy, mossy plain. This plain proper extends for a distance of thirty miles parallel with the beach, and some three to five miles in width, reaching an elevation of about one hundred and sixty feet above tide-water, at its extreme width. The tundra terminates in a series of low-lying hills, which increase in height in proportion as the distance increases from the sea, finally terminating in a low range of mountains parallel to the sea-beach, and distant therefrom about fifty miles. The source of nearly all the rivers of the district is in this mountain chain, and many think it also the original source of all the placer gold in the district. It is, perhaps, not unlikely that the sea at no very remote period extended to the base of the mountains, and, by a constant but imperceptible change of the earth's position, has gradually receded to its present limits, leaving gold quite evenly distributed over the entire extent of country just described. Many seemingly well-founded theories are advanced to account for the apparent evenness of the gold distribution, as it is now a well-known fact that gold has been found in paying quantities in every part of the district where prospected. It is, perhaps, well to say that the tundra is variously stated to be composed of marine gravels, derived from the rocks of the mountains adjacent, and is largely limestone. The more nearly one approaches the mountains, the coarser becomes the gravel, bowlders of considerable size being often met with.

The largest amount of gold produced in the district this past season came from Anvil, Glacier, and Snow creeks, tributaries of Snake River, and from Dexter Creek, a tributary of Nome River. Both rivers find their way from the mountains to the sea through the very heart of the Cape Nome district, and both are navigable for small steam-craft a distance of twenty-five miles in the early summer, but within two months become too shallow. Anvil Creek, which joins Snake River about seven miles from the beach, was, by the efforts of Mr. G. W. Price, the first to produce any considerable quantity of gold. It is conservatively estimated that he mined, from a section of gravel twenty-five feet square by six deep, ten thousand dollars' worth of gold in eight days. Mr. Erich D. Lindbloom, however, was the first to locate a claim in the Cape Nome district, and Mr. H. L. Blake the original discoverer of gold on Anvil Creek. Mr. Lindbloom's claims on Anvil Creek—Discovery and number one below—were the pride of the district, as the former produced over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold in two months, and the latter increased this amount by half in the same period of time. These claims were operated on quite an extensive scale. The illustration herewith of number one below "Discovery" on Anvil Creek pictures to the reader the actual operations on one of nature's most productive placer mines. Nearly all the mining on the river and creek claims was done by a system of sluicing similar to that largely employed in the placer mines of California. The gold was much coarser than that of the beach diggings, and often carried nuggets of considerable size, the claim just mentioned having produced two this past season; the smaller valued at $715 and the larger at $435. The general characteristics of all the river and creek claims are alike, making it unnecessary to mention details of each.

Several tundra claims have been worked with extremely gratifying results. In one instance a steam-dredger was the *modus operandi* and a veritable bonanza to its owners. It handled an immense amount of material, but, however, at considerable expense. Many of them will be in use on the beach this coming season, and to a limited extent on the river-banks. The district will perhaps serve as an experimental station for the various patented gold-saving machines. There were no less than thirty-five varieties giving daily exhibitions in Seattle. It was no easy matter to mine on the tundra in the summer season, as the surface water was a constant source of annoyance. The fertile-brained American will, without doubt, soon find means to operate continuously. Nature's obstacles are to him but the true developer of his innate resources, as man will ever find the ways and means of extracting gold from the earth in whatever clime it may be found. Laborers were exceedingly scarce last season, even at $2 per hour, as nearly every one assumed that he could do much better rocking out gold, and for this very reason the erection of substantial buildings was delayed until late in the season of 1899, but somehow, and in some way, the thrifty and energetic had a rather substantial-looking town when the biting nor'easter came with its arctic breath.

Although often seen in print, it is well to mention that the output of the Cape Nome district for the season of 1899 was over $2,000,000, well authenticated by government and private institutions. Estimates for the season of 1900 range from seven to ten millions.

Nome City was a veritable beehive of industry. It is astounding when one stops to think how, of a sudden, a town of five or six thousand souls sprung into existence on this bleak and barren arctic waste. No fuel, no timber, no food-stuffs, were there to provide the necessaries of civilization, as all were imported from a base of supply three thousand miles distant. The general public but faintly realize the energy and indomitable push manifest in the upbuilding of this now world-famous town of Bering Strait. Last season lumber was exceedingly scarce and sold for $250 per thousand feet. There was a goodly supply of general merchandise, but prices were very high. During the open season of 1899, coal oil was $2 25 per gallon; sugar, 50 cents per pound; flannel shirts, $7 each; fresh beef or pork, $1 25 per pound; codfish, 80 cents per pound; flour, 40 cents per pound; candles, 50 cents each; oatmeal, 50 cents per pound; ham, $1 per pound; eggs, 25 cents each. Exceedingly plain meals ranged in price from $3 to $5 each. Even a bed without blankets in a tent cost $1 25 per night, and with blankets, $2 50. Beer sold at 50 cents per glass, and other malt or spirituous liquors in proportion. Nearly every one, however, appeared to have sufficient gold dust in more than pay prices current for all necessaries. Lots in Nome City sold at rather astounding figures, bringing as high as $600 some distance from the beach. A lot 30 feet by 120, with a shanty thereon, 14 by 16 feet, brought from $1500 to $2000, according to location. Rough board buildings situated on Nome City's main street have sold as high as $4000. There were plenty of saloons and gambling-dens to fleece the unwary of their hard-earned gold dust, and there were also many schemes to "hanro" the wayfaring man. These matters are usually incident to a new mining district, but no more prevalent in Nome City than elsewhere in the world, for towering far above it all was the sweeter and more gentle side of life, where man was not wholly selfish and felt in his heart that in a measure he was his brother's keeper. The members of the community were principally law-abiding, and desirous to promote its interests in a legitimate and altogether moral and businesslike manner. For this very purpose, an election was held in September last, and the town placed under a municipal form of government typical of American municipalities in every respect. Mr. T. D. Cashell was elected as Mayor; Alonzo Rawson, Municipal Judge; James F. Rudd, Treasurer; D. P. Harrison, Municipal Clerk; Dr. Gregg, Health Officer; Key Pittman, City Attorney; D. K. B. Glenn, Surveyor; W. M. Eddy, Chief of Police; W. J. Allen, Chief of Fire Department; George M. Wright, W. Robertson, C. P. Dam, A. J. Lowe, Charles Pennington, and J. W. Donovan, Councilmen. The town had a fairly commodious hospital, and ample United States government barracks, which housed a military complement sufficient to afford Federal protection to every Nomite.

On March 22 the writer had the pleasure of reading a letter received on that day from Nome City, bearing date of December 30, 1899. The letter was but two months and twenty-four days in traversing three thousand miles through a land that three years ago was considered practically uninhabitable by white man. Such a feat seems almost miraculous. The reader, sitting near the cozy fireside, can scarce picture the mail-carrier, with his trusty team of dogs, gliding along week after week over fields of ice and snow, with the thermometer ranging from forty to sixty degrees below zero. This late report mentioned many new finds of placer gold. Some a hundred or more miles inland, and other equally distant on the beach. Considerable mining was in progress on the Cape Nome tundra, and with very pleasing results. Thawing machines were in operation on many claims, under disheartening climatic conditions, 'tis true, but with results to warrant continuous work. Many improvements in Nome City were chronicled, made possible by lower prices for lumber and labor. A deal was mentioned of Cape York's beach and tundra claims, and also of the Golvin Bay district. Both districts were compared most favorably with the Cape Nome district.

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KITCHEN OF THE THIRD RESERVE

CORRIDOR WARD, SECOND RESERVE

A WARD IN THE SECOND RESERVE HOSPITAL. MAJOR F. R. KEFFER. DINING-ROOM OF THE THIRD RESERVE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

THE HOSPITALS OF MANILA. *By William Dinwiddie*

THERE were at Manila last spring, in hospitals and quarters, over five thousand sick soldiers out of an army of thirty thousand souls. If a correspondent asked General Otis how many sick there were, his usual reply was, "Oh, there may be two or three thousand, and a good many of them are not sick." Cable despatches respecting the number of sick were promptly suppressed, and the nearest approach to a rational explanation for this line of military conduct was to be found in General Otis's oft-repeated remark, "I do not wish to alarm the people at home."

As a matter of fact it would have been far better to trust our democratic people with the exact situation at all times, rather than to assume that the public was a hysterical weakling, needing to be daintily fed on sweetmeats and tenderly sequestered from contact with the actualities of life.

While the proper method of nursing the national baby is a profound and interesting subject, this story was not intended to touch upon it, but to outline how the sick of the army in the Philippines have been housed, cared for, and nursed back to life and health during the year and a half in which it has marched and fought in the heats and rains of a tropical clime.

To begin with, the Cuban or Porto-Rican campaigner is distinctly impressed with the healthy, wholesome look of our army in Luzon, as compared with the frightful aspect of the jaundiced, emaciated soldiers who returned from our West-Indian possessions after a few weeks' struggle.

As has been said, the sickness of the Philippine army has never gone above 18 per cent., except for very brief intervals after rapid advances were made, which prostrated the men physically for the time being, while in Cuba 60 per cent. of the command went flat on their backs in the death-struggle with pernicious malaria. The percentage of seriously ill has seldom gone over eight, and the numbers of those mortally sick are so small as to create surprise in the minds of medical officers in the field, who have witnessed the hardships confronting our troops in their camp life, and the physical excesses they have been put to in forced marches through boggy rice-swamps and through tangled cane-fields, under a sun which burns the skin to a blister in the steaming atmosphere or again under drenching rains which chill the thinned blood to the very marrow. By all the laws of hygiene more men should go down from exposure.

It will be understood and appreciated by careful thinkers that no army actively campaigning in the field, whatever the climate, will be without a large number of physically incapacitated men. The fact which has caused the greatest astonishment, in this region fourteen degrees above the equator, is the remarkably small number of epidemic, infectious, and contagious diseases that have made themselves manifest. Competent medical men say that it is extremely doubtful whether there would be a smaller percentage of sickness in an army of this size campaigning in northern United States during the months of July and August, and that a considerable increase might certainly be expected if the operations were carried on in the Gulf States during the same months of the year. There is no yellow fever in the Philippines, neither has a malignant type of malaria, such as the army had in Cuba, ever developed; isolated cases of typhoid fever arise now and then, but there never has been an infection of such frightful epidemics of this dread disease as we had in our volunteer camps at home, and what we have here has probably been imported. Small pox among the natives, upon which several picturesque writers on these islands dwell with horrifying and dramatic emphasis, never did exist to the alarming degree portrayed, or, if it did, it had been practically stamped out before the advent of Americans in force. It is never a scourge, and the army has had in its ranks but a very few cases.

The two truly great afflictions of our army living in this perpetual summer are dysentery and a mild form of malaria. Next to these, bad colds, bronchitis, and pneumonia have to be constantly combated, and half a dozen skin diseases infest the flesh in this region, where a thousand clinging parasites thrive, in their struggle for existence, by the malign infection of other living forms.

It is not the mere physical labor of the campaign which lays the soldier low, though in every advance men drop out by scores through heat prostration. It can be shown that in nine-tenths of such cases where the men break down on the march, they have been suffering from primary weakening influences, such as diarrhea, dysentery, or malarial fever. The great trouble lies in the never-ending summer; men lose flesh and then lose resisting power, and assimilation sets in from the coarse government ration, combined with indiscriminate fruit-eating, which no military order can regulate, and the use of beer, whiskey, and vino. It is then that dysentery claims the soldier as a victim. In less than two weeks he is an emaciated wreck, and can only be brought back to health and strength again by careful nursing in good hospitals and on carefully prescribed diet. Concomitant with this trouble, he may fall a prey to any one of several bacterial diseases.

As to the disposition of the ailing one: He may be sick in quarters, where he is exempt from active duty and allowed to lie on his cot; his diet, however, is the government ration. If his case grows serious enough to demand medical treatment he is removed to the nearest one of several field-hospitals, where he receives more or less careful nursing. If the trouble grows refractory, or typhoid or some other lingering disease supervene, he is taken to one of the several hospitals in Manila, or possibly sent to the Salubrious Hospital on Corregidor Island.

It is the writer's intention to describe the hospital service in Manila alone, though there are field-hospitals of much interest, where an all-too-small but competent force of army surgeons, nurses, and hospital corps minister to the needs of the unfortunates.

As there is much to criticise in the great hospital known as the First Reserve—though it is now somewhat improved—the brighter side of the story may be told by describing the model institution known as the Second Reserve, and the Third Reserve Supplementary Hospital No. 1.

It is Saturday inspection at the Second Reserve. Major F. R. Keffer, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who selected the magnificent building (formerly a Catholic seminary for girls), and therein organized the hospital, of which he is justly proud, is inspecting the hospital corps of ninety men. They stand at rigid attention, upon the tiled floor, in the cool shade of the immense veranda, while their personal appearance is critically examined. At the words "Break ranks" they disappear through the great doorway, and Major Keffer begins his inspection of the interior of the hospital, accompanied by a sergeant steward, who orders attention at the door of each room.

The hospital corps live upon the ground floor; the six large rooms in which they are quartered are models of cleanliness and order. Every man's chest

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his wife, as the case may be.

The hospital commissary supply department is piled ceiling-high with good things to eat, such as come in tins, boxes, or bags. The eye follows around the rows of labels, which read like this: corn meal, lime juice, condensed milk, evaporated cream, sugar, rice, green corn, coffee, rolled oats, cracked wheat, baking powder, extracts, corn-starch, oysters (canned), salmon (canned), tea, lard, extract of beef, Mellin's food, evaporated peaches and apples, marmalades, Ferris hams (in barrels), baked beans, macaroni, prunes, breakfast bacon, sugar peas, tomatoes, canned peaches and pears, canned butter, and canned soups. Besides those enumerated there are many more things, and every fresh vegetable and fruit obtainable in the local markets is secured. Refrigerator meats from Australia are issued every day by the commissary department.

A new kitchen has been built, detached from the main building so that the heat may not find its way into the hospital, and on one side of the room stands a line of immense hotel ranges. The chef is a specially trained man, who has five Chinese assistant cooks under him.

The main office where the clerical work is done is downstairs, and telephone and telegraph wires connect the hospital with all the others, headquarters, and the various garrisons at the front.

The bath-rooms and showers—six in number—are on the ground-floor. Every man who is able is expected to take a bath once in two days in the scrupulously clean, rectangular, tiled bath-tubs. When a patient is too weak to walk he is bathed in a tub placed at his bedside. The most approved earth-closets are used, and they are inspected and cleaned every fifteen minutes religiously.

All the water used in the hospital, taken from the city's supply, is first boiled and then carried through the Maignen alphon filter. The greatest care is taken that it shall not afterwards receive any contamination. No two patients are allowed to drink from the same glass, and such utensils are carefully carbolized after having once touched human lips.

On October 7 there were 292 patients in the great roomy wards upstairs. There have been as many as 400, but the number ranges between the 200 and 350 mark. If one must be sick in a hospital, no more ideal surroundings can be imagined. The immense slatted blinds reaching to the ceiling shut out the light, but let in the air; or, when the patients are convalescent they may be slid back in their grooves until the whole of that part of the buildings seems open to the outside air of heaven.

The largest ward has forty-four beds, and the others range from twenty-six to thirty-eight. Besides the half-dozen wards and corridors there are six small rooms of half a dozen beds each, in which very serious cases demanding incessant attendance and nursing are placed.

Everything is excessively clean and neat; the sheen of the polished hard-wood floors is not dimmed by a speck of dust; the long lines of cots, bearing their human burdens racked with pain and disease, are covered with spotless white; each bed has its woven-wire spring and a hair mattress, and is made up with two snow white sheets, a light woollen blanket, and one or two pillows filled with hair or feathers, at the option of the patient. At each bedside is placed a comfortable wicker arm-chair and a small table. At night mosquito-nets shroud the little beds, and, if it were not for the knowledge that under them lie fevered faces and emaciated bodies, the effect of the sick are some of the worst cases of typhoid, and the foot of each cot is decorated by a queer-looking lever chart, which shows, in its zig-zag lines traced hour by hour, the race of the dread disease. One feels like paying a tribute to this delicate woman, who, actuated by a sense of duty and mercy, has, for over a year, given her strength and vitality to lessening the sufferings of our soldiers, without thought of compensation or reward; in fact, it is well known that many dollars have found their way out of her own and her father the general's pocket to purchase little comforts not readily obtainable.

STREET ON CORREGIDOR ISLAND, WHERE THERE IS A HOSPITAL FOR CONVALESCENTS.

While speaking of nurses, too much credit cannot be given to that coterie of philanthropic women, among whom are such noted names as Mrs. James Speyer and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who founded the society known as the Red Cross Auxiliary No. 3, for the maintenance of nurses, and sent out to the Philippines, as they did also to Cuba and Porto Rico, a brave little band of the best technically trained nurses from well-known hospitals. They have been veritable angels of mercy among the sick of the crowded hospitals. While the surgeon-general's department will not relish the remark, it is the fact that during the earlier months of the war the hospital corps was, through necessity, rapidly enlarged by raw and untrained recruits, who, while they might have been brave acquisitions on the firing-line, were, in their awkward ministrations to the sick, very like bulls in a china shop. In all fairness, however, it must be added that the weeding out process has gone steadily forward, until (with the excellent professional women nurses selected by those in charge of the work in Washington) the army hospital corps has been brought up to a high standard of efficiency.

The Second Reserve has an operating room of which it may well be proud, as it is supplied with practically every convenience for manipulation and every instrument for operation known to modern surgery. Dr. Ernest F. Robinson is the man most spoken of in connection with this ward, and he has performed some very marvellous operations successfully. To so high a degree of perfection has gunshot surgery been brought by our young American surgeons, who have been with the army for over a year, that they feel the loss of a man who has once reached the hospital as a personal reflection on their skill. A man may have a compound and splintering fracture of the great bone of the leg (which actually tears it to pieces), but he must not lose his limb. He may have all the small bones of the foot exploded by a Mauser bullet, like dashing Lieutenant Hatson, who led the Macabebe scouts, but the foot must be saved and not amputated. He may be shot through the centre of the brain, like Major Diggles of the Second Oregon, and still be kept alive for ten days, or, if only a slight perforation be made, he is expected to live.

It is the bullet perforation of the intestines and stomach which still baffles them, though Major Shiels, who is Wheaton's chief surgeon, claims to have recently saved the life of an insurgent soldier shot through the abdomen from front to rear. All other wounds, except where they prove fatal immediately, as when the shot is through the heart, the bronchial arteries, the jugular, the brain, or the spine, are considered possible of cure. Wounds through the lungs and liver are easy problems; the picking up of big arteries is child's play, and the splicing together of several tendons is an almost daily occurrence. The great secret of success lies not only in the skill of the operators, but in the application of antiseptic bandages in the field, and the use of every precaution on the operating-table to prevent the admission of germ-life to the wound.

The next-best hospital in Manila is known as the Third Reserve or Secondary Hospital, though General Otis does not admit that it is a hospital at all, and has refused to appropriate money for making the necessary repairs to this old Spanish infantry barracks, which he considers only a temporary abiding-place for the overflow of sick, whom he has, for over a year, believed would decrease in numbers sufficiently to come within the limits of the other two buildings.

This old structure, with its low buildings constructed around a rectangular court, is situated near the famous Luneta, just outside the massive parapeted wall of the fortified city. Its full capacity for the sick is 300, and while the number of patients has at times gone above this figure, it has as an average an infirm population of 250.

The establishment and grounds were a mass of reeking filth when first entered by the American doctors, and, with no appropriations for placing them in sanitary condition, some able scheming has been done with the quartermaster's department on the part of the officers in charge to accomplish this rehabilitation without attracting the attention of the postmaster of detail in the palace. There are five wards, each room (rather badly lighted) being fifty-two feet wide by ninety-eight feet long, and each containing an average of fifty beds—or fifty-six feet of floor space to every patient. Captain Kulp, the surgeon in charge, has both an informal daily and a weekly dress-parade inspection, so that everything is scrupulously clean, even down to the ground of the enclosure, upon which one never sees a leaf or stray scrap of paper.

A printed order is issued each morning for the hospital corps, indicating the specific duties of every man for that particular day, and in case of any shortcomings the individual in charge of any particular department, or doing a certain class of work, is held personally responsible. The system of rotation in duties has been followed with great success, and by this method every man in the corps gains experience in all the various lines of hospital work. In practice it is really a training school for hospital corps men. They turn in daily reports, and upon them are marked their standing for that day—good, fair, poor, bad, depending upon what the day's inspection may disclose.

A patient here is supplied with clothing and toilet articles in the same way as at the Second Reserve. The dispensary is well stocked with everything needed in the way of medicine, and incidentally it may be said that the surgeon-general's office in Washington has been most generous in its supply of medical stores for the Philippines.

Every sick man, when he begins to mend, demands food, and a convalescent soldier, who has eaten "government straight" for months in the field, is absolutely insatiable. He is a gastronomic prodigy, calling for everything he ever tasted in the Philippines—except tacos and hardtack—and everything he can remember having eaten in his palmiest days in America. He

VIEW FROM THE OFFICERS' WARD OF CORREGIDOR ISLAND OF THE CHANNEL BY WHICH DEWEY ENTERED MANILA BAY

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machine, there outside he neatly fitted the punched circle into the card and sold the ticket for ten cents to some man who was living on a prescribed light diet. The light-diet man worked the same dodge, selling his ticket to the man who wanted a delicate dessert of soups, chicken, tea, and toast! Now every ticket is furnished with a detachable coupon for each meal, a plan which, so far, the clever soldier has not been able to evade. The full-meal-ticket man will, however, exchange tickets with the light-diet man, for a consideration, when the pangs of hunger are not too acute.

Do not waste sympathy on the poor devil of a light-diet man, nor fear he may be dying of slow starvation; here are the bills of fare for one day:

Breakfast—Boiled eggs (up to four); toast (as many slices as you want); butter; and coffee (two cups).

Dinner—Roast beef (as much as you can eat); baked potatoes (as much as you can eat); apple pudding; toast, and tea.

Supper—Beef soup (thick and nourishing); gingerbread; toast; butter; apple sauce, and tea.

The light-diet kitchens in both the Second Reserve and Third Reserve hospitals are presided over by the Red Cross nurses, who skilfully prepare all the dietary combinations known to modern cookery which may coax the invalid back to health and strength.

A man living on liquid diet may have, for a single meal, beef tea, oyster broth, malted milk, and possibly some weak tea. The whole gamut of soups, broths, eggs, milk-toast gruels, eggnogs, milk-punches, champagne, and brown stout is run, until being sick, even in a Manila hospital, does not seem an unmitigated evil.

Malingering—or playing off sick—is one of the evils for which hospital doctors must be ever on the alert. There are only a few such "cold-footed" individuals, who prefer the hospital to the firing-line. General Otis has very frankly insinuated that there is a large percentage of men in the hospitals who are not sick at all, and at different times and upon many occasions he has informed almost every correspondent out here that he could go into the hospitals and take out 25 per cent. of the men who were quite fit for active service. Such a statement is, of course, absurd, for a careful medical corps diagnoses all the cases, and is better able to judge whether men are sick or not than even the general commanding the forces. It is too great a temptation to resist telling how General Otis sent a line captain of the Twenty-second Infantry from the Palace to make personal investigation of the sick of his regiment in the Manila hospitals, saying that half of them were only feigning sickness, and desiring each individual case to be reported to him. How he expected a man without technical training in medicine to determine the physical condition of the men is not explained. The chief surgeon's office is in the same building with the general's, and on their files are to be found the daily diagnosis and report of each case. It is quite as difficult to understand why, when a list of twelve insane soldiers, arranged in alphabetical order, who were recommended to be sent home to America, was submitted to him, he should have selected the first six and ordered that those whose names began with the later letters of the alphabet should be kept in Manila for further observation. If only six could be sent back the medical men would undoubtedly have preferred to select the worst cases.

One other anecdote of General Otis, told frequently among the medical fraternity of the Philippines, is a good one. When the transport which bore him to the far-off islands was at Honolulu, the young surgeon on board reported, the day before sailing again, that he had two cases of measles on the ship which should be put ashore. It is said the general listened quietly, and then exclaimed, when the doctor stopped talking: "Nonsense! It is impossible. Let me see the men." The surgeon took him below-decks where he had his measles cases isolated. The general looked at the sick men hard, and then turned to the doctor, remarking as he did so: "Those men haven't measles at all! Keep them on the ship." This rather staggered the young surgeon, but

trouble. To determine whether or not he was feigning, the surgeons held a consultation over him in the operating-room; one man suggested they make four incisions to the bone above the knee, hold the flesh back with hooks, and scrape the bone, which undoubtedly must be diseased. Another doctor demurred, and insisted that the only way to operate on such a case was to chisel out a block of flesh several inches square, in the modern French way, split the bone of the leg, and see if the marrow was not affected. During this conversation they stood around the man on the table, with instruments in their hands, but he never whimpered. As the steward sprinkled ether on the face-cloth, ready to etherize him, some one remarked, "We will probably kill him," but he calmly let them put him to sleep. When he came to he found splints and yards of bandages on his leg. He lay on the cot slowly recovering from his dose, when a steward remarked, "Say, the doctors didn't find a thing the matter with you—you're a damned fraud." Surprisingly enough, he admitted it, but added he reckoned he was hurt pretty badly now. It took about a minute to tear the bandages from his leg and exhibit it unscathed before his astonished eyes. He gave in and was court-martialled for his deception.

It is with some trepidation that one approaches the subject of the great First Reserve Hospital in a spirit of criticism, for fear of appearing to cast reflections on the hampered medical staff of this institution. As many as 1400 soldiers have at one time writhed in agony, tossed in delirium, or lain still and white with the exhaustion of some dread disease within the confines of its walls. It is called Otis's hospital by the medical fraternity, for with the details of its affairs he has concerned himself most closely, with the usual effect, wherever his hand is actively felt, of handicapping its effective organization and administration.

It was originally the old Spanish hospital of Manila, and lies just outside the walled city, to the east, on the banks of the Pasig. Weeds grew in every corner, filth filled every gutter, and the accumulated dirt of years was piled from end to end when the Americans gained possession of the city. It was promptly put into use by General Otis, in spite of its horrible sanitary condition, and for several months sick American soldiers were subjected to malodorous exhalations while the cleaning process went on. Its original capacity was 450 patients, but, in the face of medical protests, the general insisted on making these wholly inadequate and pestilential quarters the dumping-ground for the constantly increasing number of sick, until the high-water mark of 1400 dying and enfeebled men was reached. In wards where the Spanish, uncleanly, uncaring as they were, put but two rows of beds, we not only crowded in four rows, but placed them so closely together that the attendants and nurses could hardly move between them. Every available vacant piece of ground within the high iron fence was covered with wooden-floored wall-tents, and these were crowded full of sick men. The inner wards were very dark and gloomy, the ventilation was bad, the closely lying sick prevented the proper cleaning of the floors, the hospital corps was far too small, and still it is said that the general held, whenever the situation was presented to him, that the quarters were ample, that soon we should have fewer sick, and that the building of new and roomier quarters was not a necessity. One must live in Manila and associate with the competent and hard-working medical corps to appreciate the deep feeling of resentment they have against the general commanding for the economical attitude he has taken in regard to the hospitals.

The writer has been asked not to criticise the First Reserve too harshly, for fear of reflecting upon the ability and integrity of the conscientious, hard-working corps of surgeons who have struggled to better conditions against overwhelming odds. There is not, however, a medical officer who would not unhesitatingly say that Otis's hospital is over-crowded to twice or three times its capacity, and if he knew you well, he would confidentially tell you who is to blame for such a shocking state of affairs.

so accurate and familiar with the work, that chiefs of departments, members of Congress, and latterly the public, have learned to depend with absolute confidence upon this source for information concerning nearly every subject which concerns the development of not only the United States, but the world at large.

The Bureau of Statistics is a subdivision of the Treasury Department. Previous to 1866 the national statistics were gathered and compiled by the Register of the Treasury, but the extent and growing importance of the work necessitated more serious recognition, and in 1866 the law was passed creating the present bureau. The work accomplished by this minor department of the government is now immensely valuable to the people of a growing country, and is far-reaching in its influence. In the pages of its publications can be read the history of American commerce in all its details year by year. Upon these compilations of figures are based the tariff laws, special legislation for particular industries, and all international trade treaties. The value of this or that product to the people can be seen at a glance. The importance of any country as a customer or as a provider to the United States is told with accuracy in dollars and cents. From these documents Presidents write messages, Senators draw material with which to oppose or ratify treaties, and their use in the making of speeches for the pages of the *Congressional Record* is shown on the pages of that journal of Congressional proceedings.

The regular publications of the Bureau of Statistics are the *Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance*, an annual volume relating to commerce and navigation, and an annual *Statistical Abstract*, which presents in condensed form the history of the commerce of the United States for the past year and for terms of many years preceding. Advance sheets or parts of these reports are issued during the year under different titles. In addition to these compilations of figures the bureau issues monographs upon timely subjects as they occupy public attention, and prepares numerous statements for the press.

The monographs issued during the past two years have been of special interest. The expansion of the United States brought a vast amount of extra labor to the Bureau of Statistics, for information concerning new territory was eagerly

O. P. AUSTIN.

sought by all. The cable service of the world, Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines were all made the subjects of special reports. Then the Eastern question came up, and monographs were immediately issued on China, Japan, Russia, and the Trans-Siberian Railroad. In fact, it is difficult to name a subject concerning foreign and domestic trade upon which the Bureau of Statistics has not furnished the data for all that has subsequently been said or written.

The circulation of these publications reached last year nearly one hundred thousand copies. They were sent on request to every class of people at home or abroad. They have been used for text-books in the schools, and are the bases for all reference libraries. The greatest demand is for the *Statistical Abstract*, 6000 of these having been asked for. The appropriation for the bureau this year is about fifty thousand dollars. This employs a force of thirty experts, including translators, specialists, and compilers.

The present chief of the bureau is O. P. Austin, formerly a Washington newspaper man and statistical writer. He was appointed in 1898, after having served as editor of the Republican campaign literature in 1896, which consisted largely of statistics concerning the tariff and financial policies of all the countries of the world. Mr. Austin is now especially interested in preparing a new work to be called *The Statistical Abstract of the World*. It will take a year or more to complete the first edition, but the intention is now to issue the work each subsequent year, revising it up to the date of publication. It will be the first thing of its kind ever undertaken by any government, and will be of proportionate value to the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*, which is now the hand-book of information for every one interested in national affairs, general or special.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

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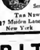

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A Day of Modern War. *By Julian Ralph*

It is only half past four o'clock in the morning when we are drinking our cocoa and munching our biscuits. We have been roused two hours earlier than this when we were going to battle, which we think not to be the case now, for Spytfontein, where the Boers are supposed to be, is fifteen miles away, and eleven miles is the longest march we have yet taken in a day.

Already the sun is beginning to exert the hideous strength it possesses in summer time on the veldt. It has risen and has become a fire in the East. Tommy Atkins, always buttoned to the throat, bandaged to the insteps, and coated to the wrists, is beginning to strap himself up in the harness of a horse: of a cart-horse, mind you, not with the far lighter trappings of a carriage-horse. Over his shoulders and down his breast, across his back and around his waist, he is fitting—always with the help of a comrade—the complexity of quarter-inch straps and quarter-pound buckles which he must wear because Wellington's soldiers wore them. Upon this brutal harness hang the cartridge-pouches, water-bottle, haversack, bayonet-sheath and, in some cases, the shovels which the poor wretches must carry. Except that one knew that men can get used to anything—even death—one never could comprehend how these unemoulted atoms survived such a rig in such a climate.

At least two minds in the army ran to thinking of how our American soldiers flung away their coats in Cuba and went into battle in their shirts and trousers. But we needed not to look so far, presently, for there came to this same army certain Australians and New Zealanders and certain men of Canada called Strathcona' Horse, who did their share with the regulars, and yet were costumed as sensibly as so many cowboys, in light wide hats, with bandoliers at angles over their torsos for their cartridges—free and easy, supple and ready for everything. Such was the gear of Rimington's Tigers or "Night Cats." And the days were to come when we were to see hundreds of men at work in fixed camps in their shirt sleeves; aye, and one of us was to have a British colonel say to him: "How good the boys feel at being able to shed their coats! Why on earth could they not have fought their battles so, as the Americans did in Cuba? What damned nonsense old countries do perpetuate!"

It must have been half past five o'clock when we began the forward march—in a very wide mass, though only one battalion deep, except where the convoy trailed after the Lancers or the Guards on the right, and the field and horse artillery bumped their guns behind us of the Ninth Brigade in the centre and left. It was a beautiful sight to see; the long line skirmish-line ahead, and half a mile back the general and his staff; then the battalions in quarter-column formation, each led by its colonel and one or two of his officers. Every man was in khaki and the cannons were colored like the men. At dusk you could not have seen us a quarter of a mile away, and now in broad day I doubt if any of us were visible—except the Lancers—anything like a mile off.

Everybody swung along as if on parade, the officers keeping their horses at a walk and looking idly to the right and left, the men striding sturdily with chins up, but chaffing and sending repartee to and fro, in low voices, as shuttles are sent across a steam loom. The transport came along soberly and quietly for one of the first times in South African warfare. The way ahead was over slightly rising ground uplifted at the distant river and sloping down to us—but it appeared to be level.

Say what you will and think what you may of our intelligence department and our scouts, it is nevertheless true that we did not know we were going into battle. While we loafed a day by the muddy pan behind us we were told that a few Boers—about three hundred—were intrenched before a little village a few miles ahead. We also heard that our Mounted Infantry would be able to do for them, and that our army would find no Boers there when it came to the place. Presently we halted.

We halted a long time—more than half an hour—and then again trudged ahead. Two war correspondents were riding well forward when they suddenly realized that a small darkness far ahead and on the right of the field was composed of horsemen. Spurring their horses and taking out their field-glasses they advanced until their view was better still. They saw that the horsemen—from three hundred to five hundred in number—were obviously bent upon attracting our attention. They broke up into several bands which dashed about to the right and left only to close together again and ride away slowly in one body. The glasses of the correspondents showed that these were men in motley garb, clothed in suits of many cuts and colors, as would be the case if they were the peasantry or farmers of any other country-side. They were Boers. It was difficult to realize; for the Boers had never shown themselves to us, and these men were not only revealing themselves, but in an unmistakably impudent manner. The correspondents rode back and met a colonel and a scout riding at the head of a battalion. "These are Boers," said the correspondents. The self-sufficient colonel replied that they could not be Boers. The correspondents insisted, saying that they had seen them to be Boers. The colonel appealed to the fat-headed scout who rode beside him. "There are not so many Boers within a dozen miles," said the scout; "I have been all over that region only yesterday. The Boers are waiting for us at Spytfontein behind the Majrafontein hills yonder. The men you saw are our Mounted Infantry."

It is impossible to say how such a recital affects the non-military reader, but to us who marched and fought and waged a war amid the fog and uncertainty of such conditions the strain of the situation became almost unbearable.

The correspondents saw the Boers put spurs to their horses, saw the Mounted Infantry appear behind in quick pursuit, saw the Ninth Lancers and a field battery follow. They, too, forged after the others, leaving the army of infantry still parading along, but presently finding themselves in the heat of the battle of Modder River Station—or "Modder River," as most prints call it.

It is not the purpose here to describe again the great and fearful battle of Modder River. Suffice it that here, for the first time in the experience of the armies operating on the western side of the continent, the Boers left their kopjes and took to trenches in the veldt—astonied and alarmed by the truly awesome courage of the British in rushing up the steep hills against sheets of bullets, undismayed and undeterred by whatever toll Death collected from their ranks. One who has watched them through seven months of the war feels the right to declare with confidence that the Boers have no courage of the sort we Anglo-Saxons know and exercise. Moreover, they detest it in others. Every foreigner in the Boer forces who has discussed the matter has said that he found his usefulness to them crippled because the Boers would never attack, never expose themselves in the open, would only fight lying down and hidden behind something. Most, if not all, foreigners who allied themselves with the Boers have had a disagreeable experience because these people distrust all strangers, resent their offers of advice, and are rendered highly uncomfortable by the extraordinary and, in their eyes, mad tendency of all other white men to risk their skins and lives unnecessarily in battle. Albrecht knew them; they had long known him, and he was allowed to advise, command, and lead an army of the Boer forces. But even he need to risk his unique place among them by deliberately standing up in battle.

We fought for nearly twelve hours in baking heat, and with never a sight of the enemy after that first impudent appearance of the few on horseback in the early morning—at least with never a sight of them except at a little point on the extreme left, where, as the men of Pole-Carew's brigade dashed across the Modder a few Boers were seen clambering over the walls of some gardens and kraals to leap upon their horses and be gone. One longs for the art of a Hugo to paint in all its weird and uncanny lights and phases the sensations of an army which fights an unseen foe during an entire day, feeling its ranks decimated by missiles that come from no one knows where and which men of more imagination than the rank and file guesses might fancy to be an essence or a deadly vapor in the atmosphere. We saw the rude line of trees and bushes which skirted the river, and from its neighborhood we knew that the sound of the enemy's rifles proceeded; but the very great majority of us did not know, even at the close of the fight, on which side of the water the enemy was intrenched. That sound of the rifle fire! It was not only the fiercest, most multitudinous volleying that, in all probability, had ever been heard upon this earth, but it was so long maintained—during so many hours—that the mere strain of having to listen to it and of hearing the equally continuous and equally numerous whistlings of the bullets, became to some of us well-nigh unendurable. It has been roughly estimated that something like a million and a half of cartridges were used jointly by the two armies. And yet only a comparatively few men were killed and wounded. In that battle we had it forced upon us to conclude either that the latter-day Boer is not a good marksman, or that the modern magazine-rifle is destructive of good marksmanship. We fancy that the English private is a better shot, and certainly he has had a drilling in the use of the new weapon at target practice just as the Boer had in the handling of the sporting rifle in days that are gone. But in this way the Boer, slapping in his "clip" of cartridges, and having only to move a finger a few times in order to empty his piece, assuredly shoots wildly in the ranks, and leaves the most damage to be done by his sharp-shooters, who pot at individuals and are condemnedly clever at it.

In some way, more by the nature of circumstances than by any quicker mode, that dreadful day came to an end at last. Dusk came, a few of the British crossed the river and raised a cheer, the Boers fled, and their sharp-shooters covered their retreat with firing that went on until dark. Never was darkness blacker. A burning house on the northern or Boer's side of the river illuminated a tiny bit of the veldt. Elsewhere a black blanket covered all nature. All day thousands of men had been gnawingly hungry and thirsty beyond the power of description in English. It is said that when the Boers ran away scores, perhaps hundreds, of the British who had been lying prone in the sun all day, broke for the river and waded in it, scooping up the water in helmetfuls to drink it.

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Some pictures of a gentleman learning to ride

SUMMER DAYS AWHEEL.

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UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. VI.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

UNCLE JEFF "What's that feller up to Rafe?"
RAFE "Why, if any one wants milk, he'll stop his menagerie and supply it to 'em fresh."
UNCLE JEFF "But what do they want goats' milk for?"
RAFE "For the French kids, of course!"

MR. DOOLEY*

XXXII.—COMPLIMENTS TO MR WU

"WELL, sir, me little Chinee frind Woo must be havin' th' time iv his life in Wash'n'ton these days," said Mr. Hasley.

"Who's he?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He's th' Chinee ministher," said Mr. Dooley, "an' his busiaess is I'r to supply fresh hand-laundhered misinformation to th' Sicrety iv State. Th' Sicrety iv State is settin' in his office feelin' blue becuase he's just heerd he a spe'yal corryspondint iv th' London *Daily Pail* at Sydney, Austhreelya, who had it fr'm a slate-writer in Duluth, that an ar-my iv four hundhred an' eight thousan' millyon an' sixty-five bloodthirsty Chinese, ar-r-med with iln'ines an' cr-yin', 'thug Lee!'—which means, Hinnissy, 'Kill th' foreign divills, dhrive out th' missionries, an' set up in Chiny a gover'nint f'r th' Chinese'—is marchin' on Vladivostook in Siberyia not far fr'm Tinsin. A knoch comes at th' dure, an' Woo enthers. 'Well,' says he, with a happy smile, 'tis all right.' 'What's all right?' says th' Sicrety iv State. 'Ivrything,' says Woo. 'I have just found a letter sewed in a shirt fr'm me frind Lie Much, th' viceroy iv Humbang. It is dated th' fourth hour iv th' third day iv th' eighth or green cheese moon,' he says. 'What day is that?' says th' Sicrety iv State. 'It's Thursdah, th' fourth iv July, Wansdah, th' eighth iv October, an' Thursdah, th' seventeenth iv March,' he says. 'Patrick's day,' says th' Sicrety iv State. 'Thrue f'r ye,' says Woo. 'What year?' says Jawn Hay. 'Th' year iv th' big wind,' says Woo. 'Good,' says Jawn Hay; 'proceed with ye'er story.' 'Here's th' letter,' says Woo. 'I know 'tis genuoyine, becuase it is an ol' dhress petthern used be th' Impress. It says: "Dear Woo, care iv himself, annywhere: Dear Woo, brother iv th' moon, uncle iv th' sun, an' roommate iv th' stars, dear sir: Yours is th' eighth day iv th' property moon rayceived out iv th' air yesterdah afthernoon or to-morrow, an' was glad to note ye ar re feelin' well. Ivrything over here is th' same ol' pair iv boots. Nawthin' doin'. Peking is as quite as th' gr-ave. Her Majesty th' Impress is sufferin' slightly fr'm death be poison, but is still able to do th' cookin' f'r th' Russian ambassadure. Th' Impror was beheaded las' week, an' feels so much betther f'r th' op'ration that he expects to be quarthered nex' Sundah. He's always wanted to rayjooce his weight. Some iv th' Boxers called on th' foreigners at Tinsin las' week an' met a warrum rayception. Th' foreigners altherward paid a visit to them through a hole in th' wall, an' a jolly day concluded with a foot-race, at which our people are becoosin' expert. Some iv th' boys expicts to come up to Peking nex' week, an' th' people along th' line iv th' railroad are gettin' ready f'r them. This is really all th' news I have, except that cherries ar-re ripe. Me pen is poor, me ink is dhry, me love f'r you can niver die. Give me regards to Sicrety Hay whin he wakes up. I remain, illusthrus cousin iv th' risin' dawn, thruly ye'ers, Li. P. S. If ye need anny more information, take a longer dhraw.'"

"'That,' says Woo, 'is wan way iv r-readin' it. Read upside down, it says that the Impress has become a Sardenhoorjun. I will r-read it stanlin' on me head whin I get home, where I can pin down me over-skirt; thin I'll r-read it in a lookin' glass; thin I'll saw it into sthrips an' r-run it through a ringer an' have it stand in a tub iv bluin', an' whin it's properly starched I'll find out what it says. Fin'lly I'll cut it into small pieces an' cook with rice an' have it to roost in a cool place, an' thin 'twill r-read even betther. I hope ye're satisfied,' he says. 'I am,' says Jawn Hay. 'I'll tillygraft to Mark that ivrything is all r-right,' he says, 'an' that our relations with his Majesty, or her Majesty, or their Boxerships or th' Down-with-th'-foreign-divilliers, or whoever's runnin' th' shop over beyant where ivrything are as they ought to be, or worse, or betther, as th' case may be,' he says. 'Good,' says Woo; 'you're a man alther me own heart,' he says. 'I'll send ye a little book wrote be a friend iv mine in Peking,' he says. ''Tis called *Heart to Heart Talks I Have Had*,' he says. 'You'll like it,' he says. 'In th' mean time,' he says, 'I must write a secret message to go out be to-night's hot air express to me corryspondint in Meriden, Connecticut, urgin' him to send more imperyal edicks iv a fav'ralde nature,' he says. 'I've on'y had twinty so far, an' I'm gettin' scrivener's palsy,' he says. 'But before I go,' he says, 'I bet ye eight millyon yens, or three dollars an' eighty four rints iv ye'er money, that ye can't pick out th' shell this here pea in undher,' he says. An' they set down to a game iv what is known at Peking as diplomacy, Hinnissy, but on Randolph Sthreet viaduch is called the double dirty."

"I don't believe was wurrud iv what's in th' papapers about Chiny," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if ye believe anything ye'll believe ivrything. 'Tis a grand contist that's goin' on between Westhern and Easthern civil-lization. 'Tis a joke iv me own, Hinnissy, an' ye'd understand it if ye knew spellin'. Th' Westhern rivilization, Hinnissy—that's us—is a pretty good liar, but he's a kind iv rough-an'-tumble at it. He goes in head down, an' ivry lie he tells looks like all th' others. Ye never see an Englishman that had anny judgment in lyin'. Th' corryspondint iv th' *Daily Pail* is out iv his class. He's carryin' lies to Lieville. How in th' aurruld can we compete with a country where irry lab'rer's cottage projooces lies so delicate that th' workmen iv th'

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS,
As a Lieutenant Colonel of the Washington National Guard.

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WILLIAM W. ROCKHILL.
Recently appointed Special United States Commissioner to China

West can't undherstand thim? We make our lies be machinery; they tur-rn out theirs be hand. They imitate th' best iv our canned lies to deceive people that likes that kind, but f'r artists they have lies that appeals to a more refined taste. Sure, I'd like to live among thim an' find out th' kind iv bouncers they tell each other. They must be gr-rand. I on'y know their export lies now—th' surplus lies they can't use at home. An' th' kind they sind out ar-re betther than our best. Our lies is no more thin a conthradiction iv th' thruth; their lies appeals to th' since iv honesty iv anny civilized man."

"They can't hurt us with their lies," said Mr. Hennessy of our Western civilization. "We have th' guns, an' we'll bate thim yet."

"Yes," said Mr. Dooley, "an' 'twill be like a man who's had his house desthroyed be a cyclone gettin' up an' kickin' at th' air." F. P. DUNNE.

J. Hamilton Lewis

THIS gentleman is an ardent supporter of Mr. William Jennings Bryan for the Presidency. He is a vociferous antagonist of what he and even more intelligent people call "militarism." He is the individual who has attributed to President McKinley the Boxer atrocities in China. Look at his garments and his pose and draw your own conclusions as to his Anti-Military spirit. Is he not brave as a lion, and as anxious to fight as a game-cock? Study his physiognomy and decide as to the value of any views he may choose to express on public questions. Has he not the broad and bulging brow and that strong firm chin which have been characteristic of the greatest of statesmen from time immemorial? Is he not in point of fact a composite of Webster and Bonaparte, a combination unknown in the history of the world since the time of Cæsar?

Seriously Mr. Lewis is not an important person, but we print his portrait for the second time, hoping to relieve the asperities of the campaign with a little innocent amusement. We fancy even Messrs. Bryan and Stevenson will enjoy a quiet smile when they look upon this picture of their most enthusiastic supporter.

Geography as She is Wrote

THE London *Sketch* of July 11 publishes a brief account of the Hoboken Docks fire, together with a picture of New York city as it must have looked before any of the sky-scrapers were built. A portion of the article is here reprinted as an example of the clear and correct knowledge of American geography still prevalent in the minds of London editors:

"Those who are acquainted with New York—and many thousands of our own countrymen are nowadays—remember what splendid docks these Hoboken Docks are, stretching (as the picture shows) far along the Pennsylvanian shore of the Hudson, from the famous Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Across the river, and facing these Hoboken Docks, is the teeming city of New York, with its multifarious enterprises and entertainments affording occupation for natives of nearly every nation under the sun. Bisecting, as it were, the tongue-shaped beginning of New York city and State, is the famous

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THE
CRISIS IN CHINA

IF you want to know why the Chinaman hates the foreigner, read the article by Geo. B. Smyth, President of the Anglo-Chinese College at Foochow, in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for AUGUST—the most clear and comprehensive account yet published of the circumstances which are responsible for the Chinese hatred of the foreigner. There are six other articles on China in this number, among which are:

THE DUTY OF AMERICA. By John Barrett
AMERICA'S TREATMENT OF THE CHINESE. By Chas. F. Holder
THE JAPANESE VIEW OF THE SITUATION. By a Japanese Diplomat

which are of especial significance at this time.

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THE uncertain situation in China and the serious menace to the future have a depressing effect in Europe, which is reflected to some extent here. Money rates are higher in London, and decidedly higher in Berlin, than in New York, and there is a tendency at both those capitals to dispose of American securities. This to an extent serves to offset our commercial trade balance and help the tendency to draw gold from this side to relieve a strain which is not felt here. While the shipment of gold has not continued with the celerity that was looked for, still there is a tugging at the American supply to meet the needs of Europe, and the movement is apparently not over. This movement and the balance-of-trade question have been the subject of much discussion of late.

Among the factors in the balance-of-trade problem which cannot be ascertained even approximately is the constant profit, in the form of interest and dividends, upon foreign capital invested in this country. Payment is made largely by commodities exported, through the operation of exchange, and the volume of the investment and the amount of these payments are unknown quantities. The only certain thing is that the export of gold nowadays has little relation to the balance on commercial transactions. These are overshadowed by financial operations, and gold yields to the direct demand for it from the great central banks. At present there is something like a financial strain at the principal European centres which puts a pressure upon the gold-supply, wherever it may be.

The selling of American securities on foreign account has a depressing effect here upon markets which would be dull in any case. On the Stock Exchange the professional operators manage to push prices up and let them back in a way to give some margin for speculation, but there is no real activity or strength, and little sign of money drawn in from the outside public. The public is wary or uninterested. The political campaign may add slightly to the influences which make the market dull, but not very much.

The iron and steel situation does not seem to improve, though managers of the large companies have been trying to find some basis of agreement for getting prices upon a stable bottom. There are reports of increased sales here and there, but generally at a concession from nominal prices, and there are other reports of further curtailment of production, while there are some signs of difficulty over the scale of wages in these industries. The unsettled condition is likely to continue for some weeks, and in the mean time the steel stocks are dull and tend downward. Railroad reports, on the whole, are favorable compared with a year ago, but there are exceptions in the Northwest, where gross receipts show a falling off. This has been rather heavy on the St. Paul, which is taken as a representative of the granger lines.

Crop reports are, on the whole, better, and there is every prospect of good returns, but not so good as for two years past. The smaller production of wheat and corn means better prices for the farmer, but smaller traffic for the railways and smaller exports.

Notwithstanding the higher rates for money abroad, the advance in foreign exchange, and the outward movement of gold, the money-market of New York continues in a state of ease, with call loans at about 1½ per cent. day after day, time loans on good collateral security for two to four months at 3 and 3½ per cent., and commercial paper at 4 to 5 per cent. The latest bank returns show an increase in surplus reserves. There is a general prediction of higher rates in the money-market soon, but the movement is slow in beginning.

The statement of the New York Banking Department for the first half of the year shows that the resources of the sixty trust companies on July 1 were over $796,000,000, an increase of $124,000,000 in six months. The gain in trust deposits was over $75,000,000 and in general deposits $42,000,000, while loans increased nearly $50,000,000. The total deposits on which interest was paid were $590,676,963.

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HUMBERT I., KING OF ITALY

ASSASSINATED AT MONZA, JULY 29, 1900

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VICTOR EMMANUEL, OF SAVOY, PRINCE OF NAPLES,

Crown-Prince of Italy, who will succeed King Humbert.

MARGHERITA OF SAVOY, QUEEN OF ITALY,

Wife of the murdered King, and Mother of Prince Victor.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT OF ITALY

HUMBERT I., King of Italy, was the victim of an assassin, Angelo Bresci, last Sunday night, at Monza. The King had just taken his seat in a carriage on leaving a gymnasium where he had been distributing prizes, when a roughly dressed fellow pushed his way through the cheering crowd and fired three shots at short range. The King sank back, fatally wounded, living only three-quarters of an hour. When a pistol was seen in the man's hand an attempt was made to wrest it from him, but he was too quick for the bystanders. Bresci, with the smoking weapon held exultantly aloft, was seized by gendarmes, who had to fight their way through the crowd to save him from its vengeance.

The cause of the assassination of King Humbert was no doubt political, and may be traced back to the discontent which prevailed throughout Italy last year, when bread riots occurred in the principal towns, bloody collisions took place with the police and troops, and Milan was in a state of siege. The rioting began in Ancona and other towns in the Marches. The measures taken to repress it were severe from the first. The trouble spread to other places, and to check it a royal decree reduced the import duty on grain temporarily from 7½ lire a quintal to 5 lire. When Parliament appropriated 100,000 lire for the relief of the poor, Humbert gave 150,000 from his private purse. The situation did not mend. It became necessary to raise the army on a peace footing from 140,000 to 180,000, and when the Radical Socialists attempted to hold meetings in favor of abolishing the duties on bread-stuffs, eight battalions of infantry patrolled the streets of Rome to prevent the assembling of the discontented.

Troops fired on bread rioters at Stupina, Sicily, on February 18, killing two peasants. By the end of April bread was at famine prices, and there were collisions between the populace and the soldiers at Bari, Rimini, Parma, Ravenna, and other places. To restore order the government on May 4 suspended the duty on wheat, and the octroi were abolished. The very day following thousands of rioters at Pavia defied the troops, and the son of Signor Musi, the Radical Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies, was killed. Above the demands for bread was heard the cry for the "social revolution." In Milan the workmen tried to precipitate it. Erecting barricades of street cars, they cut the telegraph wires, and dared the soldiers to do their worst. From the roofs of houses paving stones were hurled on their heads, and from windows shots were fired at the troops. Women and children were killed by the grape-shot which were poured into the houses. Seventy-five persons were killed during the rioting, and as many more were treated in the hospitals. Martial law was declared in Tuscany, and a state of siege proclaimed at Milan, where the disorder rapidly increased. Women threw themselves in front of railroad trains to prevent the arrival of re-enforcements, and the students of Pavia marched in to join the forces of disorder. The city was soon in the hands of the rioters, who entrapped General Bava's soldiers in a ring of barricades. It was not until General Leone Pelloux arrived with half an army corps and used round shot unsparingly that the government got the upper hand and the streets were cleared of rioters. The worst thing about the situation was that over every railroad from France, Spain, and Switzerland, peasants and workmen were making their way to take part in the "social revolution." The government went so far as to put the railroads under military control. The risings finally spent themselves, but not before the Radical deputies Turati, Rissolati, and Costa were arrested in Milan, and newspapers had been suppressed all over Italy, many editors being sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

There has been comparative quiet throughout the country since, but politically the caldron has been seething. Several changes of ministry have occurred, Rudinì giving way to General Luigi Pelloux, the strong soldier, and Pelloux to Saracco. Each minister has had to deal with the dangerous state of the country as well as with the delicate one of expansion abroad. The policy of Pelloux's ministry, which lasted for almost a year, included the maintenance of order, the jealous protection of society, and the pacification of the public mind. It was always in hot water, first because of a drastic and severe public-safety bill which was made law at last only by royal decree, an expedient of doubtful constitutionality, and afterwards by reason of China's defiance of Italy's demands for territory at San-mun Bay. On May 16 of this year King Humbert adjourned the Italian Parliament *sine die*, the Socialists being so violent in their obstruction of public business that the outlook for its transaction was hopeless. In the general election that followed Signor Colombo, President of the Chamber of Deputies, and many of his associates were defeated. On the assembling of the new Parliament the Opposition was so strong that General Pelloux resigned. The King had leaned on him as the resolute soldier who alone could maintain order.

King Humbert, while the victim of political conditions which baffled the resources of statesmanship and foreshadowed the downfall of the monarchy, was personally a ruler of the best intentions, understood his responsibilities, and labored to discharge them worthily. Much of his personal popularity he owed to his excellent and beautiful consort, Queen Margherita, who is a woman of refinement and benevolence, interested in art and letters, and a patron of many charities. As an artist she has achieved something, and she is well known as an intrepid mountaineer. Humbert was the eldest son of Victor Emmanuel II., the first King of united Italy, and a valiant soldier, and of Adelaide, Archduchess of Austria. The son was born at Turin, March 14, 1844. He accompanied his father during the war for Italian independence. When a youth of fourteen he was made a captain of infantry, and in four years rose to the command of a brigade of cavalry as major-general. By the direction of his father he assisted in the reorganization of the ancient kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and in July, 1862, visited Naples and Palermo with Garibaldi, being received with great enthusiasm. When the Italians entered Rome on September 20, 1870, Prince Humbert was in command of an army corps. He had previously won his laurels on the field of battle at Custozza during the war with Austria, where he led a division in General Cialdini's corps. Humbert's behavior on that disastrous day was such as to warrant the opinion that he had performed prodigies of valor. At one time he was cut off from his command and was saved only by a charge of a battalion of the 49th Infantry. It was during this war, on April 22, 1868, that he married his first cousin, the Princess Margherita, daughter of his father's brother, Duke of Genoa. One child was born to them, Vittorio Emanuele, who succeeds to the throne with the title of Victor Emmanuel III.

The new King is of slight physique and has not figured much in the public eye. He is thirty-one years old, and is scholarly in his tastes. He is not regarded as a man of blood and iron, and there are doubts of his ability to cope with a chaotic situation. Compared with his late father, he is undersized and effeminate in appearance. King Humbert was bluff, keen-eyed, huge of mustache, and looked the King. Two attempts had been made on Humbert's life before the fatal one: on November 17, 1878, at Naples, Giovanni Passanante, an Anarchist, struck at him with a dagger, but succeeded only in wounding Signor Cairoli, the Prime Minister, who had thrown himself in front of the King; Pietro Acciritta, a mad blacksmith, lunged at the King with a dagger at the Campanella race-track on April 22, 1897, but Humbert parried the blow, and the madman was overpowered. Both of the would-be regicides were sentenced to die, but royal clemency commuted punishment to life imprisonment. Italy's new Queen was the Princess Helena, daughter of Prince Nicolas of Montenegro. She was born at Cettinje, in 1873, and in person and accomplishments promises to be a worthy successor to Queen Margherita.

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HIS EXCELLENCY WU TING-FANG.

CHINESE ENVOY TO THE UNITED STATES.

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The Assassination of King Humbert

A MORE wicked, more unnecessary, crime than the assassination of the King of Italy by the anarchist BRESCI is hardly conceivable. There was no greater justification for it than for the murder of President CARNOT by CASSARIO, of the Empress of Austria by LUCCHESI, or of President GARFIELD by GUITEAU. To no one had any of the victims of these murderous assaults worked injury. On the contrary, they were without exception persons of the loftiest character, actuated always by the highest motives, and in their official relations by a sincere purpose to carry well and honorably and for the benefit of their respective peoples the public burdens which they had been called upon to assume. Nor was there anything in existing conditions, political or social, which could so work upon the emotions of the most hare-brained of people as to give to these wicked deeds even the miserable warrant of a sudden access of insane passion. Just as nineteen years ago nations stood aghast at the dreadful crime of GUITEAU, and mingled their tears with ours over the wanton killing of a great-souled, noble-hearted strong man upon the threshold of what promised to be a brilliant crowning to a stirring and honorable career, so do they all stand to-day at the bier of a King than whom no more gallant and chivalrous figure has been known in the history of our time. The wickedness of the crime, the futility of it, the far-reaching consequences of it, are appalling; and coming as it does at a moment when Western civilization seems to be on the verge of a struggle to the death with that of the East, it is doubly unfortunate. If in Christian lands such crimes are still possible, what kind of an account can we render as to ourselves to a race whom we are strenuously striving to convert from their wicked to our pious ways?

Ordinarily it would be proper to consider crimes of this nature as the mad acts of irresponsible individuals, and by the infliction upon the offenders of swift and summary punishment of the most drastic quality endeavor to deter others from the commission of similar acts of lawlessness. In the case of GUITEAU it was evident that the responsibility for his crime belonged to him alone; that it was the result of his own persistent and insane brooding over fancied wrongs, and in no sense the fulfilment of the objects of a conspiracy. It was clear on the surface that the killing of President GARFIELD was the act of a madman, who should be, and fortunately was, accorded the same shrift that one accords to a mad dog—although the times were not wanting in sentimentalists who sought to save him from the gallows. In the present case there is a difference. BRESCI may be as mad as a hatter, and as wanting in actual abettors in his crime as was GUITEAU, but unlike GUITEAU he does not find a universal detestation of his act. No man or woman, however depraved, was found in that trying summer of 1881 to applaud the fiendish act of GUITEAU, but to-day there are open expressions of exultation that this vile travesty of human nature at Monza has succeeded in his awful purpose; and what is most deplorable in our sight, these manifestations of approval and satisfaction are to be found here in our own country, and centring in a small, industrious city of hitherto unblemished reputation not twenty miles from the metropolis. It is precisely at this point that the assassination of King HUMBERT touches dormant instinct in the hearts of thousands of malcontents throughout the country; they are augmenting the strength of the powers of evil and unrest, and no reasonable man who cares for law and order can deny that morally they are criminals.

Are we going to treat them as such, or are we going to settle back comfortably in our chairs, shrug our shoulders indifferently, and allow the doctrines of the propaganda of murder to be preached under our very noses because to stop it would be a high-handed act of Imperialism, equivalent to the suppression of the true liberties of the people? There is a grave problem to be dealt with in this emergency. If the law in its present state is powerless fittingly to rebuke and punish this outrage upon decency, the first duty of the lawmakers of this land is to see to it that our statutes are made adequate to a most crying need.

FAR be it from us to intimate that any American citizen worthy of the name holds the crime of BRESCI in anything but utter abhorrence. Far be it from us even to suggest that for this crime there is any political responsibility in this country; but we do invite our readers to consider in this connection the fact that a contributing factor to the forces of anarchy are the politicians who preach the gospel of discontent. The man who travels about the land stirring up a feeling of unrest among the people contributes in some proportion, slight or considerable, to the anarchistic cause. He may not mean to do so, but that he does so is as clear to the logical mind as that two and two make four. The anarchist has no use for law, and he hates those who administer it. His constant effort is to discredit those who protect society against his infractions of the principles by which all civilized communities must be governed. A court of justice in his mind is the outward and visible sign of the tyranny which he claims to exist; he objects to the interference of the judiciary between the rights of his fellow-citizens and his own designs upon them. He will prate of government by injunction as glibly as though he were a Populist and not an anarchist; you will find him always arrayed against the properly constituted authorities, and his constant effort is directed toward the tearing down of the social and political structure which for thousands of years has been building up, and to substitute therefor that absolute individual liberty which is identical with chaos. There is a political party in this country which, without realizing it perhaps, contributes to this cause with absolute directness. It fosters heresies. It preaches unrest. It is striving to secure control of the machinery of government for its own aggrandizement.

A Contributing Factor

Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is the leader of that party.

Mr. RICHARD CROKER, of New York, is its ally.

Governor STEPHENS of Missouri, in which civilized State, for the crime of riding on trolley-cars, women have been stripped of their clothes on the public highway by riotous mobs without interference from the authorities, is an advocate of the principles of that party.

Senator TILLMAN of South Carolina, who once suggested the pitchforking of a President of the United States, is one of its ardent members.

Mr. ALTGELD of Illinois, who, as Governor of that State, pardoned and set loose upon society, from which they had been sequestrated, a gang of murderers who should have been hanged for a heinous crime, is one of its mainstays.

We trust that the day will never dawn when the doctrines emanating from the perverts of Paterson, New Jersey, and resulting in the assassination of a high-minded ruler of a noble people, will even in their most diluted form be preached from the Capitol at Washington.

THESE be perilous days for the citizens of this nation who would have us turn our backs upon our obligations outside of our own borders, coldly ignoring the manifest responsibilities earth. Beginning with the Spanish war, which was sure to come sooner or later, and which had merely been postponed from year to year until conditions became intolerable and continued peace impossible, continuing down through the vexatious and complicated problems arising from the victory of Manila Bay, to the present time, when the greatest sagacity, the greatest firmness, and the greatest national cohesion are required in meeting the intricate questions in China. It has been manifest to all intelligent observers that the old easy-going days when Uncle Sam could sit on a fence and whittle while his neighbors struggled have gone forever. To shirk the responsibilities of the hour would cover every man, woman, and child of right feeling in this country with shame, and an Administration which had shown the slightest disposition to crawfish and scuttle in the face of such burdens would have been driven from power by a wrathful and an outraged electorate with such emphatic celerity that there would be no vestige of it left. It has been our good fortune that our affairs of state have been conducted by men of sturdy principle, in whom lie the traits of honesty, conscience, and common-sense, allied to a firmness and dignity which have commanded the reluctantly given respect of the civilized world. It should be a matter of pride to the American people that the delicate affairs of China have been handled at Washington with a firm grasp, with a tactful consideration for the rights of others, with calm judgment; in short, with the highest statesmanship. With the nations of Europe eying each other jealously and inclined to snarl, with bullying threats issuing from the lips of emperors and kings, the President and cabinet of the United States have pursued the calm and even tenor of their policy with a confidence which the end has amply justified.

Voters of the United States should remember that it is this Administration they are asked to overthrow in behalf of a scuttling policy, in behalf of a policy of contraction, in behalf of a policy of rowdyism and dishonor. We cannot believe that there is a BRYAN organ in the country, from the *New York Journal*, openly and avowedly Bryanite, to the *Evening Post*, travelling incog. this summer, that can convince an intelligent people that it is their duty to do any such thing.

A GENTLEMAN clad in the Senatorial toga, dwelling in Maryland, and known as a member of the WELLINGTON family, has announced that he prefers to follow in the footsteps of the Hon. WEBSTER DAVIS rather than vote for President McKINLEY in the autumn. We congratulate the President. It is but another instance of that good fortune which the powers that be have bestowed upon him. Even if Mr. McKINLEY were not a man of high character, he would stand well in American public life because of the "enemies he has made." To be opposed by the strutting peacock of the Pacific coast, whose Imperial portrait has added considerably to the gayety of the nation; to be opposed by the Hon. WEBSTER DAVIS, late of Washington, now of South Africa; to have the amusing WINSLOW, the high-priest of the Anti-Imperialists, and the Universal Open-Letter Writer of the Back Bay, arrayed against him; to have the sonnets of the unmilitary GRAHAMS thundering rhymes at the fortress of his isms; to be vouchsafed the opposition of ATKINSON, who has proved that not a man among us will be alive three thousand years hence because the potash supply is giving out—is it not all wonderful luck?

The President's Luck

There is but one fly in the ointment.

Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN has returned from Europe, and will not speak. But Mr. McKINLEY need not despair. Mr. COCKRAN will speak later. He is a strong man, but we think it doubtful that he is strong enough to hold his tongue through the whole length of a Presidential campaign.

And we hope that when Mr. COCKRAN does speak the President's luck will continue.

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THE duty of gold Democrats—Democrats who believe in honest money and an orderly government of liberty and law—is precisely the same in this year's election that it was four years ago, but with added imperativeness. When Populism secured control of the machinery of Democracy at Chicago in 1896, and sought to pervert a historic party to the service of repudiation and turbulent anarchy, these Democrats, faithful to the traditions alike of their party and their country, rejected the false and destructive doctrines put forth in their name. They helped to defeat their party for its reformation and for the salvation of the country from financial dishonor, industrial ruin, and that well-nigh universal impoverishment of the people which they clearly foresaw as the inevitable result of Mr. Bryan's election upon the monstrous Chicago platform.

This year they are confronted with the same situation in exaggerated form. Undisciplined by defeat, having learned nothing of wisdom and forgotten nothing of folly, Populism has more arrogantly than ever asserted itself in a Democratic national convention. It has overcome the manifest will, not only of the Democracy of the country, but of the convention itself. It has yielded no hair's-breadth to sane counsels. It has rejected every suggestion of moderation. It has defiantly reiterated every declaration that helped four years ago to drive patriotic Democrats into revolt. It has renewed and intensified its threats against the public welfare. It has even formed new and very shameful alliances with such agencies of evil as the Tammany "pocket" conspiracy in New York and the Altgeld anarchism in Illinois.

And the active agent, the inspiring personality in all this, has been Mr. Bryan himself, who has not been content to force his second nomination upon the party, but has gone far out of his way to emphasize the fact that his election this year will mean all of repudiation and anarchy that gold Democrats so emphatically rebuked before.

How large a part the patriotic revolt of sound-money and law-loving Democrats played four years ago in saving the country from Bryanism, Populism, and repudiation by coinage debasement, a little examination of the facts and figures will show.

New York, with its thirty-six electoral votes, went Democratic in 1892 by 45,518 plurality; in 1896 the honest-money Democrats of the State so vigorously rejected Bryanism that in addition to 18,950 votes cast for Palmer, they gave the State to McKinley by the unprecedented plurality of 268,409. In 1892 Indiana gave a plurality for Cleveland of 7125; in 1896 that State went Republican by 18,181. In 1892 Illinois gave a Democratic plurality of 26,003; four years later it repudiated Bryanism by no less than 142,498 plurality.

Wisconsin gave her electoral vote for Cleveland in 1892 by 6544 plurality; in 1896 it buried Bryan and free silver under an adverse plurality of 102,612.

New Jersey, which voted for Cleveland by 14,974 plurality, rejected the Chicago programme of destruction in 1896 by no less than 87,692 votes for McKinley in excess of those cast for Bryan.

These are mere examples of what happened in every State in which Democracy refused to lapse into Populism. No one who will take the trouble to examine the record can doubt that the patriotism and commonsense of Democrats who refused to follow a Populist lead into the slough of repudiation and anarchy, constituted a controlling factor in the salvation of the country from the most disastrous mischiefs that have threatened it at any time since the civil war. Now that precisely the same mischiefs are threatened with renewed and increased determination, can there be the least doubt that those who so manfully came to the rescue before will do the like again? Is it to be thought that such men will now join the forces of destruction which they so bravely helped to overwhelm with their ballots in the last election? Against every impulse of party loyalty these men four years ago defeated their party in order to rescue it from the control of madmen. It is conceivable that they will now submit their judgments and their consciences to the keeping of the same evil forces additionally inflamed by defeat? Is the need of rescuing their party, through defeat, from the cabal of Populists who have made themselves its masters, less imperative now than it was four years ago? Is it not certain, on the contrary, that its second and still more pronounced defeat at the hands of Democrats who are loyal to the old traditions, is necessary to complete the work begun in 1896?

There is every reason to believe that this is the view taken by the great army of Democratic voters who rejected Bryanism before. Here and there a politician like ex-Congressman John De Witt Warner, anxious to get back into "the line of promotion," or an editor, like the owner of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, eager to save his newspaper's party support, has put aside his convictions and deserted to the enemy. But there is not the slightest reason to believe that such political trimming represents the sentiment of the great mass of voters whose leaders they assume to be. On the contrary, the real leaders of the honest-money Democrats, who gathered at Indianapolis in July, manifested a determination even greater than that of four years ago to defeat Bryan and make a final end of the folly that he represents. These are the leaders who, four years ago, nominated a third ticket, in order that their followers might vote against Populism without casting their ballots for a Republican. This year they see clearly that the danger to the country is too imminent and too great for patriotic men to risk any such division of the forces that stand for honesty and order and prosperity. They have decided to nominate no third ticket, but instead to urge all men who desire Bryan's defeat to vote directly for Mr. McKinley, as the only sure and practicable way of accomplishing that purpose.

In order to deceive voters of the class here under consideration and to divert them from their purpose to make a final end of the 16-to-1 dishonesty, a specious plea is put forward. It is declared in the Kansas City platform that a vague and baseless charge against the Administration of "Imperialism" and "Militarism" is "the paramount issue of the campaign." Men are gravely told that Mr. Bryan's threat of free silver repudiation is not serious in spite of the extraordinary determination he manifested in forcing it into his platform. They are told that however mischievous his purpose in that respect may be, it is safe to elect him, because as President he would lack means of carrying out his threat. This is like suggesting the admission of an avowed incendiary into your house, on the plea that there are probably no matches lying about your premises.

TRYING TO PAINT OUT THE OLD SIGN.

It is urged that Mr. Bryan, if elected with a House of Representatives in sympathy with him, could not secure the repeal of the gold-standard law, or the enactment of any legislation in behalf of free silver, for the reason that there is a majority in the Senate against all such measures, and that this majority cannot be overcome during the next Presidential term. This is simply not true.

In the first place, it is neither certain nor indeed probable that every Senator now counted on the side of honest money would remain true to that conviction if, by Mr. Bryan's election, the country should seem to give a verdict in favor of free silver. Many of them have been hitters by that heresy in the past and are sound-money men now only because that has seemed to them to be in accord with the tendency of popular sentiment. Reverse that tendency, even in seeming, and there is little doubt that some at least of them would quickly find excuse to return to their former attitude.

Again, the power of a President to coerce the action of Senators whose political future he holds in his hands through his control of patronage and otherwise, is very great. Mr. Cleveland used it with almost startling effect on one notable occasion, and Mr. McKinley fairly forced an unwilling Senate to ratify the Treaty of Peace with Spain. In both these instances the President was right and the Senate wrong, so that Mr. Cleveland's and Mr. McKinley's use of Presidential pressure was for good. But the power would be equally potent in the hands of a President bent upon coercing the Senate to mischief.

But apart from this, the sound-money majority in the Senate would be by no means secure beyond the 4th of next March, should Mr. Bryan be elected President in November, and still less would it be secure for the entire term of his Presidency. The terms of one-third of the Senators will expire next March; those of another one-third will end with March, 1903. What ground is there, in view of this fact, for a sane hope that a sound-money majority would endure in the Senate in face of the election of Mr. Bryan and a Bryanite House of Representatives in November? The States which he must carry in order to be elected, would at the same time pretty certainly elect Legislatures in sympathy with his policies, and it would not take such Legislatures long to change the Senate majority for sound money into a majority ready to do the President's most destructive bidding.

Kentucky and Louisiana have already chosen free-silver men to succeed two honest-money Senators on the 4th of next March. Oregon, which was so close at the last election as to be doubtful this year, will send a new Senator to Washington next March; so will the still closer States of South Dakota and Wyoming, whose Republican pluralities at the last election were only 583 and 183 respectively, and may easily be converted into free-silver majorities this year, with the certainty in that event of sending devoted Bryanite Senators to Washington next spring.

Of the other States which the Bryanites profess to regard as doubtful this year, Colorado, Delaware, New York, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, New Jersey, Minnesota, Montana, West Virginia, Idaho, and Nebraska will all have vacant Senate seats to fill next spring. In this group of States hoped for by the Bryanite party, there are twelve Senators to be elected in place of twelve outgoing sound-money men, while the present Republican representation in the Senate numbers only fifty-one, or five more than a bare majority of a full Senate. It is certain that Bryan cannot carry all of these States. It is doubtful that he will carry any of them except possibly the two or three that gave very meagre McKinley majorities at the last election. But in order to be elected President he must carry enough of them to give him forty-eight more electoral votes than he secured last time, and if that should happen it would pretty certainly carry with it the choice of enough free-silver Senators to make Mr. Bryan master of the Upper as well as the Lower House. It would enable him at once to carry through Congress and write into the statute-book an act providing for "the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1"; and to the accomplishment of that, more emphatically and unqualifiedly than to any other policy whatever, he is both politically and personally committed.

In brief, the issue of honest as against dishonest money is as directly involved in this year's election as it was in that of 1896, with a much more threatening prospect that the triumph of Bryanism at the polls would actually result in free-coinage legislation in its extremest and most pernicious form. The menace to the national good name is the same. The peril to the people's prosperity is even greater now than then. The duty of every honest man to avert the danger and trample down the folly is certainly not less imperative than it was four years ago.

Is not this, then, "the paramount issue"? Can platform rhetoric alter the fact, or false assumptions obscure it? Is there any course open to sound-money Democrats except the sensible and patriotic one which they pursued four years ago to the lasting advantage of the country and the enduring honor of themselves?

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VIADUCT ON THE PEKING-HANKOW RAILWAY DESTROYED BY BOXERS MAY 29, 1900.

GENERAL VIEW OF TIENTSIN—THE PUBLIC GARDENS IN THE FOREGROUND.

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Baroness von Heyking, of Germany. Mme. Kwoock of Holland. Lady Macdonald, of Great Britain. Baroness Mohl, of Japan.

THE LADIES OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

This photograph was taken about a year ago on the occasion of the presentation to the Empress Dowager of the wives of the members of the diplomatic corps. These ladies were the first Caucasian women the Empress ever saw. They are now besieged in Peking. The men in the picture are some of the foreign military attaches.

Hagberg, Sweden, Norway. Brennan, Great Britain. Goodnow, United States. Otaghai, Japan. Lipnew, Russia. Rocher, Collector of Customs. Japanese General.

Van Walree, Netherlands. Knappe, Germany. Schoenker, Austria. Marquis Ito. Prosche, Belgium. Tuai Taotai of Shanghai. Valdez, Portugal. De Bruneau, France.

THE FOREIGN CONSULS AT SHANGHAI.

This photograph was taken on the occasion of the recent visit of Marquis Ito of Japan to Shanghai.

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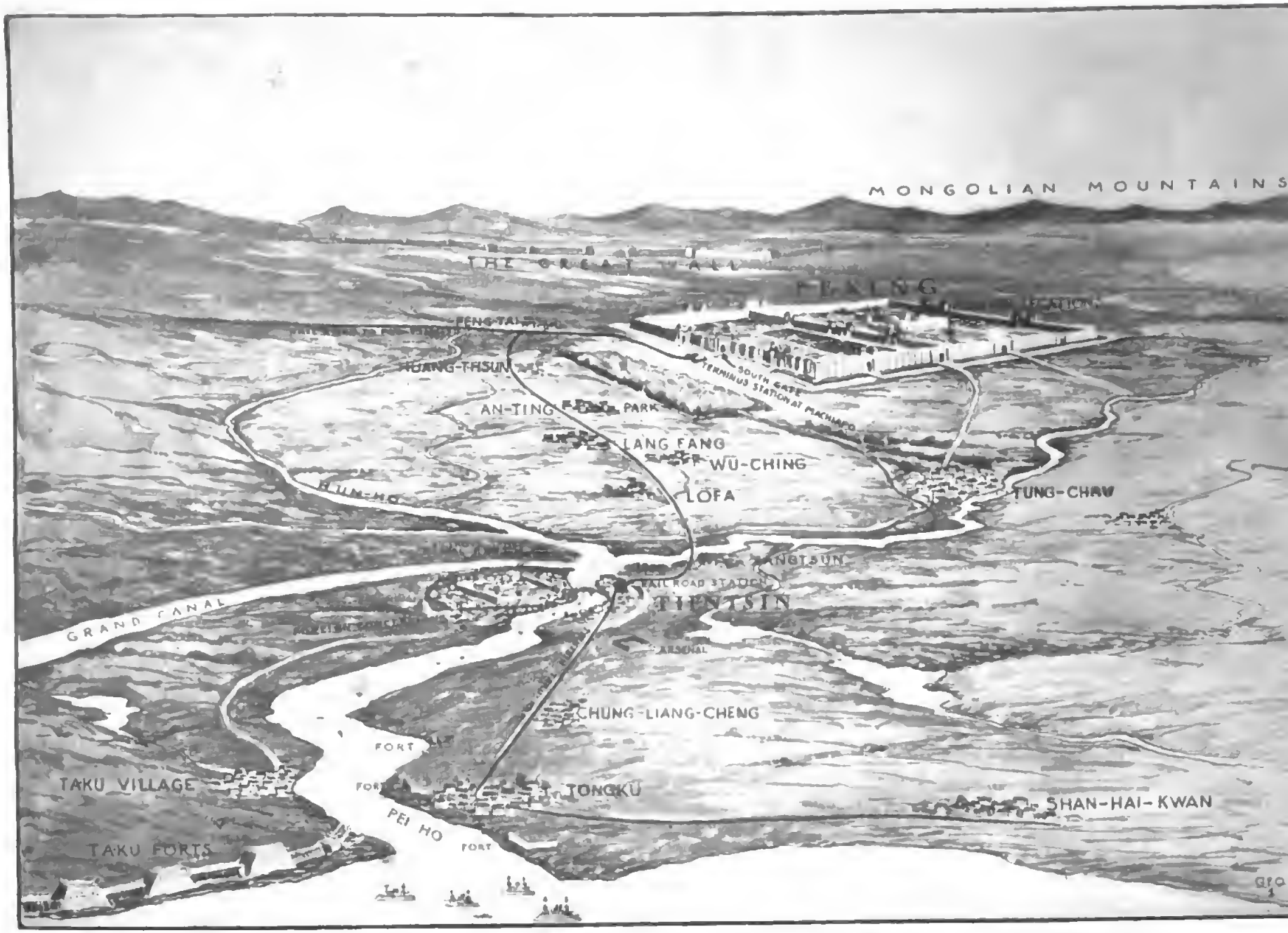

PICTURE-MAP OF THE REGION LYING BETWEEN THE TAKU FORTS AND PEKING.

Distances: From Taku to Tientsin, by water, 70 miles; by railroad, 27 miles. From Tientsin to Peking, by railroad, 79 miles.

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EVERYBODY is asking the question: What has America actually at stake in China? This is right. Let the questioning continue and the answering be prompt. It is high time that the people of the United States appreciated their mighty responsibilities and immeasurable opportunities in the Pacific Seas and in the lands bordering thereon. Morally and materially America is now face to face with wider possibilities than at any time since the civil war and the period of reconstruction.

Some of us who served in the Asiatic diplomatic and consular service for years before the occupation of the Philippines and the present Chinese crisis, sang unheeded the songs which told the story of vast undeveloped fields of material and political influence until the battle of Manila Bay awoke all America to a realization of a new old world far to the west of her Pacific shores. Where the West meets the East, and where all points of the compass now seem to centre their chief interest, America has before her an unparalleled foreign area of legitimate activity.

We have been so concerned with our own internal progress that prior to the Spanish war we gave little thought to the Asiatic world. We were foreverly so absorbed in the limits of the two Americas, and so under the circumscribed influence of the Monroe doctrine, that we did not realize that just across the Pacific from California, Oregon, and Washington were commercial potentialities far exceeding any that can ever be accredited to South America.

The fact that our exchange of trade with the Far East to-day is comparatively small is no argument against its value. It is, on the other hand, a strong point in favor of its development.

When we consider that we have built up almost without any effort a trade of nearly $100,000,000 per annum with China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Siberia, we can ask what will be the total when we shall systematically devote our energies to its exploitation? When we remember that our trade with China alone has increased about seventy-five per cent. in the last decade, during the greater part of which we gave little attention to that mighty land, we can inquire what will the future bring us as we study carefully its wants and demands? With the sum of our Chinese exports and imports valued in 1899 at $15,000,000 and built up with no extraordinary effort, and with America, therefore, controlling at the present approximately one-eighth of China's entire foreign commerce of $333,000,000, we are encouraged to expect our share soon to double or treble itself, and even go on until it shall be easily one-third and possibly one-half of the total.

If China, with a population commonly estimated at 400,000,000, has a trade of $333,000,000, and Japan, with a population of 40,000,000, a trade of nearly $300,000,000, what can we predict of China when she shall open up her interior, reform her government, and adopt the progressive methods of Japan? The possibilities are so immense as almost to stagger us. Japan's commerce has grown in three decades from less than $1 per head to $7. Japan has no greater resources and no greater buying and selling capacity in proportion to population than China, all things being equal. America's foreign trade amounts approximately to $25 per head. With Japan's rate at $7 and America's at $25, it should not be unreasonable, for the purpose of future calculations, to estimate what China's trade may be some day at the low figure of $5 per head instead of $1 or less.

Lest there will be those who would accuse me of indulging in a wild hypothesis, I will be conservative to the very limit. If China's population is given by the *Statesman's Year-Book* and the best authorities at 400,000,000, I will place it for the estimates in this article at only 300,000,000. If we multiply this low figure of population then by 5, the value in dollars per head of possible trade, which is $2 less than Japan's ratio and $20 less than the United States, we have the magnificent sum of $1,500,000,000 per annum. If this be cut in twain to form a reasonable idea of the division of imports and exports, we can place the former at $750,000,000. When China has developed her trade to this degree, the United States, from her commanding position and her incomparable resources, should supply at least one-third and possibly half of what China would buy. Such estimates would make America's share of exports to China at least $225,000,000 and possibly $375,000,000 per annum. Is such a possibility not worth remembering in the present crisis? Shall we for a moment think of relaxing our efforts where, if we do, the invaluable prizes will go to European countries? Never forgetting that commerce is the life-blood of the material force of a nation, it would seem as if there could be no hesitation as to our policy.

Such estimates of China's future are not based on mere supposition. The record of the past is suggestive of the future. When we keep in mind the fact that China has been a comparatively undeveloped material field, though having an ancient history, government, civilization, and philosophy, we can reason logically as to the capabilities that are before her. China is materially and commercially where the United States was nearly one hundred years ago. To make this comparison all the stronger, we should imagine America in 1800 with 400,000,000 people and without railways, without manufactories, without mines, without all the manifold features of material and moral progress which now make us one of the first powers of the world.

With a strong central government in China, with a net-work of railways extending over the empire, with her splendid waterways improved, with her rich natural resources paying tribute to the world, and with the entire interior open to the commerce of foreign nations, it is difficult to picture the measure of Chinese possibilities. All of the United States, including Alaska and our new possessions, could be included in Cathay, and still there would be an area as large as Texas left over. To illustrate in one sentence a condition and a possibility, which I have often before cited, I could emphasize the fact that there are only 400 miles of railway in China's 4,000,000 square miles holding 400,000,000 people, where there might be constructed with ample security of profit under good government 40,000 miles.

In confirming the exact extent of America's interests which are now at stake in China, let us note more carefully the returns for 1899 in comparison with those of 1880. Our direct trade, not including Hong-kong, with China was valued in 1880, in exact figures, at $19,910,540; in 1899 at $33,112,708, or an increase of $13,203,168. In this same period it is well to observe that our exports to China increased far more rapidly than our imports from China, thus tending to make the balance of trade in our favor. In 1880 our exports were less than three million dollars; in 1899 they amounted to fourteen and one-half millions.

To form a just estimate of our entire commercial exchange with China, the trade of Hong-kong should be included. Although this is a British colony, it is essentially a part of China. Ten years ago we bought of, and sold to, China and Hong-kong products valued approximately at $25,000,000; last year we nearly reached the $44,000,000 mark for the same field, or a remarkable increase of $18,000,000.

China's diversified markets appeal to all sections of the country. The Southern States are discovering that their industrial prosperity is dependent to a large degree on the meeting of the present and future Chinese demand. The major portion of the output of the cotton-mills in Dixie is going in times of peace to North China, the scene of the present conflict. The world is astonished when it reads that American manufactured cotton goods to the value of $10,100,000 were sold in China in 1899 against only $1,000,000 in 1880. There is no good reason why this demand should not increase threefold or fourfold during the next decade, if the integrity of China is maintained, and the field where these products are sold does not go into the hands of a European power which places discriminating duties on its tariff list. The Pacific Coast States are finding an outlet for their surplus flour and wheat in China, and are now selling nearly $6,000,000 worth per annum of these products to trans-Pacific lands. As this demand grows it will call for a share of the output of the Northwest and Central West. Only a small portion of the Asiatics have yet learned that there is such a commodity as America flour. This suggests also vast possibilities of a market for corn flour or meal when China's millions shall be taught to eat it.

The Middle States and other oil-producing sections sold to China in 1899 an output valued at $4,710,000. There is also a rapidly increasing demand in China for all kinds of manufactured iron and steel, and machinery. Timberless China will want in growing quantities the timber and lumber which can be spared from all those portions of the United States which have it to sell.

As questions are often specifically asked as to what we are actually selling to-day in China, I can give, at the risk of indulging too much in statistics, some details of importance. Figures are usually dry and uninteresting. At the present moment, however, not only manufacturers, agriculturalists, and general exporters, but laymen in all occupations are seeking the facts. After the three chief products of cotton cloth, oil, and flour already mentioned, we note the following articles and values: locomotives and kindred rolling stock for railways, $900,000; iron and steel and miscellaneous manufactures thereof, $400,000; tobacco, $357,000; lumber, timber, and wood manufactures, $200,000; general provisions, $100,000; spirits, and malt liquors, $100,000; books, maps, and scientific instruments, $65,000; chemicals, $65,000; miscellaneous machinery, $50,000; bicycles, $26,000; fruits and nuts, $24,000; cartridges and fire-arms, $23,000; paper, $21,000; clocks and watches, $16,000; leather $10,000; and a long list under the head of "mach and truck" which has great promise in the future. In the miscellaneous growing demand we notice such a variety as structural iron, electrical appliances, locks and hinges, type-writers, pumps, wire nails, piping, saws, stoves, lamps, musical instruments, perfumery, and canned meats, milk, and fruit.

Though these lists of what we are selling may seem uninteresting to some, it is almost fascinating to imagine what must be the ultimate demand of the 300,000,000 Asiatics who dwell in lands bordering on the Pacific, who are increasing in population beyond our knowledge, and who, as they come in contact with the foreign world, will wish to be supplied with its endless variety of products. The individual Chinese or Asiatic may never care for more than a small portion of what the individual American or European requires, and yet the demand will be so vast as to supply us with that market which we must have for our surplus manufactured and agricultural products, if we go on developing our industrial and farming interests in the future as we have done in the past. Legitimate expansion of American markets therefore appeals to the wage-earner and to the capitalist alike.

For a farther appreciation of what we have at stake in China, let us note that, in addition to building railways and supplying material for the same throughout the wide area of the empire, we can assist in improving her innumerable harbors, in dredging her rivers and canals, in bridging the same for railways and other routes of travel, in building roads, in constructing electric lines, in extending telephones and telegraphs, in providing her many cities with waterworks, sewerage systems, and electric lights, in opening up her mines of coal, iron, gold, copper, and similar minerals and metals, in providing material for all classes of new structures for public buildings, manufacturing plants, and other manifold changes incident to a new, material progress. This is only a meagre enumeration of the open opportunity.

If it be argued that in this way we shall be teaching China to be a formidable competitor of ours in the future, it can be contended, on the other hand, that if we do not meet these impending demands the countries of Europe will surely seize the opportunity and derive great financial benefits therefrom. Like many others who have lived long in Asia, I am not, however, pessimistic of the future. When the time shall come that China will have gone through this first process of material awakening, there will develop further mighty demands for our manufactured and agricultural products.

While the preceding statement is only a summarized review of our present and possible material interests in China, it may suffice to show that we have too much at stake to think for a moment of allowing the nations of Europe to partition China among themselves, or divide it without lasting guarantees of the "open door" principle of trade which will allow us free access to all the empire.

But our moral responsibility is even greater than our material opportunity. If I have given more space to the commercial phase of the question, I avoid lay more emphasis on the moral interests which we have at stake. Christianity and civilization in their forward movement appeal to us in this crisis even more than commercialism and trade conquest. Our religion, our race, and our institutions are involved in the issue of the intricate problem that is now being worked out in China. The forces of Christianity have taken a stand in that land from which there can be no retreat. Our missionaries have rights no less than our merchants. Our ministers of the gospel must be allowed to preach the true teachings and the philosophy of Christ, as well as our ministers of diplomacy must be guarded in their dealings with a government whose peoples have through long years followed the principles and philosophy of Confucius.

If the missionaries have at times followed methods which have, through ignorance of the native population, led to their own persecution, it is no less true that the diplomatists of Europe have employed methods in their relations with China through seizures of territory and other imperative demands that might lead to a massacre of their envoys. Possibly while the material world is trying to pick the mote out of the missionary eye, it should remove the beam from its own. If we study carefully the history of missionary work, not only in China, but in Siam, Japan, and other Asiatic countries, we will find that those envoys of Christianity, Protestant and Catholic, met with a cordial welcome, and were at peace with the people whom they sought to enlighten, until the envoys of commerce and diplomacy sought to further the irresistible agencies of material exploitation.

When we withdraw our missionaries, let us withdraw our merchants. When we check the messengers of Christianity, let us recall the messengers of commerce.

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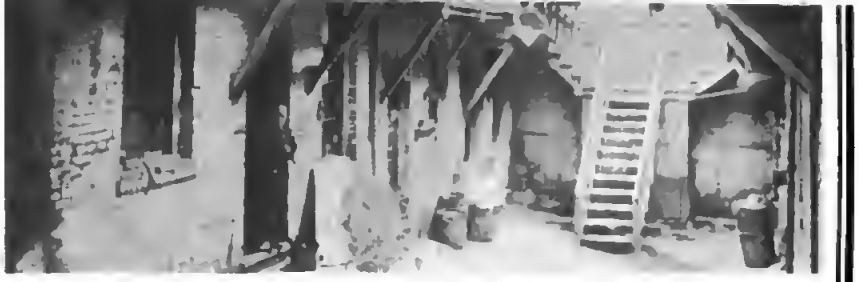
TONG WARS IN SAN FRANCISCO

By John E. Bennett



Headquarters of the Suey Tong

"I IMPLORE my people to keep the peace. In a country so far from our native land, a colony such as exists in San Francisco should be in continuous peace. We should be as one brother to another. There should be no more quarreling; it is shameful in the eyes of other nations. Only two companies are engaged in the present war, and this is not their first quarrel. These men must change their ways, and not be like wild beasts in the jungle. If this trouble is not settled without further blood, I will invoke the aid of the Six Companies and the Merchants' Association, and bring the offenders to American justice."

Such is the manifesto written by Ho You, the Chinese consul-general at San Francisco, and posted outside the gate of the Consulate on Stockton Street. Twice each week, since December 15, Chinese have been either killed or wounded, the causes leading to the assaults upon them arising from the same difficulty, and the method of execution invariably being the same—that of assassination or attempts to assassinate.

The existing trouble is a characteristic Chinese war, and presents many phases of the curious manner in which the Chinese of California are organized within themselves. Two associations, formed much like Masonic orders among Americans, had lodges in Marysville. These were respectively the Hop Sings and the Suey Sings, the word "sing" meaning "union." A mistress of a Hop Sing man was stolen by one of the Suey Sing men, and the injured member demanded restoration of his consort or reparation in damages. Both were refused. Therefore war was declared between the sings, or tongs, and hostilities started in with the shooting of a Suey Sing man by a Hop Sing, the person killed not being the Tarquinius in the incident, nor the slayer the Collatinus.

Thereupon the flames of the fever spread and the scene of the war was changed from Marysville to San Francisco. In Marysville there are but about three hundred Chinese, and the names of these are all known to the local police. The district of the town in which they live is small and easily patrolled; among such a small number it is difficult for a murder to take place and the perpetrators escape the surveillance of the police. In San Francisco, however, the case is different. Chinatown contains upwards of thirty thousand denizens. It is an intricate maze of narrow alleys, dark recesses, and underground chambers with labyrinthine ramifications. It is a place peculiarly fitted as a field of operations for warring elements which carry on their contests by stealth and under cover. Another advantage in transferring further battles to San Francisco was that the visitors would be strange to the police, while they should find plenty of aid and comfort at the hands of their respective tong members in that city.

A LEADER OF THE HOP TONG.

Accordingly, nearly two hundred men were withdrawn from the Chinese population of Marysville and added to the life in Chinatown, San Francisco. No sooner did they arrive than they commenced their battles. Five of the Hop men were killed and four wounded, while the total on the Suey side was two men killed and one wounded. These assassinations occurred at intervals of about every four days. After six men had been killed a truce was supposed to have been effected, brought about through the offices of Consul-General Ho You and the merchant bodies; but when well-disposed Chinatown thought peace was at least temporarily secure it was abruptly broken by the assassination of a Suey man, and the state of war was broadly proclaimed again.

An arrangement was made for the fighting of a pitched battle on the public street by the opposing clans. They were to draw up in line on opposite sidewalks and shoot until a side succumbed. The consul-general promptly notified the police of this move, but before the officers could get in action the Suey crowd had assembled at the appointed place prepared for the fight, each man with a big pistol up one capacious sleeve and a long knife in the other. It happened, however, that the Hop men did not appear. It was found that they were at a great disadvantage in point of numbers, many of their men being out fishing; while the Suey men, who were fish and fruit canners, having completed their season's work, were at leisure to fight and kill.

The truce spoken of is as odd a feature as these extraordinary hostilities present. The Chinese New Year is a period of great festivity, much akin to Christmas with us. For a month preceding it extensive buying goes on at the shops. The Chinese merchants were prompt to recognize that with a war in progress which made it dangerous for large numbers of people to show themselves upon the streets, their holiday trade would be ruined and the consequent losses to themselves accordingly great. They therefore called upon the consul-general to use his offices to effect a peace, at least a temporary one, whereby no interference with business might take place. This was done, the merchants agreeing to pay to the Suey crowd a large sum of money if the peace were made permanent, the Hops also agreeing to pay a sum for the establishment of peace. Of course money thus paid would be but a purchase of immunity from assassination and interruption of business, and would be yielding to a form of blackmail. Still, there seemed to be no alternative, and the shrewd and practical consul-general would not have countenanced such a concession were other means feasible.

The truce being broken, the imperial official and the merchants united their forces with the police. Seventeen thousand five hundred dollars were offered as rewards for the apprehension of murderers, assailants, officers of the warring tongs, and persons carrying concealed weapons. A force of private Chinese detectives was employed by the consul-general. The chief of police put a squad of twenty extra men in Chinatown. All gambling-houses and improper establishments were closed. The Federal authorities went on a search for Chinese who had not certificates, and several found without them were deported. These vigorous methods soon brought the tongs together, with the result that a peace believed by many and hoped by all to be permanent was fixed up, much merchant money being required, however, to fill the wounds gaping between the two sides.

This war, in line with all previous wars, gives added demonstration to the fact of the entire unsuitability of the American form of government to handle the Chinese criminal classes. No one understands this better than does the consul-general, and he is loud in his declamations to that effect. He is firmly of the opinion that the Chinese in the United States should be put upon a different basis from peoples of other nations. They are certainly the most peculiar people known to us. Their disposition to organize seems to be a sort of affinity. There are in San Francisco no less than thirty tongs, a group of these being combined into a sort of trust known as the "Twelve Tongs."

These orders are all incorporated under the laws of the State, and are chartered as social bodies. The word "hop," for instance, means "prosperous," and the word "suey" is interpreted as "lucky." Under such appellations the several tongs hold forth in secret conclave, their meeting-places being accessible only through a multitude of signs and passwords, more elaborate in detail and more strictly complied with than any of those known to American societies.

It is the peculiarity of the Chinese that in joining a tong each man swears to stand by and support every brother member in all his matters and affairs, both public and private. No other alliances among men are so complete as these. In that for an injury to one member of a tong each individual member thereof deems himself equally outraged, and feels it his duty to demand redress; not redress necessarily of the doer of the evil, for the act of the perpetrator of the wrong is accounted the act of every individual of the entire

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of the Chinese colony, numbering several thousand persons, was thrown into a state of siege because of the differences of two gamblers arising out of a game of cards; as a result of this incident one man was killed and several were wounded, neither of the principals however, being harmed.

Bound together by such agreements and affiliations, a state of peace would only be possible were the members of the most peaceful and docile disposition. The great majority of the Chinese undoubtedly are peaceful, and their unions are doubtless based upon the theory that they severally are all of this type. The disturbing element is numerically small, but it is none the less effective. It is the misfortune of the United States that there is no extradition treaty existing whereby the government of China may claim its criminals reaching the United States. China through her representatives here has upon three occasions tried to secure such a provision, each time without effect. The proposition has upon each occasion met with a voice from the American missionaries in China, who assert the cruelty of the Chinese criminal laws, and declare that the United States should take no hand in passing over to China and to certain death men who have fled from her shores upon charges of crimes which, had they been committed in the United States, would not have been punished with the death penalty. The result of this temporising has been to make the United States the haven of the criminal classes of China. Whatever their crimes may be in China, once in this country they know they are safe. There is no other country which offers them such refuge; small is the wonder that they should ardently desire emigration to it. They do not, however, come in through the custom-house; in order to do this they would first have to pass muster before the Chinese authorities. They sail for British Columbia or Mexico and leak into the United States over the borders. Amongst the thirty two or three thousand people at present in Chinatown there are fully three thousand criminals, most of whom if deported to China and identified there would be executed. There are in the colony seventy-four gambling-houses, conducted mostly by these persons, and these employ not less than a thousand of their class in the business of either assisting to conduct them or of purveying tickets for the drawings to those who might buy them upon the highways or elsewhere.

Aside from these there is a highbinder element, comprising not less than fifteen hundred persons. The word "highbinder" is American, and seems to have no other meaning than a Chinese who acts in a high-handed way. They are analogous to the American tough; they do not work, but frequent Chinese drinking-houses and bawdy-houses, and prey upon the Chinese merchants through the instrument of blackmail. They are also the fighting men of the tongs, and it in through these that the difficulties which develop into tong wars generally originate; for it is a most singular fact that notwithstanding the member committing the wrong may be a criminal, and a known all-around scoundrel, yet in that strict democratic equity which prevails in the tong he is the equal of any and all, and his injuries are shared the same.

One of these fellows committed a murder about six years ago in San Francisco, his victim being a Chinese. He was arrested by the police and charged with the crime. The tong to which he belonged was an association known as the See Yups—"see" meaning "four" and "yup" meaning "district." These men came from the Kwangtung province of China, where they were residents of four counties, being Ning-yang, Kong-chow, Shew-hing, and Hop-wo. They were not thus organized in China, their society with its name having been developed in the United States. The persons composing it were mostly laborers and mechanics, and among these its membership was very large, comprising, either directly or through affiliations, almost the entire of that class of Chinese residents.

When Wong-chu was arrested the See Yup tong called upon the Sam Yups to provide means for defending him. The Sam Yups were what would be called in American parlance the "money power" of Chinatown. They comprised in membership the merchants, the brokers, the bankers, and kindred classes. These, whether gathered in the organization known as the "Six Companies" or in the "Merchants' Association," have always been ready to defend and sustain Chinese without regard to rank or caste who should get into difficulties; the only proviso has been that such should have merit on their side. In title as well as in condition the Sam Yups sort of faced the See Yups. "Sam" means "three," and the three "yups" or districts from which these people came were Pun yan, Nan-hoi, and Sun-tah; these counties being also in the Kwangtung province.

It happened that Wong-chu, in the belief of those comprising the Sam Yups, was guilty, and they refused aid to a known guilty man. This brought against them by the See Yups the accusation that they were refusing to defend a Chinese who had been apprehended by the Americans, when the fact of his predicament should entitle him to their assistance without regard to the question of guilt. The Sams, however, refused to regard it that way, and the result was a boycott, pro-

At last the Chinese minister at Washington, Mr. Wu Ting-fang, sent his brother-in-law, Mr. Ho Yow to the scene of the trouble. Mr. Ho was peculiarly fitted to the task. He was a modern Chinese in the full sense. He was a lawyer, graduate of an English college, was a literateur, and wrote the English language more fluently than most of his countrymen were able to handle the Mandarin characters. Besides these accomplishments Mr. Ho was a diplomatist, and his natural adaptability in this regard had been cultivated by the practice entailed in a lengthy residence at the Legation at Washington. Mr. Ho came to San Francisco as vice-consul. Six consul-generals had been during the preceding three years sent by Peking to San Francisco to settle the trouble, and each had been successively recalled, leaving the situation unchanged. The whole of the merchant and general business class was reduced to the last straits. Clothing, slipper, cigar manufacturers, all members of the Sam Yups, had gone into bankruptcy by wholesale, and many merchants had failed, the loss in this class aggregating millions. Many regarded the trouble as beyond settlement, were packing the effects which it was impossible to sell, and were leaving for China, there to resume permanent abodes. Within another twelvemonth it is unquestioned that the whole of the substantial body of Chinese on this coast would have been out of the country, leaving only the laborers who were employed by the whites.

So many collateral differences had developed since the start of the trouble that the main issue had been smothered, and when Mr. Ho took up the problem he was confronted with a multitude of points, each of which had a long train of troubles in their wake and seemed to lead out to an infinite career of troubles ahead. His first effort was to get both sides to dismiss their lawyers. In this he was successful. His next point was to secure a waiver of all differences of origin subsequent to that of the main issue, pending a settlement of the latter point. This was agreed and the task became easy. Wong-chu was treated as an innocent man, the decree of the American court in his favor being recognized. The Sam Yups agreed to pay the full expense of his trial and to recognize him as an injured man; the See Yups were to permanently remunerate a certain legal firm which had been inordinately active in keeping the disturbance alive, and this they agreed to do. Upon these terms, with the payment of the money stipulated, peace was declared, the boycott was called off, the fighting-men were forbidden to do any more shooting, and it was formally promulgated by the warring factions that all persons might proceed in the open without apprehension of bodily molestation. Business at once revived, and so grateful were the Chinese for the mediation of Mr. Ho, that in accordance with their request he was raised to the position of consul-general, which he has since held, the settlement occurring about three years ago.

From the experiences acquired in this period Mr. Ho is of the opinion that the laws and treaties of the United States in reference to the Chinese should be radically changed. China should be granted an extradition clause; that necessity is paramount. And further, the consular court system, which exists on part of the United States in China, should be introduced into the United States on part of China, in dealing

CHINESE CONSULATE, SAN FRANCISCO.

HO YOW,
Chinese Consul-General at San Francisco.

with the Chinese criminal classes. The Chinese here should be in charge of the imperial representatives. They should keep a roster of them and identify each man. The consulate agent should co-operate with the police department, and have a voice in determining what officers, Chinese or other, should constitute the police and detective forces of the Chinese district. He should have co-ordinate jurisdiction over Chinese with the local police judges, and should sit with them in the trial of Chinese cases. The jury system should be abolished in Chinese cases. It generally occurs that a juror can be bribed by Chinese to hang the jury and so effect a mistrial; two or three mistrials result in the non-pros of the accused and he is turned free. In convictions in all cases of felony sentence should be suspended, and the convict should be deported to China to be dealt with by the authorities there, having sent with him a translated transcript of the complaint and answer, of the testimony and findings in his case, together with an opinion of the consul sitting as to what his punishment should be. In this manner the United States would be rapidly rid of the Chinese criminal classes, and the source of the disturbing tong wars removed.

The chief consular agent should also be empowered to visé all applications to the State authorities for charters of incorporation, and such should be rejected unless they bear the consul-general's name. Were such the law the latter could impose conditions upon which his signature would be given. He could require that the obnoxious feature of each member sharing the injuries and umbrages of another in the respective tongs be abolished, and could contract the spheres of social relationship to a comparatively limited compass. In the exercise of these powers there is no danger of the consular agent ever accepting bribes nor of harm befalling him at the hands of discomfited parties. In the first case the consular agent holds his power over the Chinese by his utter impartiality, and if this were violated the whole of the Chinese population would join in a demand for his removal. In the second instance, should an attempt be made to assassinate him the perpetrator would be certain of death in like manner; besides, the government in China would instantly decree the deaths of all the assassin's relatives in that country, a calamity among a people whose religion is the worship of ancestors.

With such changes in the laws and treaties, with attendant devolving of power upon the Chinese officials, there is no doubt that a condition of peace could be maintained in the Chinese quarters. There is no possibility of the number of the Chinese in the United States ever growing less than they now are. To the contrary, they will undoubtedly increase in numbers as time moves. Without doubt the senseless and prejudicial exclusion laws now on the statute-books will be wiped off—if not otherwise, then through the refusal of China to renew the treaty on that score at the expiration of the period of limitation. With the vast commerce and enterprise now opening up in China, in which the United States is largely interested, China will shortly have something of value to withhold from the United States for non-accedence to her demands for the removal of this unique and obnoxious clause. From now on it may be said the peace of the resident Chinese is a problem of the utmost importance, and since, left to themselves as they practically now are, this cannot be maintained amongst them, some method to be reached through law should be devised to this end. It must not be forgotten that the Chinese people have lived under a government the most absolute and paternal in the world, and they cannot understand nor appreciate the meaning nor the limits of freedom under the system of the United States.

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THE PARIS EXPOSITION—ILLUMINATION (

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OF THE GROUNDS IN THE EVENING

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MAIN BUILDING OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE GOVERNMENT'S GREAT WORK FOR THE FARMERS

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

IT is not many years since the Department of Agriculture was a very small concern, but now it is in fact as in name a great and perhaps the most useful department of the government, while at its head is a member of the cabinet. The Bureau of Agriculture was long regarded as a distributing point for bait for votes in the form of seeds and reports. This was the common view because there was undoubtedly an enormous amount of small corruption connected with this particular business. The money that was supposed to be expended for the distribution of rare seeds for the purpose of fostering agriculture and increasing the usefulness and the profits of the farms of the country was really expended in large part for seeding down the political fortunes of Senators and Representatives. When Mr. J. Sterling Morton was Secretary of Agriculture he was wont to recommend that Congress cease to appropriate money for the free distribution of seeds. He said it was an abuse of the taxing power; that the alleged purpose of the gift was a mere pretence; and he gave some interesting statistics, which, however, did not convince Congress. Even now those figures are entertaining. For example, in the report of 1896, Mr. Morton figured out how much land could be sown by this free seed. The government, he said, had distributed 40,125,000 packets of vegetable seeds. These seeds had cost the government 875,000, and their transportation had cost 874,520. He added that these seeds "would have planted 21,038 acres of cabbage, 10,708 acres of lettuce, 40,712 acres of tomatoes, and other garden vegetables in proportionally large areas. Briefly, the seed gratuitously sent about the country would have planted more than 115 square miles of garden. In other words, it would have planted a strip of ground one rod in width and 26,817 miles in length. Such a strip would reach one and one-half times around the globe, and a passenger-train going at the rate of sixty miles an hour would require fifty-one days, three hours, and fourteen minutes to travel from one end of this gratuitously seeded truck-patch to the other."

MODELLING AND PAINTING OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

This passage is worth quoting, not that it means very much to the reader, but because it indicates Mr. Morton's intense interest in his subject. The fact that the railroad train could not do the truck-patch in much under fifty-two days does not show that the "gratuitously seeded truck-patch" should not exist. There are better arguments than that to sustain Mr. Morton, but the fact that he took the trouble to make the calculation shows that he was against the truck-patch with all his heart. And the truth is that some other figures of his show clearly enough that no matter what Congressmen might profess as to their desire to advance the character of agriculture in this country through the giving away of seeds, their practice was not in keeping, for this is what appears as to the direction which the packages took. It will be noticed that in these instances the Congressman did not even take the trouble to learn the name of the recipient. A Texas member sends his seeds to the "county judge" of each county; a New York member sends his to various towns, addressed, simply, "Postmaster." This is a common practice, for the member depends on the postmaster to know where the seeds ought to go for the good of the party and its Representative in Congress. Some Senators address their seeds, "Chairman Democratic [or Republican] Executive Committee"; others send them addressed, "Editor *News*," or *Herald*, or *Vox Eco*, or *Farmer*; others to Granges; and others to Grand Army posts. The point is not so clear as it seems, however, for it is evident that, politics aside, there is wisdom manifested in sending seeds to patrons of husbandry, and to postmasters, editors, and Grand Army posts in rural regions.

MAKING ENLARGED DRAWINGS FROM LIFE

The truth is that the Agricultural Department is

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of enormous value to the farming interests of the country. The jokes about seed and literature distribution have had their day, to those who have watched the department and understand its work and its achievements, and they survive only among those who see in the department merely the politician who may be at the head of it. Even he is not so grotesque as he seems to the humorous-minded, for his political character is only one side of him, and most, if not all, of the Secretaries of Agriculture have had a personal interest in the art sought to be promoted by the department. Besides, there is a small army of scientific men employed in the work of the department who are to be taken seriously, and who are doing a vast amount of good. These men are not in or of politics. They are appointed by the Secretary generally after consultation with colleges and scientific schools, and, so far as the government is concerned, they are permanent. If they quit the public service it is generally because some private institution recognizes their worth, and offers them an inducement in the form of a larger salary than Congress is paying them.

For all the work which this department has done the government has thus far expended less than $32,000,000. The first appropriation for the Agricultural Department was of $1000, and was made in 1839.

THE SPRAYING-MACHINE.

Three years afterwards there was another appropriation of a like amount. Two years after that Congress appropriated $2000. By 1857 the annual expenditure had reached $75,000, but it fell again and then rose, but it did not exceed $500,000 until 1885, and the occasion of the increase for that year was the establishment of the Bureau of Animal Industry. In 1888 the appropriation exceeded $1,000,000, but in that year the Weather Bureau was transferred from the Signal Corps to the department. The government is now spending about $3,000,000 a year on its farmers, but included in this sum is about $2,000,000 for the Weather Bureau, the Bureau of Animal Industry, and the experiment stations. These last perform as valuable service—perhaps the most valuable service rendered to agriculture by the department.

What does this department do for the farmer? Working in an infrequented part of Washington, or out in the country in Maryland, or at the various experiment stations which are usually connected with agricultural colleges, are about 3000 people. Of the 2000 in Washington about one-half are scientific men. There are two large bureaus, twenty-two divisions, offices, or surveys. Of these seven are administrative, eight technical, and seven are purely scientific. To these must be added the offices of the Weather Bureau, which include 154 observer stations, and fifty-two stations along the coast and on the Great Lakes. The Bureau of Animal Industry has 152 technical stations engaged in meat inspection and quarantine work, and three laboratories where the diseases of animals and their causes are investigated.

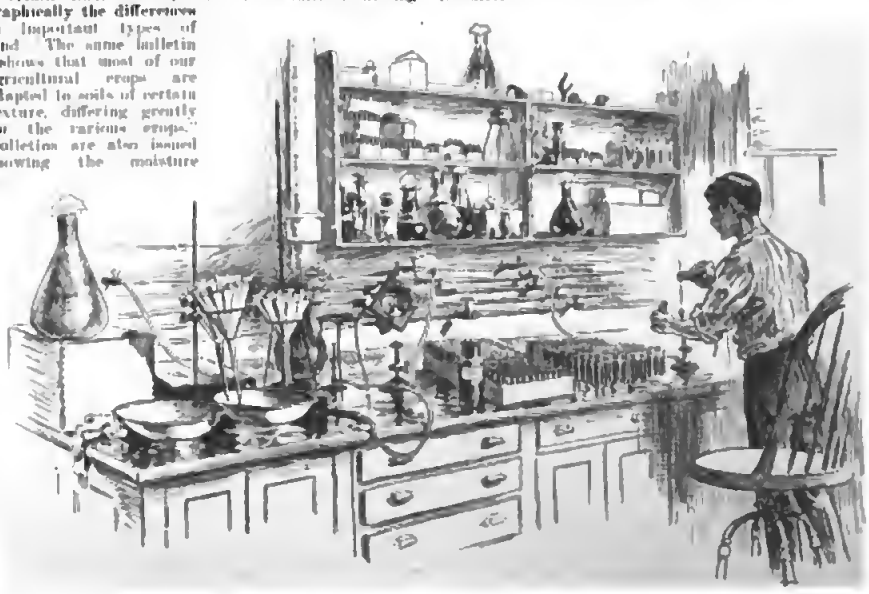
This article would be uninteresting and therefore worthless if I should undertake to describe technically the work done by the department. I shall try to give the reader a general idea of what these practical and scientific men are doing for the country, because after a visit to the bureau in Washington I was led to read a good deal of its literature, and to look into the subject, and it struck me that the work is not only in every way worthy, but that its real value is not widely understood, has been laughed, or smiled into oblivion, perhaps on account of the jokes about the seeds and the "farmers" who distribute and receive them.

In the first place the department provides an opportunity to make farming as profitable as in the nature of things it can possibly be. It does this by affording to the farmer who will avail himself of it full knowledge of the requirements of his art, of the conditions of the soil and climate of his neighborhood, and of the crops which may be most profitably grown on his farm. The department makes the necessary experiments for the farmer, saving him both time and money and putting him that far ahead in the game which his father had to learn all about for himself. A distinguished economist told me not long ago that it was hardly possible to overestimate the good that the experiment stations had worked in the business of farming. It was this statement that put me on my inquiry. These experiment stations, by-the-way, receive money from the States—a little more than half as much as they receive from the general government. As is to be expected, the farmers at first entertained a very contemptuous idea of the scientists in charge of the stations, but they are now coming to depend upon them, and to go to them for advice. Their confidence was first gained by the protection which they obtained from the stations against frauds and impositions in commercial fertilizers, and now the stations look after the farmers' interests in respect of nursery stock, dairy products, and feeding-stuffs, and aid them materially in fighting injurious insects. In addition to these police duties the men at the stations are engaged in making original investigations in agricultural problems, and the results are published in farmers' bulletins, and in the form of pamphlets.

An idea of the work done by the whole department and of its value—for its work is well done—may be obtained by an enumeration of some of the subjects which have been investigated and on which publications have been issued. The division of vegetable physiology and pathology has studied the diseases of shade and ornamental trees, and has instructed those who plant and care for such trees in the causes of and remedies for the diseases. It has taught fruit-growers how to care for and improve the orange, pineapple, and other fruits. It has discovered the secret of propagating the fig. It has found remedies for diseases of truck crops, cotton, wheat, corn, and other cereals. A good deal of work is done in investigating the character and conditions, including the proper habitat, of plants that are not usually grown here. It has thus been found that jute can be profitably raised in the South, and flax on Puget Sound. The department furnishes farmers with information as to the character of weeds sent by them for identification, and it issues warnings to State experiment stations and to local authorities of the presence of dangerous weeds in their localities. It also makes tests of seeds and publishes the information gained by the experiments. It spreads abroad information as to grasses, grains, poisonous plants, roads, and fruits. It makes thorough examination of soils for agricultural purposes, ascertains their texture, and issues a bulletin showing graphically the differences in important types of land. The same bulletin "shows that most of our agricultural crops are adapted to soils of certain texture, differing greatly for the various crops." Bulletins are also issued showing the moisture maintained by these crops, and the differences between adjacent soils. The department tells the farmer the character of his land, the kind of crop best adapted to it and to the climate, is constantly experimenting to discover new crops for him, furnishes him with seeds, tells him the nature of the enemies that will attack his crops, warns him of their actual presence, and instructs him as to the remedies to be applied. It also separates his diseased cattle from his healthy cattle; stamps the latter so that they bring a higher price abroad than competing cattle bring; informs him of the character of the foreign demand for farm products, and advises him as to the best manner of packing his fruit for shipment. The value of the work of the forestry division cannot be overestimated. It has done much to stimulate a widespread interest in the subject of forest preservation, and has accomplished an admirable work in decreasing the number of forest fires. The department also instructs the farmer in the art of making good roads, and excites a desire for them by spreading abroad a knowledge of their great economic value in all who have heavy loads to haul to market or the railway station.

IN THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

This work is done by the government for the benefit of those who annually provide from 65 to 70 per cent. of the materials for our export trade, and as if to emphasize the fact that the expenditure of the $3,000,000 is partly in aid of commerce, the Weather Bureau, whose warnings of the approach of coast storms have saved millions of dollars' worth of property and thousands of lives, is attached to the Department of Agriculture. There is no doubt that the American farmer is the most intelligent farmer in the world. Statistics of farm mortgages and farm holdings show that he is the most prosperous, and his government does more than any other government to help its agriculturist to skilful, wise, and profitable cultivation, and to point out to him the most advantageous methods of distribution.



THE ANIMAL INDUSTRY LABORATORY

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tion. The National Chairmen and their assistants on the National Executive Committees have moved into headquarters, and the letter-writing part of the great national canvass has begun. The Republicans have opened national headquarters in Chicago and in New York. In each of these headquarters there are bureaus for the management of speakers, for the circulation of literature and for the various other kinds of work that devolve upon campaign managers. The National Chairman, Senator Hanna, is in New York at present, but later will go to Chicago for a prolonged stay. Before the campaign closes, however, he will divide his time between the two cities, giving Chicago the preference in attention.

The Democrats have opened headquarters in Chicago. It is doubtful whether they will open branch headquarters in New York city. Senator Jones, the Democratic National Chairman, spent some time in the East, largely along the Atlantic sea-coast in New Jersey in an effort to "harmonize" the New York Democracy, or in other words, to get former Senator Hill and Richard Croker together and endeavor to persuade them to work for the national ticket instead of fighting each other.

The Populists and Silver Republicans have not yet settled definitely as to the places where their headquarters will be fixed, but it is probable that they will have branches in several cities of the country, particularly in the West, and possibly they may make an effort to do campaign work from one of the Pacific-coast cities.

It is a fact worthy, perhaps, of passing interest that the Republicans and Democrats have exchanged rooms in their national headquarters in Chicago. Some of the superstitious folk in the Democratic party regard this as a favorable omen, and confidently believe that this indicates that Mr. Bryan will be the next President of the United States.

REPUBLICAN Chairman Hanna arrived in New York from his home in Cleveland on July 26, and the next morning went to the Eastern Republican National Headquarters and formally opened the campaign. He met there these members of the National Executive Committee: Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York; Joseph H. Manley, of Maine; Frederick S. Gibbs, of New York; and United States Senator N. B. Scott, of West Virginia. Mr. Hanna at once started at work in a business way. To the reporters he made this statement:

"I do not believe in claiming success at this time in the battle. We have all got the hardest kind of work before us. We shall convince the people that the Republican party is right and that in the maintenance of Republican principles lies the continued prosperity of every business man and every working-man in the country."

Chairman Hanna, for the warm season, is spending his nights at Etheron, in the cottage of Franklin Murphy, of New Jersey, a member of the National Executive Committee, who has been in Europe, but who is soon to participate actively in the campaign.

Although no details of the real plan of Republican campaigning have been made public, it is known that active work will be done among the Germans and Scandinavians, with a view of combating any hostility they may have to the Republican party because of a fear of militarism. The so-called Anti-Imperialistic fears of foreign-born citizens will also be fought vigorously.

Chairman Hanna has also said that there will be a great deal of speaking done by orators of national reputation, and the work in this line will be limited only by the public demand for it. As an indication of the work that is to be done among the voters of German birth, some of the leading citizens of New York, born in the Fatherland, have formed an organization to fight Bryanism. Among the movers in this work are Arthur von Briesen and Jacob H. Schiff, the well-known banker and philanthropist.

The Republican national managers have also taken pains to deny the story that former Speaker Reed is to talk in this campaign. Mr. Hanna said that the report was nonsense, that Mr. Reed would not be invited to speak, and he knew of no reason why Mr. Reed should not accept. Mr. Reed, however, has told a reporter that he is a pretty busy man. It is altogether probable that he will not be able to make a stumping tour. It

Cornelius N. Bliss. Senator M. A. Hanna. Senator Nathan B. Scott. Frederick S. Gibbs. Joseph H. Manley.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

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ON the Democratic side, little seems to have been accomplished thus far, even in the way of preliminary organization. Although national headquarters are open in Chicago, Senator Jones, the Democratic National Chairman, has not been able to give any of his time to executive work. He spent nearly a week in the East, trying to make peace in the New York camp, and also endeavoring, according to report, to accumulate some campaign funds from individuals of wealth who have Bryan's success at heart, or who desire to place themselves in a favorable position with the party managers for the future. According to all reports, Mr. Jones's harmonizing plan failed. Mr. Hill and Mr. Croker are at complete cross-purposes, and in addition Mr. Croker seems to be imbued with a desire for personal revenge against Mr. Hill because of Mr. Hill's repeated sneers against him since the campaign of 1896. It is understood that Mr. Hill told Senator Jones that he had no desire to carry personal matters into the national campaign, and thought he was able to rise above such a plane of political activity. Mr. Croker, it is understood, plainly indicated to Mr. Jones that he was also for harmony, but that kind of harmony which meant the subjugation of David B. Hill. Since Mr. Croker's return to active politics, in 1897, he has lost no opportunity to display what might be called an intensely human side in campaigning. The element of revenge has been on view constantly. Many of the appointments to offices in the Van Wyck administration were based on the desire to get even with reformers. Mr. Croker's activity in State and national politics has revealed almost a violent hatred of Mr. Hill, and Mr. Jones's harmonizing efforts came to naught against the dogged and stubborn personal hatred of the Tammany chief. Mr. Hill is said to have predicted that he will down Mr. Croker in their next serious clash.

Whether Mr. Jones secured any heavy contributions while he was in the East, of course, cannot be made public. It was understood that the houses of Belmont and that the Hon. James J. Coogan and former United States Senator Clark of Montana were invited to subscribe liberally to the Democratic campaign fund.

UNUSUAL interest is being manifested in the State campaign in New York, owing to the effort of some of the leaders in the Democratic party to persuade Bird S. Coler, the Comptroller of the city of New York, to run for Governor. National Chairman Jones desires him as a candidate. Mr. Coler has not been friendly with Tammany Hall for nearly a year, and it is well known that Tammany Hall would prefer that some other man should hold the responsible office of Comptroller. A man of relentless integrity is likely to check the raids of politicians upon the city treasury. The up-State Democrats are very friendly to Mr. Coler because of the fine figure he has made in his brief political career. Tammany would support him eagerly for Governor. It has been felt that with harmony in the ranks of the Democratic party and such an attractive candidate for Governor against one of possible machine-make by the Republicans, the Democratic party would cut a very respectable figure in the election returns of New York State this fall.

Mr. Coler, however, has allowed the statement to be made public that it is impossible for him to engage further in political life for some time at least, because of business reasons. It has become known that the his aged father, who retired from active work several years ago, to resume control of the house until the Comptroller can be released from political responsibilities. Still, Coler is a possibility yet for Governor. He has intimated that he would take a nomination on an Anti-Ramapo platform. He would probably not decline the nomination under any circumstances if it should come to him, but he is undoubtedly doing all he can conscientiously to prevent the nomination from coming to him. It is possible, therefore, that the Democratic convention will nominate some such man as State Senator Mackey of Buffalo, for Governor.

On the Republican side, the desire for the nomination of State Chairman Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., for Governor, seems almost unanimous among the party workers. He has declared repeatedly that he did not wish the nomination, but there are indications that he will accept if the demand is made with sufficient force to convince him that the independents, as well as the machine-men, will support him heartily. The situation as to Odell is not entirely clear. The Coler candidacy seems a drive at him. There are hints that the independents will object to him on good grounds, and there have been rumors that Governor Roosevelt was in doubt as to the effect of his candidacy, should he be selected.

PROBABLY the most important if not the most interesting news of the last few weeks in the campaign was the decision of what are known as the Gold Democrats not to run a national ticket this year. In 1896, although Palmer and Buckner were nominated by the disaffected Democrats who did not feel like supporting the Republican nominee, most of the Gold Democrats voted the Republican ticket. At a conference in Indianapolis on July 25, the National Committee of the Gold Democratic party decided to keep up its national organization, but not to make any third-party nominations. There was a minority, however, which favored the nomination of a national ticket, and this minority, forming itself into what is known as the National Anti-Imperialistic League, called a national convention to meet in Indianapolis on August 11, one day before the national convention of "Liberty Congress" of the American Anti-Imperialists' League in the same city.

Thus it became evident that there were practically rival sets of Anti-Imperialists to meet at the same time in Indianapolis, the purpose of one being evidently to name a third ticket, and of the other to secure an endorsement of Bryan. The men who desire the endorsement of Bryan are the Eastern branch of the Anti-Imperialists, among whom Messrs. Winslow and Atkinson have attracted considerable attention. It is very evident, however, that if a third ticket is to be named in Indianapolis it will not command that widespread following that even the third-party nominations had in 1896, for the very reason that it will appeal to a single issue, that of "imperialism," which the Republicans assert is a mere bugaboo and not a real issue.

AMONG the minor incidents of the national campaign is the fact that of the ten candidates on the fusion ticket in Kansas, six are Populists, three are Democrats, and one is a Silver Republican. Eugene V. Debs, who sprang into notoriety in connection with the great Chicago strike, and who is now the candidate of the Social Democrats for President, has found it necessary to write a letter strongly denying that he intends to withdraw in favor of Mr. Bryan. William C. Maybury, Mayor of Detroit, whom the Democrats of Michigan have nominated for Governor, has been known as a dodger on the free-silver issue. It was arranged that when he should return to Detroit after the nomination, the people should give him a rousing, non-partisan welcome home. Numerous Republicans were to speak, and there was to be a grand demonstration with fireworks on the street. The reception was what in political parlance is called a "frost." There is some talk of electing Mr. Bryan United States Senator from Nebraska in case he should be defeated again for the Presidency. It is said that both Colonel Bryan and Governor Roosevelt will be the speakers at the great Labor-Day celebration in Chicago this year.

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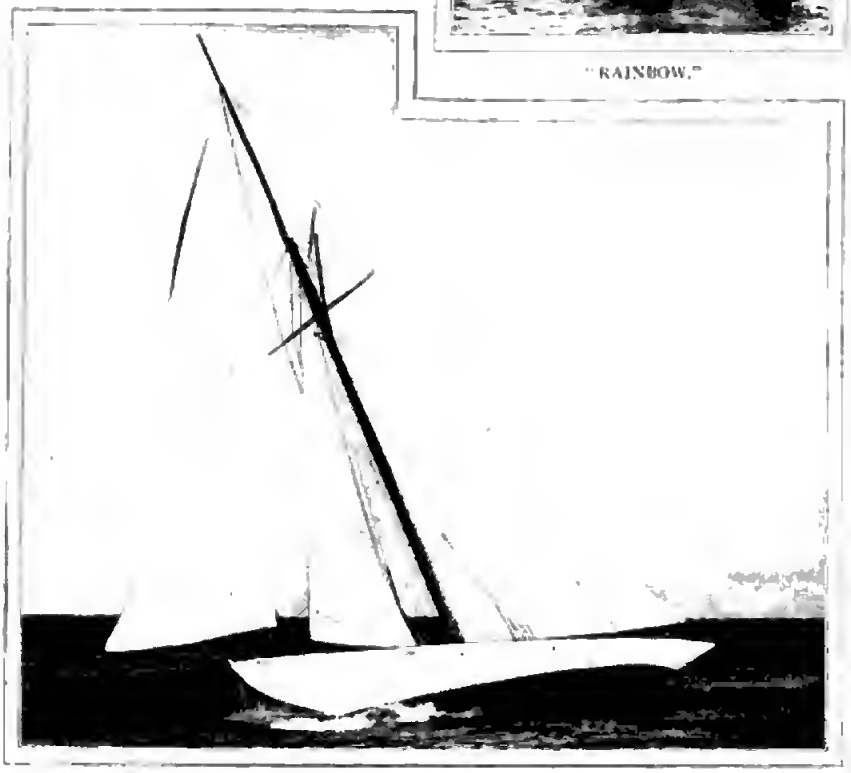
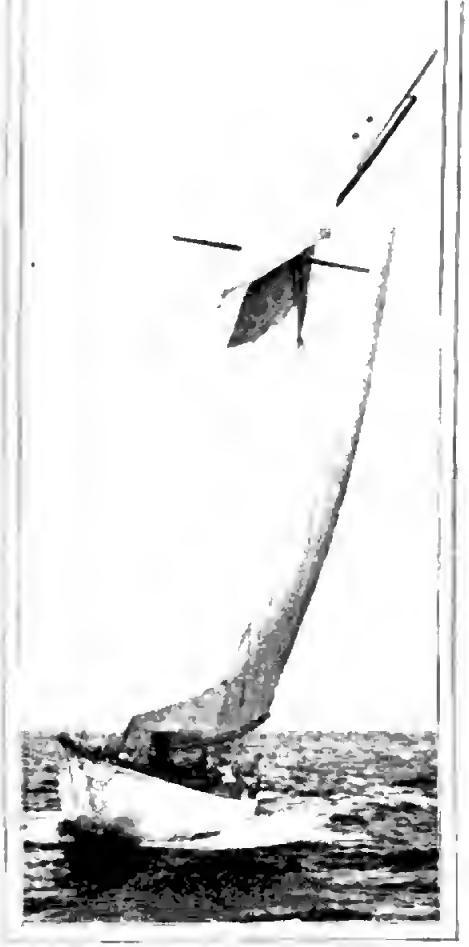
"MINEOLA."

"RAINBOW."



"VIRGINIA."



"YANKEE."

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB 70-FOOTERS.

Photographs by Frank B. Cahill, Newport, Rhode Island

THE 70-FOOTERS AND THE N.Y.Y.C. CRUISE

THIS annual cruise is no new affair. Every year the club has its week's run down Long Island Sound, starting somewhere about Hempstead Harbor, taking in the races at Newport, spending the Sunday in Vineyard Haven, and returning to Newport early the next week before going out of commission. Every year there is some one special element that gives it a reason for existence, and thus the cruise of America's great yacht association adds its quota to the improvement of the modelling of vessels. Out of such trials and races have come the beautiful models that one can recognize all over the world to-day.

One year it makes the trial of speed between the competitors for the honor of defending America's Cup. Another year it is a new model in schooners. This season of 1899 the interesting event will be to watch the seventy-footers, and to see what they can do, not only with one another, but with larger and smaller single-stickers. It is another step in the "one-model class," that is unquestionably the line along which Corinthian yachting is likely to develop.

The racing rules—more especially those having to do with racing measures—are of such a character that the less the water-line and the greater the sail area, the more time allowance a boat secures. All the boats of recent years, therefore, have developed the peculiar model showing a boat with an abnormal overhang forward and aft when she sits upright, but with a bilge that gives her hull as much more water line as soon as she lays over a point or two under the force of the wind.

In the ninety-footers—that is, the America's Cup competitors—this exaggerated modelling (purely by the accident of development, for they were originally good sea going schooners) brought out a very expensive boat, practically unfitted for anything but a national race. The room below deck was of little or no value, the sale area was so great and so little cut up that not only was an unusually large crew needed, who could not find accommodations on board, but even with forty or sixty men the boat was, to say the least, uncomfortable in anything like a blow.

Here was a development to a racing-machine without practical value except—and one needs to look only at *Columbia* and *Defender* riding at their anchors in Long Island Sound week after week to see that the enormous expense of their maintenance is all but wasted—except where the supremacy of American yachting is to be maintained against foreigners.

The result was a discussion—many discussions—that finally led to the giving of certain commissions to Mr. Herreshoff to build as fast models which should give the same or greater proportions of speed, but lower materially the expense of maintenance and the required number of forecastle hands. Hence the boat which is practically seventy feet from stem to stern along the water-line.

The result has been rather greater than could even be expected, and it may very probably occur that when the next international race takes place for the America's Cup the contestants, by mutual agreement, will settle on a seventy-footer instead of a ninety-footer.

Thus, the seventy-footer is the chief interest in this season's cruise, and a sufficient number of races have already been held under the New York and Newport yacht clubs during July to bring out the many advantages of this size of boat. Consequently yachtsmen of all kinds, owners of yachts and owners of no yachts, are looking with considerable interest towards the coming official trials of speed this week.

Of the four boats the *Yankee*, owned by Mr. Herman B. Duryea and Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, has so far proved herself the best all-around boat. Yet as Herreshoff built all four—the *Mineola*, owned by August Belmont; *Virginia*, owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; and *Rainbow*, owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt—the rigging, sailing, and general management counts for far more in proportion to the model than in most races. *Yankee* has so far won the greatest number of races, followed closely by *Mineola*, and in all probability this order will be maintained, though changes in rigging, adopted after the experience of the first month's races, may make a marked difference.

These four boats will be in a class of their own throughout the race week, but as there are so many different classes, and they start separated only by five or ten minute guns, it will be interesting to see how these seventy-footers will hold their own with larger boats.

The seventy-footers will sail only in racing rig, but the long runs down the open Sound, as well as in landlocked courses, will give great variety and bring out all their good and bad points. If, as is generally supposed now, the seventy-footer proves to be faster in proportion to her racing length than *Columbia* and *Defender*, there is no question that the more normal boat like the *Yankee* will become the new type of sailing-yacht in the immediate future.

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OUR AMBASSADORS ABROAD

The Embassy at Rome

DIPLOMATIC relations between the governments at Washington and Rome have never, since they were assumed, been formally broken or reached such an acute stage as to leave much impression on history. They have not failed, therefore, to serve the peaceful ends for which they were devised. Formerly diplomacy used to be as much given to breaking off relations between governments as to maintaining them. But they were the days when a government followed the directions of its ambassador. Now the ambassador, at the end of a telegraph wire, is directed by his government. Or to state the case from the stand-point of the reduced diplomats, ambassadors used to embarrass their governments; now governments embarrass their ambassadors. So the representative of the might and dignity of the United States in Rome has always either so managed affairs or been so managed himself from Washington that a fairly even temper has been preserved in the official relations between the White House and the Quirinal. International difficulties have been centred almost exclusively upon cases of personal injury, and have nearly always involved the old and ever-present question of citizenship. Either some American has been injured in Italy or some Italian in America, and damages have been demanded and obtained on both sides. This often leads to the interminable difficulty which confronts every American diplomat abroad—the refusal of foreign governments to recognize a renunciation of citizenship by one of their subjects. Ever since our ancestors organized a haven of refuge for the politically oppressed of the earth, we have occupied a unique position in regard to our adopted citizens. The United States is the only government which follows and protects its naturalized citizens back to the land of their origin. The contention that such a citizen is freed from all obligation to the land which gave him birth has so far failed to obtain anything like satisfactory recognition on the Continent, and unless we are willing to wage several wars such as that of 1812, there seems little chance that it will ever be recognized. Probably the chief efforts of our recent diplomatic representatives in Rome have been devoted to securing some sort of treaty of extradition acknowledging the sovereignty which we have so generously bestowed upon former Italian subjects. But so far their endeavors are fruitless. The present ambassador has also been much occupied with the settlement of the dispute between Italy and Colombia, in which President Cleveland acted as arbitrator. But if the political duties of our representative in Rome have happily been less important and less confining than similar duties of other capitals, undoubtedly more social demands are made upon his time than would be made at any other European post. This has so come to be a recognized fact that in political circles at home no one disinclined to assume these social obligations, or financially unable to bear them, has been sent on the mission to the Quirinal for some years.

During the last French empire it used to be said that all good Americans hope to go to Paris when they die. This now almost forgotten pleasantry was based upon the delight which fair and brave republicans from the United States used to find in admission to the brilliant but liberal court of the Tuileries. Presentation was not difficult, and consequently the great world in Paris was filled with Americans, many of whom were not nearly so prominent in the land of their origin. After the downfall of 1870 this peculiar condition of affairs was transferred to Rome. The always genial Victor Emmanuel was particularly partial to the beautiful and intelligent daughters of Uncle Sam, and his son has not been less kind. The ever-gracious Queen Margherita has also noticeably favored people from across the Atlantic. So that Rome gradually became a social Mecca for all who were not pleased at home, and to whom, for many reasons, other European capitals were not congenial. For the last twenty years the social circle of its countrymen about the American mission to the Quirinal has been longer and more active than around any other diplomatic station. London offers admission and amusement only to those pilgrims armed with the most irreproachable credentials or with unlimited wealth. Berlin is held to be uninteresting and unsympathetic even when the barriers are passed. St. Petersburg is too far and Vienna too exclusive. Republican Paris, with all of its attractive society, still lacks the charmed glitter of a crown. So to the Eternal City mothers and daughters and, in their train, fathers and sons have flocked. The foreign atmosphere and historic establishments so attractive to social seekers after new things were to be found there, and there too were to be found an easy court and a gracious royalty. Many of the daughters allied themselves with old princely houses. Many of the sons developed under the sympathetic sun of Italy artistic temperaments which led them into painting, sculpture, music, or literature. This colony forms a basis upon which the transient gay world of its countrymen rests. To its credit it must be said that if it is less exclusive than the similar foundation in London, it is much more interesting and congenial. A kindly hospitality is to be found there which is one of the most pleasant factors in the general charm of Roman life.

THE GRAND CORRIDOR.

The social season in Rome, like that of Washington, begins officially with the New-Year, and ends with Ash Wednesday. This winter season attracts many who expect also to enjoy the spring in London or Paris. On New Year's eve the King and Queen receive the diplomatic corps. After this the calendar includes a diplomatic dinner and two court balls. The first two of these functions are for members of the corps alone. To the balls many Americans are invited, the only requisite being previous presentation at court. Just why womenkind in general should look upon presentation at court as a supreme achievement in life perhaps men will never understand. With a man it is a tedious ceremonial, and usually but a means to some end. But with women it is an end in itself. In these days royal courts abroad seem but made for the presentation of American women. In proportion to the number of resident Americans, the number of American applicants for presentation at various royal capitals must be double and treble that of any other foreign nationality. Until lately this demand met with more consideration in Rome than elsewhere. It is true that the presentation of candidates was restricted wholly to the ambassador, but he used to be allowed two circles of sixteen—giving entrée at court to thirty-two additional people each season. This generous treatment was so taken advantage of, and with so little consideration on the part of many of the applicants, that the patience of the court was exhausted. New instructions were issued last winter restricting presentation to persons holding high official position or having a national reputation. This must have been a great relief to the ambassador. It was held to be the only way of dealing with the question of American fitness, which has been a source of so much anxiety to all court cham-

THE BALL-ROOM.

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ROGER WOLCOTT,
Newly appointed Ambassador to Rome

berlains abroad. For while the solidarity of royal establishments easily arranged an international code of presentation, it could never be applied to the self-assumed sovereignty of each individual American. Generally speaking, no one abroad is eligible for presentation at a foreign court who could not enjoy the same privilege at home. And as lines of eligibility are clearly drawn in each country, little difficulty ensues. But as not even a clean face is required for presentation at the White House, both the chamberlains and the diplomats have suffered through inability to draw any line of distinction for Americans. The burden of seeing that the American representation at court was at least respectable, if not representative, fell wholly upon the shoulders of the diplomat. He had to bear all the odium of disappointments, even if caused by plain numerical restriction. Under the new regulations the question of official position is easily determined, and few people will go so far as to demand presentation upon a reputation which has not reached the attention of the ambassador.

If in the distribution of party spoils, the embassy to Rome has come to be regarded pre-eminently as a social assignment, a number of brilliant régimes has done much to foster the opinion. The social records of American diplomacy under the Waldorf-Astors, the Wayne MacVeagh, and the Drapers are noticeable even in a city where the representatives of all the powers shine socially rather than politically. That such is the case is due wholly to the personal generosity of our representatives. The post remains, in spite of its advanced rank, the most poorly paid of all the American embassies. Ambassadors of other countries in Rome are not only furnished with palaces owned by their governments, but receive ample allowances for entertainment, and salaries two or three times as great as the American's. Of course it would be hard to demonstrate to the average political financier the necessity for giving a larger salary to an official whose duties are to a great extent social. In fact, an object lesson only to be had by a general Congressional pilgrimage abroad is about the only thing which would prove effective. For in no other way is it possible to understand the keen humiliation to the citizen of a great nation when he sees the appointed representative of that greatness obscure and insignificant because of public parsimony. And as fortunate as Rome has been in the generous determination of our diplomats to personally bear the burden of proper representation, there have been times when the poor minister was compelled to live upon his salary and to uphold his position among his colleagues as best he could. Not far back it is said that one minister lived over a grocery shop, and, for lack of servants, used often to call out of the upper windows, directing visitors to push their cards under the door. To a democratic public at home this seems amusing rather than humiliating. But everywhere abroad in the popular mind, nations are measured by the state and dignity in which their diplomatic representatives live. And in many capitals it is to be feared that America maintains a position only equal to Belgium, Denmark or Montenegro.

If the social demands on the ambassador at Rome are more pressing than elsewhere, in no way could they be more generously met and sustained than they have been of late years. President McKinley sent as ambassador to the court of King Humbert, General William F. Draper, of Hopedale, Massachusetts, who has but recently resigned from his post, to be succeeded by Mr. Roger Wolcott, of the same State. With a most creditable record as a soldier in the civil war, and having amassed a great fortune, General Draper came into general public notice when he entered the [illegible] that is best in American life, politically and socially. As far as the splendor of its apartments goes, it is more than equal to any of the luxurious homes provided by more generous governments for their representatives. The decorations left in it by the princely owner have been much added to by the ambassador. Several of the salons have been refurnished throughout. Handsome tapestries have been bought for the walls. There are also large portraits of the General and Mrs. Draper by Hinckley of Washington, and marble busts of them by Story of Rome. The situation of the palace is admirable and very convenient to the chancellery of the embassy, which is rented by the government in the Piazza San Bernardino, only a few squares away. The palace is only the private residence of the ambassador.

The life of our ambassador in Rome lies in pleasant ways. He needs, in the main, a large fund of general quietude and a good digestion. But if he have also a love of history and a sympathy for the poetry of living, he will be more than happy during his days among the seven hills. For it is a slow, gentle stream of life which flows around him there, full of ease and of color. It is far removed from the tumult and uproar of public life at home. One year in Rome must be longer than two in New York. For in spite of the beggars and what to us seems obvious and distressing poverty, it is an easy life they live, these children of all the luxuries which the old empire devised.

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Lessons of the War in South Africa

BY JULIAN RALPH

NOTHING has been more apparent in the course of the war between Great Britain and the Boers than that the British army would be the better for reforms equalling a reconstruction. Many thoughtless persons in England have said again and again that the British officers are stupid, but it is not so. Many British officers have acted stupidly, if you please, the majority have failed to show themselves geniuses, and only one has resorted to strategy in a notable way. This was not because of their stupidity, but by reason of their playing a game that they did not understand—a profession that they have not mastered, but have taken up as amateurs.

It is too true that their army is not a ladder for merit so much as it is a soft seat for wealth and caste. It is, indeed, a great aristocratic social club. So truly is this the case that Hector MacDonald, the "ranker" who has risen to be a General, serves to condemn the system by the singularity of his achievement, instead of glorifying it by figuring as a type and member of a class. From the War Department, which, like our own, is presided over by a civilian, down to the non-commissioned officers, who should be so experienced as to command the respect and confidence of the men, the army needs remodelling.

The officers are not found to be stupid when you discuss with them the subjects in which they are interested, such as politics, sport, travel, exploration, society, literature, and a dozen other general topics. As to their knowledge of military science you can get little idea, because the subject seldom, almost never, comes up unless you force it. And then you discover that they are not so stupid as they are ignorant. (I speak of the majority, of course.) They do not know that the Spaniards used the Mauser rifle against us last year, or have any idea what we were armed with, or that we employed balloons in that war, or what were found to be the merits of the dynamite-gun, or of the newly designed cannons wrapped with wire.

They appear not to be conversant with the foreign periodicals and books which treat of war, and their own English periodicals of that sort are poor and poorly supported. In a word, the British officers are gentlemen, sportsmen, lion-hearted, determined men, impervious to discomfort and discouragement, and ever eager to fight. But they are not life-and-soul-surrendering professional soldiers. They are not soldiers first, and sportsmen and social leaders afterwards. No one would think of calling them students of war, and rivals for the mastery of its science.

This would not matter if the German, French, and Russian armies were made up in the same way—although even then it would seem very difficult to combine with officers preferred for taste and wealth a series of colonial forces in which, democracy being the spirit of all the members, preferment must be based upon merit. But present conditions have mattered even in this war with the Boers.

Many criticisms can be, and are, made to point out the contributory negligence of the British. One accusation is that Broadwood, at Kornspruit, did not guard the convoy with an advance-guard or pioneer force of scouts. They would have been permitted to cross the spruit unmolested if he had, but it must be remembered that in his belief the enemy was in the rear, where it was shelling him; therefore this became his front. Though the transport appeared to lead, and did advance into the trap, the commander reasoned that it was in his rear, and that he was covering its retreat. But grant all that can be said of this contributory carelessness, and even then candid military experts must say, I fancy, that the recovery of the British in the very outburst of the disaster, and the coolness and calor by whose means they escaped with a small loss, proclaim qualities so uncommon and so valuable as to minimize the faults of their possessors. Their courage and coolness range beyond description. Instead of dying or surrendering, they fought back. At that the Boers allowed part of the British force to round up and attack, while the main body crossed the spruit and moved, in good order and without haste in plain sight, across the level open veldt.

I had not hoped to see in Europe a better private soldier than the Turk. He is so submissive to discipline, so uncomplaining, so ready to fight and ready to die, and so patient under reverses, wounds, and the hardship of campaigning. But Tommy Atkins is resourceness and his appearance of fitness for his work are what first attract the eye. His work next attracts attention. He will fight the Boers in the Boer's own way, if he is allowed to. Like the Boers, he can choose his own position and spread thirty of his number so as to hold a kopje, or 200 so as to defend a chain of hills or a ridge. By the same methods he can attack such a Boer position with small loss. But he cannot and will not endure that which seems to him the unnecessary and unfeeling advantage that the European bred officer is likely to take of his rank. The colonial private at home may be a barrister, a professor, or a merchant, or if not, feels quite as self-important as those who are.

Many officers note the independent airs of the colonial, and fancy that he wants to get along without drill, which is indispensable. We Americans better understand the stuff of which those irregulars are made. They are keener on drill and perfection of movement than any English Tommies. They also fully admit the officer's right to command. But at his right to assert a superior manhood or to slang and bully them they instantly draw the line.

A war correspondent, but one whose experience and leanings entitle his opinions to respect, declared in the *Friend* (the war correspondents' newspaper at Bloemfontein) that the science of war has been revolutionized. He dwelt upon certain changes that must occur in military methods. He held that in future infantry will be used for two purposes—to "contain" opposing infantry, and to hold positions seized by the more mobile portion of the army, that is to say, by the cavalry or mounted infantry. As he considered frontal attacks to be things of the past, he fancied there will be little preparation by artillery for infantry attack. There will, therefore, be grand artillery duels in future between the opposing field-artillery, while one mounted force is trying to outflank the other.

Flank movements will be the tactics of the future, battles will continue to be carried by strategy, and, for modern strategy, there will arise a need for the greater mobility of the greater force. The result will be the meeting of mobile forces to prevent flanking movements, and that will entail a return to cavalry charging against cavalry in the old-fashioned way, or else in artillery duels. He thought that the appearance of heavy and practically stationary naval guns in this war was an abnormal incident unlikely to occur often. He therefore confined his suggestions to horse and field artillery, which he would cause to be made more nearly alike, making the field guns and men mobile, and the horse-artillery weapons heavier. "Why have a slow and a rapid moving artillery?" he asked. "Why not make the whole of it rapid?"

A military expert, replying through the *Friend*, held that we were apt to be too hasty in declaring war revolutionized because the effective death-dealing range of modern rifles is fifteen hundred yards in a treeless country, and the enemy upon a kopje can kill at that distance without showing, even by a puff of smoke, where to aim at him. His conclusion was that this new weapon "modifies formations, it must cause us to reconsider questions of time and space, it will make our generals extremely cautious in ever committing infantry to an attack which will involve an assault. It will necessitate long marches, it may bring about battles which will last several days—the men being fed at night. Night work, with pick and shovel, by the assailant may be resorted, and a kind of small siege be undertaken in preference to the loss involved in a direct assault." But, since the attacking infantry (while this slow work is proceeding) will itself be comparatively safe from counter-attack by daylight, we shall finally see that the attack may benefit, as well as the defence, through the increased power of magazine-rifles and smokeless powder. For will not a comparatively small body of infantry be committed to the direct attack, he asks, and a proportionately larger force be freed for turning movements? Turning movements may take a couple or more days to bring off, but they will then be the more effective if successfully brought off; and a force which can capture or paralyze an enemy's line of supply will have produced a more decisive result in the operations owing to the power of the modern rifle in a defensive position, for with this new weapon the post can be successfully held.

To carry out these wide turning movements, this expert suggested that each division should contain a couple of mounted infantry regiments of 600 men each, enlisted as such and trained as such, and that one man be taught to hold ten horses instead of four as at present. He thought the saddles should be "of the Rocky Mountain broncho type." A couple of such regiments, or more when several divisions are engaged, would have a most paralyzing effect upon an enemy's flank, provided commanding officers of mounted infantry be not more than thirty-five years of age. This officer declared that the bayonet should be retained as a most useful weapon at night. (Its usefulness in this war has been confined to daytime attacks, by-the-way, though in at least one of the British armies night attacks with the bayonet were frequently discussed.) In conclusion, this writer declares that officers should keep in the rear of—and not mixed up with—the firing-line they are supposed to control.

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no easy job bein' a King, barrin' th' fact that ye don't have to marry th' woman ye'r choose, but th' woman iv somebody else's. 'Tis like takin' a contthract an' havin' th' union lumrash th' foreman an' th' matteryal. This, if th' wurruk ain't good, a wild-eyed man fr'm Patterson, Noo Jarsey, laves his mankey an' his hand-organ an' takes a shot at ye. Thank th' Lord I'm not so big that aany man can get comfort fr'm pumpin' a Winchester at me fr'm th' top iv a house.

"But if I was King, ne'er an organ-grinder'd get near enough me to take me life with a Hotchkiss gun. I'd be so far away fr'm th' multitood, Hinnissy, that they cud on'y distinguish me rile features with a spy-glass. I'd have polismen at ivery tur-rn, an' I'd have me subjicks retirr in th' cellar whin I took me walk. Divvle a hit wud ye catch me splattherin' meself with morthar an' stickin' newspapers in a kole in a corner-shtone to show future gin'rations th' progress iv crime in this cinchry. They'd lay their own corner-shtone, f'r all iv me. I'd communicate with th' pop'lace be means iv ginral ordhers, an' I'd make it a thing worth tellin' about to see th' face iv th' gr-reat an' good King Dooley.

"Kings is makin' thimselves too common. Nowadays an anrychist dhrops into a lunch-room at a railroad depot an' sees a man settin' on a stool atta' a quarther-section iv a goosebr'ry-pie an' dhrinkin' a glass iv buttermilk. 'D'ye know who that is?' says th' lunch-counter lady. 'I do not,' says th' anrychist, 'but be th' look iv him he ain't much.' 'That's th' King,' says th' lady. 'Th' King, is it?' says th' anrychist. 'Thin here's f'r wan King less,' he says, an' 'tis all over. A King ought to be a King or he oughtn't. He don't need to be a good mixer. If he wants to hang on he must keep out iv range. 'Tis th' Kings an' Quiens that thrusts so much in th' lifety iv their people that they live in summer-resort hotels an' go out walkin' with a dog that's hurtsed. Th' on'y person that 'ought to be able to get near enough a rale King to kill him is a jook, or th' likes iv that. Th' idee iv a man fr'm Noo Jarsey havin' th' chance!"

"What on earth's to be done about thim anrychists?" Mr. Hennessy asked. "What ails thim, annykow? What do they want?"

"Th' Loud na'y knows," said Mr. Dooley. "They don't want anuything, that's what they want. They want peace on earth, an' th' way they propose to get it is be murdhrin' ivry wan that don't agree with thim. They think we all shud do as they please. They're down on th' polis iniere an' in favor iv th' pop'lace, an' whin they've kilt a King they call on th' polis to save thim fr'm th' mob. An' he-tweets you an' me, Hinnissy, ivry anrychist I've knowed, an' I've met maany in me time, an' quite, law-abidin' citizens they was, too, bad th' makin' iv a thrasherman in him.

"If they was no newspapers they'd be new anrychists. They want to get their pitchers in th' pa-apers, an' they can't do it be wheelin' bananas through th' stheets or milkin' a cow, so they go out an' kill a King. I used to know a man be th' name iv Schmitt that was a cobbler be profession an' lived nex' dure but wan to me. He was th' darintest man ye ever see. He kep' a canary bur rd, an' his devotion to his wife was th' scandal iv th' neighborhood. But, bless my soul, how he hated Kings! He couldn't abide t'assidy afther he heerd he was dyscended fr'm th' Kings iv Connack, though t'assidy was what ye call a pedotcorin or a talkin' workin'-man. An' th' wan King he hated above all others was th' King iv Schodlzwig-Holstein, which was th' barbarous counthry he come fr'm. He cud talk fairly decint about other Kings, but this wan—Ludwig was his name, an' I seen his pitcher in th' pa-aper wanst—wud throw him into a fit. He blamed ivrything that happened to Ludwig. If they was a stkrike, he charged it to Ludwig. If Schwartzmeister didn't pay him f'r hall-soln' a pair iv Congress gaiters he used to wear in thim days, he tied a string ar-round his finger f'r to remind him that he had to kill Ludwig. 'What have ye again' th' poor King?' says I. 'He is an oppressor iv th' poor,' he says. 'So ar-re ye,' I says, 'or ye'd mind boots

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maiden name was Riley. She heerd him say it. 'Tim,' says she, 'if iver I hear iv ye shootin' e'er a King I'll break ivry bone in ye'r body an' lave ye,' she says.

"Well, sir, I thought he was jokin', but he hivins, was day he disappeared, an' lo an' behold, two weeks afther I picks up a pa-aper an' r-reads that me brave Schmitt was took up be th' polis f'r thrvin' to cop a monarch fr'm behind a three. I sint him a copy iv a pa-aper with his pitcher in it, but I don't know if iver he got it. He's over there now, an' his wife's takin' in washin'.

"It's vanity that makes anrychists, Hinnissy—vanity an' th' habits Kings has nowadays iv bein' as common as life insurance agents."

"I don't like Kings," said Mr. Hennessy, "but I like anrychists less. They ought to be kilt off as fast as they're caught."

"They'll be that," said Mr. Dooley. "But killin' thim is like wringin' th' neck iv a mickrobe." F. P. DUNNE.

The Fourth of July in Paris

BY EDWARD INSLEY

I RECALL an address delivered some years ago by President Eliot, of Harvard, in which he enumerated five American contributions to civilization—peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of new comers, and the diffusion of well-being. Any advancement in civilization is of importance to the whole world. But the steps which Dr. Eliot has mentioned are of prime importance to ourselves, and of value to other peoples only as a demonstration of possibilities, or of the results of certain peculiar conditions, and are of no effect whatsoever upon the thoughts or habits of those ignorant of the way we live, or of the true gains of our institutions. Civilization is world-wide, not indigenous to America. What is our contribution to the general elevation of the world's way of living?

America's true and greatest mission is the world is more altruistic. The acme of civilization will be that earthly millennium when justice and harmony prevail between nations, as well as within nations. At this stage of history, with its racial antagonisms, international misunderstandings, and unnecessary wars, no fact is more hopeful, more pregnant, than the steady purpose of this, the greatest of the nations, the one most advanced in civilization, the one which stands pre-eminently for progress toward the millennium, than the undoubted desire of the American people to live on terms of amity and concord with the other peoples of the world—not with the cringing deference of moneybags for the preservation of commerce at any cost, but in upright self-respect and good-will, ready to draw the sword in a righteous cause, but far more willing to pledge a hope for better things in the cup of international fellowship. That which we may do or have done along the lines Dr. Eliot has indicated, is of greatest value through this more noble tendency to share it with the others, to become the civilizers, not only of our own citizens, but of the whole world. No other nation has this same altruism in the national character. And this is America's chief contribution to civilization.

In the furtherance of this purpose to cultivate friendship with other peoples, we not only afford them the advantages of profiting in closer and more sympathetic relations by our experience and example, but we take the first and most necessary step toward suppressing and eliminating warfare, which is the most barbarous of accepted institutions, and the one most inimical to true civilization.

None of the conditions which produce unnecessary wars is to be compared with the ignorance of nations concerning each other, and the suspicion and dislike engendered by this ignorance. In world politics to-day the most ominous exempl-

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UNCLE JEFF (*as he notices the captive balloon rising above the trees*). "Lie down, Rafe; there's a cyclone comin' up; it's liftin' the roof off of one of them big buildings now!

UNCLE JEFF (*in the Swiss Village*). "By Jummony, Rafe, there's the biggest cuckoo clock I ever saw. Blamed if I ain't goin' to stand here till the bird comes out!"

UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

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I should have said that this was the state of French sentiment until very recently, for it is now undergoing the change for which we have waited patiently, optimistically, for more than a century. Our splendid participation in the Exposition of this year, and personal contact with the many thousands of American visitors, have disabused the French mind of much error. It has been creating an impression which marks the turn in the tide. The culmination of our efforts in this direction came on the Fourth of July. And this was the meaning of the American Fourth in Paris.

On that same day the commander-in-chief of the French army made a profound sensation by resigning. Nevertheless, it is no exaggeration to say that the topic uppermost in French minds the following morning was the American Fourth of July demonstration in Paris and its significance. Even the 18,000 Paris cabmen were excited about it, and made overtures of conversation to their fares on the subject.

There were 6000 and more Americans in the Place du Carrousel to witness the Lafayette monument unveiling in the morning, the largest peaceful gathering of Americans that has ever taken place outside their own country. Most of them wore little American flags, and they were bubbling over with patriotism. It seemed strange in such surroundings. The President of France was there, and French soldiers did guard duty for an American function. An impromptu chorus by thousands sang "America," and a few Frenchmen were shocked, mistaking it for "God Save the Queen," until they were reassured. We must have a national anthem of our own.

From the high pinnacle of the Eiffel Tower an immense American flag brought from Washington for the occasion flew all day. A Spanish band played American airs in the Champ de Mars. Boats on the Seine carried the American flag. American emblems and bunting were displayed everywhere. Colonne's great orchestra of 100 men gave an American concert in the evening in Old Paris. Our own Sousa gave four concerts during the day. There was a big banquet in the evening which French officials attended, and a public reception at the American ambassador's handsome residence in the afternoon. The Californians turned on the champagne at their headquarters in the Boulevard des Capucines, and "everything went" excepting fire-crackers. That was all we missed. A car-load of crackers could have been sold in Paris at a few thousand per cent. profit—if the police did not interfere, as they doubtless would. There are some things we can learn to advantage from the French.

The part of the celebration which created the greatest impression for the moment was the concert in the evening by Sousa's band in the Place de l'Opéra, the heart of the city. As one Frenchman expressed it, "no country except America would have been given permission to do such an unheard-of thing, and no other country would have had the cheek to ask it." A vast crowd composed chiefly of French people thronged the broad place and avenue and their adjacent approaches, requiring an army of police to preserve order and to divert the streams of travel from their accustomed channels. Sousa has become very popular with the French people, and is doing more immediate good than statues or statesmen in improving the relations between the two countries.

But France quickly forgets. She likes Sousa for the moment. She is grateful (though a little surprised) by the gifts of the monuments of Washington and Lafayette. She is feeling kindlier toward Americans than she imagined she ever would. She is beginning to understand this strange country across the sea.

It is these monuments, however, which will remain to testify to our own cordial sentiments, and will do the most lasting good. They are worth a hundred-fold their cost, and worth it not alone to us, but to France as well, and in a larger way to the world, as symbolic of the fraternity which must be cultivated between nations for their own lasting welfare.

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The effect upon the stock-market is rather deadening, but, notwithstanding the higher rates for money in London and the disposition there to sell American securities, the effect in this country is not seriously felt. It only slightly aggravates a dulness which exists from other causes. So far as the money-market is concerned there has been no perceptible change for weeks. Funds are plentiful and rates low, and the reserves of the banks are still on the increase. But the stock-market is not only dull, but is irregular wherever the speculators are able to produce any sign of activity. The trading is almost wholly professional and confined to stocks more or less subject to manipulation and affected by rumors and reports. In none of these are the fluctuations significant of causes of special moment.

Every effort to reach a settled condition in the iron and steel market has thus far failed, and there are still reports of cuts in prices and curtailment of production. One difficulty with the steel companies lies in contracts for pig-iron, made when the price was $24 a ton, which have not yet expired, though the same material is now sold at $12 to $15, and the price of steel produced from it is cut in half. Sales of bar-steel at 90 cents a hundredweight are reported where the price was $2 15 a few months ago. These incidents indicate the dislocated condition of the market for iron and its products, and the difficulties of readjustment. There was an enormous development of production and advance of prices under great activity, with all manner of contracts for material and for finished products, followed by a sudden check which threw the colossal structure out of gear. The process of adjustment to changed conditions is difficult and slow.

The iron production of the United States for the first half of the present year was greater than ever before, being 7,642,569 tons. It is about twice the average of ten years ago. Some recently published German statistics put the world's production of cast-iron last year at 40,000,000 tons, of which 70 per cent. was made into steel. The total production of steel is put at nearly 27,000,000 tons, of which about 11,000,000 was made in the United States, or more than twice as much as in either Germany or Great Britain. While this business is at present deranged, there is no doubt of its speedy recovery when supply and demand succeed in getting control of prices again.

There are some complaints of trouble in other lines of manufacture, particularly cheap cotton goods, which are affected by the situation in China, but it may be said in a general way that business prospects are regarded as hopeful. While a few Western lines of railroad show a falling off in traffic, reports of earnings are still favorable on the whole. Substantial increase appears in the latest statements of the Pennsylvania, the Norfolk and Western, Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, Illinois Central, Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, and other important lines. There has been a cessation of unfavorable crop reports with the passing of the drought in the Northwest and the heavy rains in the Southwest. The prospect for both wheat and cotton has improved, and there is every reason to expect a fairly fruitful year.

The reports of savings-banks of New York, like those of the trust companies mentioned last week, show a constant accumulation of capital. The 128 institutions in the State contain over $1,000,000,000, an increase of nearly $69,000,000 for the year ending June 30. Of this total $922,081,509 is due depositors, and $115,381,022 is surplus. There are 2,036,017 accounts and 107,000 more were opened than closed during the year. The amount paid in interest was over $30,388,000, and the total cost of caring for the deposits was $1,288,420. This mass of savings enters into the active capital of the community through loans.

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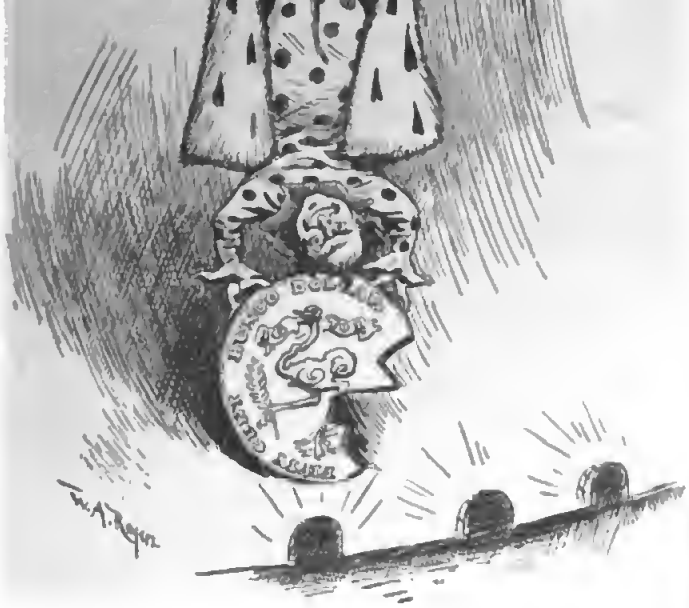

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THE PRISONERS OF PEKING.

On the right is Mrs. Conger, wife of the United States Minister; walking arm in arm with Mrs. H. G. Squiers, wife of the Secretary of the Legation, and Miss Conger, the Minister's daughter. This photograph was taken June 1, 1900, in the Compound of the United States Legation by a naval officer who left Peking for the coast on that date.

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The Supreme of Anti-Expansion

A GLANCE at the Imperialism of China is not without its edifying qualities, particularly in a day like the present, when the general subject of Imperialism is attracting attention. It is in certain of its aspects so like the kind of "Imperialism" that the Anti-Imperialists would have imposed upon the United States that it would be worth while to examine its results closely.

China, as a nation, has always been, and still is, a close corporation. Its watchword has been exclusiveness. It has had as little to do with the outside world as possible. It has avoided alliances and understandings with political neighbors, entangling or beneficial, with equal consistency. Aloofness has been the chief characteristic of the Chinese attitude toward mankind. The Great Wall by which it is enclosed is the symbol of its national life, of its aims, and of its attitude toward progress. While other peoples have been gradually expanding into larger spheres of activity and of influence, the Chinese have been, from time immemorial, anti-expansionists of the most approved type. Their struggles have been internal struggles. Their wars have been civil wars. Their spreading of their own civilization has been among themselves, and while, as Mrs. SEYMOUR has so happily put it, "China has been an old country for forty centuries," at no time has she been a potent factor in the affairs of the world of progress. The notion of going out into the world, and of carrying the benefits of their civilization to others, never seems to have occurred to the Chinese. There is no great political idea of universal application that has had its origin among China's statesmen. There has been no great moral idea that has found its inception among her philosophers. She has been content to go along in her own narrow path for the thousands of years of her existence, bothering not a particle, until recently, over outside affairs, and troubling herself even now about these because she conceives herself and her political integrity in peril by reason of the designs of Europe upon her. Failing to take in and to assimilate the, to her, new, but none the less rugged and sturdy, ideas of Western civilization, and grafting these to her own good upon her own system, she has lived so long upon her own ideas that these have been worn threadbare. There has been no re-enforcement from the outside, and the advance of the centuries has therefore brought, in the place of a strong and perfectly rounded development of character, a low ebb of physical vitality, and a senility of mind which is the forerunner of death. In the faces and figures of her people this turning of her back upon the vitalizing forces of the outside world is shown in what Mrs. SEYMOUR calls "the frightful likeness of any one individual to all the other three hundred-odd millions of his own people. Everywhere, from end to end of the vast empire," Mrs. SEYMOUR continues, "one finds them cast in the same unvarying physical and mental mould...the same selfish conservatism; blind worship of precedent and antiquity; a monotony, unanimity, and repetition of life, character, and incident that offend one almost to resentment... Everywhere this fifth of the human race is decadent, degenerate, indifferent to a fallen estate, consumed with conceit, selfish, vain, cowardly, and superstitious, without imagination, sentiment, chivalry, or sense of humor, combating with utmost zeal anything that would alter conditions even for the better."

ly stagger humanity.

Viewed in the light of the history of China and the Chinese people, it would be well for the thousands of good people who look with disfavor upon the recent advances of the United States as a factor in the development of civilization to pause before advocating a like policy of self-contemplation and aloofness for ourselves; before standing in the pathway of the progressive spirit among us which has ever been one of the sturdiest traits of the American character; before placing in the way of the fulfilment of our national destiny the obstacles of a selfish conservatism and a blind zeal in behalf of antiquated precedents which have little bearing upon present conditions.

If there were any real question of Imperialism before the people of the United States to-day HARPER'S WEEKLY would be found as ardently opposed to it as the most rabid of our amusing Boston friends; but there is no such question. There is no desire in any quarter of this country to-day to foist an imperial form of government, or any of its attributes, upon the American people. Because certain unscrupulous politicians, aided and abetted by well-meaning but timid theorists, raise a false cry of Imperialism, Imperialism does not necessarily become a fact. The real issue is on the question of our national growth: shall we grow or shall we not? of our development to the fulness of our strength: shall we develop, or shall we come to a standstill, and thence begin the process of decay? of the best use of our powers, not for our benefit, but for the benefit of mankind: shall we so use our powers, or shall we wickedly shirk our manifest duty?

We cannot believe that those who would arrest this development and the proper exercise of the strength which has been given to us are sufficient in number to have any material influence upon our growth, but lest they should be, we deem it wise to direct attention to the one great, concrete expression of anti-expansion now in evidence, and presented to a horror-stricken world by the Chinese Empire.

An Advocate of Cowardice

AT a recent Anti-Imperialist meeting at Boston, a gentleman by the name of GAMALIEL BRADFORD, who was introduced to his audience as a "Democrat who is not a coward," is reported to have delivered himself of the opinion that the "Chinese affair is the greatest of all the issues" in the campaign now in progress. Continuing, Mr. BRADFORD is alleged to have said, "If you want to see military conscription, and your wives and children working in the fields, vote for WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

The people of the United States are confronted by one unalterable and terrible fact. The man chosen to represent them at a foreign capital is, in the pursuit of his duty, in deadly peril of his life, and he who, for any reason whatsoever, raises objection to the most strenuous efforts to save this man's life, or places obstacles in the path of the authorities striving to fulfil their promises of protection to our envoy, should be hissed as a coward and a skulker from every company in which he ventures to show his face.

We sincerely hope, for the sake of his audience, which apparently did not accord to Mr. BRADFORD such short shrift, that the speaker has been misreported.

A Word of Advice

ONE of the interesting features of the current campaign which we advise our readers to watch with some care, will be found in the efforts of certain semi-public characters, who have changed parties, to make their utterances of 1900 consistent with their deliverances of four years ago. The political situation of to-day is in all essential particulars precisely the same as it was in 1896. We are threatened by the same disorganizing forces; we are face to face with the same threatening evils; the menace of Bryanism with all that it entails is confronting us as viciously and as formidably now as then. The Kansas City platform is as revolutionary as was the Chicago platform, which was voted by the people of the United

honestly and well, a number of public men of high ideals, but of small practicality, have been led into a blind advocacy of the very principles which four years ago they fought tooth and nail to defeat.

When Mr. DAVID B. HILL, and the Hon. CARL SCHURZ, and the eminent Mr. COCKRAN begin to point out to us our manifest duty it will be well for those who listen to or who read their addresses, which are sure to be worth listening to and reading, to revert to the time when Mr. HILL, discussing the attack by the forces of BRYAN on the Supreme Court of the United States, renewed in the Kansas City platform, stated positively that he would not follow any such "revolutionary step as this"; when Mr. COCKRAN, speaking on the same subject, declared that the Bryanite proposal to pack the Supreme Court so that it "will pronounce those laws to be constitutional which the Constitution itself condemns" was iniquitous; when the Hon. CARL SCHURZ asserted that Mr. BRYAN's election would be at the cost of the "most violent and destructive crisis on record, and worse than this, at the price of something that has never been forfeited since this republic was born, for the preservation of which it should shed its last drop of blood—at the price of national honor."

These were strong and courageous words. They are as true to-day as they were in 1896, when they were spoken. Nothing has occurred to make the integrity of the courts and the national honor less a matter of concern to the American people to-day than they were then. We strenuously advise the voters of this country to ponder conditions well, and to insist upon it that the men who in the face of the same conditions have changed about shall prove the paramountcy of the principle involved in the false issue of Imperialism before yielding to their persuasive eloquence in its behalf.

A Felicitous Phrase

WE wish to lay our hearty congratulations at the feet of the Hon. CHARLES ARNETTE TOWNE, until recently candidate of the Populist party for the Vice-Presidency, tail to the ticket of Bryanism, pure, unadulterated and unmasked. At last a Populist has been discovered who is possessed of a sense of humor, and Mr. TOWNE is that blessed individual. If he were not possessed of a sense of humor he could not have declined the honor of accompanying Mr. BRYAN into the depths so felicitously. To refer to his pursuit of the second high office in the gift of the people as a "phantom candidacy" is, under the circumstances, the work of genius, and we trust that Mr. TOWNE's high-minded sacrifice will not go unrewarded at the hands of his party. As matters stand, he honors it far more than it has honored him; but whether or not the distinguished humorist be in the future placed high in the councils of the Bryanites, his act cannot fail to receive its due meed of recognition. When November comes, Mr. TOWNE, at least, will not have to suffer the pangs of defeat.

Meanwhile, the ghostly candidacy of Mr. ADLAI E. STEVENSON pursues the even tenor of its way in spite of the good example of Mr. TOWNE's phantom in fading quietly from sight. Indeed, in marked contrast to Mr. TOWNE's merry jest is the tragic persistence of Mr. STEVENSON, who is reported as saying that he looks upon it "almost as an assured fact that the Democratic party will be successful this fall." It is always a sad spectacle to look upon when a well-meaning and still ambitious old gentleman, dwelling wholly in the past, mistakes his idle dreams of what has been for present realities. It is said that in certain sections of Kentucky the aged mountaineers are still hopeful of the election of HENRY CLAY to the Presidency, and elsewhere at Presidential elections votes are still cast for General JACKSON. Such devotion to the things of a bygone day is full of pathos. How far more pathetic is the devotion of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency fondly dwelling upon his hopes for the success at the polls of a party that no longer exists!

Evidently Mr. STEVENSON has forgotten that he is no longer running on the ticket with GROVER CLEVELAND.

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TWO facts with respect to this year's election are now practically certain. The first is that if Mr. Bryan should by any chance be elected he would have the power, as he has the purpose, to put into the statute-books a radical free-silver coinage law, repudiating the half of every debt, public and private, reducing every dollar of wages to half a dollar in purchasing power, robbing every man of one-half the value of his savings, taking from every widow and orphan one-half the provision made for their support, authorizing and in practical effect compelling every life-insurance company to redeem in fifty-cent dollars the policies that have been paid for in dollars worth a hundred cents, cutting every fixed income, every salary, every wage-rate, and every contract in two, and working other wrongs that it would require long years of national travail to undo.

For Mr. Bryan's election, with a House of Representatives in sympathy with his purposes, would be his commission from the people to carry out his programme of coinage debasement, and the Senate would offer no trustworthy opposition, as HARPER'S WEEKLY has hitherto conclusively shown by a detailed examination of the facts.

The second thing that is certain concerning this year's election is that Mr. Bryan cannot be made President without New York's consent. We have shown in these columns that even if he retain every electoral vote cast for him in 1896—which is unlikely—and carry in addition every State that can by any stretch of imagination be deemed doubtful, he will still fall short of the requisite number of electoral votes, unless he can add New York's thirty-six to the tale of his gains.

Thus New York becomes a subject of most interesting study. Let us consider a few of the most significant facts and endeavor to see whitherward they point.

The last annual report of the savings-banks in New York State shows that during the last year 415,570 new depositors opened accounts in those institutions, and that the sum total of savings-bank deposits in the State was increased by no less than $15,853,004 during the year. That is to say, nearly half a million men, women, and children in New York State were last year able to put away out of their earnings nearly sixteen millions of dollars as a provision against age, illness, or other occasion of need. Is it conceivable that any of these new savings-bank depositors, or anybody interested in their welfare, will vote to reduce their deposits by one-half in value, thus robbing them of one dollar in every two that they have put away? Yet it is practically certain that Mr. Bryan's election would have that result.

This half-million is only one prosperous year's addition to the list of those thrifty workmen whose hard-earned and more hardly saved deposits constitute the sum of savings-bank moneys in the State. The total number of New York savings-bank depositors exceeds two million persons—to be exact, 2,036,017. The sum of their savings reaches the enormous total of $858,443,277.

A New York newspaper, which for the sake of a seeming "regularity" is insincerely pretending to support Bryan on the "paramount issue" fabrication, wisely and truly says with regard to these figures: "This shows that there are $858,443,277 reasons, every one of them worth a sound dollar, why the vote of New York will not be easily secured for the proposition to pay back 100 cents deposited 'as good as gold,' with fifty cents' worth of silver." Yet that is precisely what the industrious working men of New York are asked to do when they are asked to cast the decisive vote of their State for a candidate pledged thus to rob them by law, whose election would carry with it full power to work the proposed iniquity. They are asked to consent to this irreparable wrong to themselves, their wives, and their children for the sake of setting up a lot of breech-clouted savages on the other side of the earth in the business of running a republic, based upon the personal privilege of assassination as one of the fundamental rights of man.

Chairman Jones and his lieutenants are not deceived in this matter. They are merely trying to deceive others. They know perfectly that they cannot carry New York on the free-silver issue. They clearly understand that they must keep that issue out of sight and "work a scare" on Imperialism in order to have even a hope of securing this State's deciding vote. At Kansas City they saw this necessity and sought to provide against it. They tried hard to reduce their free-silver declaration to an apparently meaningless "reaffirmation," and when baffled in that attempt by Mr. Bryan's superior honesty and courage, they set their rhetoricians at work to bury the threat of repudiation and robbery under a mountain of resounding words, putting forward the windmill of Imperialism as the "paramount issue of the campaign."

Upon this deception, and upon an appeal to the blind instinct of party fealty, rests their sole hope of tricking the voters of New York into the disastrous blunder of giving the State's consent, and with it the nation's, to a programme which four years ago they so angrily rejected as criminal folly. It is not to be expected that the device will be effective in a State like New York. The great volume of savings-bank deposits already referred to constitutes an important bulwark against the deception; but those savings, vast as they are in amount, are but a small part of the "vested interest" that the masses of New York voters have in honest money, an interest too vitally involving their personal welfare to be put aside in behalf of a whimsical platform pretence. Aside from this matter of savings, New York is the greatest industrial State in the Union. Her workshops employ more men, pay more wages, and support more families in comfort than those of any other commonwealth. The great majority of her six or seven millions of people are wage earners. Is it to be expected that they will vote to have their wages hereafter paid in half-dollars instead of full dollars? Why should they do that now which in 1896 they refused to do with such tremendous emphasis?

New York also has more than her proportional share of small investors in building and loan associations. These have lent their savings at interest, and they certainly do not want fifty-cent dollars in repayment of the full-value dollars they have loaned. In like manner New York voters include more than her proportion of the country's sixteen million holders of life insurance policies. Every dollar of their investment in that way has been made by the surrender of 100 cents. Will they now vote to make their returns payable to them in dollars worth only half as much? Surely it is not to be expected that men with intelligence enough to carry on every variety of highly skilled industry, men with prudence enough to put away $16,000,000 a year in the savings-banks, men with brains enough to organize and successfully conduct such delicately adjusted financial machines as the building and loan associations, will be persuaded by the cockatoo cry of "Imperialism" to sacrifice their wages, their savings, and their investments by licensing such Populistic folly as that which Mr. Bryan himself proposed and wrote into his Kansas City platform. Surely it cannot be possible that one-half of the 268,000 who made up New York's majority against this monstrous proposal in 1896 will vote to sanction it in 1900! Even if there were another serious issue of principle or policy involved in this year's election, as there is not, the thrifty and self-regarding men of New York would refuse to bring this destruction upon themselves upon any plea or in behalf of any cause. Still less reasonably can they be expected to make sacrifice of themselves, their wives, and their children for the sake of averting a danger that no man can define, because it exists only in the distempered imaginations of impracticable dreamers, and has been rhetorically thrust into politics with the sole object of blinding men's eyes to the threatening purpose that in fact inspires Mr. Bryan's candidacy.

As to the sentiment of blind fealty to party upon which politicians rely to bring to Bryan's support this year a multitude of those who abandoned their party four years ago in order to avert the disaster of his election, there is not much prospect that it will accomplish its mission in any considerable degree. To the Democrats of New York Mr. Bryan's candidacy does not represent Democracy, but a lunatic Populism. It will be hard indeed to induce men who four years ago repudiated him and his platform as antagonistic to all the principles and traditions of their party to accept them now as entitled to support on grounds of loyalty to party. A truce has been patched up with the political bosses, it is true, but its shallowness is almost ludicrously apparent. By promising to use the authority of his local political machine to compel a slavish support of Bryan in New York city, Croker has secured for himself a controlling voice in the distribution of party favors and the control of party nominations in the State. How much of sincerity is there in his recantation of his former open denunciations of Bryan and Bryanism? How strong and genuine is his purpose to help Bryan carry New York's electoral vote? What actual effort will he make to that end? And even supposing him to be "playing fair" with those whose favor he has secured by professing a change of heart, what power has he to control the conduct of the scores of thousands of Democrats who abhor him and his methods even more than they detest Bryanism? With all the great Democratic newspapers denouncing him and accusing him of personally conducting a municipal administration of crime, what influence can he have over honest voters who have convictions that are not subject to change for a price, and principles that are not for sale?

David B. Hill, too, has bought his way back into "regularity" by meekly accepting chastisement and humiliation at Kansas City, and by promising to support a candidate whom he detests upon a platform that he has often and openly denounced as revolutionary and ruinous. But does any same man imagine that such efforts as Hill may seemingly put forth, added to those that Croker will pretend to make, can induce that reversal of 134,000 votes which must be made in order to overcome the 268,000 plurality cast against Bryan at the last election?

A GAME OF CUT-THROAT.

Certainly, neither Hill nor Croker is stupid enough to expect such a revolution. Probably neither of them desires it or would permit it if he had power to determine the matter. Croker has already secured the stakes he was playing for, in the recognition and extension of his lease-ship. He need only make a pretence of activity in behalf of the ticket in order to retain his winnings, and he has altogether too much money of his own invested to desire the triumph of a policy that would disastrously reduce his dividends.

Hill, too, has every inducement of personal political interest to wish for the defeat of the candidate for whose election he has bargained to work. With his "regularity" completely recovered, and with Bryan defeated by the vote of New York, he will be a far more eligible candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1904 than he would be if Bryan should carry New York and secure his election this year. And certainly a Democratic nomination for the Presidency will be worth more to the man who secures it after the party has purged itself of Populism by defeating the representative of that craze a second time, than it would be after four years of Bryan in office and free-coinage repudiation in practice. Manifestly Mr. Bryan's candidacy will not profit much by any effort that David B. Hill is likely to put forth in his behalf.

To the honest and intelligent voters of New York the case presents itself thus:

The candidate is the same this year that they rejected in 1896; the platform, in its essential features, is the same, except that the threat to the honor of the nation and the prosperity of the people has been intensified in its utterance; the issue is the same, and obviously the voters' interest and duty are the same now that they were before.

Can there be doubt that the result will be the same?

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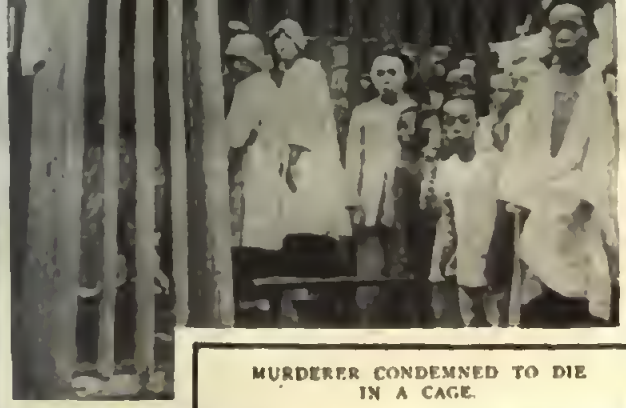
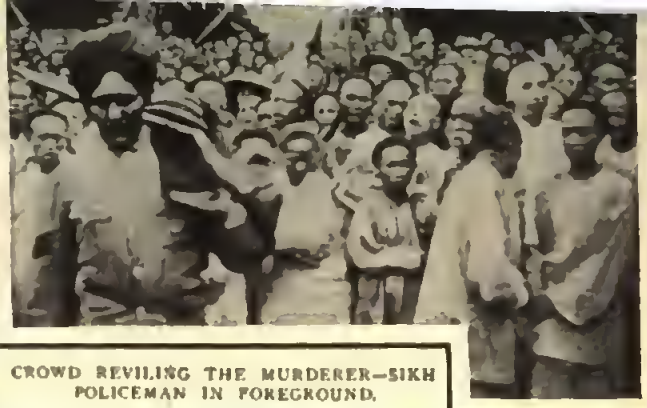


MURDERER CONDEMNED TO DIE IN A CAGE.



CROWD REVILING THE MURDERER—SIKH POLICEMAN IN FOREGROUND.

LOOKING OVER THE FENCE AT THE CAGED MURDERER.

RESIDENCE OF U S CONSUL-GENERAL JOHN GOODNOW

A MOUNTED SIKH POLICEMAN.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—PICTURES OF RECENT EVENTS IN SHANGHAI.

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MARCHING ABOARD THE TRANSPORT "MEADE."

STANDS OF ARMS.

CARRYING ARMS ABOARD.

"ALL ASHORE WHO ARE NOT GOING!"

DEPARTURE OF THE 15TH U. S. INFANTRY FROM SAN FRANCISCO FOR CHINA.

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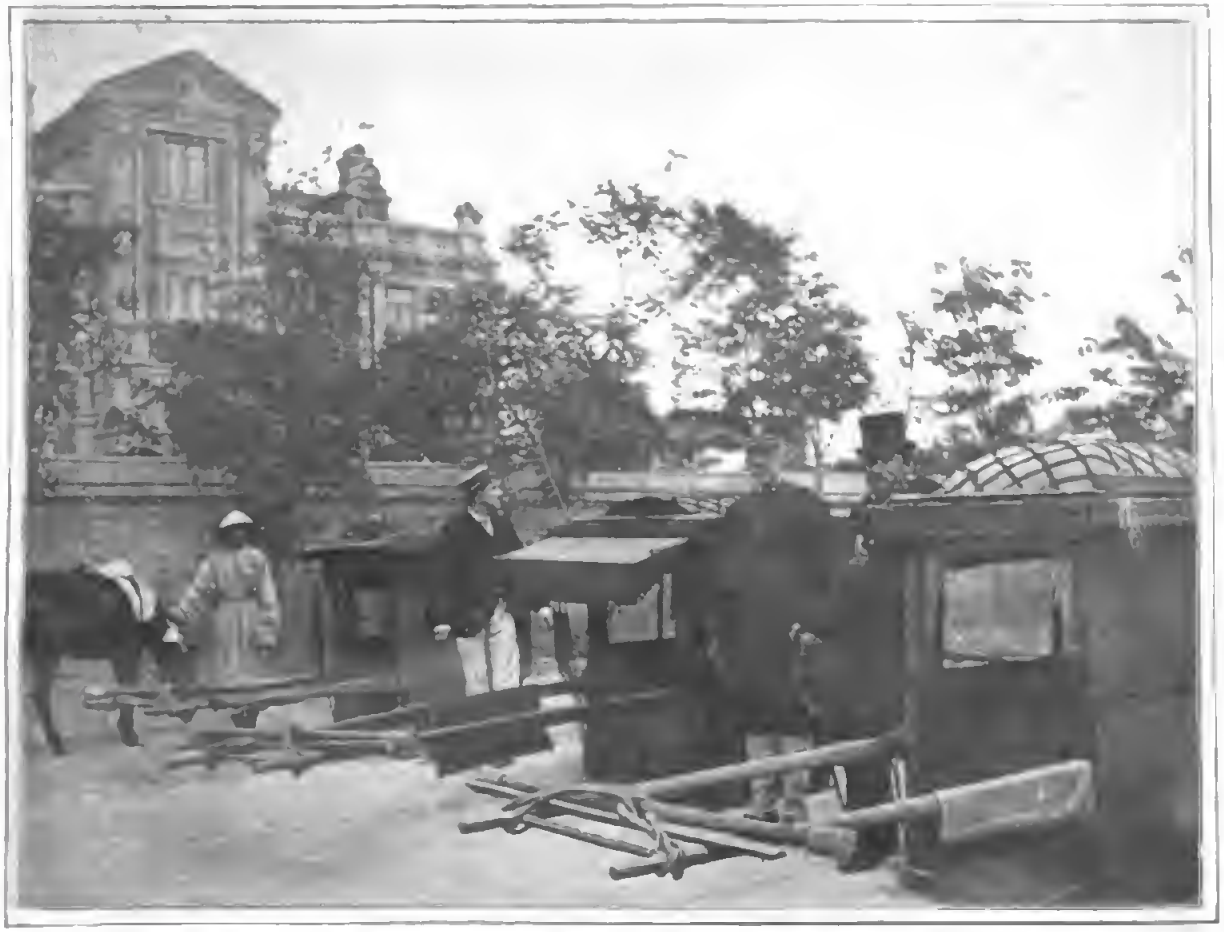
REAR ADMIRAL LOUIS KEMPFF AND FLAG-LIEUTENANT VICTOR BLUE ASHORE.



CAPTAIN McCALLA AND UNITED STATES CONSUL RAGSDALE SETTING OUT TO VISIT THE VICEROY OF TIENTSIN, TWO DAYS BEFORE THE FIGHTING BEGAN.

IN TIENTSIN, JUST BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

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HE PARIS EXPOSITION—THE GERMAN RESTAURANT IN THE STREET OF NATIONS.—Drawn by Lucius Hitchcock.

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Heliographing

Gen Hamilton Lunching

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

THE Boer army imagined that when Lord Roberts arrived at Kroonstad he would not move his forces again for some time. At least the captured *Standard and Diggers' News* spoke of the protracted wait on the British forces which must take place, owing to shortage of rations and supplies, before they could again take the field.

It was a vain hope, probably as longingly cherished by the tired British soldier as by the fleeing Boer, for Lord Roberts had no such intention. He had equipped his army for a resistless advance on Pretoria, and, in fulfilment of his plans, three days after his entry into Kroonstad, or on Tuesday, May 15, he had started towards Lindley an expedition under General Ian Hamilton, consisting of a mixed division of horse, artillery, mounted infantry, and infantry, some twelve thousand strong, with Lindley, slightly to the southeast, as their objective point. Lord Roberts, with his main column, did remain in Kroonstad for a week, but he was waiting as much for the proper advance of the flanking columns—he sent General French to the left a day later than General Hamilton's move—as for the subsistance stores that were coming up by rail and wagon-train.

Rumors were rife that President Steyn had fled to Lindley, that he had gone to Heilbron, and that he had established a new capital at Vrede, in the rough mountain country still farther eastward. At all events, he had mysteriously disappeared, and the intelligence department, for the time being, did not know where to locate him, but then Steyn was becoming a personage of little importance, as compared with the brothers Piet and Christian de Wett, who had exhibited such remarkable capacity for successful dodging, clever rear-guard action, and able retreat.

These fighting brothers (both risen from the ranks) would be a credit to any army as commanders, and on all sides one hears British officers speaking of them as remarkable men, for, in spite of the deep-rooted feeling of contemptuous superiority to the rest of mankind which exists in the breasts of the Imperial officers, they do express a smiling admiration for the daring deeds of an enemy.

It was fifty miles to Lindley, forty-two miles to Heilbron, due north, and twenty-one miles northwesterly back to the railroad at Vredefort Station, or roughly, a hundred and twenty miles of fast marching was necessary in the execution of this movement. The first day's advance was a short one, only some six or eight miles out of Kroonstad. On the next day (Wednesday, May 16), a portion of Colonel De Lisle's corps of mounted infantry was detached southward of the main wagon-road to capture Field-Cornet Botha, whom a Kafir runner said was to be found at his home, fifteen miles away. Straight across country the detached squadrons travelled, while the large column held the main road to Lindley, or toward the next camping-ground at Paardekraal. It was over rolling hills and down into steep-banked streams that De Lisle's men passed, breaking their wide-open order, in squadron formation, to fall into single file, while their horses, one by one, let themselves stumblingly down the narrow trails, and floundered through the oozy mud of the streams.

A detachment of a few men was started onward, in forced march, to capture Botha. They found him at home, and, as the sun was going to sleep and the vapory mists took possession of the mirror-like water-holes, they joined the main body. The field-cornet was ordered onto a wagon, and sat silent and sullen, with stooping shoulders, and black slouch hat drawn closely over his face as we hurried along through the growing darkness.

Not a shot was fired during the next day's march, and the force went into camp on the Valsch River, within six miles of Lindley, which was entered without drawing a shot from the enemy. The inhabitants of the town assured us that less than 200 Boers had passed through the village under the command of De Wett. Poor De Wett! It was truly pathetic that a commander who had made such a brilliant retreat from Wepener should have been deserted at the moment when he was practically safe, and in a position to do serious injury to the enemy once more. Yet it was so, that out of his original command of several thousand and his own sixteen hundred burghers he had left only a scant two hundred. The Free State Boers—except the few stout hearts who never say die—had slunk off to their farms and were giving up their arms to the British hordes.

Bright and early Saturday morning, May 19, this De Wett remnant gamely opened fire on the British outposts at the eastern edge of the town, and kept up a desultory potting all day. A few men were wounded, but the action was so slight that even the non-combatants of Lindley took no apparent interest in it.

On Sunday, May 20, General Hamilton's forces evacuated Lindley, and began the advance due northward to Heilbron, forty-two miles away. The day before De Wett had offered to surrender, provided he be not made a prisoner and be allowed to go back to his farm, in answer to which General Broadwood sent out a letter, by the Boer despatch-rider, agreeing to these terms. A few hours later, however, it was followed by another message reversing the decision, as Lord Roberts telegraphed from Kroonstad that so able a Boer commander as De Wett must certainly be taken prisoner, if he surrendered.

While it would seem that De Wett was sorely depressed by the wholesale desertions from the ranks of his commando, his brave heart was not wholly given over to despondency, for the moment the troops began to move, his little band began a spirited attack on the rear guard. So hot was he on the British trail that two correspondents, rather slow in packing their Cape cart, fled at a gallop as the bullets sang through the streets of the tiny town, and the few remaining inhabitants sought shelter behind stone walls, running hither and thither like frightened chickens.

General Hamilton himself remained behind, to give final orders as to the disposition of the troops for the rear-guard action. The Wilts and the Buffs, both mounted infantry, were to hold the rear and the left flank, and orders were given that the flanking column was never to lose touch with the two squadrons directly in rear, while all these troops were to fall back on the transport and main column as fast as it advanced.

The Boer is a past-master at rear-guard fighting, but it was rather a novel situation to the Britisher in Lord Roberts's column, and it is said that much of his rear-guard action on the Natal side has been to see how fast such individual soldier could work his legs out of range of the Boer guns. Be that as it may, on this occasion De Wett's two hundred kept popping up at the most unexpected places, though it was Sunday, when all good Boers are supposed to be reading their Bibles, and, an hour after General Hamilton had gone forward, the flanking columns of mounted infantry had, in this exciting game of hide-and-seek, lost contact with the squadrons in the far rear.

The Wilts and the Buffs are not expert horsemen—far from it, for they are cockney British footies, who never bestrode a noble steed before, though perhaps a man or two had fingered the lines from the aerial seat of a London 'bus: so, poor chaps, they are, at their best, but a mass of helpless, wobbling flesh, with even their eyebrows journeying up and down independently at the least suggestion of a trot, when once they have laboriously climbed into the saddle and gathered up the reins with spasmodic hitches, exclaiming, "Whoa'a, you bloody blummin' beast!"

A twofold mistake was made: after retreating from a rounding hill into the hollow, they were ordered to advance to the crest again, leaving their animals in the care of the horse holders several hundred yards in the rear. The first error was in leaving the horses in the valley, the second was in advancing on foot to a

A WATER-HOLE IN THE VELDT.

THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

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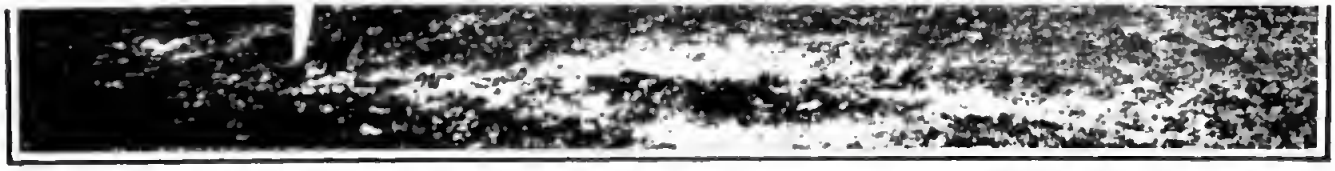

HAMILTON'S INFANTRY COMING UP BY COLUMN OF COMPANIES.

rise which had once been evacuated, when it was known the enemy was in close pursuit. The result of these tactics was that, on marching to the top of the hill, they made the appalling discovery that the wily Boers were there before them, flat on their stomachs, with their fingers on the triggers of their guns. Under the withering fire which burst as a glare of flame in their faces, the Wilts and Buffs broke and rushed down the hill towards their horses. Men fell, blindly clutching the air, their warm blood spattering the brown rocks and tinting them but a shade deeper; some stumbled, halted, and then took up the race again, dragging a leg slightly injured, or perhaps it was an arm with a shattered bone, which swung grotesquely to and fro, as if it were not a part of a human being. The horror of the episode came now, when another handful of Boers opened a scorching enfilade fire upon the closely gathered horses. They snorted in pain and fear, reared and plunged, and finally stampeded, except those which were mortally hurt—these shivered, staggered, and sank slowly to their knees, or fell flat sidewise against the huddled men and other beasts.

It was a Boer victory, and they might have had every man in the rear-guard, had they not, flushed with success, charged on horseback into the mass of struggling men and horses. Tommy is a wonder, fighting hand to hand, for this has been the training of his life in Egypt and India, so it quite heartened him up to meet the shock of the Boers' onslaught, while they, on the other hand, were wholly at variance with their usual practices. In a moment the tables were turned, and the Wilts and the Buffs were killing and capturing the Boers who had charged them, while their comrades on the hill dared not fire, nor did they go to their assistance. The score was very long in favor of the Boers, however, amounting to over seventy casualties, wounded, killed, and taken prisoner, while the unhinted mounted infantry could count but fourteen Boer prisoners and a few dead upon the field. De Wett's gallant two hundred withdrew for the rest of the day.

In front of that fighting rear-guard, moving sturdily northward, as if the petty skirmishing behind was of no more importance than the yap of a cur-dog at the heels of a mastiff, rumbled the great caravan of wagons, a thousand-odd, with an army twelve thousand strong, either marching in masses before, or strung out in thin, scattered flanking lines, appearing on the distant hills like specks against the fair blue sky. The dust in the broad yellow road, stirred by the countless feet of sprightly stepping mules and slow shuffling oxen, rose in huge billows high above the plain, and, viewed from afar, the extent and progress of the army over the veldt was plainly marked by the immense sinuous line of suspended dust particles.

It is a wonderful, a marvellous spectacle—"most extraordinary," as an Englishman would say—this trekking of huge columns of men and animals, carrying with them every pound of food and forage, into the heart of the enemy's country, and 1500 miles from their base of supplies—Cape Town. To-day the convoy is being urged along and kept up with the main mass, and, where the undulating veldt permits, the wagons march in regular formation, four lines abreast. The ugly drifts in crooked, steep-banked creeks destroy this formation, and the hill-sides are covered with waiting wagons, while the single line winds its way down into the muddy bottom and out to the massing wagons beyond.

Another fight was going on all day in front of Hamilton's column. The commando of Heilbron was making a weak attempt to retard the British advance, and protect the Boer transport from capture. In character it was almost a duplicate of the rear-guard action being fought by the Wilts and the Buffs, without, however, the disastrous results to the British.

Ten miles from Lindley, just as the scouts were climbing a low rocky kopje, a mile and a half in advance of the large bodies of infantry, mounted infantry, and artillery, marching in quarter-column, two pieces of Boer artillery let loose, and the shells came screaming into the closed ranks. Fortunately the first few shells did not explode—as a matter of fact, very few of either the Boer or the British twelve-pounders do burst. The infantry rapidly deployed, and the scouts, in their function of feelers, fired once or twice and then galloped back beyond the accurate range of bullets.

Within two minutes British fifteen-pounders were pummelling the kopje, and within five the "cow-guns"—the four-point sevens—were sailing big lyddite shells, which threw up immense clouds of dirt and rocks, on exploding, right onto the artillerist. The enemy's fire slackened, and then ceased. It took an hour to move to the empty kopje; not a Boer had been seen, but there, on the flat top, were the excavations made by the British high explosives, dangerously near where the trails of two guns had furrowed the ground in recoil. Four wheel tracks led away, straight down the seemingly impassable rocky decline in the rear, and far off across the veldt, always behind the protecting hummock. Four miles away, where the road climbed the opposing hills in an attenuated streak, a faint dust cloud arose, resolving itself, by the aid of the telescope, into guns and horsemen rapidly trekking northward.

The mounted infantry and a battery of guns were sent thundering after them, but, before they were reached, the Boer forces had split into three portions, following different trails. The only organization apparent was to the right, where a hundred horsemen, riding slowly, waited for the oncoming Colonials, while their guns kept up the retreat. Three thousand yards away the artillery took up the song of war once more, and shell after shell crashed near and apparently into the band of riders. They opened up, retreated a thousand yards, faced about, and calmly watched for the next move in the game, but as soon as the artillery again moved on them, they fell back towards the top of the hill and disappeared, their flight being accelerated by the New South Wales contingent, who seem always to succeed in reaching the enemy; in this instance, by moving in a semicircle in the depression of two hills, they suddenly came out within rifle-range of the Boers and bowled over two field-cornets and a number of men in the first volley.

For half the day on Monday, De Wett worried the rear of the column, but Colonel De Lisle's corps of mounted infantry, with the New South Wales contingent this time, were rear-guard, and administered a chastisement which kept the Boers off Hamilton's heels for two days. The handful of Colonials from Australia, less than five hundred strong, scattered to the rear in bands of twenty, and held every hill in an arc of three miles. As each cluster withdrew, one in the rear protected its retirement so that never for a moment was there a party out of rifle-range of another.

They had not long to wait. De Wett, as flushed with his success of the previous day that he had sent a runner to Hamilton offering to exchange prisoners, came boldly ahead. His numbers had increased; success had caused the "cold feet" to turn out, and instead of two hundred he had nearer the five-hundred mark. They came into sight upon a far-distant hill, sent two or three scouts across the valley, and up onto the hills where one party of New South Wales men lay close upon the ground. The scouts failed to see the crouching men, and moved on the main body of Boers, who rode fearlessly into the valley, and gathered around a farm-house eight hundred yards away. "Now's our time, men. Give 'em a volley. Eight hundred yards. Ready! Aim! Fire!" What confusion! Boers struggling into saddles and riding like mad in every direction, not being able to locate the source of the puzzling fire. Pot! pot! pot! the rifles went. Horses fell, and men ran on foot, or were pinned fast beneath the mass; some animals ran with empty saddles, careering across the yellowish veldt, with heads high in the air. Pandemonium reigned among the Boers for a few short minutes, and then, in some sort of order, they galloped furiously around the end of the hill. Hardly out of sight were they before the sound of a solid volley was wafted to the ears of the men who had just done the execution. The Boers had dashed fairly into another Colonial-held hill, and after five hundred yards, they met the bullets which sang quick and fast through the air. Once more, in their bewildered flight, they found New South Wales bullets, and they must have thought that the enemy was legion, and was possessed of every hit of high ground in the country round.

For two hours they disappeared and then came into view far on the left, near the main road. Some one had advised General Hamilton that severe fighting was taking place in the rear, and, fearful that perhaps another reverse might take place, two pom-poms were sent back in a hurry. Unfortunate Boers! They rode right into easy range of these dreadful automatic machines, with which they had so often cleverly stopped British advances. From the spurts of dust where the shells fell they rode like demons, not to be seen again until Heilbron was passed. The New South Wales and Colonel De Lisle had evened up the score.

Heilbron inhabitants turned out to greet the incoming of the British, not with guns, but with an enthusiastic pacific welcome. There were hundreds of people on the streets, and quite half were women and children. That General Broadwood, with his cavalry, had pounded through the outskirts of the village in pursuit of the Heilbron Boer commando, and was, at the moment, vigorously shelling their wagon-train not over two miles away, seemed not to embarrass their joyous greetings in the least.

IN CAMP WITH HAMILTON'S COLUMN, May 18, 1900.

THE GUNS OF THE TWELFTH.

THE BICYCLE ORDERLIES.

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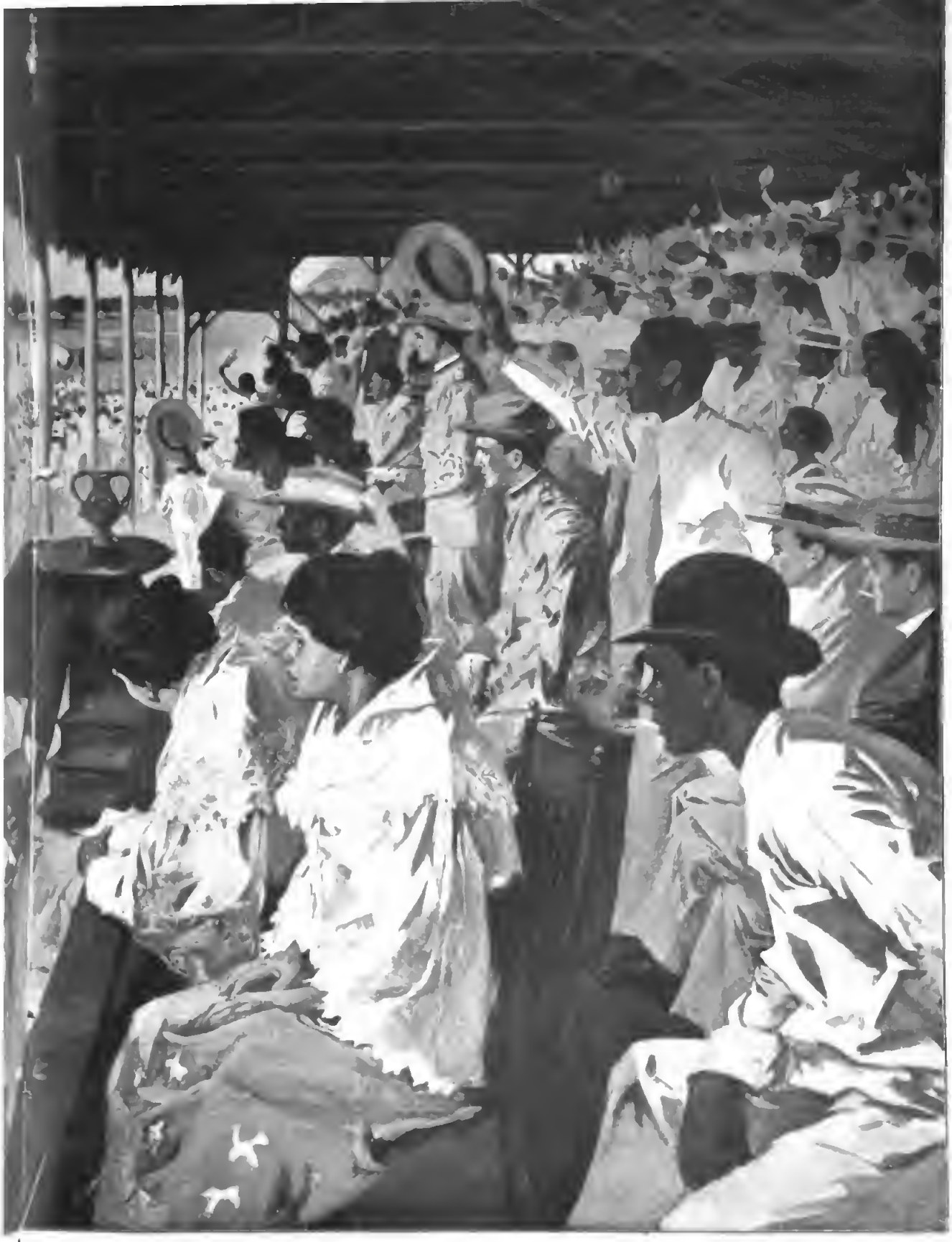
THE RACE-TRA

DRAWN BY



ACK AT MANILA

G. W. PETERS

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW CROTON DAM.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DAM

BY FRANK W. SKINNER, C. E.

FOLLOW one throb of Father Neptune's ceaseless pulse from where its waves surge past the stately ocean liners moored at Manhattan's miles of docks, past the hurrying millions of three great cities, past the lovely Riverside Park and its beautiful marble mausoleum, to where the briny tide ascends the Hudson and resistlessly turns back twice daily its advancing flood. It carries us under the beautiful lofty arches of High Bridge and the grand steel ribs of Washington Bridge, flanked on one side by the multiplied lines of a great railroad and on the other by the costly buttresses of the spacious Speedway. We pass ponderous steel drawbridges that silently move like sluggish monsters, and on beyond the great ship-canal see the heights of Spuyten Duyvil, now clustered with modern villas, where once echoed the last trumpet notes of valiant Anthony Corlear as he perished in these noble waters that flow on by the majestic Palisades, till we reach the gloomy walls whose barred portals make Sing Sing more famous than even this beautiful location and picturesqueness of river, mountains, and forest. Here, on the eastern side of the Hudson basin, let us trace the Croton Valley, and explore that charming region where the roads winding over the wooded hills give constant glimpses of lovely valleys threaded by rippling brooks, tinkling with dainty waterfalls, and presenting a constant succession of fertile fields, thrifty homes with orchards, harvest fields, well-stocked pastures and woodlands. From occasional summits there are vistas of the broad Hudson gleaming with white sails framed against the massive grandeur of its rugged headlands. We are scarcely forty miles from the metropolis, not a score from the woodland roads and the Sleepy Hollow bridge, where the luckless Ichabod Crane, discarded by his pretty mistress, furiously galloped his gaunt steed in his terrified race with the Headless Horseman. The shaded road winds through this region of beauty and romance, to suddenly emerge high up on the hill-side upon a scene of modern engineering. A cyclopean wall is rising from the unseen depths of a yawning pit to cross the valley from flank to flank of its rocky slopes, and deeply pierces their sides to make a mighty dam that will hold back the waters of the Croton River, and piling them higher and higher, eventually transform about 7000 acres of fertile toeland to a placid lake 15 miles long and 157 feet deep. The putting of scores of steam pumps and engines, the smoke of many boiler furnaces, the rattle of machinery, swinging of derricks, rumble of train-loads of stone and sand, the voices of nearly a thousand workmen, and the sight of whole villages of their homes, with the bright garments of native and foreign women and children, give life and animation to the scene.

This dam is to impound more water for part of the supply to the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx, New York city, whose million and a half of inhabitants already use a total amount of nearly 200,000,000, or 133 gallons per capita, daily.

The new Croton Dam at the Cornell site is built in an approximately north and south line across the bed of the Croton River, about 3½ miles above its junction with the Hudson. It will cost about $5,000,000, and be the largest and most extensive yet built on this continent, and in extreme dimensions and volume of masonry probably second to none in the world. Its height is certainly the greatest of any in the world, and the total amount of masonry of all kinds is about 670,000 cubic yards—a volume approximately one-fifth of that of the pyramid of Cheops, which, Herodotus states, was 764 feet square, 480 feet high, and required the labor of 100,000 men for twenty years to build it. The main structure is a solid mass of very large blocks of selected stone, carefully fitted together, and laid in the best and strongest cement, that rapidly becomes as hard as flint. It has an extreme thickness of 200 feet at the bottom and a height of 294 feet from the lowest point of its foundation to the crest. It is about 700 feet in length, and terminates at the south end with a huge earth embankment and masonry core wall extending into a trench 25 feet wide and 75 feet deep that is cut in the rock of the hill-side. At the north end it joins the side wall of a canal terraced out of the sloping rock to afford a spillway for discharging the surplus water around the dam to the river-bed below it, so as to prevent the possibility of the water ever rising to the crest of the dam itself. This spillway or overflow widens from 50 feet at the upper end to 125 feet at the lower end, it is 1000 feet long, and is built in steps, gradually bringing the water down to the lower level. Two elaborate masonry structures are built in the body of the dam to provide shafts and chambers for the installation and operation of valves to control the flow of the water through it and through the old Croton Aqueduct, whose brick structure is carried through the dam itself at the south end.

Careful studies and estimates and accurate surveys were made to determine the most suitable location of the dam. Many lines of levels were taken, and maps and profiles drawn to show the contours of the surface and where the water-lines would be formed when the dam was built. Subterranean explorations of the soil and the underlying rock were made by numerous borings to ascertain the conditions that would exist for foundations in different places. For this purpose a diamond drill was used, and with its hollow pipe cylindrical cores were cut out and removed to any required depth, showing exactly the nature and extent of the different deposits of earth and soil and the underlying strata of rock. The indications thus secured were interpreted to show that the bed-rock was

ARTIFICIAL CHANNEL CONSTRUCTED FOR THE CROTON RIVER

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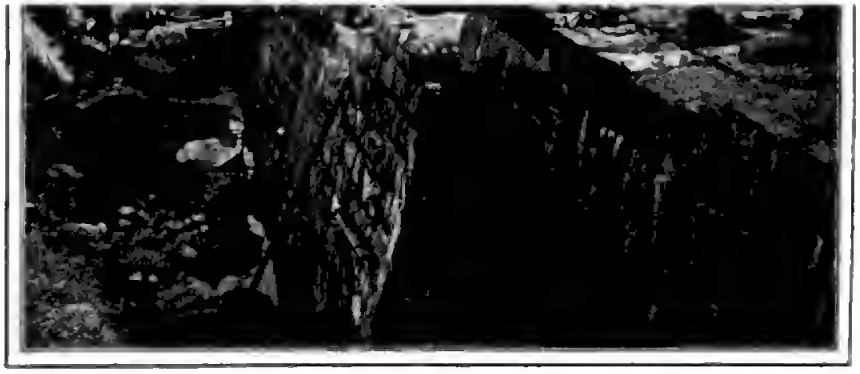
act freely against the full upper side of the dam, a contingency which must be provided for, the direct pressure against its up-stream side tending to overturn it would, in round numbers, approximate a thousand million pounds, which is resisted by the weight of the dam itself, which is probably over two and a quarter thousand million pounds. After the completion of the general drawings and specifications, which minutely describe the character and quality of the work and the principal methods to be employed in its construction, the contract bids were prepared. Upon these estimates five contractors made offers, which were remarkable for their small variation, the sum of the prices of the lowest bid being $4,450,573 and of the highest $4,527,769, a difference of scarcely more than 8 per cent. of the highest bid. The contract was awarded to Mr. James S. Coleman, August 20, 1892, and up to the present time over $3,000,000 worth of work has been done on it.

The first work to be done by the contractors after establishing their machinery and the quarters for their men was to turn aside the waters of the Croton River, so as to lay bare its ancient bed, and permit the excavation of a pit there 130 feet deep. In order to do this a canal 1000 feet long and about 200 feet wide was cut in the rocky hill-side across the north end of the proposed dam, so as to form a crescent shaped diversion whose upper and lower ends joined the old bed of the river. On the river-side of this canal a heavy masonry wall 630 feet long, 23 feet high, and 13 feet thick at the bottom was built, and terminated at the upper end in a curved-wing dam built across the old channel of the river, so as to throw the water into the new canal. This dam, 30 feet high and 110 feet wide, was built of rolled earth, with a vertical centre wall of double heavy timber piles driven 20 feet into the ground, and protected up-stream by timber crib-work which is filled with stone and encloses a water-tight clay wall. A similar dam is built across the old bed of the river at the lower end of the canal, and then the space thus enclosed between them was pumped dry by powerful steam-engines. This diversion work alone cost many thousand dollars, and in order to be safe for the six or eight years during which the great dam would be under construction, was made as strong and heavy as many permanent structures. The wisdom of this care was evident when the Croton River, whose summer flow is often not more than six inches in depth through the new channel, became in a flood fifteen feet deep, and was suddenly transformed from a gentle brook into a roaring torrent that discharged about 15,000 cubic feet per second, and would have wrought unmeasured havoc if it burst these barriers and inundated the enormous pit, in the bottom of which hundreds of men were working. No part of the masonry rests on the earth or even on the natural rock surface, but is carried down into the solid rock far enough to be certain that it is sound and uninjured. When the excavation was made under the river-bed a large quantity of loose sand was encountered, then hard sand, and finally a bed of gravel above the rock. In some places large cavities were encountered, from which the dirt was removed, and usually the rock taken away from above them; but in one case a cave eight feet square and thirty feet long was found considerably below the general bottom, with a solid roof somewhat resembling a natural arch fifteen or twenty feet thick. It was deemed permissible to leave this sound stone, so the cavity was timbered, thoroughly cleaned, built as full as possible of masonry, and the interstices finally filled with thin mortar run in under considerable pressure.

The excavation of the foundation pit—1300 feet long, 500 feet wide on top, and 300 feet deep from the highest point of earth removed beyond the river-bed—was completed in September, 1897, and involved the removal of 900,000 cubic yards of earth and 100,000 of rock. The sides of the pit were not dug vertical, but were sloped as steeply as it was found that the material would stand—in some cases so sharply that it would be difficult and dangerous for the unpractised person to climb them, although the engineers continually traversed them to make their surveys for determining the amount of work done and successive payments due upon it. At different heights of the slope narrow horizontal spaces called berms were left. Some excavation was done by pick and shovel, but most of it was made by steam-shovels. The spoil, as all excavated material is termed, was loaded into narrow-gauge cars, and drawn up and out of the pit on inclined roads by teams and locomotives, until a depth of 60 or 70 feet had been attained, when the incline became so steep that they were pulled out by a steel cable operated by a hoisting-engine at the top. Later on enormous dredges and steam-shovels with 100 horse-power engines were used that could dig 60 cubic feet of earth at a bucketful and load it into a car 80 feet distant. Finally a heavy wooden tower was built on one side of the valley high up on the hill in the line of the dam, and another one was built in a corresponding position at the other end of the dam, about 1200 feet away. Between the tops of these two towers, nearly 300 feet above the bottom of the pit, was stretched a steel cable two inches thick, whose ends



SOME OF THE 10-TON STEAM-DERRICKS.

were firmly anchored into the solid rock of the mountain behind each tower, and were arranged with powerful screws so that they could be tightened at will. One of these towers is stationary, and the other can move about 25 feet back and forth at right angles to the direction of the cable. From a trolley which runs on top of this cable is suspended a hoisting-line operated by a 75-horse power engine set in the fixed tower, and so arranged that a bucket or other load weighing 10 tons can be attached to it and run out at will to any position on the cable and hoisted or lowered at a speed of 1000 feet a minute. All these operations are controlled from the bottom of the pit or the top of the bank by electric bells signalling the man at the engine. After the first cable was thus installed, two other similar ones were set parallel to it, about 50 feet apart, so as to together command the entire width of the dam and the bottom of the excavation throughout its whole length. By these cableways the last of the earth and all of the rock excavated were removed.

After the unsound upper surface of the rock was removed it was inspected by the resident engineer and his assistants, who exercised the most scrupulous care to see that every unsuitable portion was taken out, and only the thoroughly sound parts left to receive the masonry and be subject to the enormous pressure of the foot of the towering mass of stone that was to surmount them. Great care was taken not to crack or shatter the rock that was not removed. Very light charges of explosive were used, and at the last the pieces were picked and sledged out by hand as much as possible. The rock was sounded and tested and its surface carefully cleaned and washed to make sure of the quality. Cracks were dug out with thin tools, and finally the clean surface was painted with pure Portland cement mortar applied with brooms. At this period the bottom of the great pit presented a very irregular surface, indented with pockets and having projections of sound rock. No attempt was made to reduce it to a general level, but each place was carefully filled in with large stones up to 80 cubic feet in volume, which were bedded, when necessary, with small stones laid up in thick cement mortar to fill the irregularities of the surface and give them horizontal beds. Numerous springs were encountered, which, if neglected, might have caused serious injury to the dam. Therefore wherever they appeared vertical pipes of light spiral iron were inserted in them and the stone and cement built around them. Each pipe was carried up as high as the water would rise in it, and when the masonry had reached that level a grout of pure cement mortar was forced into the pipe under a pressure of 100 pounds per square inch so as to completely fill it and drive all the water out of the cavities in the masonry or the underlying rock.

During the execution of the work below the river-bed great quantities of water flowed into the pit, which was sometimes 150 feet below the surface of the river. In order to control this a good-sized well was left at the lowest part of the excavation, and all the water drained into it, so that it could be conveniently removed through three suction-pipes, each one foot in diameter. As the water had to be raised to an unusual height, it was more convenient in the deepest places to pump it up a hundred feet or so and there discharge it into an auxiliary well, from which it was again pumped into the river beyond the dam. Probably a maximum amount of nearly 10,000,000 gallons of water daily was handled, but the ordinary volume for any considerable time rarely exceeded about 5,000,000 gallons a day—a quantity, however, that is sufficient to supply a city of 50,000 inhabitants. Seven large steam pumps were installed, but the final discharge into the river was usually accomplished by two of them, each of which was capable of raising 4,000,000 gallons of water 90 feet high in 24 hours. Steam for the pumps was supplied by two 100 horse power boilers located on top of the bank, and having their steam-pipe enclosed in boxes and insulated by magnesia to prevent the loss in transmission. As the lower part of the pit was gradually filled by the masonry, the pumps were also lifted up, though still remaining below the level of the work, so as always to collect the water. When the masonry reaches the level of the present surface of the river, about 140 feet below its final crest, a large stone arch will probably be built over the river, and the dam continued on the top of it to completion. Then a heavy cofferdam will be built across the upper face of the arch opening to exclude the water from it, and enable the workmen to enter and build in solid stone-work to entirely fill the arch opening, and complete the continuity of the dam.

Scattered over the area of the dam are set about 30 derricks, each able to lift a stone weighing 15,000 pounds and set it anywhere within a radius of 30 to 50 feet. These derricks build up irregular pyramids of stone around themselves, and always lay the faces in rude steps, so as to join satisfactorily with the adjacent masonry, which is always built up before any point has reached a height of more than 15 feet above the work built alongside. Each of these derricks is operated by a special steam hoisting-engine set near it.

While the excavation was in progress, the contractor opened a stone quarry about a mile and a half away to furnish all the stone, except the cut granite. This stone is hauled to the dam by locomotives, and is either taken around the sides of the pit on belt tracks and delivered directly to the derricks, or is taken to the end of the dam and delivered to the cableways, which carry it to the central part of the work not easily reached by the derricks. The cableways also carry the bags of cement to the platforms near each derrick, where the mortar is mixed. During the winter of 1897 the work was vigorously prosecuted, notwithstanding the precautions which had to be taken to prevent the mortar from freezing before it was set. The sand was piled over steam-pipes and well heated. The frost was removed from the stones by playing a jet of live steam over them, and salt was mixed with the water used. At night the work was covered with tarpaulins, and progress was thus made where the work could not have been satisfactorily accomplished without these intelligent precautions.

About 14,000 barrels of cement are stored in the adjacent storehouse, and samples of it from every tenth barrel are continually tested to prove that it develops the required strength per square inch. In one month as much as 17,000 cubic yards of masonry requiring about 16,000 barrels of cement, have been laid. Boilers aggregating over 700 horse-power are installed on the work, besides seven locomotives, for which 3000 tons of coal were stored for last winter's supply. Six rock-drills were provided for the work, and there were nearly 200 railroad cars in service there. A completely equipped machine-shop is run for repairing the machinery, and an electric-light plant is provided; 30 teams and about 800 men are employed by the contractors, and the engineer corps has parties of surveyors and draughtsmen, besides 12 inspectors, constantly supervising the mason-work. The land required for the purposes of the dam will amount to about 7000 acres, which is being paid for by New York city at the rate of from $100 to $200 an acre. When the reservoir is filled with water many highways will be destroyed, and the new ones and bridges which it will be necessary to build to replace them are estimated to cost more than a million of dollars. This work was designed and has been conducted for several years by Mr. Alphonse Fteley, and since his resignation Mr. W. H. Hill is chief engineer. Its execution is in charge of Division-Engineer Charles S. Gowen, Member A. S. C. E., and of Mr. Jules Breuchaud, Associate A. S. C. E., of the contracting firm.

NOTE.—Acknowledgment is made to the *Engineering Record* for the photographs used in the illustration of this article.

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fication ceremonies occurred on August 8, at Indianapolis, in the open air and in a public park. The weather was intensely hot. This interfered somewhat with the size of the throngs on the streets which waited for the parade to pass, and it also caused something of a diminution in the popular acclaim to the central figures of the occasion. There was a parade of several thousand men, acting as an escort to the candidates. Mr. Bryan spoke with fervor, and his earnest periods aroused considerable enthusiasm. As had been foreshadowed by the despatches from his home, the speech was confined almost exclusively to a discussion of the question of Imperialism. Perhaps the most noteworthy point in his address was the announcement that if he should be elected President of the United States, practically his first act would be to convoke Congress in "an extraordinary session" to deal with the Philippines question, with the idea, of course, of revoking the policy of the present administration.

In other respects the speech was a repetition of Colonel Bryan's well-known views on so-called Imperialism. It was the general opinion that the address was characterized by a strength and smoothness of diction that indicated the most careful preparation. It abounded in epigrams that revealed something of an artificial nature, and in the peroration of the address there was a marked attempt to reach a high grade of oratory, such as is most frequently in demand on the stump in American political campaigns.

Mr. Stevenson's speech embraced a wider range of topics. He is not an orator, and the throng had become somewhat exhausted in listening to Mr Bryan's 10,000-word address in the broiling sun. Mr. Stevenson could be heard only a few feet from the stand, and there was little interest in what he said by those of the auditors who remained in the park. Both of the candidates will present letters of acceptance, and Mr. Bryan in his letter will discuss the leading issues of the day not mentioned in his public address in Indianapolis.

GRADUALLY the way is being cleared toward a complete union of the Democratic party with its so-called allies, the Populists and Silver Republicans, so far as their national tickets are concerned. The Silver Republicans at Kansas City, at the earnest solicitation of Charles A. Towne, who had been nominated for Vice-President by the Populists at Sioux Falls, declared for Bryan and Stevenson. A committee had been arranged for by the Populist convention to fill any vacancies on the ticket. It was a foregone conclusion, as the result of the announcement by Mr. Towne that he would support Bryan and Stevenson, that he would decline to accept the Populist nomination for Vice-President. Serious objections to this plan, however, arose among the Populists in Nebraska and Kansas, and it was not until Monday, August 6, that the announcement was made by Mr. Towne that he would not accept the nomination of the Populists for a second place on their national ticket. In his letter to the Hon. P. M. Ringsdall, the chairman of the Committee on Notification named by the Populist National Convention, Mr. Towne said:

"The Democratic convention, before which I was a candidate, nominated Bryan and Stevenson. The Silver Republican party, of which organization I was the official head for nearly four years, has nominated Bryan and Stevenson. In what light should I appear before the American people if, while advocating the election of one ticket, I should be going through the form of running on another? Nobody in the United States would think that I had the slightest chance of being elected, and nobody would believe that I considered myself seriously as a candidate unless at the same time he believed me to be absolutely lacking in common-sense. Whom could such a phantom candidacy deceive?"

Mr. Towne, following the example of political orators, especially those in the West, could not resist the temptation to indulge in what is known as a "glowing period" in his letter. In his earnestness his words almost approached a condition of grandiloquence. In speaking of the Kansas City platform, he said:

"The platform adopted not only re-enacts the principles of 1896, but in language whose force, dignity, and beauty have never been equalled in a similar document, responds to the new issue presented in the growth of a trust monopoly and the imperialistic fallacy of the administration by an appropriate enumeration of those sublime doctrines of human rights and liberties whose possession and observance have been the peculiar glory of our country and are the sure basis of the ultimate happiness of mankind; and again the duty of carrying the banner of the cause has been committed to that tried and trusted hand whose grasp has never weakened, which no fear can make to falter, and no burden can dismay. The leadership of Bryan, which could have redeemed a bad platform, sanctified a good one. It made memorable an unsuccessful contest. It will crown a victory with imperishable splendor."

fare in withdrawing from the Populist ticket will be rewarded with a seat in the cabinet.

THE attitude of the Gold Democrats in the present national campaign has aroused much speculation. Announcements have been made that many of them, not being able to approve the administration of President McKinley for this or that reason, would vote for Mr. Bryan this year, feeling confident that if elected he could cause no serious damage to the financial situation of the country. Mr. Bryan has plainly indicated that he would be glad to welcome these Gold Democrats back to the fold, although in 1896 he scolded at them and plainly told them that they were not wanted. A large majority of the Gold Democrats, however, have indicated at least their belief that free silver is still an issue, and that the cause for their very pronounced split from the party has not been removed.

The announcement by General John M. Palmer, the Gold Democratic nominee for President in 1896, that he will vote for William McKinley for President, has clarified the situation perceptibly, and there is no reason to doubt that the Republicans think it has given their cause added strength. In an interview with General Palmer, published on August 5, the famous leader of the bolting Democrats four years ago, said:

"Populism is unsafe, and Mr. Bryan is the high-priest of that faction—a faction that is already strong enough to menace the best interests of a safe government. Mr. Bryan's strength has grown greater than we expected. Individually he is clean, and I credit him with being honest in his opinions, but at the same time I cannot endorse them. Populism has grown wonderfully strong and wonderfully dangerous.

"Mr. McKinley has the confidence of the best interests of the country. I differ with him on many material questions concerning the welfare of the whole people, but between him and Bryan there is but one course. Mr McKinley has done the best he could. He has been a safe leader on most of the vital issues that have arisen during his administration. He is not flighty."

General Palmer made the interesting announcement also that if former-Senator David B. Hill had been nominated for President instead of Mr. Bryan, he would have supported Mr. Hill's candidacy.

Another interesting announcement of the week was that the Hon. James E. Boyd, the only Democratic Governor that Nebraska ever had, is opposed to Mr. Bryan. He has not come out openly for McKinley, but he had this to say regarding Mr. Bryan:

"The greatest mistake Bryan ever made was to require the Kansas City convention to reiterate the 16 to 1 free silver coinage plank. It will cause Bryan's defeat under heavier majorities than were given four years ago. It was sheer idiocy. Prosperity, everywhere in evidence, cannot be talked down. It may not be due to McKinley, but it is possible under the policy for which McKinley stands."

THE North Carolina political campaign, which has resulted in the adoption of a constitutional amendment disfranchising the negroes, has passed into history and is already causing some trouble, especially in the Populist ranks. There is a disposition among some of the politicians of North Carolina to continue the agitation against the negroes, and the effect of the campaign is likely to be a serious factor in the management of the Populist campaign. United States Senator Butler, who is the national chairman of the Populists, has just emerged from a State campaign in which the Democrats menaced his personal safety and abridged his right of free speech in his own State. It was understood, when he accepted the place of national chairman, that it was to help him in his State campaign in North Carolina this summer. It is regarded as altogether likely that he will now be unwilling to give up his place, and that he may make pretty severe demands upon the National Democratic Committee as his price for harmony. Vice-chairman Edmiston of the Populists makes no secret of his desire to get rid of Butler. One of the humors of the campaign possibly is found in the suggestion sent out from the Democratic national headquarters that Mr. Butler has been the subject of Republican treachery in North Carolina, and that now is the time for him to ally himself vigorously with the Democratic managers in the coming canvass.

Meantime the agitation in favor of the disfranchising of the negro in the South continues, and the matter is likely to play a most pronounced part in the politics of the country at no very remote day. The famous "grandfather clause," adopted in North Carolina to evade the Federal Constitution and yet allow white illiterates to vote, is to this effect:

"Section 5.—No male person who was on January 1, 1867, or at any time prior thereto, entitled to vote under the laws of any State in the United States

IN the Ohio State campaign of last year United States Senator Marcus A. Hanna surprised and pleased his Republican colleagues and friends by becoming an attractive stump-speaker. He is not an orator, of course, and never has made any pretensions toward the acquirement of grace in public speech. He probably was astonished himself that he could make a speech which would hold his hearers' complete attention. Nevertheless, he went on the stump, and in his plain, blunt fashion talked to the people as if they were his immediate neighbors, and used such language and homely illustration as came to him off-hand. His speeches were declared an immense success, and now a great demand has come to the Republican National Committee that Chairman Hanna shall go out on the stump and win added laurels in this direction. Mr. Hanna has received the request with good nature, and has said frankly that he would rather not engage in that work this year. It is altogether likely that he will make some remarks at mass-meetings in New York and in Chicago, but his time in the work of campaign organization is too valuable to be given to ordinary speaking, even such as is carried on by the most eminent men of the country on the stump.

THE national campaign has reached the stage where each side is fencing strongly as to the real issues. Mr. Bryan, in making the burden of his Indianapolis speech the matter of Imperialism, has sought to emphasize the declaration of the Kansas City convention that it is the "paramount issue." Mr. Stevenson, in an interview in Chicago on August 4, used the following words:

"There is no doubt that Imperialism is the one overshadowing issue. At no other time have the people been called upon to decide whether the underlying principles of the republic shall be adhered to by its government." National Democratic Chairman Jones on the following day said, in Chicago: "The paramount issue cannot be side-tracked. The Republican party cannot make issues any more than the Democrats can make issues. Issues are made by the logic of events."

On the other hand, Chairman Hanna and the Republican managers say that they can find no demand for literature to combat the Democratic assertion that Imperialism is the chief issue of the campaign. Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture has just made a trip through the central West, and he says that the farmers there are wasting no time on the "paramount issue" question. The Republican managers insist that the chief issue of the campaign is free silver, and that the election of Bryan, even though he could not of himself bring about the debasement of the currency, would leave the matter in such an unsettled condition as to disturb business interests vitally.

Chairman Jones's statement that the logic of events will determine the real issue, will probably be demonstrated.

THE Republican National Committee has begun active work in the formation of numerous German Republican clubs throughout the West. An interesting spectacular feature of the campaign will be another monster Republican parade in New York city just before the campaign closes. It is expected that about 150,000 men will be in line. A picturesque feature of the campaign will probably be the train of cars, with its orators, its quartet of singers, and its decorations, that the Prohibitionist National Committee will send clear across the continent and back on a campaigning trip. But in Indiana, the Populists and Silver Republicans have been kept in the background to such an extent that they have begun to sulk, and the managers found it necessary to make a direct personal complaint to Mr. Bryan when he was there to be notified of his nomination, and asked him to interfere. It seems to be accepted generally that former-Speaker Reed will not take the stump for the Republican ticket in the sense of making an extended trip. One of the humors of the campaign thus far was the interview of a Boston reporter with Mr. Reed over the telephone—probably the only way in which Mr. Reed could be interviewed—and while Mr. Reed was in bed in his hotel. The reporter asked Mr. Reed if it was true that he was not going to speak in this campaign. The answer was,

"I ain't saying a word."

It is announced with a good deal of satisfaction in New England that United States Senator Hoar, who has been a most pronounced opponent of President McKinley's Philippines policy, will take the stump for the Republican ticket. Mr. Hoar has always paid the highest tribute to Mr. McKinley's personal character, and he believes the re-election of Mr. McKinley in the present unsettled conditions of financial and other matters of great import should be the paramount issue.

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PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE LEPER SETTLEMENT ON THE ISLAND OF MOLOKAI.

MAIN SETTLEMENT, MOLOKAI

NATIVES OF THE ISLAND.

KOLAWAO, ISLAND OF MOLOKAI.

BALDWIN'S HOUSE FOR BOYS, MOLOKAI.

The Leper Settlement of the Hawaiian Islands

SO much of a sensational nature has been printed about leprosy, and particularly the leper settlement of the Hawaiian Islands after their annexation to the United States, that it is not to be wondered at that there is an abhorrence to the subject on the part of discriminating editors as well as readers. From the panoramic view and the other photographic reproductions of the settlement, on the island of Molokai, accompanying this sketch, it must be seen that there is a favorable side to the theme. The lepers of Hawaii have not been exiled to a dreary and barren spot. It is a most charming and picturesque place, and the climate is ideal.

The settlement is on a peninsula extending from the north side of the island, the water and high mountains back entirely surrounding it. The unfortunate sufferers are isolated within this district. It takes several hours to reach it by steamship from Honolulu. It is only by order of the Board of Health that a vessel can go to the settlement, and visitors are not allowed except those who accompany the health officers and have some special reason for going.

In the outskirts of Honolulu, at Kalihi, is a receiving hospital, where leprosy suspects are brought from all parts of the islands, and held for a time, until the cases develop sufficiently to determine as to the disease in each case. Those declared to have leprosy are taken to the settlement, to be separated from relatives and friends for life.

The total number of lepers at the settlement is 1100. Without leprosy there are 78 natives, 2 Catholic priests, 2 Protestants (pastor and his wife), 1 resident physician, 5 Franciscan Sisters at Bishop Home, 2 Japanese servants to the Sisters, with three children, 2 principals and 4 Brothers at the Baldwin House, 1 Japanese servant, making a total of 100. Grand total at the settlement, 1267.

Lepers who live outside the two homes draw from the government a fixed amount of money as a "clothes rations order" every six months, in addition to a weekly allowance in provisions. The Bishop Home and the Baldwin Home draw their supplies through the Board as required. Many of the lepers have friends outside who provide incomes for them. There are 746 buildings of all classes, including two school houses, two Protestant, two Catholic, and two Mormon churches, a court house and jail.

The people of this afflicted settlement were naturally very anxious to know how the annexation of Hawaii to the United States would affect them. The United States Hawaiian Commissioners, accompanied by the Hon. W. O. Smith, president of the Hawaiian Board of Health, have visited the district on two occasions, and have assured its people in short speeches that they would be provided for just as liberally and kindly under the United States flag as they were under the Hawaiian colors.

This colony was made famous throughout the world by the description of it written by Robert Louis Stevenson, and the self-sacrificing work done among the lepers by Father Damien, who finally contracted the disease himself, which resulted in his death. J. M. MILLER.

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"THEY ESCAPED THROUGH THE LURID ILLUMINATION."

THE BURNING OF THE "CREOLE"

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO

I HAD returned from the China station, ordered on special duty to San Francisco, and my evenings were usually passed at that association of good fellows known to so many transients as the Bohemian Club. Among its habitués there were many who, like myself, were without any ties except such as were fortuitously formed; and it so happened that I found several of my own profession there, and without previous design on our part, evening after evening, we were thrown together, and at last, by mere force of habit, our association became a matter of course.

There was one of our coterie of whose former life and position we knew nothing. We had nicknamed him "The Senior." We knew him simply as a member of the club—and charming in manner and conversation.

We met as usual one Saturday evening, and the dash, spirit, and humor of the chat of our party were exceptionally brilliant and entertaining. The Senior seemed to be in a reminiscent mood, and we were disposed to humor it. He told us much that was interesting, and said that he had gone to the Gulf, on the breaking out of the war, in one of the vessels fitted out in New York, called by the papers of that city "floating coffins," and subsequently derisively baptized as the "Mosquito Squadron." From his familiarity with the French and Castilian idioms he was first engaged in gathering war news from the neutral fleets lying at the isle of Sacrificios, for ultimate transmission to Washington; and that one day in the gunroom of the English flag-ship *Endymion* his young head, unused "to hot and rebellious liquors," got into a whirl, and that when he returned to his own craft he was too free in speech to his skipper, and had been suspended from duty. Semmes, he added, had been the mediator—made up the quarrel and had induced the Commodore to order him to the *Somers*, commanded by Semmes, and engaged in blockade duty.

"*The History of the Navy*, by Maclay," I said, "gives a short relation of the burning of the *Creole*, while moored to the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, concluding it by saying 'that it was adding another to the list of cutting-out expeditions for which the American navy is famous.' I, in common with many others of my profession, have had a great curiosity to hear the details of that gallant affair. I assume, of course, that you know all about it, and won't you oblige us by a description of it?"

The Senior consented.

"The burning of the *Creole*," he began, "made a sensation at the time—a half-century since—precisely as, many years before, the burning of the *Philadelphia* at Tripoli had done, which latter Nelson had said was the most daring act of the age.

"Blockade duty," he resumed, "especially in the season of the dreaded northers, was very weary work. Vera Cruz was well defended by its reefs and dangerous shoals. Old Bernal Diaz described it to be 'a pocket full of holes.' We were afloat day and night, and living on hardtack and 'salt-horse.' In those times the arts of desiccating vegetables and canning fruits and meats were unknown. The *mess* of one day was the *mess* of all, and take it all together it was the hardest service in my experience. But no vessel slipped into Vera Cruz during our term. When it was that the *Creole* entered I cannot say. In my visits to the foreign ships of way already referred to, I had seen her moored in one of the stout rings solidly fixed into the masonry of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa; her polished black hull a sort of menace of the work, according to common rumor, she was preparing to perform—that is, a privateer.

"I should say that, beyond the closing of the enemy's ports and keeping them sealed, there was nothing for the navy to do. The reduction of Vera Cruz from the sea might have been accomplished, but at a heavy cost of men and ships. It is quite true that that consideration in time of war would have no weight when some great military success was in question, but as it was the purpose of the government to make that part the base of operations against the enemy's capital, its reduction was left to the army.

"My old commander, Semmes, very truly said 'that while cities were illuminated in celebration of the victories of the army, not only were the toils and hardships of the navy forgotten, but it was loaded with obloquy for not performing impossibilities.' Such was the annoyance given to the younger officers by that unjust criticism, he believed that an expedition to storm hell itself could have been gotten up at any time. That very injustice, aided by the well-known spirit of enterprise and ambition of the navy, was the motive to the exploit of the burning of the *Creole*. They properly thought that even if the adventure went awry, and all engaged in it should be destroyed, the sacrifice would not be in vain—at least the honor of the navy remained in the keeping of worthy hands.

"That 29th of November, 1846, there was a calm upon the sea, and the *Somers* lay upon the landward side of Isla Verde. In the waist, on the starboard side, early in the dog watch, were three officers, smoking and apparently looking in admiration at Vera Cruz, the steeples of whose temples were burning in the blaze of the tropic sun as it hurried into the underworld. Soon they were engaged in earnest chat, but what they were saying of such seeming interest none but themselves knew. The low talk, the stooping and tracery of fingers upon the clean deck, the gestures pointing to the castle lying like a great sullen monster upon the sands of the beach, all expressed some unwonted excitement. A cutter hanging to the davits near by had evidently some share in the discussion. Just then a ship's boy was passing, whom one of the group stopped, saying, 'Send Powers the coxswain of the first cutter to me.'

"'Aye, aye, sir,' the lad answered, and Powers soon came, and approached the eldest of the officers, touching his polished tarpaulin. Then the council resumed its talk, and soon after it separated. When darkness came, a jack tar could be seen sloshing the falls at the taut, so that, in lowering her, no betraying squeak could be heard. Upon the deck aft, one on each side, were two arm-chests, the keys of which hung in the cabin of the Captain, near the companion-ladder.

"And he was early in his cabin after some days of cruising in stormy weather, and of watchfulness whole nights through. He was in many respects a peculiar man, but always lovable in temper and manner. A person of sober, continuous thought and alertness—under whose quiet, passive mien I always thought was some sorrow he hid with a Spartan's pride and silence. I have seen him standing for hours upon the poop—clinging to a backstay, looking far away—far beyond the yellow shore, interspersed with great dunes and shallows of water; beyond the uplands—even beyond the 'star mountain' with its hood of perennial snow.

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an expedition his youngsters, as he called the junior officers, had planned and were about to execute. He was in sympathy with all such movements, and if they were at times not in accord with discipline as defined by the 'articles of war,' at least they were in unison with the daring and spirit which have so eminently distinguished the navy from the days of Paul Jones.

"Up to the time the departure had been fixed upon no one had been admitted to the secret except those of the crew of the cutter who had been chosen as *dramatis personæ*. The by-purpose of that cabal had 'an understanding but no tongue.' Happily the night continued serene. Nowhere in the sky was there the faintest flush of a norther, and from the wave uprose a moon we gladly would have effaced for the nonce had we the power of *Prospero* or *Joshua*.

"The early watch had gone, and the officers of the mid were adeck. Although the ship was quiet, some few persons could have been seen—each one seeming to perform some function or other. One form with soft, muffled tread stole down the companionway to the cabin, in which the Captain was sleeping, and brought away the keys of the arm-chest. Others saw to the lowering of the cutter, and bringing her to the gangway. Our secret was confided to Clemson, the officer of the watch, who lent himself to a breach of discipline by aiding and abetting the movement. He personally saw to the loading of the pistols and the distribution of the cutlasses. It was all done in silence, and while now and then one of the watch, sleeping on deck, would half raise himself and look about him, it was with a senseless, stupefied stare that comprehended nothing, and soon he relapsed into slumber.

"It was then one bell, and all being ready, we were impatient to be off. The cutter's crew were all in place waiting for the officers, who lingered to say good-by to the master.

"'Old fellow,' Parker said, 'keep a sharp lookout for the fire of the brig. We will succeed or you'll see us no more.'

"'Good-by, boys,' he replied, as he grasped hands in turn, 'and good luck.'

"The cutter was pushed off from the side, and the tide drifted us clear of the *Somers* and the island. The oars having been carefully muffled with mats, we steadily pulled landwards.

"Parker was the ranking officer, and to him the two passed midshipmen assigned the command, which he declined to accept.

"'This is an irregular affair,' he said, 'and no leadership is essential. If an exigency should arise then we will see about it. We've got to burn that brig,' pointing to the castle, 'and we are going to do it. But Lord! look at the castle light! It seems as if it were ten thousand wheelbarrows going round and round. That's bad for us, old fellows, but never say die. It must be quick work. We'll fire her and trust to luck.'

"It was alarming, that intense light, whose beams danced in the water about us, although we were then two miles away. The moon was still up, but we thought she would drop down behind the sierras ere we reached the inner harbor. Notwithstanding those adverse and dangerous drawbacks, not one of the actors would for a moment concede the possibility of a failure. A profound faith in a certain result usually brings its own consummation.

"The five oarsmen lustily applied themselves to their task, but at Sacrificios we slowed our pace in order to give the reluctant moon time to fall below the hills, just over which she lingered. When we had silently passed the neutral men-of-war, unchallenged, she had disappeared from view.

"The inner harbor is small, and its space reserved exclusively for vessels engaged in commerce. Heavy water batteries make the city wellnigh impregnable from the sea side, and near us, frowning and threatening were the muzzles of [illegible] within

neat touch of the helm the cutter was brought alongside of the brig, just under the foot-ropes of the bowsprit.

"Three men were looking over the bulwarks, evidently called there by the challenge of the steamer—to whom Parker, proficient as a native in Spanish, spoke. But there was no faltering; we boarded her at once, and as the clash of our cutlasses betrayed us, one of the *Creole's* crew of seven hailed the sentry on the castle. The alarm had been given as the cutter's crew gathered together the men of the vessel, and the officers plunged into the hold to fire the vessel. Heaping against a light inflammable bulkhead the sails of the craft and bits of wood lying about, the mass was ignited. It burnt slowly, and then flickering, it died out. The officers added to the pile the tails of their shirts, and one glowing ember being found, Hynson emptied upon it the entire contents of his powder-flask, starting the fire again, but severely scorching his hands, arms, and face. The clamor from without came to them above the hiss and crackling of the increasing conflagration, and when they saw that their efforts were eminently successful, they hurried on deck.

"The castle and town were awake. Lights were displayed, bells rang out in the soft, calm air, drums beat the rappel, and the blasts from bugles rose above all. It was evident that the garrison were apprehensive of a general attack; that it was mustering, and the cutter overlooked.

"The prisoners were hurried into the waiting, impatient boat—irresolution, delay, meant capture or death. As they shoved off, the flames mounted up the hatchway, commenced to lick the freshly tarred deck, and to creep up the rigging. The cutter sprung under the strong sweep of the flashing oar-blades, and the increasing light from the burning brig filled all the place with a dazzling brightness. Every moment they expected to hear the explosion of cannon or the rattle of musketry, and as they were escaping through that lurid illumination, they felt that the crisis was upon them. They literally flew under the protecting lee of the mail steamer, and on, on among the crowded neutral ships. They stopped long enough to land the prisoners upon the isle of Sacrificios, and when that weight was removed the cutter sped seaward as if with wings. The *Somers* showed a welcome light, and soon they saw her sides and rigging swarming with their glad comrades. As they touched the gangway a hurrah was sent up that must have been heard by the frightened foe behind. And that was the way the deed was done, my dear sirs."

ROBERT C. ROGERS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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QUALITIES to infants are contained in every can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "It saved the baby's life" is the message received from thousands of mothers. Eagle stands first.—[*Adv.*]

TELEPHONE SERVICE AT YOUR RESIDENCE puts the entire organization of a great city at your fingers' ends. Message Rates. Standard equipment. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO., 15 Dey Street.—[*Adv.*]

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THE great Spring tonic—DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS. One teaspoonful before meals. Buy the real.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER
NOS

Jacob Dolson Cox

IN the death of Jacob Dolson Cox, at Magnolia, Massachusetts, on August 4, the country loses an eminent citizen who a quarter of a century ago was conspicuous throughout the land. In his retirement and in his accumulation of years he had passed almost beyond the knowledge of men now active in political life. He served his country on the battle-field and in Congress. He had been the Governor of Ohio. He had achieved success as a lawyer. He had been active in business life as a railroad president. He had participated in the scholarly side of human affairs, having been a college president, and he was noted as a writer and critic on military

opposed the enfranchisement of the negroes, and retired temporarily from prominence in the Republican party when his term as Governor expired. In 1869, however, General Grant appointed him Secretary of the Interior, an office which he filled for one year. He resigned because of differences with the President over appointments to office, and he was practically the forerunner of the system of civil service reform which is now in vogue. It was this contest within the party ranks which made General Cox one of the most conspicuous men in the United States, and which marked the beginning of a change in thought regarding the spoils system.

In 1873 General Cox was made president of the Wabash Railroad, an office which he filled for three years. In 1876 he was elected to Congress for one term. After his retirement from Congress, he practised law, and in 1885 he was made President of the University of Cincinnati. He was dean of the law department from 1881 to 1897. He was the author of several books on the military campaigns in the civil war, and up to the time of his death was active as book-reviewer, and a critic on works pertaining to military matters.

Never Varies.

Next to purity, the yeast used in brewing is of the utmost importance in beer. Perfect beer requires a perfect yeast, and rarely does a brewer find it.

The Schlitz brewery introduced chemically pure yeast in America. After countless experiments and years of research the famous Schlitz yeast was adopted. It has made Schlitz beer the most palatable, most healthful beer that is brewed.

The original mother cells form a priceless asset. All the yeast used in Schlitz beer forever will be developed from them. As a result, Schlitz beer will never vary, and there will never be another beer like Schlitz.

And, above all, Schlitz beer is absolutely pure.

BOKER'S BITTERS

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WAITING FOR A SHOT.

A TYPICAL MAINE CAMP.

POLING IN SHALLOW WATER.

GETTING INTO THE SEPTEMBER WOODS

EVERY healthy man wants to get into the woods if he can for a few days in each year. Most of us cannot leave business for so long a time, and if we could, the question of expense is too important to be disregarded. The average worker, therefore, has in mind a month away and a good part of $1000 as the two principal requisites to getting a moose up in Maine, or a deer in the Adirondacks, or a caribou in Canada.

Certainly it does cost some money to travel about, and it does use up a large number of days if you insist on getting just what you set out for, and are determined to stay away until you get it. But, after all, the man who goes into the woods because they are the woods, and says to himself incidentally that he will get his moose or deer or caribou if one or the other comes along—that man comes home when he says he will, spends what he determines he will spend, and has what he went after—a glorious rest. For the woods themselves, bright and glistening in the daytime, dark and mysterious and fascinating at night, but beautiful always in sunshine or in rain—the woods and the little birds and insects, and all the other living creatures that, together with the wind, make the perpetual concert of the forest—all that is what is delightful and new and restful, and gives the doleful city man a reason for living another year while he doubles up over his desk for the best hours of the best days of his life.

And it is really surprising how cheaply a trip after game in the forests can be made, and how short a time one is away from the shop after all. Two weeks will do for Maine or the Adirondacks, if the man lives in or within a couple of hundred miles of New York—say anywhere from Washington north. Three weeks, if he can get them, are better, and all that is necessary; and three weeks are enough to put the soul of a decent chap straight again for another year, if he has any love for the woods, and can appreciate a leaf, or the rustle of the night wind, or the dark forest that is doing its work in the world just as well—perhaps a good deal better than he is doing his.

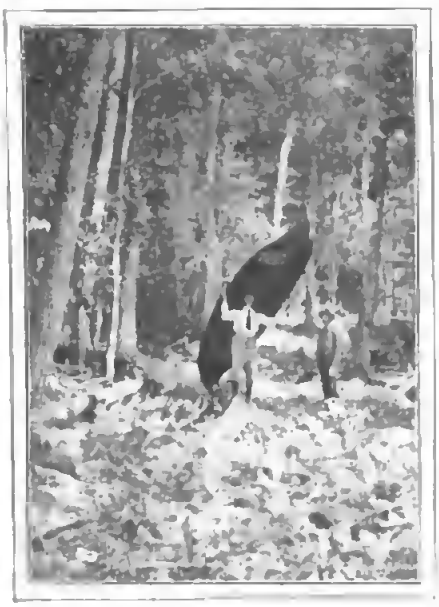
Suppose you have only two weeks—how much will it cost, and how can you use your time to the best advantage? Roughly speaking, it will cost $150 from the time you leave home until you get back, including your entire outfit. Almost every one takes too much with him, and naturally pays too much for it.

For example, for two weeks in the north of Maine woods—and there is no better country in the eastern-most third of the United States than the north Maine for game to-day—what shall you carry? First of all, two guns—a 45-70 rifle for moose, costing about $18, and a 30-30 rifle, at same price or less, for deer and anything else. Take two guns, because one may give out, and see that both are full or, at least, half magazines. On no account carry more than five shells for each day—for two weeks say seventy-five cartridges. Unless you fire at barn doors and tree stumps you will not use five a day.

Almost no clothes are necessary. There should be a pair of high leather of rubber at about $4, another pair of high household boots at about $7. Two flannel shirts at $3 or $4 apiece, dark in color, preferably gray, as the blue shirt stains when wet, and the gray matches the woods quite as well, a loose felt hat of brown with a generous brim; three changes of underclothing; thick blue laborers' socks, a sweater at about $4, gray or brown in color, and a light rubber coat. There should also be a pair of bed-room slippers, or old tennis shoes—nothing in the whole outfit is more necessary or a greater comfort. There should be either a sleeping bag and a blanket, or a pair of light double blankets without the bag. The latter is really better, because, unless one is quite accustomed to it, the bag is an uncomfortable thing to sleep in. You feel cramped all through the night, and that is quite enough to keep one who is not used to the pitchy darkness and constant noises of the woods awake all night. A towel, the simplest toilet articles, a good short, thick hunting-knife, a fathom or two of steel cord-rope, make up all that is really necessary. On no account take more, and do not be afraid to carry less.

As to medicine and the like, there are a few necessary things. The medicine bag ought to have in it a little surgeon plaster, a couple of rolls of bandages, quinine pills, cholera mixture, calomel, and a few seltzer-powders—not much of any of these. Add to this a little sweet chocolate and a can or two of marmalade—two valuable and fully appreciated delicacies in the woods, and the only delicacies it is worth while to carry along.

A FINE SPECIMEN OF MOOSE ANTLERS.



METHOD OF CARRYING A BOAT.

PRACTICAL COSTUME FOR HUNTING.

All this will go in a sailor's canvas bag that closes at the top with a lacing string. This is practically water tight, and is the most convenient thing to swing over the back, stow away in a canoe, or pack on a horse's back. Add to this matches in a water-tight tin box, a compass, and a cheap watch. This is all that is required, and they are the result of experience gathered from many a day in the woods.

So, being once outfitted, you leave New York by the night train, and arrive in Boston in the morning; or leave any other place so as to arrive in Boston early in the day. That afternoon you are in Bangor, and ready to start the second day after leaving home for the woods. That second night you are in the camp. In Maine the camp is a log hut, such as is illustrated here. In the Adirondacks it is a log lean-to. In Canada it is a lean-to which your guides make for you on the spot, or it is a bunch of hemlock boughs and God's sparkling sky for the roof.

Naturally the most important detail is the guide. Never, if you can avoid it, engage any guide who is not recommended to you by a good friend of yours, one whom your friend has tramped and hunted with, for the guide must be a good one, or the hunt is done before it's begun. In Maine these men can be easily found. They are fine fellows, hard-headed sons of the good State of Maine. You pay them, or their director, $2.50 per day, and $2.50 per day more to feed you and themselves. That is, if you and your one friend go together you have two guides, and your each pay $5 a day for everything after you once get into the woods. Canoes are provided by the guides, and are included in the payment.

In Canada the guides are Indians, or half-breeds—not so good men as those in Maine. Be more careful, therefore, in selecting them, and if you take whiskey, use it sparingly yourself, and keep it from the guides, except that, after a hard wet day, one good drink is as good for the guide and as thankfully received by him as by you yourself. The Maine guides drink coffee; those of Canada drink tea, and all of them have pipe tobacco.

You do not always stay within a day's tramp of the camp, and this illustrates the value of having one guide for each man; for while one hunter is making his daily trips, another goes off for two or three or four days with his blankets or sleeping bag, and travels all the time up or down some stream, or off through the woods. Perhaps, after all, the best part of the outing is the long day's paddling down stream, always on the watch for a chance shot, always drawing in the mountain air.

That is the whole story of outfit and guides and living from the time you leave home until you return, except that if the trip is to be in Canada, it is much easier and simpler to take little or nothing from home, and to purchase your outfit from one of the stores of the Hudson Bay Company. Those men know better what you need for your trip than you do yourself.

Once in the woods under the camp roof with the big fire burning just outside the door, there is nothing for you to do but to enjoy what the great Lord of the forests has set there for man to love and live with. By day you set off with John or William, or whatever the guide's name is, and tramp and crawl and lie down, and get something or not, as the case may be. It does not really matter. For, after all, the joy of trudging onward with the rifle on your shoulder, and the sun or rain falling softly upon you hour after hour, is what you and I are there for, and the killing of a big-eyed deer or a fat-nosed moose is but the incident that caps the day. The day itself goes down in your calendar in big red letters as one of those that shall stay there to be dreamed of later on in the office, or on the sick bed, or in the midst of any of the necessary evils of life, and by merely recalling it you can smell the woods and remember old William as he built the fire when we got back home to the camp at sundown and cooked the bacon and made the coffee, and we sat round in loose slippers and shirts and smoked the daylight away.

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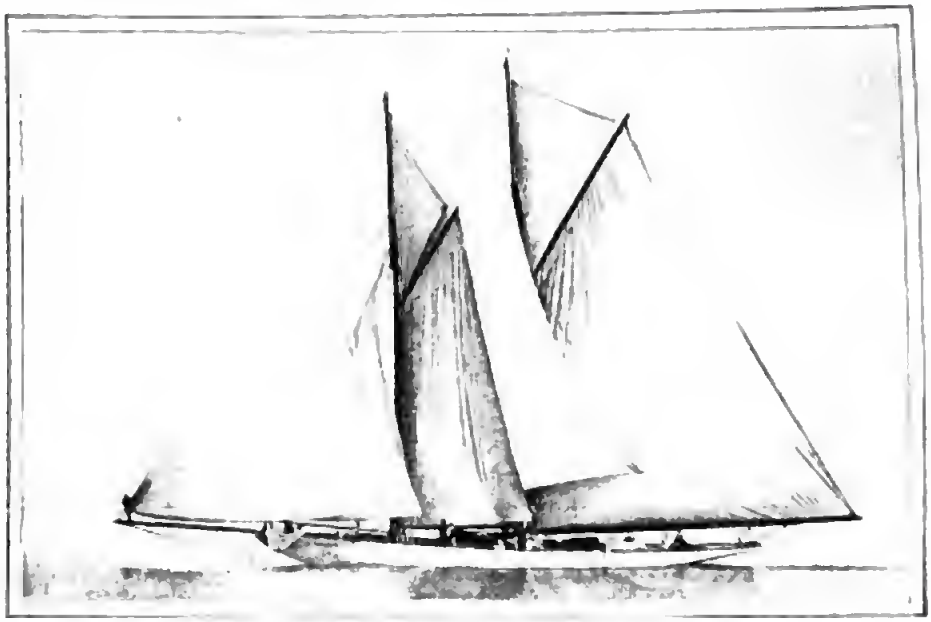
START OF THE SCHOONERS' RACE FOR THE COMMODORE'S CUP.

"RAINBOW,"
Winner of the Commodore's Cup for Sloops



"QUISETTA,"
Winner of the Commodore's Cup for Schooners.

THE FLEET CAPTAINS VISITING THE FLAG-SHIP "CORONA."

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S ANNUAL CRUISE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON.

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UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. IX.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

RAFE. "Uncle Jeff, this is the white elephant we read about as bein' at the Indo-Chinese Pagoda."
UNCLE JEFF. "White? It don't strike me as bein' very white."
RAFE. "Well, you know, Uncle Jeff, you're a white man, but you ain't exac'ly dazzlin'."

MR. DOOLEY*

XXXIV.—ON THE FUTURE OF CHINA

"BE th' time th' Chinese gets through with this here job o' theirs," said Mr. Dooley, "they'll know a thing or two about good manners an' Christyan ideas."

"They need thim," said Mr. Hennessy.

"They do so," said Mr. Dooley. "An' they'll get thim. By-an'-by th' allied foorces will proceed to Peking. It may not be in ye'er lifetime or in mine or in th' lifetime iv th' ministhers, Hinnissy. They ar-re in no hurry. Th' ministhers ar-re as comfortable as they can be on a date iv polo ponies an' bamboo, an' they have exercise enough dodgin' cannon balls to have an fear iv imlygisthion. They's no need af haste. Th' allied foorces must take no step forward while wan ar-rmed for survives. It was rayported last week that th' advance had begun, but on sindin' out scouts 'twas discovered that th' asphalt road to th' capital was not r-ready an' th' gallant sojer boys was afraid to risk their beecycles on a defiettve pavement. Thin th' purbe cars ordhered be th' Rooshan admiral has not arrived an' wan iv th' French gin'rals lost an omelette, or whativer 'tis they wear on their shoulders, an he won't budge till it can be replaced fr'm Pahrs. A sthrong corps iv miners an' sappers has gone ahead f'r to locate good resthrants on th' line iv march, but th' weather is cloudy an' th' aith umbrellys haven't arrived, an' they's supposed to be four hundhred millyon Chinymen with pinwheels an' Roman candles blockin' th' way, so th' advance has been postponed indifinitely. Th' American foorces is r-ready f'r to start immeyately, but they ar-re not there yet. Th' British gin'ral is waitin' f'r th' Victorya Cross before he does nanything, an' th' Japanese an' th' Rooshan is dancin' up an' down, sayin', 'After you, me boy.'

"But afther a while, whin th' frost is on th' pumphin an' th' cora is in th' shock, whin th' roads has been repaired, an' iv'ry gin'ral's lookin' his best, an' in no danger iv a cold on th' chist, they'll prance away. An' whin they get to th' city iv Peking, a fine cillybration is planned be th' mission'ries. I see th' programme in th' pa aper: First day, 10 A.M., prayers be th' allied mission'ries; 1 P.M., massacree iv th' Impress an' rile family; second day, 10 A.M., scatthrin' iv remains iv former kings; 11 A.M., disserration iv graves gin'rally; 2 P.M., massacree iv all gin'rals an' coorl officials; third day, 12 noon, burnin' iv Peking; fourth day, gran' pop'lar massacree an' division iv territ'ry, th' cillybration to close with a rough-an'-tumble fight among th' allies.

"Twill be a gr-reat occasion, Hinnissy, an' bedad I'd like to be there to see it. Ye can't go too sthrong again' th' Chinee. Me frind, th' Impror iv Garmany, put it right. 'Brave boys,' says he, 'ye ar-re goin' out now,' he says, 'f'r to carry th' light iv Chrestyanity,' he says, 'an' th' teachin's iv th' Garman Michael,' he says, 'to th' benighted haythen beyant,' he says. 'Me an' Mike is watchin' ye,' he says, 'an' we ixpict ye to do ye'er duty,' he says. 'Through you,' he says, 'I propose to smash th' vile Chinee with me mailed fist,' he says. 'This is no six-ounce glove-fight, but demands a lunch-hook done up in eight-inch armor plate,' he says. 'Whin ye get among th' Chinee,' he says, 'raymember that ye ar-re th' vanguard iv Christyanity,' he says, 'an' stick ye'er bayuet through ivry hated latitdel ye see,' he says. 'Lave thim undherstand what our Westhern civilization means,' he says, 'an' prod thim good an' hard,' he says. 'Open their heads with ye'er good Garman swords to Eu-ropyan culture an' refinement,' he says, 'Spare no man that wears a pigtail,' he says. 'An',' he says, 'me an' th' Garman Michael will smile on ye as ye hick th' lin in' out iv th' dhragon an' plant on th' walls iv Peking th' banner,' he says, 'iv th' cross, an',' he says, 'th' double cross,' he says. 'An' if be chance ye shud pick up a little load be th' way, don't lave e'er a Frinchman or Rooshan take it fr'm ye or ye'll feel me speeyal-delivery hand on th' back iv ye'er neck in a way that'll do ye no kind iv good. Hock Garman Michael,' he says, 'hock me gran'father, hock th' penny postage fist,' he says, 'hock mesilf,' he says. An' th' Garman Impror wint back to his bed-room f'r to wurruk on th' book he's goin' to be-ring out nex' year to take th' place iv th' Bible.

"He's th' boy f'r me money. Whin th' Garman throops takes their part in th' destruction iv Peking they'll be none iv th' allied foorces 'll stick deeper or throw th' backbone iv th' Impress ol' father higher thin th' lands fr'm th' home iv th' sausage. I hope th' cillybration 'll occur on Chris'mas day. I'd like to hear th' sojers singin' 'Gawd r-rest ye, merry Chinymen,' as they punchered thim with a bayuet."

"Twill be a good thing," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It will that," said Mr. Dooley.

"Twill civilize th' Chinymen," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Twill civilize thim stiff," said Mr. Dooley. "An' it may not be a bad thing f'r th' r-rest iv th' wurruld. Perhaps contack with th' Chinee may civilize th' Garmans."

F. P. DUNNE.

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FIELD MARSHAL COUNT VON WALDERSEE.
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States had been accepted beforehand. The subscriptions were taken by two banking firms in New York, one in Boston, and one in Philadelphia, and it is believed that double the amount, or the entire $50,000,000, could have been placed here.

For many years the United States has been a debtor nation, and the large excess of exports of merchandise over imports, not otherwise accounted for, has gone to pay debts and meet obligations abroad. It may be that the tide is about to turn, and that the United States will gradually work off its indebtedness abroad and become a creditor nation, in which case it will be found that imports will exceed exports, and the "balance of trade" will be "against" us. In other words, we shall be bringing more value into the country than we are sending out. For some time the rates for money have been higher in London than in New York, and the gold reserves of the Bank of England have been sinking, as the government has drawn upon its resources for war expenses.

In this situation it was easy for the British government to place a three years' loan upon terms which would yield nearly four per cent. per annum in this country, and one object was to draw gold from the United States to London. The subscription here was followed almost immediately by the shipment of more than $5,000,000. A still larger amount will doubtless be drawn before the transaction is completed.

This operation has given new interest to the question of the supply and distribution of gold. The Bank of England now holds about $155,000,000, which is about $31,000,000 less than it had a year ago, while the Bank of France has more than $110,000,000, an increase of fully $35,000,000 in the year. The Bank of Russia has nearly $400,000,000, which is about $73,000,000 less than it had a year ago. These three institutions, with the banks of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Spain, Italy, Netherlands, and Belgium, practically hold the banking reserve of Europe, and the aggregate of their gold is something over $1,000,000,000, an increase of some $27,000,000 over that of a year ago.

The Director of the United States Mint, with the aid of the Deputy Assistant Treasurer at New York, Mr. Muhleman, has been making a new investigation of the amount of gold in this country. The "estimate" for August 1 was $1,033,518,802, but the official estimate has been kept up on the basis of a computation made in 1873 and calculations of gain and loss which are believed to involve some error. The Treasury on the 1st of May held $420,989,371, when the amount in the national banks was $195,769,872, making $622,759,243 that could be exactly accounted for. The estimate then of the amount in other banking and financial institutions and in private hands was $420,000,000. It is now thought that the amount carried out of the country and not returned, and used up in the arts has been underestimated for years, and that there is from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 less in the country than has been supposed. However that may be, the increase in recent years has been rapid compared with former times. The gold production of this country for 1899 is estimated by the Director of the Mint as $72,500,000, while that of the world is put at $315,000,000, as compared with $123,000,000 ten years before. It is certain that we can afford to send a considerable amount of gold abroad if it will earn higher interest than at home.

Our bank currency increased during the last fiscal year by about $60,000,000, and amounted at the end of June to $265,303,018. There were then 3732 national banks, an increase of 149 in the year, of which 1 had been organized in New England, 19 in the Eastern States, 16 in the South, 29 in the Middle West, 32 in the West, and 3 in the Pacific States. This was mostly the result of the new currency law of March 14.

There is nothing significant to note in the general situation. The iron and steel business is still unsettled, general business is rather slow, the money market is easy and rates low, and stocks are very dull and heavy.

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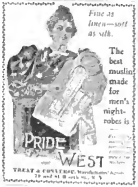

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Dr. Eduardo Wilde

THE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC AT WASHINGTON

THE South American republic of Argentine has maintained a legation at our national capital for the past thirty-five years, and some of its brightest statesmen have been the envoys who have represented it. Since last November, when Señor Merou returned to his native country to become a member of President Roca's cabinet, the legation at Washington had been in the hands of a chargé d'affaires, but Doctor Wilde, the new minister plenipotentiary, arrived a short time ago and has already assumed his duties.

Doctor Wilde is a gentleman of scholarly attainments and has had a distinguished career. He is a native Argentino and was educated at the National University of Buenos Ayres. After finishing his collegiate course he selected the science of medicine for his profession and soon gave evidence of unusual talent. While still pursuing his studies he was made physician to the cholera lazaretto of Buenos Ayres, and a few months later was appointed to one of the city hospitals. At that time Argentine was at war with Paraguay, and Doctor Wilde was placed in charge of the government military hospital. In recognition of these services he was awarded a scholarship, which enabled him to go abroad and attend lectures in Paris, Leipsic, and London.

He returned to Argentine in 1872, and for the next ten years devoted himself to his profession. In 1875 he began to turn his attention to politics, and was elected to the provincial legislature from the province of Buenos Ayres. The next year he was sent to the National Congress from the same province, and at the end of the first term re-elected for four more years, but during that time he received the appointment of minister of public instruction and justice, and in the next administration minister of the interior.

While occupying these positions in the cabinet Doctor Wilde inaugurated several reforms and improvements which were of the greatest significance, and which were largely instrumental in giving Argentine its present enviable place among the South American republics. As minister of public instruction, he founded and organized schools from the kindergarten to the academic grade throughout the country and broadened and raised the standard of the course of studies in the higher schools. He brought about a complete separation of church and state and placed all schools beyond the jurisdiction of the church, and like his famous predecessor in this work, President Sarmiento, he introduced teachers from the best colleges in the United States, and gave them charge of the native schools. During his administration of the office he had two hundred school buildings erected, and in many ways immeasurably advanced the cause of education. As minister of justice he had some of the laws revised, and put an end to the rule of political rings in banking and railroad stocks.

After Doctor Wilde retired from public life he devoted himself to travel and literary work, and is the author of several books on scientific and economic subjects, as well as biography and travel. He made two tours of the United States, and wrote a book on what he saw at that time. This book has proven very popular with his countrymen and has had a run of a number of editions. Doctor Wilde has been decorated repeatedly, but is most proud of two gold medals which were awarded him for his conspicuous bravery of service in fighting yellow fever, a disease which is the bane of the coast countries of South America. Another of his decorations was given him for the introduction of a law to prevent the spread of cholera, the enforcement of which has materially lessened the spread of that dread malady.

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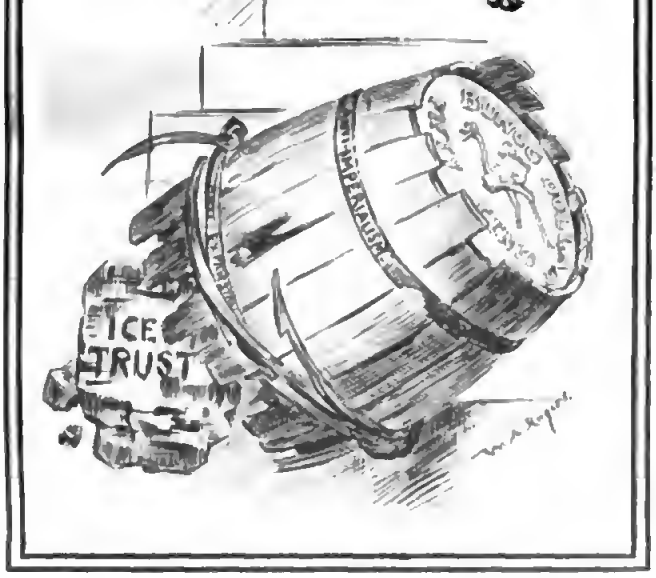

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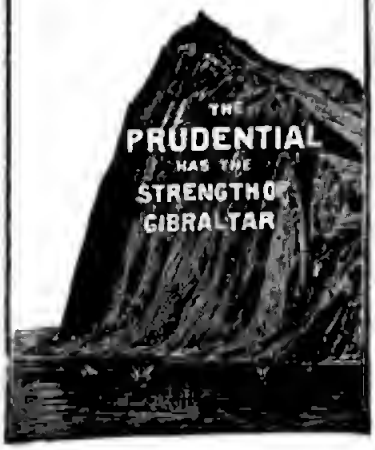

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Chinese Reorganization

ONE of the obvious lessons of the recent complications in China is that the Chinese Empire can never be governed by other than the Chinese people. The feeling of resentment against all Europeans is too deep-seated among the masses to encourage the hope that the supremacy of any one or of all the European nations working together will ever be tolerated in the Celestial Empire, and outside of the continent of Europe there is no nation capable of the task that has the slightest desire to undertake it. The situation, therefore, amounts practically to a triumph of English and American ideas as to the proper course to be taken in the East. It has always been the insistent proposition, both of England and of the United States, that the integrity of the Chinese Empire should be maintained at any cost. From the schemes for territorial aggrandizement upon which other nations have embarked the British Empire and the American Republic have held aloof; have, in fact, been pronounced opponents of all plans looking toward the partition of Chinese territory, seeking only the right to do business in a friendly spirit, unmolested and unmolesting. This has been the key-note of the American policy throughout the recent troubles, and we believe that it is because the Chinese authorities have recognized our sincerity in the premises—as well as our firmness in respect to the possibilities of inflicting punishment upon the offenders if reported outrages should in the end turn out to have been perpetrated—that American diplomacy has been able to do more toward eliciting the real truth and bringing the Chinese to terms than that of all the chancelleries of Europe combined.

Now that things are coming to a focus, it would perhaps be wise for the Administration to prepare some general scheme of reorganization of the Chinese Empire, to be submitted tentatively, of course, to the reorganizing powers—for an inevitable result of the complications must be a thorough reorganisation of the empire. The Chinese themselves evidently recognize the fact that their only hope for future intercourse with the rest of the world lies in a drastic reform of their methods of government and the removal of their capital to the sea-coast. No civilized nation will ever again send an envoy to China to be exposed to such dangers as have for the past three months confronted the legations at Peking, and unless these radical reforms are instituted, the real friends of China who are striving to keep her out of the hands of the land-grabbing nations of Europe will see all their efforts rendered of no avail, since it is not to be tolerated that this vast field for new enterprise shall be closed to the rest of mankind. It becomes, therefore, for the Chinese, a question of reform or of dissolution. A natural sequence to our American policy is to do all that is reasonably within our power to prevent the dissolution and to bring about the reform, and if, in addition to this, we can constructively aid the unfortunate empire, so much the better for them and for ourselves. From no Foreign Office could suggestions for reform come with greater weight than from our own Department of State, and it is certain that any plan which the United States might advise would be received by the Chinese themselves with less suspicion than if it had emanated from a European or even from the British government.

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One of the greatest opportunities in history now confronts the American people.

Anti-Imperialist Literature

THE literature of the Anti-Imperialist Convention at Indianapolis forms interesting, if not edifying, reading. We trust, however, that it may be kept out of the hands of the young, for anything more essentially immoral and unpatriotic has yet to be developed, since the days of the Copperheads during the civil war. First comes the remarkable address of the Hon. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, a gentleman whose past services to his country have been so great that we should have been justified in expecting better things at his hands, and who in his old age inferentially proclaims the doctrine that certain dishonor is preferable to possible death, of which only he and a few of his fellows are fearful—a lofty moral sentiment to be publicly expressed by a man who has hitherto been known as a person of high ideals and no little intelligence! Next to Mr. BOUTWELL's utterance comes that of Mr. EDWIN BURRITT SMITH, a patriot of Chicago, who, while 60,000 American troops at the peril of their lives are doing their utmost to suppress a rebellion which is the only obstacle in the way of the formation of a stable, a free, and an independent government in the Philippines, refers to the firm and inevitable course of the Administration as "damnable treachery." And finally, in addition to fiery periods in behalf of a policy of scuttle by Mr. GAMALIEL BRADFORD, of Boston, General BEATTY of Ohio, and others, comes the letter of that doughty orator the Hon. BOURKE COCKRAN, of New York, who, forgetful of a memorable address delivered four years ago against the policy of free riot and debased currency then as now advocated by Mr. BRYAN, now hails the Populist candidate not only as "one of the most salutary influences of this generation in our political life," but as the person to whom this country certainly is indebted for the gold-standard law! If in the excitement of a political address from a public platform, surrounded by 10,000 cheering admirers, Mr. COCKRAN had permitted himself to make any such absurd declaration as this, there might have been some excuse for it. That he should sit calmly at his desk and in sober reflection write or dictate such nonsense is inconceivable. The wonder of it will come if Mr. COCKRAN before the campaign is over does not proclaim GEORGE III. as the author of our liberties.

A Suggestion

THE Republican National Committee could not do better than to publish these unpatriotic speeches and this absurd letter in a small pamphlet for discriminating circulation. The trend of every chapter could not fail to be observed by right-minded clear-thinking men. And if added to this there might be printed the extract from a letter of a member of Mr. BOUTWELL's League to a prominent Filipino rebel, which we append, the effect would be complete. The extract is as follows:

> I am a member of the Anti-Imperialist League of Boston, of which George S. Boutwell is president and Erving Winslow is secretary. I have published many articles and letters denouncing the piratical war carried on by President McKinley against your people. He and General Otis and all of his troops are pirates upon the territory of the natives. Our Presidents are not in the position of kings. Our Presidents are not in the least authorized to make war without the consent of Congress, as McKinley is doing, and all persons compromised in this war are pirates.
>
> I should like to suggest a plan to you. It is this: You should seize some official of rank in the service of the United States and then inform the foreign consuls that he was to be brought before a council of war for piracy, and write to said consuls to have representatives present at such council of war to see that it is legal.
>
> Piracy would be shown by conducting a war in violation of the usages of civilized war, and the proof would consist in the fact of the consent to killing defenceless prisoners and non-combatants, men, women,

A Democratic View

[illegible] of the [illegible] type, and no less a Democrat now because he prefers voting for national honor to casting a ballot for Populism, Scuttle, and Shame, who says of the Imperialism plank in the BRYAN platform that—

> It is the most unpatriotic utterance that has come from any assemblage of men claiming to be loyal citizens in the history of this country. It will nerve the hands of the country's enemies wherever they are to be found. Resistance to the United States authority in the Philippines is being assisted every day by the so-called Anti-Imperialists. They are lending moral support to guerilla warfare and rebellion in the islands. The attempt to make an issue of rebellion and to poll the Democratic party in favor of pulling down our flag at Manila and marching home our army in disgrace insults the history of the Democratic party and is an affront to every true American.

An Unpublished Cartoon

IN paying its respects to HARPER'S WEEKLY, a Kentucky contemporary of the BRYAN order, the *Louisville Times* by name, observes with some show of heat that our "pictorial representation of Mr. BRYAN abetting the Chinese Boxers, and snatching from imperilled Americans the protection of our flag, is born of a venom which a rattlesnake would scorn."

These be beautiful words, but they are chiefly interesting because no such pictorial representation of Mr. BRYAN has appeared in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The malicious conception of such a cartoon must be accredited to the gentleman who wrote the paragraph in our Kentucky contemporary, and we are willing to leave it to any fair-minded rattlesnake if it is not a venomous thing for the father of a bad idea, fully realizing its iniquitous qualities, to try to foist this child of his fancy upon the shoulders of another and wholly innocent party.

Mr. Bryan's Jest

MR. BRYAN gave a quick and happy turn to the chance remark of one of his audience at the meeting of the United Irish Societies of Cook County the other day. Naturally pleased by certain observations the candidate had made concerning the Irish people, one of the gathering cried out, "Your name should be O'BRIEN." To which Mr. BRYAN immediately replied: "My friend has tried to ingratiate me into your favor by suggesting that my name is O'BRIEN, and not BRYAN. If the gentleman knew as much about it as I do, he would know that 'BRYAN' is the original name, and 'O'BRIEN' a derivation. When BRYAN became King he put on the 'O,' and 'O'BRIENS' are the descendants of the King, while the 'BRYANS' are the common people, and never get stuck up about a relative being a King."

This was clever, quick, and suggestive. Clever because quick, and suggestive because it brings up a vision, authorized by the candidate himself, and based upon history, as the candidate asserts it, of the BRYAN habit when elevated to a position of power.

The chances are sixteen to one that if Mr. BRYAN is elected President of the United States he will play the "O" for all it is worth, and beyond all question the prosperity of the country will share the zero with him.

"This Busy World"

IN reply to numerous inquiries and many protests we desire to say that the suspension of Mr. E. S. MARTIN's department, "This Busy World," is only temporary. In spite of the delightful and continuously sustained quality of his work, Mr. MARTIN is only mortal, and, like the rest of us, occasionally finds it to his advantage to take a vacation. Our readers cannot miss the Department more than we do, and are no more sincerely anxious to have it resumed than ourselves.

It is expected that in the next issue of the WEEKLY "This Busy World" will again be found in its accustomed place, a constant source of joy to every one, from compositor to reader.

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MR. BRYAN'S Indianapolis speech of acceptance was eloquent, persuasive, and able in an unusual degree. It was, indeed, a very notable example of what Talleyrand meant when he said that the chief function of language is to conceal thought. It was a striking illustration of what fervid oratory, adroit sophistry, and skilful suppression can accomplish in making "the worse appear the better reason."

Mr. Bryan made an astonishing blunder at Kansas City. He tried hard at Indianapolis to avert the consequences of his mistake. If he failed in that purpose, it was not for lack of eloquence, or rhetorical skill, or ingenuity in the art of intellectual misleading, but because the blunder was too alarming to be forgotten, too seriously threatening to be put aside. When he forced into his platform the most arrogant threat that has ever been made against the honor of the nation, the integrity of money and of contracts, and the personal prosperity of the great mass of the people, he raised a spectre that will not now down at his bidding. Men who hold the national honor in sacred respect cannot forget that Mr. Bryan has menaced it as no man and no party has ever done since the people made an end of the greenback heresy and its progeny, the proposal to repudiate the entire national debt by paying off the government bonds in irredeemable paper notes. Men whose bread and butter depend upon their wages, and men who have little hoards put by against need in the savings-banks, cannot be blinded to the fact that Mr. Bryan has voluntarily and vehemently pledged himself, if clothed with power, to secure legislation diminishing the purchasing power of their wages by one-half, and reducing the value of their savings in like proportion.

From beginning to end of his speech, the candidate who had telegraphed to Kansas City that he would not accept a nomination except upon a platform threat of free silver, uttered not one word upon that subject, thus making his speech more eloquent in what it did not say than in all that it said. Manifestly he has learned the lesson which he refused to learn before, and is trying now to do what he then angrily protested that he would never do, namely, to push the issue of 16 to 1 into the background and conceal it behind the straw bugaboo of an imagined danger from alleged imperialistic tendencies. He is trying now to give to honest-money Democrats that chance to return to their party allegiance which he refused to let the Kansas City convention give them. He is trying to push the 16-to-1 measure to prosperity into the background, as the wiser men in the convention wanted to do, and would have done but for his untempered zeal in making it more than ever a party shibboleth.

But while Mr. Bryan says nothing now on this subject, the menace that he forced into his platform, as a condition without which he would not accept a nomination, remains in full force and effect. Every intelligent voter knows that if Mr. Bryan is elected he will enter upon his office pledged, in the strongest terms that even his masterful rhetoric has been able to invent, to the policy of repudiation, dishonest money, and industrial revolution. For while Mr. Bryan finds it prudent not to ask attention to his threat, he says not one word in retraction of it. While he tries to divert popular attention to spread issues, the real issue remains in full force to appall men of sense and give pause to men with prudence enough to have put money into the savings-banks, or to know that the word "dollar" means no more than what a dollar will buy. In brief, Mr. Bryan has not recanted the heresy for which he was so tremendously condemned in 1896.

Mr. Bryan asks us to ignore this threat of dishonor to the nation and destruction to the prosperity of the people, to disregard his purpose of cutting every man's wages in two, his menace to the welfare of every man's wife and children, on the plea that these are merely "domestic issues," unworthy of attention in comparison with the question of setting up the mongrel population of the Philippine Islands in the business of running a republic, "personally conducted" by carpet-baggers to be selected by himself.

There is absolutely no reason to suppose that voters generally will be misled by such a plea. It has never been the custom of American men to regard "domestic issues" as of smaller consequence than questions concerning barbarians on the other side of the earth. On the contrary, they have always insisted that the first duty of government is to maintain peace, tranquillity, and the conditions of liberty at home, to promote "the general welfare," as the Constitution puts it, and quite secondarily to concern itself with "abroad." It will be very difficult indeed to persuade Americans of ordinary intelligence that they ought to permit Mr. Bryan to wreck their prosperity, reduce the value of their wages, and cut their little savings in twain, in order to carry out a theory in the Philippine archipelago which is apparently and utterly inapplicable to the conditions there existing. It will be difficult to persuade them that "domestic issues" which involve their bread and butter and the education of their children should be put aside in favor of an experiment for which human history furnishes no precedent whatever.

Mr. Bryan tells us that in the event of his election he will call Congress into extraordinary session next March, to legislate for the establishment of a republic in the Philippines. He contends that the broad generalizations of the Declaration of Independence apply without reserve or restriction to all men everywhere, regardless of their capacity or incapacity to maintain orderly government; and in support of that doctrine he quotes the utterances of Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, three slaveholders who had no more notion of applying their doctrines in that indiscriminate way than they had of leaving the red savages of the plains to institute what governments they might see fit to ordain, and to assert their liberty by ravaging white settlements. If any of them had meant what Mr. Bryan cites their utterances as intending, Mr. Bryan's Nebraska farm and all the State in which it lies would to-day be a howling wilderness, ruled by some clay-bedaubed savage whose tribal authority would rest securely upon the "consent of the governed." Broad principles of right are not meant to be thus misapplied, and Mr. Bryan perfectly well knows the fact. He knows that if doctrinaire declarations had been pushed to such extremes in the past, there would now be no United States of America for him or anybody else to preside over, no contracts for him to invalidate, no currency for him to debase.

Further than this, Mr. Bryan perfectly knows that the Congress which he proposes to call together to set up a Philippine republic would never think of doing anything of the kind. It would of necessity recognize the truth set forth in Mr. Bryan's own platform, that because of their conspicuous unfitness for republican self-government "the Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization." It could not possibly do more for them than what Mr. McKinley himself promised in his speech of acceptance, namely, that we shall, in the Philippines, "establish a just and generous government in which the inhabitants shall have the largest participation of which they are capable." What more than this can any sane American sentiment desire?

It is out of such flimsy stuff as this that the spook issue of "Imperialism" is made.

But Mr. Bryan's Congress in extraordinary session would not be idle. House Bill No. 1 would be a bill to provide for the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 into full legal-tender money. It would decree the lapse of this nation to the financial level of Mexico and the Central and South American States, where commerce is carried on, so far as it can be carried on at all, upon a basis of 100 per cent. premium for exchange. It would decree the instant and immeasurably paralyzing contraction of our currency by the withdrawal of $700,000,000 of gold coin now in use; by the stoppage of gold coinage, now amounting to about $80,000,000 a year; and by the reduction of all our paper money to less than one-half—scarcely more than one-third, in fact—of its present purchasing power. It would decree the paralysis of industry, the destruction of commerce, the stoppage of trade, and the impoverishment of the people. It would work the reduction of wages, the repudiation of debts, the halving of all investments, and the doubling of all rents and living expenses of working men. And House Bill No. 1 would be enacted into law before midsummer of 1901. A Senate dependent upon the free-silver President for the political future of its members, with its aggressive free-silver vote re-enforced by new elections in the States carried by Mr. Bryan, and with its weakkneed members encouraged to relapse by the seeming expression of the popular will in behalf of free coinage, neither would nor could offer any effective resistance to Mr. Bryan's programme.

"IF ELECTED, I SHALL CONVENE CONGRESS IN EXTRAORDINARY SESSION."

The extra session which Mr. Bryan declares his purpose to call could do nothing for the Filipinos beyond what Mr. McKinley, under authority from a Republican Congress, intends and will very certainly carry out. But in the event of Mr. Bryan's election it could and would work immeasurable harm to all the industries and all the people of the country. This is a "domestic issue," it is true. But it vitally concerns the welfare of every American citizen, and every American citizen's wife, and every American citizen's children. Even the most eloquent "patter" that it is possible for perfervid oratory to devise should not divert any American voter's attention from this truth.

Mr. Bryan openly confesses, in this speech of his, that he favored the ratification of the treaty which made the Philippine islands ours. He declares that he favored it on the ground that the United States could be trusted, as Spain could not, to give the Filipinos a stable and just government, with as much of self-government as they are capable of exercising. That is precisely what the present Administration and Mr. McKinley in person propose to give to the Filipinos. Mr. Bryan dares not propose to do more. He talks in glittering generalities about "independence" for the Filipinos, but he does not even outline a plan by which a population of eight million men, mostly savages, shall be set up in the business of governing themselves as an independent nation. On the contrary, he and his platform talk of no "American protectorate" as a manifest necessity, and beyond that the present Administration has at no time thought of going in the permanent exercise of this nation's power. In brief, Mr. Bryan suggests no other Philippine policy than that which Mr. McKinley has consistently pursued. He can suggest none more consonant with our Constitution and our fundamental conceptions of government in its relation to human rights. But at Indianapolis he felt himself obliged to say something to distract attention from the real meaning of his candidacy, from the destructive tendency of his policy, and from the certainty of disaster that his election would of necessity involve. So he talked "Anti-Imperialism" without troubling himself to say what "Imperialism" means, or to point out any fact calculated to show that anybody in this broad land contemplates a policy of "imperialism."

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MINISTER CONGER IN THE UNITED STATES LEGATION COMPOUND JUNE 2, 1900.
This is the latest photograph of Mr. Conger. Two days after it was taken communication with the outside world was cut off

AMMUNITION FOR THE BRITISH TROOPS BEING CONVEYED TO THE TRAIN ABOUT TO START FROM TIENTSIN TO PEKING.

THE CROWD IN LEGATION STREET, PEKING, IN FRONT OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION, JUNE 1, 1900.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—SCENES IN THE CENTRES OF DISTURBANCE.

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A DETACHMENT OF BRITISH BLUEJACKETS ENTERING SHANGHAI JUNE 14, 1900.

A LANDING PARTY OF FRENCH SAILORS WITH FIELD-GUNS.

FOREIGN TROOPS IN CHINA.

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LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

COLLIS POTTER HUNTINGTON.
Photograph by Tabor.

Collis Potter Huntington

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, known throughout the United States as one of its foremost "railroad magnates" and millionaires, died suddenly at his Adirondack camp, Pine Knot Lodge, on Mohegan Lake, in the Blue Mountain region of the Adirondacks, on August 14, a few minutes before midnight. He was seventy-nine years old. He had been in good health all his life, and although he had reached an advanced age, he never was willing to believe that he was really old.

Mr. Huntington was born poor, on October 22, 1821, in the village of Harwinton, Connecticut. When he began life for himself he earned $84 the first year. With this $84 he purchased a supply of clocks, which he peddled around among Connecticut towns and made money thereby. When he was twenty-one he came to New York and bought general merchandise, which he peddled throughout the country. Then he opened a general store in Oneonta, New York. When the Pacific gold craze came he took $1200 and started for the coast with the idea of going into business there. Arriving at Panama he found there was no vessel to take him to California, and he engaged in peddling goods there, trudging across the isthmus no less than twenty-four times. Then he worked his way to California as a sailor, his capital having been increased from $1200 to $5000. After that he opened a store in Sacramento, where he met Hopkins, Stanford, and Crocker, and the other men who came out of the gold discovery there as great millionaires.

Huntington conceived the idea of building a railroad from California to Utah to meet the Union Pacific and got Congress to practically back the scheme. The road was finished in 1869, and Mr. Huntington ever since had been one of the great railroad men of the United States. He soon got control of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and when he died was president of twenty-six corporations, owning more than 9000 miles of railroad track, and operating 5000 miles of steamship lines. In the East, he got control of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and before he sold it thoroughly established it as a leading railroad system of the country. He was largely interested in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Perhaps the most striking monument to his industry was the creation of the city of Newport News as a great shipping centre and home of industry. In 1881, when he made his first investment in the place, there were five houses there. Now there are 25,000 persons in the city, the real estate of the place is worth $11,000,000, the city exports $35,000,000 worth of goods annually, and the largest ship-yard in the United States is established there.

It is estimated that Mr. Huntington's wealth aggregated about $25,000,000. He had a great camp in the Adirondacks, a palatial house in New York which he never occupied, and other residences in California and in the East which were less pretentious. He was twice married, but had no children. His nephew, H. E. Huntington, is looked upon by some as his probable successor in the railroad business. His adopted son, Archer M. Huntington, is a student whose specialty is the romance languages. He has no tastes for business life. His niece and adopted daughter, Clara, eleven years ago was married to Prince Francis Edmund Joseph Gabriel von Hatzfeldt.

Mr. Huntington never figured extensively in the political life of the country so far as office-holding was concerned. Underneath the surface, he was gentle and kind and liked to give young men a start. He believed in thrift. He was fond of poetry and read a great deal. He was tall, heavily built, had a white beard, and almost invariably wore a skull-cap. He was relentless toward an enemy, absolutely faithful to his friends, but perhaps his greatest characteristic was his patience. He believed in the gospel of work, and thought that the Man with a Hoe had a distinct mission in life and was much to be envied when compared with "the incapables" who had been brought up to despise manual labor and who were a drag on the rest of mankind. So thoroughly grounded was Mr. Huntington in this belief that within a year, through a New York newspaper, he offered an anonymous prize of several hundred dollars for the best poem to combat the sentiments expressed in Edward Markham's poem, "The Man with a Hoe." The competition did not bring out any poems of noteworthy merit, but Mr. Huntington was none the less sincere in his desire to glorify and extol the man who could and would work with his hands.

WILLIAM STEINITZ,
Champion Chess-player of the World, 1866–1894.
Born in Prague, Bohemia, May 14, 1836.
Died in New York, August 12, 1900.

The Late Baron Russell

BARON RUSSELL of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, who died at Kensington on August 10, was the first Irishman and the first Roman Catholic who had filled the offices of Attorney-General and of Lord Chief Justice of England since the Reformation. He succeeded Lord Coleridge as Chief Justice. He was known not only in Great Britain as a clever lawyer and an able jurist, but his reputation and friendships extended to this country, where twice he had been a most welcome guest. Personally he was a thorough student in legal matters, was a lover of racing and other athletic sports, was fond of society life, and withal was a keen and witty Irishman in whose make-up there was a delightful mixture of humor and of deep religious sentiment. He was born at Newry, County Down, on November 10, 1832, of a family of small gentry that had been settled in Ulster for six hundred years and had always retained its Catholic faith.

Young Russell began the study of law in Belfast and then took a course in Trinity College, Dublin, an unusual step for a Catholic to take. He was admitted to the bar in 1859, and first attracted public attention as a cross-examiner in the notorious Irish case of Yelverton vs. Yelverton. After that he was employed in many cases that secured public notice. He was counsel for Mr. Labouchere in many libel suits against *Truth*, and he was retained by Lady Colin Campbell in her divorce suit. He defended Mrs. Maybrick and never ceased to believe in her innocence. He was one of the counsel of Great Britain on the Bering Sea arbitration case at Paris. His most celebrated case was that of Mr. Parnell's suit against the *Times*, in which he laid bare the famous Piggott forgeries. He was first elected to Parliament in 1880. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone made him Attorney-General and he was knighted. When the Gladstone administration returned to power in 1892, he again became Attorney-General. Lord Rosebery, in May, 1894, made him a Lord Justice of Appeal in Ordinary. He was then made a life peer with a title of Baron Russell of Killowen in the County of Down. A few weeks later on the death of Lord Coleridge, he was made Chief Justice. His most conspicuous service that he rendered to Great Britain outside of his judicial duties was to act as one of the British arbitrators in the Venezuela boundary question.

As a judge Baron Russell instituted many practical reforms, and also established a court for commercial cases. He did away with much red-tape, and had the distinction of applying the principles of common-sense rather than of involved legal procedure to the settlement of many cases. It was his hope to clear away a great deal of rubbish from the accumulation of precedent that abounds in the practice of law in England. He first visited the United States in 1883. The next visit was in 1896, when he delivered the chief address at the meeting of the American Bar Association in Saratoga. The subject of the address was "Arbitration," and it attracted widespread attention as a scholarly effort. His kindly references to the United States and his confidence that a more cordial feeling would soon come to exist between this country and England pleased his auditors, and he had the satisfaction of living to see that what he had predicted would occur had become a reality.

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THE PARIS EXPOSITION—A PARTY OF AMERICAN TOURISTS WITH A "COOK'S" GUIDE VISITING THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.—DRAWN BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK.

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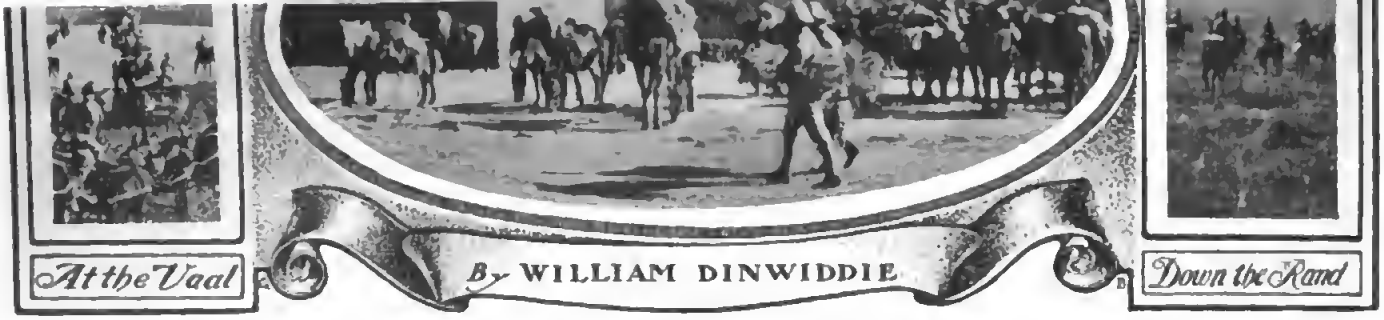

GENERAL HAMILTON'S forces had made contact with Lord Roberts at Vredefort Station, after their long and trying march to the eastward through Lindley and Heilbron. From here they were immediately ordered out to the left flank, across the railroad to the westward this time, with instructions to reach and cross the Vaal as promptly as possible. Nearly an all day's halt was necessary while the main supply column wagons rerationed the division, and then, at 3 P.M., began the trek for the Vaal River and the Transvaal, only one day's travel distant. The 17th Lancers and New South Wales rushed ahead with two days' rations in their haversacks.

Lord Roberts's army and miles upon miles of wagons were solemnly marching past. It was a wonderful sight; an invincible mass moving steadily northward, like some ponderous machine, and some time, it mattered not when particularly, it would crush the poor Boer army in its mighty folds. There is no talk now of finishing the little job the British army has in hand within a month or two. It has taken an immense force to do it, and the lesson has been taught that, in future warfare, an invading army must, from necessity, have an overwhelming number if it is to successfully combat those who fight on the defensive, in a territory of strong natural positions and a scarcity of food supplies. Rather, one now hears complimentary remarks made by British officers on all sides about the bravery of the Boers, usually finished with, "They are very good chaps." This is patronizing, of course, but the bump of self-esteem in the Britisher is so tremendous that, in his relation to men of other nations, he will, for many a long year yet, tend to treat them with the polite condescension of a superior mental.

It should be related that the work of the railroad engineers has been simply marvellous. Every bridge of consequence—and there were many large ones—had been destroyed to the Zand River, while from above that point the use of dynamite seized the Boers like a hysteria, and, not content with blowing immense steel spans high into the air, and scattering them over acres of country, they now were exploding every small culvert and dynamiting the rails themselves in foolish frenzy, until the track bristled with curled and distorted steel posts. At the destruction of the track itself the British engineers smiled in amusement; the bridges were the serious problems; and even here, what the Boers considered effective stops to rapid advance, estimating a month or more delay, were passed around by deviations in three or four days. The Zand, for example, required a mile and a half of track to let the road run down the steep banks in gentle gradient and out again, and trains passed over this stream in four days. The Boer engineers, it is said, calculated that at least two months would be required. What a shock it must be to the Transvaaler to discover that this so badly shattered steel pathway leading to Pretoria is being repaired almost as fast as the army can march forward!

It was just growing dark as the Lancers and Colonials urged their weary horses through the impeding sands for the last mile to the banks of the Vaal. It was a ticklish proceeding for a thousand men to advance boldly to the drift across this river at Boschbank, for it had been the boast of the Boers that over that glistening water, whose farther shore was the land of the Transvaal Republic, no British soldier should ever pass. It was an idle threat, perhaps principally voiced in national song, for strategically the Vaal, with its miles of flat country on either side, is difficult to defend. Not a shot came from the opposite bank, as the New South Wales dashed into the rocky stream bed, and out at last on Transvaal soil. Mounted patrols were posted a mile from the river, and a squadron or two remained in reserve near the water, but the major portion of the troops floundered painfully back to the Free State and bivouacked for the night.

When daylight came, all fears of an attack were dispelled, for less than ten miles westward General French was heliographing from the broken kopjes of Lindeque. His division, as already observed, had crossed the Vaal at Parijs, and now was moving northeasterly on Johannesburg.

The crossing of the Vaal formed a most magnificent pageant at Boschbank, and yet this was but one division of many, many miles separated, which were almost simultaneously streaming over this historic river. To prevent this crossing at all successfully would have required the active participation and co-operation of the estimated original Transvaal force of thirty-five to forty thousand men. For some reason the Boer army no longer materializes. It is positively stated by prisoners from their side, and civilians left in the towns, that at no place since leaving Bloemfontein have there been more than four thousand Boers opposing the British army. At the Zand River there were probably twelve thousand, all told, and the same number was estimated for the Rhenoster, but they did not stay to fight. The Free-Staters, who had enrolled probably two thousand burghers on commando, had practically laid down their arms, not actually turning them in to the government in any great numbers, but returning as peaceful farmers to their estates, and probably burying their rifles in the ground for future reference.

If a Boer army existed, everything pointed to a retreat and concentration at Johannesburg or Pretoria. After the wonderful boasting of months past, certainly a tremendous final battle would be fought at one of these places—so every one believed, and so every officer and man in the ranks prayed.

On Sunday, May 27, Lord Roberts had crossed the Vaal at Vereeniging on the railroad. General French—who has a pernicious habit of starting his force into activity at 2 A.M. these very cold mornings—was pushing hurriedly on to Johannesburg and the Klip River, having had a slight fight the day before with a commando of Boers. Hamilton, who had the shortest trek to march on the City of Gold, began an advance at daylight.

The entire advance for Sunday was but fifteen miles, leaving the first range of mountains five miles before; Generals French and Hutton were in camp a mile or more nearer. From the ragged kopje tops the Boers must have thought the entire British army was coming against them, for twenty thousand men were scattered far and wide over the plain, and the wagon trains streamed out behind in clouds of dust to the rear, to be lost beyond the horizon-line.

From a flat plain, over which we had travelled fifteen miles, the topography suddenly broke into bristling hills. As the base of the first kopje was turned, the eye caught a vision of ragged hills clustered together in confusion of size, form, and disposition—a magnificent place for the enemy to make a stand.

Slowly the scouts coile in towards the steep hill-side covered with masses of rocks. In the suspense of the onlooker the wait seems interminable, though in reality the men are boldly trotting and galloping forward, with the intention of becoming living targets for a warring enemy. Pop—pop; just a single shot, and one rider turns his horse's head, having heard the bullet zip past his head. Pop—pop—pop—pop pop; and a dozen Mausers drive the cruel little pellets in a swarm at other riders. Back come the scouts, some galloping hard as the bullets hiss about them, some cantering easily, and one dare-devil fellow halts his animal and drives a shot or two in return at the towering rocks.

Not a human being is in sight on that kopje; there may be several thousand men hidden there, each with only an eye cautiously exposed while they drew a bead on the Englishmen or there may be but a scant handful. Squads of mounted infantrymen are set to riding toward the hill, and a battery of artillery is dragging up in the foreground, under a protecting swell in the plain. Far to the left and far to the right some squads travel, outflanking the ends of the hill by the manœuvre, while others are scattered along the entire face. This movement must, in a few minutes, determine the strength of the enemy with little danger of much loss of life. It seems inconceivable that these methods of simple strategy should have been adopted so late in the campaign, and that officers with cerebrative powers should not have recognized the disaster which must result to a large body of troops hurled in frontal attack against these impregnable positions, when they are held by a few determined men.

Squad after squad gains sheltered position in rocky hollows against the sides of the towering hill; the squad to the left has passed around the narrow end and is scaling the more gentle slope. Only a desultory sniping comes from the eminence, but perhaps they are playing a waiting game. Now comes a perfect fusillade of small-arms far on the right; that squad has wakened the enemy up in the attempt to flank them. It is their line of retreat down one of the great main roads to Johannesburg, and to the tumbled hills across the Klip River.

General French had struck it, and a mighty roar of artillery and pom-poms opened, far down in the valley and from the jagged mountains beyond. His force has been quietly moving down to the Klip River, over the road to the left; they had crossed the bridge, which the enemy had failed to destroy, a few shots had been fired by the Boers, and then, apparently, they retreated. French, confident that he was going straight into Johannesburg, pushed ahead, and behind followed his huge wagon train. In fact, both French and Hutton passed their transports of hundreds of wagons and thousands of mules and oxen over this single bridge, right in the face of the frowning peaks and mighty ridges. An artillery duel royal had opened up, with the advantage in the enemy's hands. The Boers may not fight, but the German artilleristas, with the assistance of Colonel Blake's Irish-American Brigade, will, when they find a good opportunity to pound the British, and seldom in the latter day had they had a better chance. From the crown of the rocky kopjes, with Hamilton's forces, French's and Hutton's thousands could be seen doggedly hugging tight behind very small ridges, while just back of them rose streaky puffs of dust by the dozens, as the one-pound shells tore over their heads, and here and there, as fast as one could count slowly, twelve and fifteen pounders and Long Tom shells made big blown holes in the ground, or burst as shrapnel with white puffs of smoke high in the air.

French was getting his little guns into action in twos and threes, until the roar of cannon was almost continuous; the big thunderous reverberations of the Boer Long Toms were answered by the shorter barking of twelve pounders, and the confusion of sound was punctuated by the pom-pom-pom of the Vicker-Maxims from both sides. For several hours it was impossible to locate a Boer gun, and the British firing seemed merely a random pounding of the distant hills on the left, from which rose dimly the towering smoke stacks of the mines of the Rand—our first view of the region of gold which has caused all this war and bloodshed. Almost in front of Hamilton's position, four miles away, up among the hills across the river, suddenly rose a spurt of smoke, expanded and drifted away in the light air. Twenty seconds pass and the hoarse-throated Long Tom reaches the ear. Again and again it comes, and a hundred pairs of field-glasses watching for the fall of the shells discover that the gun is enfilading French's soldiers, who are popping away at right angles toward the Rand. A beautiful position for this long-range gun, fully five miles away, tucked snugly between the hills, with a series of ugly ranges between it and the enemy. They can reach us with more ease than they can French, and no doubt have been anxiously hoping that Hamilton would move his twelve thousand men out on the practically level valley, three miles wide, before them. For fully two hours the Boers keep this gun in action without those who are under fire knowing where the five-inch shells, which tear up the ground in immense clouds of dirt and flying rock, are coming from; then a little shell is seen to land in the vicinity of the big gun, but far wide of the true position. Though French's main force can do nothing more than hold tight under the protection of every obtruding rock, the doughty little general is shoving up his pen-shooting artillery against the heavier guns.

Hour after hour the duel goes on, until the sun sets fierce and bloody through the lowering clouds of smoke from the shell-fired grass, and then, one by one, the steel throats of heated cannon become silent, though even after the darkness has fallen so that only the outlines of hills may be seen against the sky, some single piece still growls, and a restless pom-pom yaps with a shrill bark.

There would be a great fight to-morrow, and everybody went to sleep in the cold night air contented. The

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THE 17TH LANCERS MOVING ON JOHANNESBURG.

Boer army had at last made up its mind to stand and defend Johannesburg and her gold-mines; perhaps the entire forty, sixty, or whatever thousands constituted the Boer army, were here to make their last desperate fight. The weary thousands of British soldiers, who had so incessantly marched from Bloemfontein without ever coming up to anything except the enemy's rear-guard, really laughed with glee: that battle meant death and blood, and sorrowing of dear ones at home, was sunk beneath the martial spirit and the ecstasy and excitement of meeting the enemy, face to face, in conflict.

Hamilton began moving his footies before daylight in the morning; the cavalry and mounted infantry he loaned to French, and they remained in the rear as reserves, and in contact with the wagon trains.

Promptly at nine o'clock, as if the hour had been agreed upon, the Boers opened their artillery practice upon some of Hutton's mounted infantry who were moving up the gentle slopes across the river, with wide intervals between them.

The Gordon Highlanders (the most gallant of gallant fellows, whose dead heroes lie in rock-covered graves on a dozen battle-fields of South Africa) were to take the brunt of the fight again. Against Doornkop they were moving in extended order of thirty yards' interval. To their left were the City of London Volunteers in the same formation, but moving against a much easier position. As the thin line crept onward, at first nearly two miles from its ultimate destination, toward the ugly rocks on the right, and the steep ridge on the left, the Gordons and the City of London Volunteers became separated, until the gap opened for five hundred yards. Hamilton, quick to see the danger of enfilade fire from the enemy, rushed the Sussex Infantry into this opening, and once more the line was solid.

The British artillery was pounding the position from the rear, sending the whining shells hurtling over the heads of the long line of Scotsmen, whose plaid kilts rose and fell slightly to the strides of their sturdy bare legs. Eight hundred yards from the hill, and the shells from behind were passing uncomfortably close to them; six hundred yards, and the artillery had ceased, and in the yawning stillness, broken only far to the right in distant rumbling thunder, the line strode on.

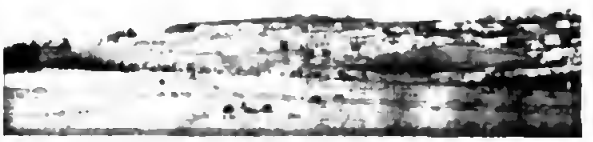
"They've got it!" The entire crest of the hill breaks into the staccato popping of rifles; a shudder seems to go over the British line, and then it has passed, and the men are stalking onward. Only a fraction faster they go—not hurrying particularly, but just walking the enemy down. Men begin to fall; here and there the interval is sixty yards, not thirty. Another wounded man is staggering back; he lurches, falls; poor chap! it is a mortal hit.

The Highlanders are getting it all; no, not all, for a spare pom-pom is turned on the City of London Volunteers; but pom-poms are child's play compared to a line of rifles with steady eyes behind the sights. The Britishers are returning the fire, lying upon their stomachs. They are catching their wind for the charge. Silver flashes break the line of men rising to their feet, and one knows that bayonets are fixed. Charge! every spectator says under his breath, as his finger nails are pressed unheedingly into the palms of his hands. He knows the order has been given, for running, stumbling, stooping, yet onward that line goes. The firing rises and falls in spasmodic waves from the Boer position, and then gradually dies away.

It cost the Gordons ninety-eight brave men out of that line, and eleven of the City of London Volunteers, and a number of Sussex, bringing the total up to one hundred and twenty-odd. But by that charge on the Witwatersrand the gateway to Johannesburg was opened—that is, the only possible entrance from a military stand-point, for to all other directions except down the Rand, past its miles and miles of great mines, the rock mountains

THE RAND, LOOKING TOWARD JOHANNESBURG.

LORD ROBERTS ENTERING JOHANNESBURG.



THE FORT AT JOHANNESBURG.

THE FIRST BRITISH TROOPS TO CROSS THE VAAL.

and hoojes frown dangerously on an attacking army. Before us, for the ten miles into Johannesburg, the land rose and fell in gentle undulations, where the chances of the opposing army were nearly equal with those of the defenders.

The sun was almost down, and French's column had pushed up the river to the left, nearly to the great buildings of the first mine. A few courageous Boers were firing still at the halted column, and from the vicinity of the mine a single twelve-pounder dropped its shells at the feet of the Lancers, whose sharpened shafts waved uneasily in the air, as they retired step by step. The mounted infantry and Colonials came up, and as the sun sank they dashed away in mad charge down one slope, up another, and out of sight, going for the Boers who would not run, and to capture the cannon if possible. Late that night they came back with nearly fifty prisoners and their rifles, but not the artillery piece. The captured ones were part of the Krugersdorp commando, who had been sent for hurriedly to re-enforce, and had received instructions to hold Doornkop, but they were half an hour too late to do more than look into Gordon rifles on that height. In every direction they scattered, not knowing what to do; the Boer army they had expected to meet had fled; so in careless desperation some of the strongest staid behind to pot their enemy, and as a result were captured for their pains.

Johannesburg was as good as taken, every one knew, as he fell to sleep tired and exhausted. Lord Roberts was past Germiston Station, where the railroad junctions for Pretoria north and the Free State south, and had had a most exciting fight in the streets of the town when a train-load of unsuspecting Boers retreating from Johannesburg had pulled into the station. It was a grand confusion, with bullets whistling at short range, and a game of capturing and being captured.

On Wednesday, the 30th of May, the remaining municipal officers of Johannesburg were treating with Lord Roberts in regard to a surrender. There were no terms to be made except unconditional surrender, but it was not until next day, the last of May, at ten o'clock, that Lord Roberts made his formal entry into the city of wealth. French, with tremendous activity, had carried his division, on the 30th, around to the north of the city, to be confronted by a series of grand kopjes, and to come under shell-fire from the big-calibre gun of the city's fort. Hamilton moved down the railroad the same day to the little town of Florida, eight miles from Johannesburg, and went into camp. The amusement in his column consisted in the West Australians holding up a train, running from Krugersdorp to the city, in true frontier style, with their rifles alone. It was a most disgusted lot of Boers and train officials who surrendered themselves.

Never did a city look older to the thousands of soldiers who tramped through the streets past Lord Roberts in review at the Government Building. It was boarded up to its eyes; almost every store had its first-story plate-glass windows covered with tongued and grooved boards, often reaching up to the second stories. All that was lacking to make them a continuous line of bill-posting fences was the lithographs. While some of the buildings had been thus encased in wooden trimmings for months, a great impetus had been given to this style of street decoration during the week prior to the entry of the British, when the entire commercial population was labouring under the nervous apprehension that the Boer threats to blow up the mines and loot the city would be carried into effect. Too much cannot be said in praise of the Boer for the moral quality of his make-up, which restrained him, during a time of war, from razing this city of all others to the ground and plundering, for the welfare of himself and his army, the rich stores of the Uitlander. Morally his attitude was fine; from a stand-point of war it was unspeakably weak.

JOHANNESBURG, JUNE 2, 1900.

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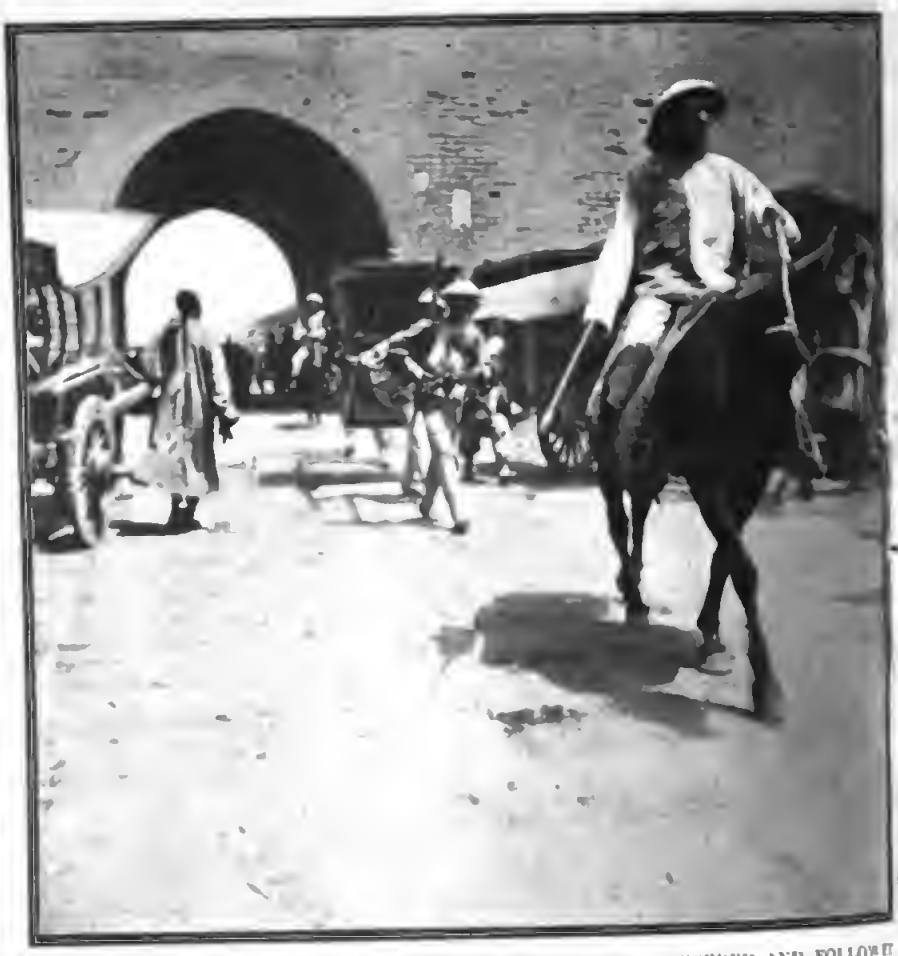
A CHINESE JUNK SEIZED BY THE AMERICANS FOR USE AS A RIVER TRANSPORT

SOLDIERS OF THE



CAPTAIN [illegible] IN MINISTER CONGER'S OFFICIAL CHAIR PRECEDED AND FOLLOWED BY A MOUNTED SOLDIER, PEKING, JUNE 2

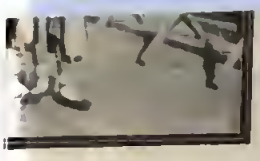
LEGATION STREET, PEKING JUNE 1

A CHINESE BARBER

CHINESE IMPERIAL TROOPS

PEKING AND TIENTSIN JUST BEFO

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN BY "HARPER'S WEEKLY'S" CORRESPONDENT BETWEEN MAY 29 AND JUNE 2. THE FILMS HAVING BEEN SET ON FIRE



IE CHINESE GUARD.

AMERICAN MARINES COMING ASHORE AT THE TAKU FORTS IN SAMPANS.

CAPTAIN N. H. HALL, U. S. M. C., ASSISTANT-SURGEON T. M. LIPPITT, NOW IN PEKING, AND ENSIGN D. W. WURTZBAUGH COMING ASHORE AT TAKU, MAY 29.

THE SPEARS OF THE CHINESE GUARD

GATE OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION, PEKING, JUNE 1.

THE TAKU ROAD, TIENTSIN.

RE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES

OM WHICH THEY WERE PRINTED WERE ALL DESTROYED IN THE SHOP WHERE THEY WERE DEVELOPED IN TIENTSIN. THE PLACE SHELLS FROM CHINESE BATTERIES

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King Yi-Hiung

# of TO-DAY

By Mary Gay Humphreys

Prince We-Ulia

UNTIL Korea has been exploited comic opera need not despair. Conspiracy is the Korean method of official advancement. The cabinet ministers seem to be recruited from jail. Every man of prominence looks forward to losing his head one time or another, as all in the day's work. The next week the Emperor as likely as not wishes he had saved that man his head to make him chief of state.

I was in Korea during one of these fortnightly conspiracies. This time the victims were of unusual importance. The chiefs were Min Jun-Yung and Pak Jun-Yung. The latter will be remembered as the first minister to this country. At this time he was a member of the cabinet—Home Minister. Min Jun-Yung, at the breaking out of the China-Japanese war, was the power behind the Korean throne. He belongs to the conspicuous Min family, of which the murdered Queen was a member. Another of the conspirators was supposed to be General An Kyung-Su, who was Minister of War at the time the Queen was murdered, and was then the president of the Korean Bank. The plot was alleged to involve the murder of the Emperor and raising the Crown-Prince to the throne. The Crown-Prince is generally regarded as half-witted. He was the only son of the Queen, and treated by her as a baby, although he was a much-married man.

These constant conspiracies are the result of a weak ruler under the influence of the last person who has his ear. The King would be an admirable country gentleman. He has the misfortune to be a ruler. He is said to be the hardest worked man in the realm. His mind is encumbered with details. He listens to every little detail, and is unnerved by a fire-cracker. He has abandoned his old palace and built a new one in the midst of the legations. But while they occupy the slopes, he dwells in a reconstructed frog-pond at their feet. He is satisfied, for at the sound of a rifle he can slip over the palace wall and place himself under a foreign flag.

The spectre that haunts him is that of Pak Yung-Ho, then a refugee in Japan, and said to be the ablest man Korea has produced. His first wife was the daughter of the old king; and although she died years ago, he takes rank from her. The present King, who was the second son of the late Tai Won Kun, was not the direct heir, but an adopted son of the Queen Cho. Pak Yung-Ho is a progressive, and a favorite with the people. A short time before he went from Tokio to Nagasaki to see his daughter, and it convulsed the throne.

The presence also of three princes of varying conditions also makes conspiracy lively. So long as the Queen lived the position of concubine was purely official. Prince We Wha was the son of a concubine to whom the Queen presented a cup of poison. It is he who a few years ago was sent to this country with fine promises. The government, however, in its usual manner, forgot his remittances, and he returned to Japan, where, as he is a fine young fellow, much liked by the foreigners and popular with the people, he is a distinct menace to the throne.

The third claimant is another story. Before the palace gate there is usually a group of men squatting around a low table on which lies a small bale of paper. These are memorialists of one sort or another waiting the presence of the King. When I was there the memorialists were urging the King to marry. "The presence of the Tong Haks [a species of rebel], Christianity, famine, and sickness is owing to the fact that the King is a widower. So let him raise the Lady Om to the rank of Empress." Thus the memorial ran. Now the Lady Om is a concubine of the second rank, who a short time before had presented the King with a

WHERE THE QUEEN WAS BURNED

Prince. Her ambitions have been well known. She seems to be a quick-witted person, and the King is under several obligations to her. It was she who planned and effected his Majesty's escape to the Russian legation some time ago. It is rather an interesting story.

After the murder of the Queen, his family never left him out of sight, taking the duty by turns. The King does all his work by night, finding it safer to sleep by day. On this particular night the watch fell to the lot of his old mother and the Dowager Queen. The King managed to get the old ladies to talking over old times, after the manner of their kind, until they talked themselves to sleep. Towards morning, when they were both safely nodding, he slipped out and got behind the Lady Om in her chair, the Crown-Prince following in another. No one is allowed to lift the curtain of a woman's chair in Korea; for a woman of position must not be exposed to the gaze of a man. Lady Om said she was taking home her sick aunt. Thus the King and Crown-Prince escaped. That he would have been eventually murdered by his attentive family every one believes. This occurrence seemed to strengthen Lady Om's chances, and naturally she was looking out for the prospects of her young son.

The King is always biting the dust in public. He informs his people that he cannot eat on account of this and he cannot sleep on account of that. His edicts rank with the best of comic literature, I replied, when there, some of his daily confiderers.

"The defence of the country is a matter of the utmost importance. This is true at all times, but especially so to-day. Hence We by a previous edict placed Our Army and Navy under Our direct command." The fact that Korea had no navy was purely incidental.

The following was another: "The welfare of Our people is Our constant thought. We realize that since last year's disturbance Our people have suffered greatly on account of lack of peace and order. The dead suffer as much as the living, but Our government has not done anything to ameliorate existing conditions. This thought worries us so much that the affluence by which We are surrounded is rather uncomfortable."

This seems too good to be confined to the Korean archives: "January 14, 1896.—Laws and rules proceed from the King. Three-and-thirty years have elapsed since We ascended to the throne. Treaty relations must be observed with the nations of the world, and changes be introduced in politics. We have therefore adopted the new calendar, introduced a title of the reign, changed the style of dress, and cut off the top-knot. You should not regard these as being innovations. Wide sleeves and large hats have become familiar by usage. The top-knots and head-bands, once regarded as novelties when first introduced for the sake of convenience, became fashionable only because people liked them. But that they, the top-knot and head-band, stand in the way of activity and health is true. Nor is it right in this day of ships and vehicles that we should stick to the customs of the excellent past."

How many times the King has cut off and resumed the gun-trigger style of hair I shall not undertake to say. It must be admitted that in the dismissal of the Russians the King scored. Mr Speyers was not the best tempered of diplomatists, and being checked by the Independence Club in the Deer Island matter, and in the establishment of the Russo-Korean bank, he created a diversion by asking if Korea desired the continued presence of the Russian military instructors, and somewhat saucily demanded an answer within twenty four hours. The answer was made with the customary humiliation:

"Your inquiry makes Us feel ashamed, but Our gov-

GRAND AUDIENCE-HALL, SEOUL

WAITING-HALL NEAR THE AUDIENCE-HALL

answered by 5000 people.

The Independence Club was founded by Dr. Philip Jaisohn, a Korean who now lives in Philadelphia as a naturalized citizen. He had been called back to Korea as adviser to the King, but his influence and progressive spirit frightened the government, which paid him his salary, and begged him to go back to his new home. The Independence Club comprehends the young blood of Korea, the student class. It built the Independence arch which commemorates the spot where Korean monarchs used to meet the Chinese embassies and recognize the sovereignty of China, and its pretty club-house in view of the narrow defile called Peking Pass. The head of the club at this time was Mr. Yun, the editor of the Korean *Independent*, an English tri-weekly. Mr. Yun belongs to a family that has given two queens to Korea. He is young, good-looking, speaks English perfectly, and in his writing has a gayety of mind and lightness of touch more Occidental than Oriental. "He has a future if he can keep his head on," said one of his friends to me, alluding to the easy Korean method of thus successfully ending an argument.

When I was there the Chinese influence was paramount. The cabinet was conservative. The Western uniforms of the army, the police, and the schoolboys were a grievance. The Minister of Education and the schoolboys had come into a personal conflict, and young Korea shook its fist in the dignitary's face. I did not meet a foreigner in Seoul who did not regret that Japan, owing to the part taken by its minister in the murder of the Queen, had thrown away its influence, which under Count Inouyé was reconstructing Korea on progressive lines. The Asiatic mind is fitted to deal with the Asiatic mind as the foreigner cannot do. While no one believed that the Japanese government was implicated, it was observed that Sagimora, the active spirit for Miura the tool, was not only not punished, but was afterwards promoted.

The murder of the Queen, the most barbarous event of this epoch, scarcely created a ripple in the Western world. Through the interest of our minister, I went over the palace, and saw the little room in which she was cut down. It was not believed in Seoul that she was dead when her body was drenched with kerosene and burned in the adjacent park. "Queen Min," General Greathouse said to me, "was the ablest, the most intellectual, woman in the East." She was a fine

KOREAN PRISONERS WITH THEIR HEADS IN WOODEN COLLARS.

of the United States is indirect rather than direct. Our minister, Dr. H. N. Allen, had his standing at court long before he occupied his present position. Shortly after he arrived occurred the emeute of 1884, when Min Yung-Ik was cut nearly to pieces by the Japanese. Dr. Allen's successful treatment of Prince Min's wounds made him subsequently the King's physician. Through his influence the Royal Hospital was established. He has never since lost the confidence of the King. It was Mr. James H. Morse, of the American Trading Company, who obtained the grant of the Seoul-Chemulpo Railroad, which, every one regretted, has been sold to the Japanese. Mr. Morse also received the important gold-mining concessions in the North, which have been subleased to Mr. Leigh Hunt,

raises of oppression, throwing light now in this direction and now on that. It was during Mr. Cleveland's administration, I think, that, prompted by some of the powers, the State Department sent out a circular letter warning its citizens in Korea against taking part in public events. It was perfectly understood that the missionaries were meant. But it was at this time—I hope I am relating no secrets—that the King turned to them in his hour of trouble. It was the missionaries who took turns guarding him by night. It was the missionaries he desired to be present on different occasions which might or might not be full of peril. At least they were honest disinterested men who had the welfare of Korea at heart. No one knows better than kings how rare such are.

It is the American missionary up North who experimented in wheat and astonished the native farmer by his yield. General Dye and Rev. H. G. Appenzeller vied with each other in fruit-raising. The Japanese apple is tasteless. The Korean Baldwins and pippins rival the American orchard. The Japanese pear tastes like an Irish potato. The Korean Bartlett ripens to perfection. In Japan the cherry blossoms are dreams of beauty. The Korean cherry is large and luscious. There seems to be no reason why Korea should not yet be the great fruit-raising country of the East. The same experiments are going on with other fruits and vegetables. Such enterprise on the part of the missionaries is lost neither on the government nor the people. The Korean agriculturist is the most miserable of his kind. He rarely cultivates more than an acre of ground. He dare not tempt the rapacity of the officials. The Korean bull is the noblest of his race.

"But why not, my friend, have two bulls and cultivate more ground?" a farmer was asked.

"If I have two bulls the magistrate will want to borrow money of me, which he would never repay, or he would make some pretext to take my second bull." This is not an incentive to industry or acquisition, but it makes plain why the Koreans are apparently the laziest of the Eastern peoples.

The corrective is this same indirect influence. That is to say in the teaching and practical missionary work which is so largely in the hands of the Americans. We have more interest in it than we are aware, even if it is not a matter of national or personal aggrandizement.

THE ZINC-FIELD OF ARKANSAS

BY WALTER B. STEVENS

PERHAPS the most interesting phase of the rapid evolution of zinc production into one of the great industries of the country is the addition of the Arkansas district to the Southwestern field. Five counties of northwestern Arkansas are coming rapidly into prominence because of the zinc deposits they contain. The counties are in the roughest portion of the Ozarks. Their topography consists of narrow but exceedingly fertile valleys, lofty ridges, and tortuous watercourses, bounded by canyonlike cliffs, affording the finest scenery to be found between the Alleghanies and the Rockies. The broken character of the region has deterred railroad building. These mineral deposits lie fifty to seventy-five miles from rail transportation. A full day of mountain staging must be done to reach the edge of the zinc district of Arkansas. The existence of ore in this almost terra incognita was made known by wandering geologists a number of years ago. The first really impressive information the country had of this mineral wealth was when a nugget of pure zinc ore weighing 12,700 pounds, nearly seven tons, was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in 1893 with the explanation that it was a specimen chunk from a mountain of the same "down in Arkansas." This sounded large, but it was really not much of an exaggeration. The owners of the cliff out of which the zinc "Junior" was gouged subsequently tore away overlying dirt and rock and exposed a face of ore which has been the marvel of visiting scientists and miners ever since. They erected a mill and built a tramway. Selecting the richest of the ore, they have been crushing and separating and shipping for several years. The product is hauled over the mountain roads—a day's journey—to the head of navigation on White River. Thence it is boated 100 miles to a railroad connection and so finds its way to the sea for exportation to Belgium. Presumably there is some margin of profit with all of these drawbacks in transportation. The same men have been conducting the business for years and are still with it. They have shipped by this expensive route over 1200 tons of cleaned ore. They operated their mine when ore was worth about one-half of what is paid for it now. At this the pioneer of the producing mines of the Arkansas district no rock bearing less than twelve per cent. of its weight in ore is crushed. In the Joplin district four and five per cent. rock is put through the crusher and separator with profit. At the Morning Star—line that is the appropriate name of the mine which has led to the development of the Arkansas district—thousands of tons of ore of a grade which would be considered profitable in Missouri and Kansas are heaped in great dumps. In fact, it is not improbable that the whole mountain-side may some time be worked over for the ore, which seems to permeate not only all of the rock formations but even the dirt. The former State geologist of Arkansas, Professor Branner, now of the University of California, visited this mine in its early development and

YELLVILLE, ARKANSAS, 70 MILES FROM A RAILROAD.

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ENTRANCE TO A ZINC-MINE NEAR BUFFALO CITY.

carried away for laboratory tests some of the soil as well as fragments of the rock. Soon after he reached Little Rock he wrote back to the superintendent:

"Don't throw away any more of that dirt; it goes thirteen per cent. metallic zinc."

Following the exhibition of Arkansas zinc at the World's Fair came, about 1895, a period of some excitement in the district. In a haphazard, superficial way prospecting was done. The pioneers "gophered" among these hills. They uncovered hundreds of ledges more or less rich in blende or carbonate. They sunk some shafts of not much depth. Outside capitalists who were induced to look into the merits of the district as shown by this shallow work invested considerable money in claims. But the times did not encourage exploitation of new mineral fields. Railroad plans for the Ozarks did not get beyond the paper upon which profile drawings were blue-printed. The zinc-market was as dull as that of lead or iron or copper. Prospects in the Arkansas district remained prospects and nothing more. Ore exposed on the uncovered ledges oxidized. Assessment work in compliance with the mineral law was performed in a slighting manner.

Then came the time when spelter, the manufactured product, began to climb the scale of quotations. Zinc ore became a commodity in sharp demand. The Southwestern field boomed. Thousands of people dwelt in tents because there was not house-room in the mining centres. "Jack" went up and up. It passed figures which represented the highest rates paid in the best days of the industry. This phenomenal advance did not stop until it reached $55 a ton, of which at least $40 was clear profit to somebody. Such a value was fictitious. A drop was bound to come; but it has not to the old figures. Zinc ore has remained above $30 a ton, fluctuating about $35. That represents $20 a ton profit; more rather than less, for with improved methods and increased production the cost has decreased. The year closed with $10,000,000 paid for the ore taken out the Joplin Galena district. Two-thirds of that was clear profit. The remaining third was wages to miners, cost of machinery and its operation, and royalty to land-owners who preferred to lease rather than to operate their properties.

The most remarkable effect of this new era is seen in the rapid development of the Arkansas branch of the Southwestern zinc field. In the five counties where the zinc deposits have lain dormant so long, the past summer and fall have brought great activity, which continues. Practical miners, experts, scientists, speculators, and capitalists have overrun the district. Scores of corporations have been organized. Many

AN ORE-MILL.

thousands of acres of mineral lands have changed hands. The transfers of property and the capitalization of companies represent millions of money. A dozen mining towns, not large but ambitious, have sprung into existence. Newspapers have been started. Stage lines have been put into operation on routes where a year ago there was no means of transportation but the freighters. Telegraph and telephone lines have been strung. Steam drills have been hauled over the mountains to all parts of the district. Their thud, thud, thud, is the monotonous accompaniment for the frequent booms of dynamite charges. The shrill whistles of the ore-mills awaken echoes in canyonlike valleys where nothing of the like was ever heard before. A railroad cannot be built through such a country as this in a few weeks, but one to bisect the heart of the Arkansas zinc district is in progress of construction.

In a sense this is not new country. Settlement began here early in the second quarter of the century. The narrow but fertile valleys were occupied by hardy pioneers sixty-odd years ago. Descendants of the first families of the Ozarks still own many of the farms. The settlers organized communities, established schools, built churches, even founded colleges, and lived on blissfully ignorant of the wealth hidden in the hills until "the min'rel men" came with hammer and pick and shovel. The natives have just awakened to the realities. There are few of them now who are not interested in claims. They do not talk zinc. They call it "min'ral." The banker at Yellville says he has found it entirely a safe presumption to ask of every farmer who comes in town,

"Let's see that rock in your pocket."

Specimens are everywhere. The cross-roads store-keeper keeps a box of nuggets on display at his front door. Hotels have collections arranged on the inevitable porches. The newspaper offices give up their windows to arrays of ore-bearing rock. Where two or three citizens, be they lawyers, doctors, merchants, or farmers, are gathered together in this Ozark country, one of the party is sure to produce a piece of ore for consideration. The most common street sight of the towns is the block or chunk of "min'ral" on the sidewalk. In the house-yards along the country roads these collections of zinc ore in queer forms are pre-

A FACE OF ZINC ORE.

level.

They are to-day so nearly horizontal that the undulations are not perceptible to casual observation. But after the formations were left in position, and perhaps while still in semiplastic state, the elements began their fantastic freaks. Through the plateau waterways wore their routes, changing the whole face of the country into a bewildering jumble of sharp ridges and narrow tortuous valleys. These channels were cut down hundreds of feet. Where the White and the Buffalo come together towers Flag Peak, 900 feet from the water's edge. Every stratum is in its proper place and exposed. A mighty geological chart is presented in the face of the cliff. The successive formations can be seen and studied. How the Ozark world was made is told as clearly as though demonstrated in a book.

The White and the Buffalo and their largest tributaries skirt lofty palisades. In many places these deep-cut channels return upon their courses so nearly that a cut of a few hundred feet would eliminate a bend of many miles. Scattered in such a country, seventy-five miles or more from east to west, and fifty miles from north to south, are the zinc deposits. High and low on these steep hill-sides are found outcrops of ore-bearing rock. In the valleys prospect shafts have reached bodies of ore. Locating an outcrop of ore on one side of the hill, the prospector crosses to the other side, observing the dip of the stratum, and not infrequently finds at the proper level the same kind of ore formation. The presumption seems fair that the formation is continuous through the ridge. Demonstration, however, waits upon the tunnelling which will come with the supply of transportation facilities in the near future.

Such conditions of zinc ore are not found anywhere else in this section. No ore outcrops appear in the Joplin Galena district. There the Ozark plateau is gently rolling. Watercourses have not carved deep channels. It is only as one approaches and crosses the Arkansas line that the amazing work of erosion is encountered. The zinc-miner, accustomed to go down into the bowels of the earth for "jack," is amazed when he is taken up the steep hill-sides hundreds of feet above the water-level and shown the faces of ore bodies. Zinc-mining in the Arkansas district is like rock-quarrying. Abundance of water is the almost invariable accompaniment of ore bodies elsewhere. So true is this that the cost of pumping is one of the chief factors in the problem of profitable production. In the Arkansas region many of the zinc-miners are "dry as a bone," in the miner's vernacular.

So surprising are these high and dry ore bodies in Arkansas that much scepticism has prevailed among practical zinc men as to the extent of the deposits. Miners from other districts have come and seen and doubted. They have theorized that these outcrops and surface exposures are only the remnants of zinc formations which have oxidized or dissolved and been carried off to the sea. But in many places persistent investigation has now followed prospecting. Hundreds of thousands of tons of ore-bearing rock have been blasted, dug out, and dumped to prove that all is not on the surface. Shafts have been sunk in the valleys, and the existence of "jack" dripping with water, as the Joplin miner likes it, has been established beyond doubt.

On the hill-sides, near the surface, the carbonates predominate. But as the tunnels penetrate they show the increasing proportion of blende upon which the elements have not yet wrought the transformation to carbonate. Experts have been chary about the expression of opinions on the extent of these deposits until with the past year they have seen the results of development work. Carbonates are the secondary products. They are due to the effects of reactionary agents on the deeper-seated sulphide or "jack." The verification of this law in the discovery of bodies of "jack" behind or below the carbonates has satisfied the scientists of the richness of the field.

"Otherwise," as one of them explained, "nature here must have stepped aside to perform a stupendous joke upon credulous humanity."

TYPICAL HOUSE IN THE OZARKS.

from the start—came together not to nominate a national ticket but to endorse Bryan and Stevenson, as the most direct means of accomplishing the defeat of Mr. McKinley, and of bringing about a reversal of his foreign policy regarding the Philippines.

The Third Party men met on Tuesday, August 14. They called themselves the National Anti-Imperialistic party. There were less than 100 delegates at the convention, and there was very little enthusiasm. On Wednesday, August 15, the Anti-Imperialistic League held its "Liberty Congress." The Third Party men took no decisive action at their meeting, and adjourned to see what the Liberty Congress would do. The delegates to the congress numbered about 250, and there was some show of enthusiasm, especially when the McKinley administration was denounced. The Liberty Congress delegates worked on the delegates to the Third Party convention, so that at the close of the first day of the Liberty Congress's sessions there were only nine of the Third Party leaders who were left to favor the nomination of a separate national ticket. These nine resolved to wait to see if the situation would not clear somewhat, and they expressed to the last a desire to hold another convention, probably in New York or in Boston, in which their cherished project of a Third Ticket could be secured.

One of the events of the Liberty Congress session was the reading of a letter from W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, declaring that inasmuch as Imperialism was really the "paramount issue" of the campaign, and that as Mr. Bryan could do very little about putting his free-silver ideas into legal enactment and bringing about an income tax, as well as making radical changes in our judiciary system, in case he was elected, it was the duty of all true lovers of American institutions to support Mr. Bryan for President.

THE situation in New York State politics continues to be a matter of national interest. On the Democratic side it has narrowed itself to the question of the continued supremacy of Richard Croker and of Tammany Hall in State politics. Comptroller Bird S. Coler, a few days ago, contributed an article to a well-known periodical, in which he attacked bitterly Tammany politics, and made it plain that he regarded Richard Croker as the head and front of a corrupt and dishonest system of political manipulation. There had been a great deal of talk about running Comptroller Coler for Governor on the Democratic ticket, because it was thought that he would add great strength to it. Mr. Coler had said that it was practically impossible for him to run. Then came the sharp personal warfare between Mr. Croker and himself. Mr. Croker referred to him as "that fellow," and said that he should not be nominated for Governor. Mr. Coler then showed the human side of his nature, and said that he would be willing to take the nomination. Former Senator Hill, Chairman Danforth, Mayor McGuire, and other up-the-State Democrats espoused the cause of Mr. Coler, and for a time it looked as if Mr. Croker would be humiliated. It was even announced that he had some thought of trying to persuade former Secretary of War Daniel S. Lamont to run for Governor. But when the members of the State Committee began to gather at Saratoga on August 15, it was soon seen that Mr. Croker was in control of the committee, and the movement to nominate Mr. Coler for Governor received a serious check. It is altogether likely, at this writing, that Mr. Coler will not be nominated. But in the defeat of Mr. Coler there is danger to Mr. Croker and Tammany Hall of the creation of an independent machine in New York city, and in the possibility that in 1901 Mr. Coler may become a fusion candidate for Mayor against Tammany Hall's candidate.

On the Republican side in the State campaign there is little change in the situation. There has been some talk of trying to persuade State Chairman Odell to recall his refusal to become a candidate for Governor, but the effort is not looked upon as serious. In machine circles of the party the candidacy of Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff is gaining strength. Among the men talked of for Governor are Congressman Sherman, Congressman Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in Washington, and Justice Werner of Rochester. Senator Platt has not yet indicated whom he favors. If Mr. Coler is not nominated by the Democrats, it is altogether likely that Mr. Platt will endeavor to bring about the nomination of some man who has been closely identified with the party management.

THE withdrawal of Charles A. Towne as the Populist candidate for Vice-President has not brought complete harmony in the ranks of the Democratic party and its allies. It was understood generally that arrangements had been made quietly whereby there would be no hitch in accepting Mr. Stevenson as the candidate for Vice-President on the national fusion ticket. The Executive Committee of the Populist national party received Mr. Towne's declination, and promptly decided that the vacancy on the ticket would

treated by the Democrats in the Red Shirt campaign recently in North Carolina. He failed to attend the meeting of the Populist Executive Committee in Chicago when Mr. Towne's declination was read. It was announced forthwith that he had begun to sulk, and would take the stump for McKinley. This caused great alarm in the Democratic and Populist ranks, and many appeals were sent by telegraph to Mr. Butler in North Carolina to tell where he stood. He finally sent this message to a Nebraska newspaper:

"I am for Bryan and the People's party's nominee for Vice-President. I am in favor of the national committee nominating a candidate on August 27. I am not a Democrat. I am not a Republican. I am a Populist. I was not for Stevenson in 1892, and am not for him now."

There is an intimation that Mr. Butler will be able to carry the National Populist Committee with him, when it meets in the latter part of August, and defeat the endorsement of Mr. Stevenson for Vice-President, but this is not thought likely by well-informed persons conversant with the national political situation. It is understood that Mr. Bryan personally has the Democratic-Populist situation well in hand, and will be able to bring about the endorsement of Mr. Stevenson by the Populists.

Mr. Butler was not the only one of the Populist party managers who was displeased over Mr. Towne's withdrawal. The National Treasurer, George F. Washburn, referred to it as "humiliating and embarrassing." Another incident of a lack of harmony between the Populists and the Democrats has arisen in Indiana, where the Populists and Silver Democrats have decided to conduct a separate campaign rather than one of fusion, because of alleged slights which were administered to the allies at the time Mr. Bryan made his speech of acceptance in Indianapolis.

AFTER his speech of acceptance at Indianapolis Mr. Bryan went to Chicago, where he remained several days in daily conference with the managers of the campaign, and in catching up with his correspondence. He had been in Chicago only a few days before he joined with Mr. Stevenson and Chairman Jones in an appeal to the Democrats to form clubs or societies in every voting precinct in the United States. The appeal closed with these words:

"No patriotic citizen can ignore the attacks which are being made upon the very foundation of our present irreproachable form of government."

Mr. Bryan had not been in Chicago long before it was announced that he would make three more set speeches during the campaign. At Indianapolis he spoke on Imperialism. It was announced that his other speeches would be devoted to the topics Militarism, Trusts, and the Money Question. It was said that he could not do justice to these topics in one speech, and therefore had decided to make a feature of each of them separately.

Of especial interest in the campaign was the answer which Senator Hoar made to Mr. Bryan regarding the latter's justification of his policy in helping to cause the ratification of the treaty with Spain, whereby the Philippines were ceded to the United States for a consideration and as a result of the war. Mr. Hoar charged that that treaty was responsible for the war with the Filipinos, and he also charged that if it had not been for Mr. Bryan's efforts the treaty would not have been ratified. He declared, therefore, that Mr. Bryan was almost solely responsible for the war in the Philippines, in which many American soldiers have been killed. He said that Mr. Bryan's talk on Anti-Imperialism was a mere mask to cover up the real issues of the campaign, and he declared that Mr. Bryan's defence of himself for securing the ratification of the treaty was "exceedingly weak and lame." Senator Hoar then added:

"I must have something better than these declarations against Imperialism from the candidate who secured the passage of the treaty, and baffled all efforts I was able to make against it, before I am ready to purchase his election at the cost of having a government that will sympathize with the disfranchisement of 10,000,000 Americans at home, that will stand for the dishonoring of the currency, for the violation of national faith, for the overthrow of the banking system and the establishment of an income tax, for assailing the integrity of the Supreme Court, for sympathizing everywhere with Populism and Socialism, and which will be a substitute for the prosperity which has brought comfort into the homes of our workingmen, which has cleared off the indebtedness of the farmer, which has brought England herself to our shores as a borrower, which has made the balance of trade on our side, and has established forever the independence of American manufactures."

It will be of interest, as a matter of minor importance, to note that Mr. Bryan has delivered part of his Indianapolis acceptance speech into a phonographic machine, to be spread broadcast throughout the country. Whether the nickel-in-the-slot contrivances will be used in its reproduction has not yet been made public.

Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri. It is planned to finish this trip in the first week of October. Probably three weeks then will be given to campaigning in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky. The last week of the campaign the Governor will probably occupy in campaigning in New York State.

THERE is little activity at the national headquarters of either of the great parties. The routine of campaign management has not yet emerged from the letter-writing stage. Chairman Hanna of the Republican committee, since the last writing, has visited Boston in company with National Treasurer C. N. Bliss, and says that he found the conditions in New England entirely satisfactory. He plans, however, to give the people what he calls a stirring up. After his return from Boston he said that the political fighting would be hottest in the States west of the Mississippi River. Mr. Hanna also made public last week the names of the advisory committee, consisting of 32 members, to assist in the management of the Republican side of the campaign. Among the New-Yorkers on the committee are Senators Platt and Depew and former Mayor W. L. Strong. Other conspicuous men are former Postmaster-General James A. Gary, of Maryland; Irving M. Scott, of California; Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Hugh H. Hanna, of Indiana; and D. W. Mulvane, of Kansas. Three other members of the committee are negroes—Bishop Arnett, of Ohio; Mr. Adams, a newspaper editor in Chicago; and a Dr. Lyon of Maryland.

THE most conspicuous man of those who have changed their politics in the national campaign, according to recent announcements, is A. M. Stevenson, chairman of the Silver Republican State Central Committee of Colorado and the life-long political and personal friend of United States Senator Teller. He has long been known as Mr. Teller's political manager. In 1896 he walked out of the St. Louis convention with Senators Teller, Dubois, and others. He says the cause of bimetallism is dead, and that, being an expansionist, he cannot become a Democrat. Therefore he goes back to the old party and will support McKinley.

Conspicuous also among the men who have changed political faith this year is former United States Senator W. A. Peffer, who served the Populist party in the United States Senate for one full term. Mr. Peffer is an ardent expansionist, and in explaining his decision to vote for McKinley he says:

"The Democratic party, aided by its fusion allies, has raised a hue-and-cry charging against the administration all manner of public crimes, despotic use of power, fraud, corruption, calling on the nations to behold our national shame, and beseeching our own countrymen to aid them in their wicked onslaught on the good name, honor, and dignity of their people. I look upon this brazen assault on the honor of the republic as little less than treason, and the success of the Republican party alone can prevent the attainment of the end sought by the unholy alliance."

The Hon. James H. Eckles, Comptroller of the Currency under Cleveland's second administration, has come out with an interview saying that Bryan's election would be "harmful to every interest in the South, not less so than to every interest in the North." He adds: "I do not believe he can be elected. He ought to be beaten so emphatically as to make it impossible for such a candidacy to be tolerated by a great political organization."

Among the men who are not widely known, but who have a large local influence, who have changed their political faith, is Judge James T. Hoblit, of Lincoln, Illinois. He has declared for McKinley, and says that "the cry of Imperialism and Militarism ought to frighten no one who believes in the sound sense and courage of Americans."

Within the last fortnight there have been no conspicuous changes of belief by men who have always acted with the Republican party.

IT is announced that one of the conspicuous features of the campaign will be songs in German and English set to the tunes of well-known German songs. The Republicans intend to use these songs in their work among the Germans. It is declared again that former Speaker Reed will not speak during the campaign, but this latest announcement limits the declaration to the September campaign in Maine. The Hon. Jeremiah Simpson has given up his race for the United States Senate, according to the latest reports, and will try to get back into the House of Representatives. There is talk in Chicago of organizing what is known as a "Ginger Committee," to infuse life into the Democratic campaign. It is now said that the Republican leaders in Iowa have agreed upon Congressman J. P. Dolliver to fill out the unexpired term of the late United States Senator Gear.

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McClune laughed harshly. Both knew that the town was in worse financial condition than ever in its history.

"You have just *got* to be elected, now 'ain't you?'

The Judge did not reply.

"If you send Warden to the 'pen' for five or six years, you'll lose all three of the creek townships. The French are his friends and swear by him—not another man in the county can handle them for us. That's one hundred and fifty votes. It 'll beat you. Give him a month or two in jail and he can stand it; he'll get out in time to swing things and we'll be all right. See? I want to tell you that it is the thing to do."

Holland's features grew hard and forbidding. "In other words, you want me to sacrifice justice to politics—to sell my soul for place?" The Judge looked his visitor squarely in the eyes.

McClune refused to meet the gaze, but turned away with, "Oh, don't be a fool and try to work off an oration on me."

"Bad as I want this office, bad as I need it," went on Holland, sternly, "do you think it my duty—between man and man, honor bright—to do this?"

McClune did not answer. He was lying back on the bed and apparently not listening closely.

"If the man is guilty, he deserves punishment; if he is innocent, he ought to go free—there is no middle ground—"

"—but that of good politics," interrupted the First-Warder. "Maybe the man's innocent. You want to hold your job on the bench four years more, don't you? And you know I expect to run on the ticket with you for Clerk of the Court."

"God knows I do—but this is a monstrous thing you ask, McClune, and I'm tempted to tell you to leave the house. You've been my friend. When I was a poor boy, taking care of horses in this old town to buy my clothes, you were good to me. I don't forget that, and I don't forget how you helped me to attend school, to get a start, and then to secure the nomination for Judge—you pulled me through the campaign. Of course I'd have been beaten but for you—"

"And John Warden."

"Yes, and John Warden. But this thing you ask is another matter—let me think over it?"

McClune rose to go. At the door he turned and, with the finesse of a born diplomat, played what he knew was his strongest card. "Remember, I'm to be on the ticket with you," and was gone.

Holland sat a long, long time in the chilly bed-room. Once he went over to the table and took from the bundle of papers a slip on which were written some memoranda. Slowly he read them:

"Titus James, arson, eight years.
"Richard Roe, larceny, two years.
"John Warden, larceny, six years."

"And McClune wants me to make it two months or less!" he mused.

A studious, conscientious youth, an earnest, hard working lawyer, a man who looked for truth in his fellows—the thought of prostituting his high office, even to serve a friend to whom he owed so much, unnerved him. It haunted him through a sleepless night. It sat beside him on the bench in the stuffy court-room the next morning, it went with him to the Judge's chamber at the noon recess. He wanted no lunch. With the slip of paper in his hands he sat pondering, as he firmly believed, the question of his duty and of his political and business future.

III

The door opened. "A lady to see yer Honor," and the bailiff brought in a veiled woman. Holland recognized her as the one who had, day after day, been sitting beside John Warden.

"What can I do for you, madam?" His air was courteous.

"Once you did not call me 'madam.'" She threw aside her veil, and he saw in her sweet but worn face familiar lines.

"I thought—I thought it was Mrs. Warden."

"It is. I have been John Warden's wife for four years, but you did not know—and probably you did not care."

Holland could not speak. The one romance of his life—the days when he had admired Mary Heather's pretty face and form—came back to him.

"Yes—I cared—but I did not know," he stammered, at last.

"If it was necessary. I cared for the horses while John was sick. I drove to the store with eggs, and I followed the plough and harrow. I read in the *Herald* every week how you were rising in your profession, and how you became Judge—but I never saw a notice of your marriage."

Holland shook his head. She was playing her game well, and had him at a disadvantage.

"I have come here to tell you something—something terrible. There came a time when we had nothing to eat, when the cupboard was bare of potatoes even, and it seemed that we must go on the town—or sell our horses, if we could get anything for them above the mortgages they carried. You don't understand what that means. I thought of you that terrible day—thought of how different life would have been with you, Mark—and I cried for the first time since my marriage."

The Judge's eyes were moist and they avoided the woman's.

"On the plain, near our house, was a great herd of cattle belonging to some rich company. Who would know or care if one was missing? I begged John to help me, and together—yes, together, but at my suggestion—John Warden and the woman you once loved, and around whom you once put your arm tenderly, went out in the dusk of evening and drove a cow into their corral. They killed her, and the most made their first meal for thirty hours.

"Somehow, after that, things went better. No one knew how desperately poor we had become, and John's influence with the foreign-born settlers on the creek brought him work. He was above them in intelligence and had a tender heart. He nursed their sick and helped bury their dead—and they worship him.

"But a lawyer, working for this great cattle company that has robbed us of pasture, and whose herds have trampled down our crops, traced a missing cow to our corral, and my husband is in jail—for how long you are to say this afternoon."

A pause followed, and Judge Holland, rising, went to the window.

"Mark!" The old familiar title of youth caused him to turn quickly. The prisoner's wife stood close beside him. "Mark, be merciful—for my sake! I am as guilty as he, and will suffer more than he."

The settler's wife threw herself into an easy-chair and sobbed.

"Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!" the Sheriff was calling at the front door downstairs. The bailiff rapped.

"Time for court to commence, yer Honor," he announced.

The prisoner's wife, her face again hidden, went out. In a moment the Judge followed.

The town knew that sentences were to be pronounced, and the room was filled. The prisoners stood in a dejected row, awaiting their fate.

Occasionally the Judge glanced at a piece of paper in his hand. Titus James received his eight years behind the bars. Richard Roe was ordered to the penitentiary for one-fourth as long. Several shorter terms were distributed as a teacher might give out prizes on the last day of school—only these were not received with joy.

"John Warden, stand up! In accordance with the verdict found by the jury," the Judge's voice was far from firm, and he nervously tore into fine pieces the slip of paper he had held in his hands—"you are sentenced to one hour's imprisonment in the county jail, to commence at one o'clock to-day."

Everybody looked up at the big clock above the Judge's head. Its hands showed that nearly one-half of the sentence had already expired.

No, not "everybody"—McClune, as the sentence was pronounced, slid quickly through the green doors at the rear of the room into the deserted hall without.

Softly he chuckled to himself. "The Judge wants to be re-elected a mighty sight worse than I thought he did," ran his meditations. "I didn't know I had so much power over him."

And thinking so, his surprise was the greater when, two days after, Judge Holland gave an interview to the *Herald* in which he said that, owing to need of rest and a contemplated trip to the Pacific coast, he would under no circumstances be a candidate for a second term.

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Notes of a Bookman

BY E. D. BEACH

THE idea of going without food as a means of acquiring an appetite is simple and obvious enough to have suggested itself long since, and as a matter of fact it is not new, but we cannot think that it has ever before been so sharply and so convincingly presented as Mark Twain presents it in his truthful account entitled "At the Appetite-Cure," one of a number of stories and essays published by this gifted and scrupulous author under the leading title of *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg* (Harper & Brothers). Mr. Twain says that the Austrian Empire is made up of health resorts, and it was at a resort of the kind in Bohemia that he found himself fitted with an excellent appetite after he had been kept for sixty hours without food. Of course this distinguished sufferer would never permit himself to be cured of anything except in an amusing manner, and it is no betrayal of a secret to say that the Bohemian health resort here celebrated was an absurd place. There is a good deal about the beneficial effects of starvation in the book. One of the stories here relates the experiences of fifteen men from the clipper ship *Hornet*, which was burned in the Pacific on May 3, 1866. These men sailed some miles in an open boat. They started with ten days' rations of food, and reached the Sandwich Islands on June 15, after forty-three days of starvation of varying degrees; and, except in one case, the story shows that the starvation was good for them. In concluding this account Mr. Twain makes a reflection. He finds the story of the *Hornet* survivors more interesting now than it was when he first related it, for a California newspaper, thirty-four years ago. He says: "By some subtile law all tragic human experiences gain in pathos by the perspective of time. We realize this when in Naples we stand musing over the poor Pompeian mother lost in the historic storm of volcanic ashes eighteen centuries ago, who died with her child gripped close to her breast, trying to save it, and whose despair and grief have been preserved for us by the fiery envelope which took her life but eternalized her form and features. She moves us, she haunts us, she stays in our thoughts for many days. We do not know why, for she is nothing to us. She has been nothing to us for eighteen centuries; whereas of the like case to-day we should say, 'Poor thing! It is pitiful,' and forget it in an hour." That we remember the Pompeian mother altogether or particularly by reason of the circumstance that she suffered long ago we should not like to be sure; we perceive other circumstances that may have helped to fix her in memory; but Mark Twain is here eloquent, and he is furthermore consistent, for we cannot forget that he wept at the tomb of Adam.

The man who corrupted Hadleyburg had been snubbed there once upon a time, and corrupted it in a spirit of revenge. He was an ingenious man, and he did the business thoroughly, at a cost of something less than forty thousand dollars. The private history of the celebrated jumping frog of Calaveras County, who belonged to Smiley, and who was once fed with a double handful of bird-shot, so that he was unable to jump, is told here in a manner which will persuade the reader that Mr. Twain had nothing to conceal. It appears that this gifted frog, or one just like him, had the same awkward experience in Greece 2000 years ago. His owner, the Smiley of that period, was a Boeotian, and the "feller" who tampered with him was a wandering citizen of the wide-awake town of Athens. Professor Van Dyke of Princeton showed to Mr. Twain the 2000-year-old Greek story of the jumping frog in an excellent English translation. In ancient Greece, of course, the frog was not fed with shot; he got pebbles instead; and of course his name was not Dan'l Webster. It may be added that the reported experience of the frog in Calaveras County is unquestionably a fact, and that it is thought that the earlier story may very well have been. Mr. Twain's admirable account of the way in which business is conducted in the Austrian Parliament—an unharmonious legislative body that has neglected to provide itself with a sergeant-at-arms, and the amount of exertion in which is to be measured accordingly is included here, and there is much besides.

EX-SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS

Born December 29, 1833. Died August 16, 1900.

In *The Other Side of the Sun*, a book of fairy stories by Evelyn Sharp (John Lane, publisher), we notice that the Lady Daffodilla, in the tale which is called after her, provokes a rather curious answer, considered from the common fairy-book point of view, from Prince Brilliant, who had called to play with her. We are told of the Lady Daffodilla that the only thing she had done since she was born had been to grow and grow, so that at the time when the Prince called, and when she was only twelve years old, she was quite as tall as the Countess, her mother. "You are a whole year older than I am, but I am a head taller than you," she said to the Prince, probably putting out her tongue to add to the rudeness of the remark; and the Prince, collecting himself, returned: "I don't care a bit: I wouldn't have silly long legs like yours for anything." Now, leaving aside the question as to whether legs of any sort can properly be called silly, it seems to us that the Prince's retort is strikingly different from the retorts that are made in fairy stories usually, and we are not sure but that is rather refreshing. At the same time it has its bad points, and we

by Railroads

THERE has always been the fear that at some time in the future the forest supply of good timber for making railroad sleepers would give out, and the cost of keeping road-beds in repair, not to speak of building new lines, would then prove so expensive that a new factor would enter into the problem of land transportation to discredit all past data and calculations. The inevitable has not come to pass yet—for according to the latest reports our timber lands are still quite extensive—but the American railroads have not supinely waited for the changed conditions which would jeopardize their capital. On the contrary, they began years ago by encouraging inventors to produce for them a satisfactory metal tie which would take the place of the present wooden sleepers. One after another invented metal sleepers and telegraph poles, and in Europe these were adopted more generally than in this country. There are several score of miles of railroads laid on metal sleepers in different States of the country, but for the most part the roads prefer the wooden ties and use them on their lines. The metal tie has so far proved a failure, and it is not likely to be adopted except for special places and reasons.

This fact was pretty well demonstrated some years ago, and with characteristic promptness some of the roads proceeded to do the next-best thing. They planted forests for their own individual use. Some of these forests are now beginning to yield a supply of timber which will furnish all the sleepers necessary for repairs. This forest culture by the railroads is spreading so that in a few years nearly every prominent road will have its woods wherein appropriate sleepers and telegraph poles can be cut. One Western road planted some fifteen years ago a small forest of catalpa-trees in central Indiana, and the trees are now doing so well that in the next ten years a million or more trees will be ready for cutting. By systematic cultivation of this plantation it is believed that sufficient trees can be had at all times to keep the road-bed in excellent repair without going into the outside market to purchase sleepers. Timber culture is only another forward step in a line of improvement that was marked out by the railroads when they first employed landscape-gardeners to look after flower-beds and grass-lawns. The landscape-gardener has been found to be a profitable investment, and the older roads are spending money quite lavishly to appeal to the æsthetic sense of their patrons. Practical forestry for supplying the roads with ties could be made further successful by planting the trees along the line of the roads, where passengers could enjoy their cool shade and pleasant green and sweet aroma. Many of our dreary stretches of prairie land could be improved for passengers by covering them with plantations of forest trees.

The amount of timber consumed by railroads is enormous in a country with such long reaches of railroad lines, and a million acres of land are required to produce the timber necessary to keep the roads in repair. For renewing the railroad ties alone there are upwards of 80,000,000 required. Of this immense amount of timber over half is of solid oak, and about twelve per cent. of pine. Next in order comes chestnut, and then cedar and hemlock. Many of the roads have to bring their ties from a great distance—the old easy way of cutting the sleepers from the woods along the line of the road no longer being possible because of the widespread destruction of forests on the main lines of travel. Most of the railroad ties last, on an average, about seven years before renewal is necessary, and about 15 per cent. of the ties on each mile of road must be renewed every year. The bulk of these ties are cut from second-growth timber to-day, and many of the young trees yield only a single tie each. This wasteful method increases the timber consumption rapidly, and makes it more urgent than ever that systematic timber culture should be extended by all the railroads, so the supply can be gathered each year from trees of fair size and growth. G. E. W.

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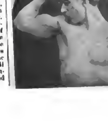

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days, has been the subject of a good deal of comment on both sides of the Atlantic, but it is an easy matter to explain.

Owing to conditions that are exceptional, but have become familiar, rates for money are considerably higher in London just now than in New York, and England is in need of gold to supply the place of that withdrawn for war expenses, while in this country the supply is abundant and constantly increasing. Arrangements were made for placing the British bonds here, not because they would not be readily taken at home, but because it was desired to draw gold from here. They were rather eagerly taken here because there was plenty of money which was employed to less advantage or not at all. There are considerable funds at all times which are invested more for security than profit, and United States government bonds no longer fully meet the want. There are only about $1,000,000,000 of them left, and about one-third are held as security for national bank circulation. The new bonds bear only two per cent. interest, and the other issues sell at a premium, which makes the income from them no greater.

The demand for these home obligations for the investment of trust funds and for other purposes in which interest is of less consequence than absolute safety practically absorbs the supply and reaches out for more. The fact that insurance companies are among the subscribers for the new British securities shows that though they have only three years to run the return of about 3.7 per cent. made them attractive as an investment. They were regarded as absolutely safe, and no doubt was felt that when affairs become more settled in Europe and the East they can be sold at a premium, to go back to England if a better use can be found for the money here.

This transaction has absolutely nothing to do with the relation of this country as a debtor or creditor nation in the long-run. We have for three years been exporting more than $500,000,000 annually in excess of our imports, and the apparent "balance of trade in our favor" for those three years has exceeded $1,600,000,000. During the month of July our exports of merchandise in excess of imports amounted to nearly $37,000,000. Making the most liberal deductions for freight paid to foreign carriers, American money spent abroad, etc., it is evident that we are still constantly paying with our exports large amounts due to holders of American obligations abroad and owners of capital invested in this country. In other words, we are still to a large extent a debtor nation, and our ability to supply gold to Europe, when it can be done to our financial advantage, has no direct relation to that fact. But our being a debtor nation and sending large values abroad every year to meet the demands of creditors is no disadvantage and involves no loss. It simply means that we can employ at a profit more capital than our own people are yet able to furnish, and though much of the increment must go to the foreigners who lend us the money or invest it in our enterprises, much of it remains, and our resources and industries are built up more rapidly than they otherwise would be.

No doubt the low rates for money are to some extent due to the abundance of our currency, and just now to a slackening of the demands upon it by general business and speculation. Of speculation there is very little on the exchanges, and dealing in all kinds of corporate securities continues dull. There are some slight symptoms of awakening and a tendency to hardening in the rates for money. The bank reserves have been very little drawn upon by the shipment of gold, and the government is letting out a considerable amount of cash in redemption of the old two-per-cent. bonds in which the 4½s were extended some years ago. The actual bonds for the new two-per-cent. refunding loan have just appeared from the government printing-office.

A material reduction in the price of structural steel is an important step toward the final adjustment of iron and steel prices, and increasing orders for export indicate that the relation between demand and supply is becoming rectified as that a renewed activity in the business may be looked for soon. Crop reports are, on the whole, more favorable, and the outlook is rather more cheerful.

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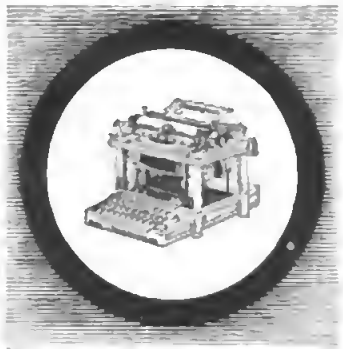

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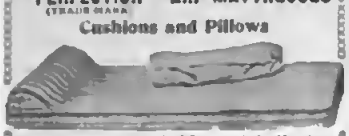

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A Case for Sympathy

WITH the highest respect for the motives of the gentlemen who composed it, we cannot refrain from saying that the notion that the Liberty Convention held recently at Indianapolis was a gathering of patriots and completely sane men is one of the most extraordinary delusions of modern times. It is worthy of the scientific attention of Professor HYSLOP of Columbia College, and we trust that when the distinguished Columbian's projected society for the study of the "phenomena of hallucinations, coincidences, apparitions, and automatisms" is finally endowed with the $50,000 needed to put the institution on its feet it will not fail to devote a portion of its funds to a thorough investigation of the symptoms of the Liberty Convention. In itself the study of hallucinations and illusions is a highly interesting pursuit. It is extraordinary how many different kinds of self-deception men practise without really knowing it, and the hard-headed, clear-thinking man who is endowed with that rarest of gifts, common-sense, prone to criticise harshly individuals whom he considers to be humbugs, should give pause to his wrath against these, and in the study of certain phenomena of life find charity for the objects thereof. We should always remember, when we come to the parting of the ways with some hitherto admired friend, who sees things that we cannot see, and who hears things that we cannot hear, and whose perceptions take in as existing facts certain conditions which we know to be mere images, that all men are not created equal in the pursuit of sights, sounds, olfactory and other sense perceptions. Organs are not always in tune, and just as one's liver may make life seem a burden under certain distressing conditions, so also do the organs of perception sometimes fall from grace and turn all sweeter, purer colors a deadly yellow. What is one man's truth is another man's lie. There can be but one truth, of course—which is where the man who advocates it has the advantage over the other fellow, who may find his mind beset with a million untruths that to him appear to be in accord with the eternal verities. When we bear in mind that a scientific study of delusions proves that these are objective as well as subjective; are sensory as well as mental; that there are more states of consciousness than there are States of the Union, the health of each and every one being dependent on an infinite number of irritating and unavoidable conditions in the experience of the individual, we should hesitate before placing in the pillory the man with whom we cannot agree because he senses things that we are perfectly well aware are purely fanciful. No one blamed the poor soul whose remarkable case is cited with interest by the scientists for believing, under certain conditions beyond her control, that "a church congress was being held inside of her," because she could "feel it," even though we smile broadly over the conclusion that the scientists reached that this was "not a fallacy of perception, for no one knows what a congress in such a locality would feel like." One is merely sorry for the sufferer, because one realizes that the circumstances which brought the delusion upon her were beyond her control, and when she asserted later that she was still convinced that the congress had not adjourned, because she could hear the speeches and could grasp the arguments of the contending orators, it was impossible to think that she was otherwise than perfectly sincere in her belief.

The troubles in China have been aggravated and the missionaries and ambassadors of the various governments have been put in peril by the policy of the United States. Is it not true that in the last ten years there have been statements again and again that it was the purpose of the various states of Europe to partition China? When we entered the Philippines it was an additional menace to the Chinese Empire, and it has led to the revolution in China and put the missionaries and ambassadors in peril of their lives. Instead of being a fortunate circumstance, the fact that we were in the Philippines was the chief occasion of that revolution in China.

As a symptom of Mr. BOTWELL'S present mental health, this statement should arouse our sympathy rather than our animosity, since, as our neighbor the New York *Tribune* so well and so considerately puts it, it shows "that venerable and high-minded statesman to be the victim of the most palpable delusions."

Similarly with Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN we should be gentle when he perpetrates with a solemn face and most serious purpose the crowning jest of the campaign so far, that we owe our gold standard law to Mr. BRYAN. That we do not owe our gold standard law to Mr. BRYAN is aside of the mark. That Mr. COCKRAN believes we do is evident, for if he did not believe it, he would not stultify himself by saying it.

And so with all the lights, high and low, of the Liberty Convention. It was the most solemn, the most concerned gathering of men of various hallucinationalities that has yet been seen in this country. Every one of them meant what he said; every one of them said what he meant. They were all sincere, and we trust that they will all recover. In any event, when we come to judge them, we should bear their motives in mind, and treat them with that gentle consideration to which the weakly and sick are ever entitled at the hands of the strong.

The Liberty Convention was convened in a hall; it should have been held in a sanitarium.

SO much for the Liberty Convention and its delegates. What of the candidate? Is Mr. BRYAN sincere in this matter of Imperialism, or is he merely using the hallucination as a cloak beneath which he may creep into power and put into operation the unfortunately real and destructive heresies of which he is the chief exponent in the country to-day, and of some of which he is the actual author?

An Invitation

We have never had the pleasure of getting into the inner consciousness of Mr. BRYAN. We should admire greatly to do so. We should like to watch at close range the workings of his extraordinary mind; to take notes of the operations of that marvellous brain of his upon which to base an article on an American industry which has manufactured more pernicious political doctrines in four years than have been turned out by all other heresy concerns combined in the one hundred and twenty-four years of our national life. Frankly, we should like to believe Mr. BRYAN a sincere man. When an individual becomes one of two men who must inevitably occupy the chief office of this nation for four years to come, it would be a comfort to know that, whichever way the people chose, conviction, absolute and immovable, would rule. That Mr. BRYAN has shown a remarkable loyalty to his faults none can deny. Is he equally loyal and is he equally sincere in his adherence to this new vision of Imperialism as an issue? He can prove it if he is. He is stumping the country with this Indianapolis delusion as his theme. He is getting his 16-to-1 plank in the privacy of his home; he is exploiting the fake cry of Imperialism abroad, and he promises us that in the case of his election he will give the Filipino a "stable government." It is proper that we should ask Mr. BRYAN of what this "stable government" is to consist. It is his own fault if millions of voters of this country are asking themselves if he has any ideas on the subject of "stable government." If he has, it would be interesting to know what PEA'S WEEKLY in which to state in plain terms the precise method by which he proposes, if elected President, to make the Filipino happy, and to restore the United States to its erstwhile proud position of champion of liberty.

A man who has as much to say as Mr. BRYAN has on the subject should have concealed somewhere among his papers an outline at least of a constructive policy, and the candidate is now confronted with an opportunity to give the lie to those who proclaim him to be nothing more than an agent of destruction.

THE Populist candidate for the Presidency recently delivered himself of these inspired words:

> The Republican party, which was unwilling that a black man should be sold for $1000, now claims that a Filipino can be bought for $2.50. The principle is exactly the same.

We have always contended that Mr. BRYAN did not know a principle when he saw one, but when, in a matter of principle, he detects a similarity between the Republican party of to-day and the same party of 1861, in spite of the fact that the Emperor of Epigram puts the case badly, we are compelled to give him the credit which is his due. Of course Mr. BRYAN'S figures are no more accurate than usual, but his conclusions are unassailable. The principle of the McKINLEY administration in the Philippine matter is precisely the same as that of the LINCOLN administration towards the negro. Slavery must be stamped out. Freedom must be accorded to all. Law and order and national integrity must be maintained at any cost. It is a matter of surprise to us, in view of the fact that the only obstacle in the pathway of the Filipino to absolute freedom to-day is the insurrection of AGUINALDO, aided and abetted directly or indirectly by Mr. BRYAN and his followers, that the Populist candidate has so openly indorsed the principle which has been a guiding one in the policy of the Administration. It shows that consciously or unconsciously Mr. BRYAN is a generous opponent.

Credit to Whom Credit is Due

WE have but one regret over Governor ROOSEVELT'S manly letter to General PALMER explaining that in his famous St. Paul speech he did not accuse all Democrats of standing for lawlessness and dishonor at home and for cowardly shrinking from duty abroad, and that is that the Governor should have thought it necessary to make any explanation at all in the matter. What the Governor said was susceptible to no misunderstanding whatsoever except at the hands of irresponsible and unscrupulous opponents who would stop at nothing to bring about his defeat. By no possible twisting or turning could the Governor's utterance be construed into a sweeping charge of dishonor and cowardice against Democrats as individuals. The attack was wholly—and clearly so to persons who are at all familiar with the English language—an attack upon the Kansas City platform, which is no more Democratic than the platform of an anarchist convention would be, and its makers were characterized fitly as advocates of dishonor at home and cowardice abroad because they have incorporated into their official utterance a demand for a debased currency and an emasculated judiciary at home, and an abandonment of definite responsibilities in lands outside of the American continent.

An Alternative

The assaults upon the Governor in this connection are based upon malice or upon ignorance of the precise meaning of the simplest terms of the English language. We leave the alternative to our Populist brethren to choose for themselves. The few remaining Democrats of the sterling sort are not concerned in the matter at all. They are neither malicious nor ignorant.

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THERE are a good many moral problems which one may evade by flying to the safe retirement of an observer—a mere observer, let it be understood, for it has been pointed out that a "Veteran Observer" is necessarily a retired politician who pretends that his partisan arguments are temperate and impartial reports of what is passing before his aged and experienced eyes. There is also, but not always, scenting safety to those who walk in the middle of the road, but who usually receive the blows intended for both sides by reason of the position into which their judicial temperament has obtruded them. Nevertheless, there is usually a middle way, and there is generally a better point of view, for the mere reaching of the truth, than that of either of two contestants.

This is said because there are many of strength of mind, of character, of sincere patriotism, who are intensely interested in politics, but who devote themselves to inviting immediate defeat in order that they may deliver in the end a staggering blow to corruption. Their object is ideal. Their whole work is altruistic. They are the kind of men with whom decent people prefer to associate. They decline to use the tools which are ready to their hands, because they esteem them foul. They regard existing conditions of party management not only as something to be overthrown, but as something demanding immediate overthrow; as something so radically wrong, so essentially and vitally degrading, so fatal to the commonwealth, that good government by means of such conditions, or in alliance with them, is impossible. They will have none of them. They will not coalesce with the machine. They decline to consider union with it even for the accomplishment of a temporary advantage over view of the most flagrant sort. They go even beyond this. They have no charity whatever for those who differ from them, and they denounce a man like Governor Roosevelt, for example, and charge him with base conduct for the gratification of his ambitious designs. On the other hand, Governor Roosevelt and men of his kind consider these critics foolish. The Roosevelt kind of man believes that much good can be accomplished for the State and for politics, for the efficient and honest government of the one and the purification of the other, by doing the best that is possible with the tools at hand.

It may be easily seen from this brief, and necessarily imperfect, statement of the differences between the two classes that there is a fine opportunity for a judicial point of view, and that the road is wide enough to afford excellent walking in the middle of it. It certainly seems to be well that the state should be considered, and that its interests should be consulted. It is true that if there are evils they are chargeable to the people. It is true that the people ought to recognize the grosser evils, and they do eventually, but the demonstration of their existence and their perils requires time and patience. This time is devoted, and this patience is manifested, by the theorists, the idealists, and if it were not for the moral atmosphere which is created by these kicking, biting, scratching, shouting honest and intelligent reformers, there would be no opportunity whatever for the practical good men like Roosevelt, for men of his kind receive nominations from machines purely because there has been created a momentary popular demand by the unselfish patriotism which devotes itself to waking up sluggish minds and dormant consciences. When the machine thinks it can evade the demand, or that the popular uprising for virtue is over, it drops the Roosevelt kind of man, or shelves him, as Mr. Platt has tried to do, by making him the candidate for Vice-President.

We will now examine, if you please, the government of the State of New York entirely from the point of view of the Governor and his friends—a government in touch with the Republican State organization, but not obedient to it wholly; a government whose first object is the public welfare, and whose second object is the strengthening of the Republican party. I am not pretending to be in sympathy with this secondary object, and I shall not discuss it. There has been, there is, and there will continue to be, abundance of discussion as to the propriety of Governor Roosevelt's relations with the machine, and what I want to do is to point out something that has not received much attention, and that seems to me worthy of note in the interests of political reform generally. It is strange that reformers themselves have not strengthened their case by using the good that has been done in Albany to demonstrate the extent of the influence which an honest and intelligent, though partisan, Governor can exert upon all branches of the government. There have, of course, been blunders—blunders which the friends and well-wishers of the Governor, and the Governor himself, regret—but I shall not go into these mistakes, for I do not intend to have my argument diverted or disturbed by them.

As a politician, Governor Roosevelt is a machine or organization man, and as a public official he recognizes, as they say, the organization and its leaders. But this statement must be qualified by the further statement that he selects his advisers and co-operators from those members of the machine whom he trusts. He does not advise with the regular leaders of the organization except for the purpose of securing their alliance when it is necessary for the accomplishment of a purpose upon which he has already determined, or for the purpose of ascertaining whether they have a proper candidate for an office that is to be filled. He is a partisan who is independent and honest. He considers his party, and will do all in his power to strengthen it if he can do so consistently with the public welfare. Sometimes he falls very far short of the ideal, but that is because he does what he thinks is the best with the tools at hand, and with the conditions under which he works—conditions for which the party, and the people who have placed his party in control of the State government, are responsible.

The results of Governor Roosevelt's administration are striking. The whole government machine is the better for him. The departments are managed on business principles, and legislation is improved. Some practical work has been done in law making and all important "strike legislation" has been stopped.

The great interest of the State which was the main point of attack is that of the canals. These are under the management of John N. Partridge, whom the Governor appointed to succeed George W. Aldridge. The reasons for the change and the circumstances (including the struggle of the machine against the Governor) of Mr. Partridge's appointment are well remembered. It is unnecessary to say anything about them here, for my purpose is merely to say that the office of Superintendent of Public Works is managed by Mr. Partridge as a business office, and on the plan prescribed by the Governor. The Deputy Superintendent, Mr. Hooker, was selected without the intervention of the machine leaders or of any politician whatever. He was chosen by the superintendent for professional and business reasons, and was accepted by the Governor because Mr. Partridge had found him to be the man whom he desired for his assistant. Subsequently the politicians agreed that the appointment was good. Under the former superintendent the appointments of lock tenders and of other local employees were made at Albany; and naturally, being so made, were merely distributions of political patronage designed to strengthen local organizations. This method has been changed. The division superintendents now appoint their own subordinates, and pay, therefore, be held responsible for them—a thing that was, of course, impossible under the old system. The rule of appointment to places outside of the classified service is that the men to be appointed shall be competent and honest, and that if the Republican machine has the right man, in any instance, that man shall have the place. It might be supposed that the machine likes this, but it does not. The machine may prefer competent and honest men but it does not make competency and honesty essential prerequisites. The essential quality to the machine is that the man shall belong to it, go its way, fight its battles, hate and discountenance its enemies, and obey the commands of its leaders. If a dishonest, lazy, useless person will do all this he is preferred by the machine to a good man who will not implicitly satisfy all the requirements of the modern slave system. The Governor insists on men who will first do their work for the State. If, after that, they serve the machine he prefers them to those who are opposed to the machine. This theory strikes one as impossible of realization, and I fancy it is. There are very few, if any, good men who are capable of obeying the machine, and, as a matter of fact, Governor Roosevelt has little use for those who are thoroughgoing machine men. He is somewhat of a rebel himself. What he said to two young Assemblymen who went to Albany for the first time this winter illustrates his view. They were college men, and belonged to the best element, and the Governor had hopes of them. "If you are independent and free," he said to them, "I'll consult with you; if you are cattle, I'll go to the driver." What he means, apparently, by a machine man when he is talking of politicians is a man who belongs to the regular organization, a working party man who stands by the ticket. His administration, therefore, is that of an honest partisan, and it can be said of it that if it is strengthening the hands of the organization it is also giving the State good government.

The result of this rule has been to discourage the machine to a large extent, and, I should expect, to discredit it with its followers. Very few requests for appointments are made of the heads of departments, which would seem to indicate that the machine is poor in the right kind of material. I have made some inquiries on this point of the Department of Public Works, and of Mr. Heins, the State architect, and I am told that the machine makes very few requests. Mr. Heins himself is an instance of an appointment without any political influence. The machine did want the retention of architect Perry, but when the leaders, Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell, discovered that that was impossible, they had no architect on their list to recommend. So Mr. Heins went into office under the general instruction to consider the State first, and the Republican organization second, and has been troubled very little. Appointments have been made at the request of leaders, State and local, but when the men named turn out to be worthless they are dismissed on that ground, and the leaders are notified that they can name another man if they have one that is all right. The effort to find good men seems to discourage the leaders, who are accustomed to different methods.

This does not sound like ideal politics, and it is not. It is said to be practical, and it is. The machine is consulted, but it does not govern. Governor Roosevelt has not obeyed its commands in any important respect, but, in some instances, he has won its acquiescence and co-operation. He would not accept Mr. Hendricks, whom he has appointed as Superintendent of Insurance, as Superintendent of Public Works, because he was too closely connected with the canals, although he has always regarded him as an honest and efficient man. He forced Payn out of the Insurance Department. He gave the State a sound civil service law. He insisted on the passage of the franchise tax bill against the strongly expressed wishes of Mr. Platt. He had much trouble with the organization over the new Fish, Game, and Forest Commissioners. He was obliged to make a hard fight to secure Ramapo legislation and a charter commission, and, in a general way, it can be said that his administration has been a pretty constant and difficult struggle with the machine. What result this may have had on the large ethical question of politics, the great question which must be settled right, may be doubtful, but that the State's affairs are better administered is an incontestable fact.

Doubtless the best result of all is the fact that Governor Roosevelt has put heart into the good men of the Senate and Assembly. There are some excellent men in both Houses who devote time and intelligence to their duties. They are in a minority, and without the Governor's counsel and aid they would have little incentive to activity. Now they make an impression because they are recognized as the Governor's friends. They can work for good legislation, and they can stand out against bad bills with that confident earnestness which goes only with the consciousness of possible triumph. They know that if they are beaten on a bad measure the Governor will stand by them with his veto power. Ramapo legislation, the civil service legislation, the reform of the charter of Greater New York—whatever has been done or is to be done in these directions will be due to Governor Roosevelt's persistence, and to the energy which marks his friends in the Senate and Assembly, with whom he constantly consults, and whom he has inspired with courage. There is a new and a finer atmosphere about the Legislature at Albany due to this administration. Not an obvious "strike bill" has become a law since Governor Roosevelt was elected. This is his boast, and it is true so far as I know. It is evident, of course, that no one will buy "strike" or other bad legislation that is certain to be vetoed when it reaches the Executive Chamber. To have accomplished all this is certainly a great achievement for the State—an achievement which ought to appeal very strongly to all who are engaged in the task of endeavoring to make the democratic form of government purer and more efficient.

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RUSSIAN COSSACK.

AMERICAN BLUEJACKET.

RUSSIAN COSSACK.

BARRICADE IN FRONT OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE.

RUSSIAN SAILORS CARRYING AMMUNITION.

BRITISH SAILOR ON THE DOCK.

BUILDING HIT BY A CHINESE SHELL.

A BRITISH MACHINE-GUN.

TIENTSIN—OCCUPATION OF THE CITY BY THE ALLIED FORCES.

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By Courtesy of *The Navy Chronicle*.

THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON" ON PINNACLE ROCK, GULF OF PECHILI, JUNE 29, 1900

Pumping out the Hold through the two main Circulators, each of which is shown throwing an 18-inch Stream.

The U.S. Forces in China

BY C. L. POOR, ENSIGN U. S. N.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

TAKU, *July 9, 1900.*

THIS is a significant date in American history and in the records of the United States army. For the first time in our national existence have American regular soldiers been landed for war on the Asiatic continent. American marines have been landed in Asia before now, and have fought and added honor to their record in many places the world over, and have made themselves especially well known and respected in China, but never before have our soldiers set hostile foot in Far Cathay.

The troops so fortunate as to have gained this unique distinction are the officers and men of the Ninth United States Infantry. They are commanded by Colonel E. A. Liscum,* and the whole regiment with its band and a most carefully and completely equipped baggage-train is present. The soldiers arrived on the big transport *Logan*, while the animals and baggage train followed in the transport *Port Albert*.

The Marine Corps is represented in this landing by a fine and well-equipped battalion of 350 men from the Cavite navy-yard, under Colonel R. L. Meade. In service and expeditions of this sort these sea-soldiers are in their proper element, and in less than twenty-four hours from the date of their first orders the whole battalion, with artillery stores for three months and with every equipment complete, was thoroughly settled on board the flag ship *Brooklyn*, *en route* for the scene of the trouble. Already there are ashore with the allied forces nearly two hundred more marines, under Major L. W. T. Waller, and these combined with Colonel Meade's battalion will give over 500 men, which, added to the 1200 men of the Ninth Infantry, makes no mean force of picked men.

The landing was effected this morning by means of two large lighters for the two battalions of the Ninth, and seven boats from the *Newark* and *Brooklyn* for the marines. The third battalion of the Ninth remained on board the *Logan* to go in later. It was a bright sunny day, with a light breeze ruffling the yellow waters of the gulf, and a faint haze that dimmed the low, indistinct outlines of the shore and the Taku forts at the river mouth. The great fleets about us seemed entirely cut off from land, and one might have thought some friendly naval conference was afoot did not the lines of men in campaign hats and heavy marching order streaming down our white sides, and the distant boom of guns, tell us all that we were taking part in a very momentous affair, and that perhaps the map of the world was being changed by us and those about us.

I could not but contrast it with just such a bright day in June a few days more than two years ago, when I saw our men making their first landing across seas. The surroundings were quite different on that occasion. Then we had green hills and rocky shores and burning thatch houses, and none but American flags in sight, except for one or two Cuban banners ashore. Here there is no land in sight—only a gently moving mass of muddy waters, and the ships that cluster about us wave the flags of the greatest nations on earth.

With practised precision and order the marines filed into the boats, cast off and went over to the *Logan*, where they made fast astern of the army lighters. Then a peculiar-looking tug that had been captured up the river by the energetic commander of our gunboat *Monocacy*, and put in charge of Lieutenant Bryan, U. S. N., of the *Newark*, took the flotilla in tow and slowly started for the shore.

As the boats swung slowly in a circle about the ships, the bands of the *Newark* and *Brooklyn* and the Ninth's regimental band played the national anthem. Then, as the long tow swung in near by the trim Austrian cruiser *Zenta*, that ship's band formed on her quarter-deck and played "The Star-spangled Banner," while her crew gave three hearty cheers, which were returned with a will from the lighters, though the throats of the men had already been well tried in answering the cheers of the American ships.

STREET IN THE BURNED SECTION OF TIENTSIN, JULY 13.

The boats swung slowly on through fourteen miles of yellow water to Tongku, where the faithful old *Monocacy* afforded a temporary resting place for the marines, and where the lighters halted for a short rest before starting on the sixty-mile trip up the river to Tientsin.

TAKU, *July 15, 1900.*

The fleets of war-ships of the allied powers assembled at the mouth of the Peiho is undoubtedly the finest and greatest general gathering of ships that the Pacific has ever seen, and ranks with the great meetings at Kiel in 1895 and Spithead in 1897. These are the vessels:

Russian.—*Dmitri Donskoi*, *Russia* (flag-ship), *Navarine*, *Rossia*, *Peiky*, *Admiral Kornilloff*, *Petropavlovsk*, *Rurik*, *Vladimir Monomach*, *Gaidamak*, *Usadnik*, *Zabiaka*, *Mandchur*, *Gaidak*, *Koreitz*, *Sivoutch*, *Bobr*, *Otrapny* (at New-chwang), *Bezmatschy* (at the Bar), four torpedo-boats, and one destroyer.

British.—*Centurion* (flag-ship), *Barfleur* (second in command), *Endymion*, *Orlando*, *Aurora*, *Alacrity*, *Humber*, *Algerine*, *Fame* (destroyer), *Whiting* (destroyer), and one torpedo-boat.

German.—*Hertha* (flag-ship), *Kaiserin Augusta*, *Hansa*, *Gefion*, *Iltis*, *Jaguar*, and one torpedo-boat.

French.—*D'Entrecasteaux* (flag-ship), *Jean Bart*, *Pascal*, *Descartes*, *Sarpeire*, *Leon*, and one torpedo-boat.

Italian.—*Elba*, *Calabria*.

Austrian.—*Zenta*.

Chinese.—*Hai Yang*, *Hai Chi*.

Japanese.—*Takiura* (flag-ship), *Yoshino* (second in command), *Kasuga*, *Takasago*, *Akitasshima*, *Itsuo*, *Kagero*, *Murakumo*, *Hayabusa*, *Suma*, *Takato*, and two torpedo-boats.

American.—*Brooklyn* (flag-ship), *Newark* (second in command), *Lockwood*, *Mackerle*, *Monocacy*, *Solace* (naval transport), *Iris* (collier), and *Zafiro* (despatch-boat).

These vessels are anchored in a group about ten miles from the Taku forts, whose dim outlines may be seen on the horizon to the westward. Nearer approach to the land is prevented by the rapidly shoaling water, five and a half fathoms deep at this anchorage. The waters of the Gulf of Pechili are here made yellow by the muddy water flowing from the Peiho, upon whose banks is Tientsin, and at whose mouth are the huge Taku forts, so conspicuous in all the wars in the East. The British were defeated here on the 27th of this month forty-one years ago. It was upon this occasion that Tattnall made his celebrated "Blood is thicker than water" speech. And the other day when, side by side, the American and English seamen were bearing the brunt of the alliance together, fighting and dying together, and two days ago when the *Brooklyn's* men lined the rail and cheered the British naval brigade returning to their ships, the old saying bore truer and deeper meaning than ever. All nations have

* Killed in action (July 13) after this letter had been mailed.

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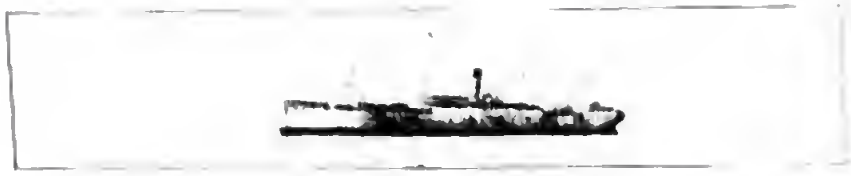
AMERICAN MARINES LEAVING THE "BROOKLYN"

PART OF THE BRITISH CONTINGENT.



THE UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORT "LOGAN."

SUPPLY-SHIP "ZAFIRO," CAPTURED TUG, AND DISTILLING SHIP "IRIS"

COLONEL MEADE, U.S.M.C., AND STAFF

THE AMERICAN WAR SHIPS AT TAKU.

learned to respect and like one another in this fighting in a common cause.

The ships are anchored by nations, in groups, although there is no perceptible interval between the groups, and all ships are within signal distance of one another. By means of the international code the flagships of the several nations talk to one another as readily as any two ships of the same service. Information and bits of news are constantly being sent to and fro by the strings of many colored flags, and the signal-men of the ships vie with one another in quickness and smartness—a rivalry in which the bright apprentices of the *Brooklyn* are well able to hold their own. Steam-launches are constantly dashing to and fro, carrying busy flag-lieutenants and aides on mysterious errands, or clustering under the stern of some flag-ship where a consultation of admirals or captains is being held. Despatch-boats are coming and going, bearing the papers and cablegrams that tell the waiting world what is going on so many thousands of miles from home. These despatch-boats are sent to Chefoo, about 180 miles away, the powers, except Russia, taking turns in sending a vessel at four o'clock every afternoon. Russia at first maintained her communications through her near-by base of Port Arthur. The telegraph there led across China, however, and was cut about five days ago, after which Russia, too, sent out Chefoo. This latter place was, until to-day, the terminus of a telegraph line to Shanghai, whence was cable communication with the world. To-day comes the news that the line has been cut, and now despatches must be sent nearly 600 miles, to Chemulpo, in Korea, whence a telegraph line passes through central Korea into Siberia. Should this fail the despatch-boats will have to run to Shanghai, 711 miles away, or to Japan.

Men-of-war are constantly coming and going, running to and from Japan, Wei-hai-wei, and Kiao-chau for coal, or supplies, or men, and so the composition of the fleet is changing constantly. The list given above represents only those ships that habitually lie at Taku. There are British men-of-war at every port on the coast, especially at Shanghai, where they are watching the Chinese men-of-war collected there. There are German ships at Kiao-chau, and Japanese at Chefoo and in Japanese waters, and there are Russian ships at Port Arthur and Vladivostok, while we have the *Monterey* at Hong-Kong, the *Princesa* and *Don Juan de Austria* at Canton, the *Cristóbal Colón* at Shanghai, and the *Oregon* in dry dock in Japan. Thus it will be seen that the fleet here, great as it is, does not by any means represent the total available naval strength of the allies in these waters.

The Russian fleet, as befits the greatness of her interests in the outcome, is the largest and strongest. Grouped together in the middle of the allies, with their white sides and heavy guns and their many masts and spars, the Russian ships make an impressive spectacle. They all carry remarkably large crews, and could land a strong force.

Great Britain has an effective and homogeneous fleet of five vessels of size, the sea-going battle-ships *Centurion* and *Barfleur*, and three large cruisers, while she has many other available ships guarding her many interests at other ports, including among others the huge *Terrible*, fresh from her South African experiences. Her fleet is commanded by Vice-Admiral Seymour, whose gallant but unsuccessful attempt to reach Peking is by now history. He has been in command in Tientsin until two days ago, when he returned and hoisted his flag on the *Centurion*. He is the ranking officer present, and so is in charge. Prior to his return the Russian vice-admiral was the senior officer. Japan, Germany, and France are also represented by vice-admirals, the United States coming next with Rear-Admiral George C. Remey. The British, Japanese, and United States have also a rear-admiral as second in command.

Germany is represented by four fast protected cruisers of from 4000 to 9000 tons displacement, and some gunboats. One of the latter, the *Iltis*, in company with the British gunboat *Usaria*, did splendid work on the day the Taku forts were taken. France is represented by four fast protected cruisers of from 9000 to 4000 tons displacement.

Japan has present the new armored cruiser *Tokiwa* and some fine and fast cruisers, including the *Kasuga*, built at Cramp's ship-yard in Philadelphia.

Austria's representative is the smart 2300-ton cruiser *Zenta*, while Italy takes part with two 2700-ton, well-armed cruisers.

Anchored in the midst of the fleet and with the breech-blocks removed from her guns lies a fast heavily gunned cruiser flying the dragon flag of China, with her crew still on board. Upon the outbreak of the fighting with the Imperial troops the German flag-ship cleared for action and ordered the commander of the *Hai Yung* to come on board, threatening to sink his ship if he moved her or showed hostile intention. The breech-plugs of the Chinese guns were then removed, and the vessel rendered helpless, and so she lies under the guns of the fleet. Her position is surely an anomalous one. The commander of another fine new Chinese cruiser, the *Hai Chi*, scenting danger, went down to where the *Oregon* lay grounded, and anchoring near, sent his officers and men over to assist in floating that vessel, and put himself entirely under the orders of Captain Wilde. Hoisting the American flag at the bow, he asked the good offices of the *Oregon* whenever a foreign vessel came in sight. An American officer was sent on board the *Hai Chi* and she lay safe under the guardianship of the *Oregon*, unmolested, although a foreign cruiser appeared for the purpose of removing her breech-blocks. When the *Oregon* left to go to Japan the *Hai Chi* hastened down to Shanghai to join the other Chinese vessels, and there she lies now under the guns of the English ships.

Our own force here is not large, but it is a thoroughly efficient and well-appointed one. The absence of the *Oregon*, of course, is appreciable, for her magnificent strength is greater than that of any ship here present, and she is the most powerful vessel in the Orient. Our representation, however, is splendidly led by the armored cruiser and flag-ship *Brooklyn*, under the command of Captain F. M. Thomas, U.S.N. With her heavy turrets, high white sides, large masts, and lofty funnels, she is most noticeable and prominent among the ships, and is superior to all the cruisers except, possibly, the enormous 12,000-ton *Rossia*. Next in importance is the protected cruiser *Newark*, commanded by Captain B. A. McCalla, U.S.N. In addition to these we have the gunboats *Portsmouth*, Commander E. D. Taussig, U.S.N., and *Nashville*, Commander Raymond Rodgers, U.S.N. Last, but by no means least, we have the famous old double-ender iron paddle-wheel gunboat *Monocacy*, Commander F. M. Wise, U.S.N. Of very light draught, "crossing the bar on a heavy dew," as they say, and easily handled, she can go where few ships can penetrate, and to-day she is most efficiently guarding the base of supplies for Tientsin at Tongku at the mouth of the river. Her commander has been appointed Governor of Tongku and placed in charge of transportation by the allies, so that the railway from Tongku to Tientsin and the lighter service are managed and run by American naval officers and men. Running railroads is not quite in the usual line of naval work, but the American jackie is a "jack of all trades and a master of"—many besides his own.

The American fleet is also well supplied with auxiliaries—a very important thing when at such a distance from our nearest home port of Manila. The naval transport *Solace*, the collier and water-ship *Iris*, and the supply and despatch steamer *Zafiro* are with the fleet. Anchored near by also were the army transport *Logan*, and the mule and baggage-train transport *Port Albert*. The *Logan* left yesterday for Nagasaki, carrying in her cabins a large number of the former European residents of Tientsin.

The great distance from shore and the very low water on the bar at the entrance of the river render necessary the use of many lighters and tugs, and these are constantly coming and going, loaded with men and stores from the Russian and Japanese and American transports that have come steaming in loaded with troops. Torpedo-boats, many of them captured from the Chinese at the taking of the forts, are coming and going furiously all through the day.

All in all it is a busy and interesting scene about us.

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General Ian Hamilton

Colonel De Lisle

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

THE rank and file of the British army before Johannesburg gave a sigh of relief when the news of the surrender of that city was confirmed. The soldier with a sovereign or two in his pocket looked forward to happy days of rest when he might squander his wealth on the good things to eat in the restaurants. There were junior officers, too, who pleasantly pictured in their minds merry little suppers, with a comforting bottle or so, in one of the city's many hostelries, and longed for spring beds and sheets as a relief from the hard, cold ground and a close wound blanket. While the giddy ones speculated on the pleasures of life obtainable, the gray-headed knowing ones of high rank (who always live in the best houses at hand any way) shook their heads and smilingly said, "Little Bobs is going to Pretoria before we take a rest."

The wise ones, bedecked with crossed swords and crowns and buttons of rank, were right. Lord Roberts did not even stop in Johannesburg longer than to witness the "March Past," but pushed four miles beyond the centre of the city, below the outer edge of the bold encircling hills to the north, where he established his headquarters in the quaint little road-house of Orange Grove, on the main highway to Pretoria.

General French—quite in keeping with the reputation he has gained for great activity—had already pushed northward with his cavalry force, and was camped at the half-way station between the two great cities of the Transvaal. This last spurt was due to information received that a Boer Long Tom was slowly trekking to Pretoria, a few miles ahead, but, as usual, it had mysteriously disappeared, though the fighting burghers were so closely pressed that they did desert a twelve-pounder at a farm-house; not so hurriedly, however, that they forgot to carry off the all-important breech block.

The British game of war had taken on the character of a six-day go-as-you-please race in the feelings of overstrained soldiers and broken-down horses, and bitter was the disappointment in the hearts of many that Johannesburg was not to be a temporary halting place, though a certain glad relief had come to the minds of every one in at last getting away from the horribly monotonous veldt, with its treeless, lifeless, endless waves of earth and seared grass, to this region where artificially reared trees flourished amid the scenes of gigantic mining enterprise. In either direction—east or west—the eye followed into the blue distance immense buildings of mining concerns, with their lofty slender smoke-stacks and huge, heavy-topped head-gear, fitted with the spider-webbed wheels of cable hoists.

Two days of military preparation; the moving of one division here and another one there, and the final advance on Pretoria began at daylight on June 3.

Lord Roberts's big column is moving on the railway to the right and will strike Pretoria to-morrow morning where the steel line enters the hollow of the huge, abrupt rising hills. General Hamilton is five miles away on the left, and, as the sun declines, the hills, low and blue in the morning, have grown to threatening purplish-brown masses, looming tier behind tier, and suggesting impregnable positions for the enemy. Generals French and Hutton are moving still farther to the left, and they have had the advantage of ten miles lead so that unconfirmed rumors are afloat that they have already entered the capital.

The country about the vicinity of the kopjes has become strongly rolling—the immense wagon trains go down, down, for two miles in columns of three or four, until the bottom of the valley is reached and their forward moving in mass is stopped by a deep spruit and drift; then, while the mounted troops are slowly feeling the way over the distant rise, and the footies are already stolidly tramping on, the transport officers are shouting orders, in their weak English voices, from the banks of the stream to wagon train conductors and drivers. The sun sets to-night behind banked clouds—almost the first in five weeks of clear, flawless skies of blue.

"Join and re-enforce French on the left of Pretoria, and keep at least nine thousand yards away from the Daspoort fort to the west of the city," were a portion of the orders for the next day. The night has been bitterly cold. The first rays of the sun sparkle upon a white mantle of frost, and some men have even seen films of ice on the still dammed pools of the Dutch farm-house in the hollow.

Hamilton is skirting three miles from the edges of a portion of the high mountainous rocky ridges which encircle Pretoria. For an hour the column moves steadily forward, almost due west and to the left of the hidden city. Suddenly the head of the column, led by Colonel De Lisle's Mounted Infantry, is halted. A headquarters' staff galloper rides hard for the rear, and the colonel announces that orders have been received to return and proceed direct to Pretoria over the main road, as we will enter the town to-day.

The column has hardly turned on itself before this information has been carried from mouth to mouth through the entire division. The Colonials, who are distinctly demonstrative as compared to British soldiers, go wild with delight, breaking out into cheers, three times three, and then into songs, each and every man seeming to sing his own special ditty appropriate to the occasion.

Six-Mile Spruit has been passed. From ahead to the right comes the deep-throated boom of heavy guns, now slow and faint, one every minute or so, another mile forward the growling thunder has changed to punctuated explosions, growing faster. It is the big British naval guns trying to dislodge brave Louis Botha and his twelve hundred men, who had returned to defend Pretoria with this corporal's guard, against the onslaught of fifty thousand British soldiers. One is not surprised that the big gallant hearts of such men as Botha and De Wet sicken and grow despondent when they see their original forces of thousands melting away—no, skulking away—man by man, refusing to fight, when, if not victorious, they might at least, with honor to their country, inflict losses on their hated enemy, with a minimum injury to themselves.

Lord Roberts had met the enemy on the kopjes stretching out in long rocky ridges to each side of the railroad, which rise to high, flat centres and drop away in gentle slopes, though the front approaches are exceedingly steep. The city of Pretoria, the capital of a nation, was not to be given away after all, except over the bodies of the dead. It seems that Louis Botha, soldier, statesman, and general commanding, was not informed that the seat of government was to be deserted, and great was his heat and chagrin, after the Johannesburg battle, where he had striven vainly to make four thousand stand and fight, to find that Oom Paul and all his Star Chamber associates had decamped with the funds of the government. It is true that Lydenburg, as a last retreat, had been discussed months previously and agreed upon as the remaining position, where amid broken mountains and far from railways they might lure on the attenuated British forces possibly to destruction, but the astounding action of Kruger, Steyn, Groebler, and Smuts, in failing to notify the military commander in the field of their intention to flee, coupled with the failure to pay the last two months' salary of the government clerks left behind in Pretoria, cast such a profound suspicion on their integrity that even Botha was inclined to believe that the Star Chamber was attempting to leave the country and their cause, broken-hearted perhaps, but with all the available cash in their possession as a salve for their wounded feelings. Some of his force raced after the fugitive President, overtook him, and, it is said, even diverted his line of march to Lydenburg and saved his honor and the funds to the fighting burghers.

The President and his immediate associates strongly advocated the desirability of surrendering Pretoria, on the plea that any other course might result in the destruction of the city and great loss of innocent lives. General Botha would not hear or obey such dictates, but insisted that, if all his soldiers deserted, he alone would fire a gun against the intruders. In view of the fact that General Botha, convinced even against his will, in the last few weeks, of the corrupt doings of the supreme leaders of state, had threatened to take over the government himself and depose the President, his humor was not on, in which to listen to the advice or admonitions of these men in whom he had lost faith. His staff were unanimous in their desire that this able man should, by military force, possess himself of the reins of government, but it has been said that Botha hesitated to reveal to the world the weakness of the administration and thrust on outsiders a condition so akin to the common political practice of some South American republics.

All his entreaties to his burghers brought forth only the twelve hundred fighting-men who were now, in scattered bunches, delivering a well-directed small arm fire upon British troops advancing beyond the two-thousand-yard mark.

Hamilton's Mounted Scouts were painfully climbing the broken kopjes a mile ahead of the main column—they seemed to move like snails among the yellow rocks. Roberts's naval guns boomed and boomed, now three or four miles to the right, but still ahead over the first ridge of hills. Nothing on the first hill, for the squads were standing boldly against the sky-line. Orders come to move forward, and another half hour elapses before the skirmish parties of cavalry in scattered ranks have gained the crest and look down into another wide valley, walled in beyond with similar lines of kopjes to those upon which they stand. They see before them on the left the scouts once more cautiously climbing, step by step, nearer the upper edge; one almost sees them crouch, waiting for the wert, wert of singing bullets. To the right the plain is covered with hundreds of wagons, packed behind a low rise in the earth; and beyond, upon the other side, thousands of khaki-suited men, almost invisible to the eye on the yellow earth, lie in postures of rest, while above them, a thousand yards in the sky, the balloon floats, a tiny ball connected to earth by a silver thread. Puff! A cloud of smoke rises somewhere beneath the balloon's vicinity, and then another. The seconds are counted instinctively—fifteen go by, and the boom of the naval guns over three miles away comes with a distinctness not noted before. The pom-poms are all pounding away, too, and there is a small field battery blazing somewhere, with smokeless powder, but one cannot locate any of them.

Steadily Hamilton moves up to join Roberts's left flank, moving in at different points for several miles along the hills, first small numbers of men, and then larger and larger as the enemy does not develop, until for miles his twelve thousand men are scrambling up the heights.

He has opened a battery on the right crest of the nearest kopjes; it hammers away for five minutes without reply, and then Boer shells fall almost to the yard upon it. The Mounted Infantry, who are holding this point until the infantry arrive, slowly draw back under cover of the edge of the hill, near their held horses.

The mounted men below are being shoved up a long ravine to the left of the battery, and, as they stumble and limp over the broken rocks, the soldiers have difficulty in keeping their eyes on the horses' movements, for far above the bullets sing in dozens over them with a peculiar high, sad little note, like some flock of diminutive birds.

Looking backward now, under safe cover of the hills from which the British troops will fight, one sees small puffs of dirt and balls of smoke; shells breaking among Roberts's wagon train. They are aimed at the balloon, apparently, though some are dropping dangerously near the naval guns.

A few mules, a wagon, and a man or two are torn by flying fragments; no one notices them much or seems to care, for scattering shell fire is of so little importance in these great columns.

Hamilton, Broadwood, and De Lisle cross the level top of the kopjes they have gained, one after another. Bullets fired from nowhere (or, at best, driven from somewhere in that opposing mass of earth and rock) hiss by them, now whining as they go high, now with the fierce hiss of a snake as they pass close. One bullet strikes a rock near Colonel De Lisle and ricochets away with a devilish howl; he does not turn his head, though the men just behind him dodge and then laugh at one another, with a quick, foolish cackle.

There is no fight really going on, because there is no visible enemy to fight—the Boers shoot at every man who exposes himself above the top of the hill (and the British soldier is prone to risk his person), but, on the other hand, not a Boer is ever seen

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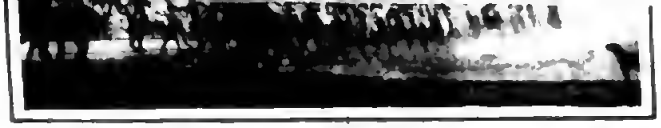


THE MOUNTED INFANTRY RUSHING INTO THE SQUARE.

THE BEGINNING OF THE "MARCH PAST."

The naval guns, the light artillery, and the pompoms of the British, it is true, keep up a hurtling of shells all over the surrounding country, and particularly do they hurl the four-point-seven lyddite shells against the forts on the inner mountain tops, from which never a reply has been received.

We learned next day that every great shell which flew the top of a fort went screaming up the valley into the town, and several of them splattered into the home of the American consul.

It was the general opinion that the Boer force of unknown strength would hold us off until General French, who, in a laborious march to the left, was clambering over hill after hill, succeeded in an attempt to flank Pretoria from the west.

The sensational drama of the day, resulting in a defeat of the enemy, came, however, an hour before sunset.

The irregular force, which held the crests of the hills before the enemy at the opening of the fight, were replaced by Imperial regiments of infantry and the City of London Imperial Volunteers, as fast as they came up. Then the Mounted Infantry were extended to the left as quickly as the men could lead their horses along over the masses of loose and broken rock just beneath the cover of the hill's crest. Colonel De Lisle, with the second corps, was in the advance. They had extended some two miles on this movement, when Colonel De Lisle and his officers saw they were looking upon the flanks of the inner ridges held by the Boers, and from one position the setting sunlight was reflected brightly back from the windows of Pretoria itself, not over four miles away.

The Boers were leaving their cover behind the hills, and through the passes groups of two and three horsemen were discernible, riding into the city. Colonel De Lisle determined upon a charge down the valley in the rear of the enemy and straight upon the town. It was a bold, daring conception, and the New South Wales Mounted Infantry—dashing, dare-devil fighters that they are—went with him.

At full gallop for over two miles—horses stumbling, falling, throwing riders beneath the hoofs of animals racing behind—they kept on, manfully, breathlessly. The fallen ones pluckily rose, stiffened and bruised, mounted again and followed like satellites of the main body.

Two thousand yards from Pretoria! Less than four hundred men armed with rifles and with a single galloping Maxim threatened the capital of the Transvaal, while high above them the giant silent forts of the Boers frowned menacingly down upon this little band in the valley. In reality they were not in great danger, though this fact should not take one iota from the dashing, daring bravery of the deed, as not a man in these ranks had any reason to believe that he was not in a position to fight fiercely for his life, until re-enforcements could be hurried forward. The nearest succor was two miles away.

Colonel De Lisle instantly determined to send in a demand for the surrender of the town, under a white flag. The privilege of carrying that message into the chief political city of the Transvaal was an honor which any man in the British army would gladly have died in gaining. It fell to the lot of Lieutenant W. Russell Watson, an officer in the New South Wales Mounted Infantry, who was acting as orderly officer or "galloper" to Colonel De Lisle.

It was 4.55 P.M., June 4, 1900, when the last touch in tying a cheap cotton handkerchief to Colonel De Lisle's crop was finished, and Watson, with his young, handsome face set tense, his eyes sparkling with excitement and determination, drove his spurs into his horse and galloped toward. They who remained felt the anxious tension none perhaps as they gazed without sound or motion at the single figure, now rising to the top of a gentle undulation, now disappearing, appearing again smaller and smaller, until he and his tiny white flag were swallowed up in the street of the lifeless town.

What will happen? He seems to have been hours away when it is only minutes. Three men are riding from the end of the street now. It is growing so dark all that can be distinguished is that two ride back to the city and one comes on. It is Watson. He brings a letter from Louis Botha to Lord Roberts, which says that he will meet the Field-Marshal at nine o'clock to-morrow morning to discuss the terms on which the city may be surrendered, and in the event he refuses to consider the proposition, to determine upon the time which will be granted for the removal of the women and children outside the sphere of action.

It was a remarkable case of bluff on both sides; Watson had held himself straight and puffed out his chest, as he assured Botha that he must instantly surrender the city or the division of the British army just at the outskirts would begin an attack. Botha, on the other hand, could not have brought together at sunset more than two or three hundred men, and yet we find him demanding that he be permitted to discuss terms of surrender. It was a clever and effective move on his part, for hours elapsed before the message could be delivered to Roberts and the answer returned, which positively refused to discuss any terms except unconditional surrender, though Lord Roberts expressed his willingness to meet General Botha at the time named to arrange regarding the disposition of the women and children.

Botha, by this manœuvre, was able to hold back the immediate onslaught of the British troops, and, during the long night, train after train streamed out of the city eastward toward Delagoa Bay, carrying supplies and ammunition.

Colonel De Lisle held his ground with the New South Wales all night, but few men slept much, for, added to the bitter cold, which had to be borne without the full supply of blankets and overcoats, there was the anxiety that the enemy would be discovered at daylight flanking them on the kopjes to the left. Indeed, a most ridiculous incident occurred just before the break of dawn. A heavy muffled rumbling, as if artillery were being moved with extreme caution, came through the quiet air from the left. Louder and nearer it grew. Whispered orders were hurriedly passed through the camp. They must capture those guns before they could get into position. Off to the rear one small party crept; another, stooping low, moved directly toward the sound. The men remaining strained their eyes, seeing nothing in the darkness, and hearing now their heart-throbs louder than the bumping of the heavy wheels over the rocks below. A laugh clear and loud, taken up by a dozen throats, came startlingly and piercingly back. It was Pretoria's garbage-train of wagons drawn by a traction engine, making its usual morning trip under the guidance of Kafirs.

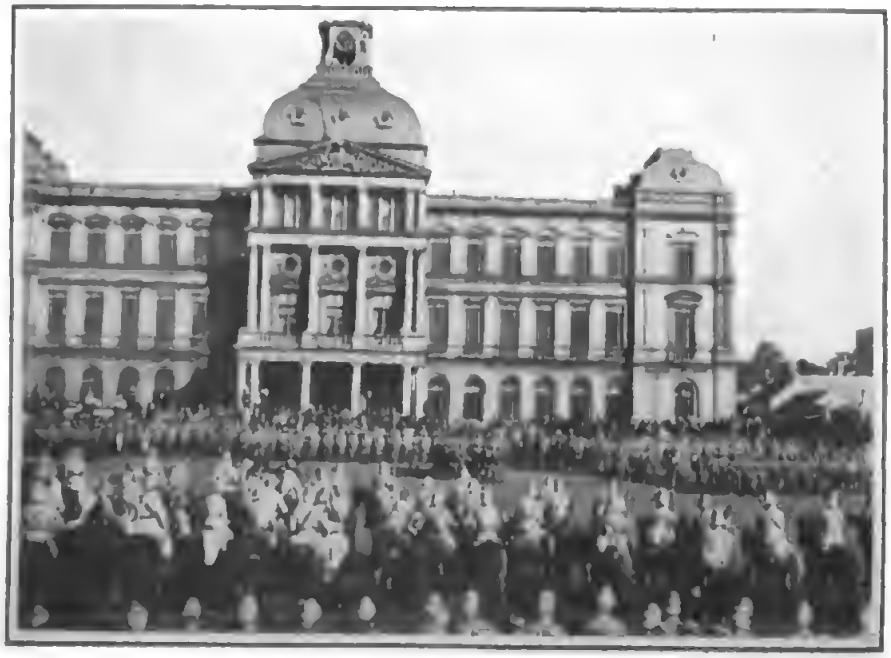
Botha did not keep his appointment, so Lord Roberts began moving his troops into the city promptly at nine o'clock, meeting with no resistance whatever.

The correspondents raced into town through by-paths and side streets, any way to get in without being stopped by some officer of rank, who seems to think, as a rule, that part of his professional service is in obstructing the newsmen as much as possible. Great was the surprise to find the streets already filled with khaki-clothed men, and it took several minutes' explanation before it was realized that these were officer prisoners of war, who had practically mutinied against their guards the night before and refused to march a step out of Pretoria. If there had not existed such a chaotic condition of Boer military affairs in the city the previous night it is likely many of them would have been killed. Here they were safe and sound, every officer (except the few poor chaps who had died of disease) that had been captured from the very first engagements. It should be admitted that they looked exceedingly well fed, and the great majority of them say that prison life at Pretoria had been irksome rather than severe.

Ten miles away, at Waterval, five thousand more British soldiers were imprisoned. Their fate was unknown at the moment, but an hour afterwards tidings were brought back by a galloper of the force which had posted on rapidly through the town to their succor; all but nine hundred prisoners were let go scot-free. One marvels that some nine hundred common soldiers, out of several thousand prisoners, should have been hustled on toward Lydenburg, instead of leaving them and taking every officer, whose rank in military and often in civil life made him the more valuable for exchange and in future negotiations.

Nothing was left to be done but the shouting; nothing but the "March Past," the great formal review when Lord Roberts would take over the city for his Queen, and express, in stately salute and glistening eye, his appreciation of his men. There was something flat and disappointing in it all; the show had not been worth the money. Even the soldiers felt cheated that they had been tortured over so many miles of veldt, and in the end Pretoria, the only Pretoria in the world, had dispensed itself by passively remaining on the surface of the earth! There should have been an earthquake or some great convulsion, now that there could not be a fight.

The citizens stood around in throngs near the centre of the town. Except the released officers, everybody seemed to wear the bored look which said, "Now you've got it, what are you going to do about it?" The feeling gradually changed near noon when the preparations for the grand review began. The audience woke up to greater interest when the great square was cleared and soldiers a yard apart, with fixed bayonets, lined its outer edges,



THE INFANTRY PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE LORD ROBERTS.

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or bounding from wall to wall of the narrow street.

A roar of voices, sheer shouts of triumph mixed with defined hurrahs, drown everything, even the bagpipes. The English contingent massed at the hotel cries itself hoarse with delight—those Englishmen who pride themselves on their calm reserve, their dignified demeanour, and the repression of every exhibition of natural impulse, are throwing their hats away, pounding one another on the back vigorously, and screaming as only an insane man can, or a Frenchman.

Into the square, little gray-haired Lord Roberts rides, a magnificent soldier, with not an equal as a military administrator in the British army. He looks very sober and quiet, but with such a kindly face. Lord Kitchener, stern, beetle-browed, and scowling, is by his side; behind, the entire staff follow, and yet behind, the "Chief's" body-guard of Colonials. They ride to the centre of the square, wheel left, then front face toward the great government building. Looming up beside Lord Roberts is his giant, gaudily turbaned Sikh, who watches over the great man like a tender mother over her baby.

The pipers are facing on the opposite side of the square, and begin their liveliest march as the Imperial

LIEUTENANT W. RUSSELL WATSON,
New South Wales Mounted Infantry,
Who made the Demand upon General Botha for the Surrender of Pretoria.

troops cease and march away and the band halts in their place and goes merrily on. Behind the great Dutch Reform Church—a sort of behind the scenes—the great wagon trains of each regiment are passing, while the troops move before Lord Roberts. As a piece of stage-managing the performance is magnificent, for all these men are not idly passing by, wearing themselves out with useless marching, but are going through the city eastward after the enemy, and the wagon trains are diverted around or behind so that the effect of solidly passing troops may not be spoiled.

"Look at their funny dresses," a Boer woman cries, and laughs for the first time as the Highlanders move on. "What great guns they have!" several others exclaim, as the naval artillery trundles by on huge solid iron-wheeled carriages—not knowing apparently that their own people have used bigger guns, with wonderful effect, during the whole campaign.

Two hours and twenty minutes the ceaseless tramp of soldiers, and the clicking of steel-shod horses go on, and then the end; and yet, though the audience be awe-stricken with the size of the British army, this has been but a handful of the forces brought by the United Kingdom for the crushing of the Boer oligarchy.

The HEMP INDUSTRY of the PHILIPPINES

THE hemp product of the Philippines in one year exceeds in value the sum the United States paid Spain for the quit claim of the islands. In a fair year, with good prices the value of hemp exportation from the archipelago doubles that sum.

The prospector seeking for investment need not dig below the surface in the Philippines. The culture and harvesting of hemp is the biggest gold-mine he will find. The English capitalist discovered the fact nearly half a century ago. In 1872 over thirty thousand tons were exported. In 1897 five times that amount. Under favorable conditions with American enterprise the exports will double in the next five years. The Philippines should produce from three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand tons. The profits on hemp-growing in 100 per cent., provided labor is obtainable at the former rates.

Of course, this rosy picture will not materialize for several years. The war has devasted thousands of acres of the best hemp districts of the islands, and it will take some time to restore the crop to a profitable condition. At present the great "godowns"* in the hemp ports in Manila, in London, Boston, and New York are practically empty, and hemp has gone up to a prohibitive price. A jump from four cents to ten, and even fifteen cents per pound, simply means that the supply is exhausted. No one would buy at such a price. Hemp grows in India, Russia, and Mexico, and other parts of the world, but the Manila brand is the best in the market, and no other will take its place.

Hemp made the Philippine Islands worth something to Spain. England stepped in and gobbled up the trade, and, in the future, the American, if he be wise, will put his money in hemp cultivation and let the alleged gold and coal deposits wait. The islands seem to have been especially made for the benefit of the abaca-plant. The moist though not swampy country in the south of Manila, the Camarines, Samar, Leyte, and Cebu, would produce a solid overgrowth of the abaca-tree if left to take its own course.

The tree itself resembles closely the banana-palm, but differs essentially in the fineness of its fibre and its barrenness of fruit.

The natives, too, seem to have been especially provided for the hemp country. Tending to improvidence and indolence, the hemp industry furnishes them employment whenever they run short of rice and tobacco, for hemp can be harvested almost at any time except during the short rainy season. Attempts have been made to transplant the hemp-trees, taking them only as far away as Borneo, but the manila textiles refused to cohabitate with any but Philippine soil. The Pacific slopes of the volcanic regions of the islands produce the best plants. Although the abaca-tree coddles to thin soil, and rather dry, quickly drained localities, the trunk and leaves demand frequent and abundant moisture. Given the proper conditions, the vast plantations will thrive like asparagus beds. Very little cultivation is required: an occasional weeding and a replanting at the harvest-time and nature does the rest. The crop is not gathered as if it were a corn-field, but the trees are found in all stages of growth, and the native passes through regular routes, stashing a plant here and there, his practised eye the sole judge of its maturity. Three years is the proper age for harvesting. The hemp-stripper goes forth much as a huntsman would. With his bolo in belt and a bamboo canteen full of rice slung over his shoulder, he lays himself to the uplands. After felling the plants, which at the age of three years are about ten feet high, he proceeds to clip off a shoot and replant it. After a number of trees are cut the stripping process begins. All the leaves are torn off and the outer skin of the stalk is peeled off. Inside of the trunk is a pithy substance, and around this are layers of fibre imbedded in a soft juicy substance. The fibre must be separated from the stalk at once lest it rot. Many Americans have cherished the idea of ex-

* Warehouses.

HARVESTING THE ABACA, OR HEMP-PLANT.

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DRYING HEMP ON A MANILA WHARF

porting the trunk intact, but the enterprise is not feasible because of the perishable nature of the pulpous segment.

A bamboo-made bench is improvised, and at one end the stripper binds his bolo; the handle attached to his foot by another bamboo strip. Across the blade he draws the stalk until the fibre is thoroughly separated without injury, preserving its length of from eight to ten feet, and leaving it fine and beautiful that the tropical sun may lick up the moisture still bleeding from the operation. The work of stripping is very tiresome and requires the skill of a trained hand.

The white man has often attempted to improve upon the brown man's method of stripping the hemp, but despite large expenditures and ingenious mechanical contrivances no machine has been produced that takes the place of the native. Patents have been taken out, and large sums of money spent upon experimental machines, but the texture and peculiar nature of the abaca-plant seem to require the touch of human hands to separate its parts. As well try to produce a machine to comb the snarls out of a woman's hair as to make a mechanical hemp stripper.

The native is paid for his work in hemp, dividing the product equally with the plantation-owner. When he cuts and strips all he can carry, he twists up the fibre into a great roll and goes down to the plantation-owner's house, and there the division is made. They then hang up the rolls until the middle-man or contractor comes along and a bargain is struck. The bales are crudely fastened together and carried to the nearest port and shipped usually to Manila, where they are separated, reduced and shipped either to Hong-kong, where there is an immense rope-walk, or to New York, Boston, or London. The rope-walk at Hong-kong is one of the largest in the world. Its product practically supplies China, Japan, and Australia. Very little hemp is made into rope or twine in Manila. Although crude rope-walks exist in different parts of the island, their manufactured article, although strong and durable, would not compete in the foreign market. Hemp subserves every purpose that leather might with the native. He twists it into sandals, uses it for harnesses, and it answers for binders in the building of his nipa hut. The utility of hemp is well understood to the Filipino. The finer quality is selected and reserved for weaving purposes, being made up into really handsome cloth, while the ordinary hemp is universally used to make a coarse though durable material, worn generally by the natives, who delight in gaudy colors and picturesque though scanty costumes. There is still another texture woven from the selected strands of outer fibre, intermixed with the fibre of the pine-leaf. The cloth has the semblance of unfinished silk, and is pretty and durable, though not as beautiful or dressy as the pure pine-leaf fibre silk known as piña cloth, the best woven product of the islands.

The entire hemp industry of the Philippines is still worked by primitive methods and with simple contrivances. The native, though unambitious himself, is jealous of the Chinaman and is averse to the Celestial getting control of the plantations or contracts, while scorning up-to-date methods himself. The "Cheno," however, has made inroads in this industry, as well as in others in the Philippines. Had he not, the development would not have been as rapid as it has. The native is thoroughly capable and understands the treatment of the plant and its harvesting, and could he be induced to work with regularity would be as good a laborer as the Chinaman, but the Celestial usually controls the baling and local marketing of the hemp.

The presses at the seaport towns are crude affairs.

UNLOADING HEMP AT CEBU.

After the fibre is classified and separated into three piles or classes, it is dumped in bulk into a huge press and a screw applied. After this operation it is taken out and put into another press of more regular design and of more imposing character. The second press is operated by an eight-armed capstan on an overhead platform, and a score or more of naked coolies, man-

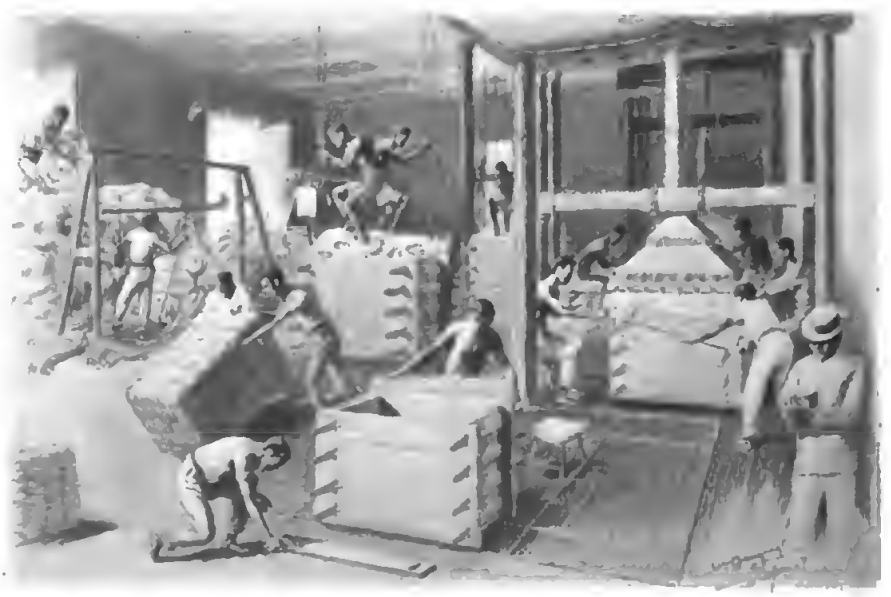
part of the business is mostly in the hands of the Chinese, there is little danger that they will be deceived or cheated. The Chinaman is the sharpest bargain driver in the world, and whether it is hemp, silk or old junk, he is fully capable of looking after his interests. Fineness of fibre, color, strength, and length determine the value and grade of hemp. If it be carefully stripped over a smooth knife, immediately and thoroughly dried, and of good length, it will bring the highest price. If it be carelessly stripped, juice being left in the fibre, it loses its color and becomes coarse. It then is considered of a second and third grade quality and brings a smaller price. The native watches the market, and if he hear that the demand is heavy he takes advantage of the middle man and compels him to pay first-grade prices for second and third grade products. Formerly hemp brought in Manila from $70 to $150 per ton, always fluctuating according to the supply, at times going up to $300 per ton, but at present the price is practically prohibitive, and it looks as if it would remain so for the next two years.

A half-dozen large English firms in Manila handle the bulk of the trade. These firms are old and well established, and have associated with them steamship lines running to Hong-kong and Singapore, where they usually tranship to London and New York. There are also a few American firms who handle the hemp direct, in some cases sending out sailing-ships and taking on cargo at Manila or Cebu.

Hemp-culture offers a large field for American capital. The field is practically unlimited. Vast tracts of land suitable to hemp-raising could be secured at a nominal price. The plant practically grows wild, and with a little encouragement and attention enormous results could be obtained.

There is little probability of over-supplying the market and practically no danger of competition. The English, French, and Dutch have made repeated attempts at transplanting the Philippine plant to Borneo, Tonquin, India, and Australia, but the experiments have been largely unsuccessful in every instance. While the plant has taken root and apparently thrived, for a time, the fibre lacked the fineness and strength of the Philippine product. The peculiar condition of the climate and the volcanic soil seem to be essential to hemp-growing, and as the combination exists to perfection in the southern Philippines, there is no reason why the vast waste-lands of the Camarines, Samar, and Leyte should not, in time, become the new commercial Klondike for American prospectors and ambitious colonizers.

EDWIN WILDMAN



BALING HEMP

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time would not ask so wise a man—he was a veteran hotel clerk—what place of amusement he had last in mind? It would satisfy merely idle curiosity, or supply just that little wisdom which is dangerous.

New York as the most popular summer resort was the topic discussed, and expressed in statistics the subject becomes impressive. Otherwise it is purely entertaining.

The figures relate to the number of people who come to New York city during the summer months wholly or in part on recreation bent. From Alaska to Florida, from Honolulu to Bangor, the holiday hosts move on to Manhattan Island in such number as to dwarf into silly insignificance the hustling hands whose descent upon other summer resorts are broadsided in a press which, in its far seeking for news of that nature, overlooks the greater quantity at lesser distance. To be done briefly and at once with anything relating to figures, it can be stated that Manhattan entertains more holiday visitors in the summer months than do all the other Atlantic coast resorts combined. These are spoken of as holiday visitors, but among them are many thousands who come to New York at this time not only to enjoy its many and sprightly hot-weather entertainments and natural attractions, but also to purchase fall and winter stocks of goods. Their coming in such great numbers, and accompanied usually by family parties, is a result of a comparatively recent action of the New York Merchants' Association. The composition of that body is sufficiently indicated by its title, but its work in the matter of making New York a popular summer resort is not at all suggested by its serious title.

There is something unexpectedly Parisian in that story. A few years ago some genius holding membership in the association, said, in effect, at a meeting called to devise means for inducing wholesale buyers to visit the metropolis and not stop short at San Francisco, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, or wherever, that the wise thing to do was to impress upon the merchants' wives and daughters the many attractions New York had to offer which the dealer over the way lacked. He reminded his hearers that when any of them had occasion to go to Paris his wife and daughters begged to go too. Why?

They started at the Battery

The hint was sufficient. During the past few years the association has sent out tons of alluringly illustrated literature designed to appeal to the imagination of its correspondents' wives and daughters. Possibly it was concluded that the attractions of New York especially alluring to womanhood understanding were not unknown, and needed no brush.

This action was seconded by a successful fight to secure special rates for the association's correspondents; family rates, you see. The scheme worked wonders. Where one merchant came to New York alone a few years ago, now come a score with families.

In the Club, there are tall, cool, fizzy Things.

came found much more to attract than the bills set forth, and this curious thing has happened: strangers are teaching New York what a delightful summer resort its natives have been running away from all these years!

To be sure, there has not as yet been any noticeable decrease in the number of houses whose boarded front doors and windows steadily announce a family's departure for sea-side or mountain. However, there has been a noticeable increase in the numbers of heads and cadets of those families who live in city hotels or clubs while their houses are boarded up.

Broadway is not deserted.

There are New York men who have been taught by the stranger from afar that Central, Bronx, and Riverside parks are unmatched for an early morning or late afternoon drive—certainly unmatched in any sea-side or mountain resort; that the quiet shades of a familiar club offer comforts and luxuries no out-of-town casino can equal; that the old Battery, of a moonlight evening, if you are seeking merry crowds, music, and a water view, compasses the longest, broadest, and most famous "board walk" on the coast.

It was on the Battery the artist and writer began an evening tour of the places of amusement wherein the Wise Man first quoted believed he could call a convention of the States and Territories. There one is first impressed by the fact that the Battery crowd on land night is now recruited from every section of Manhattan, whereas a few years ago only people from the lower East Side, and the West Side in the neighborhood of Greenwich, could be seen strolling there on warm nights. This change was brought about by the fast electric surface transit. Indeed, a ride from Harlem to the Battery in an open car running swiftly through the otherwise deserted downtown streets is in itself a delight—really a charming excursion—in spite of its cheapness! By this means thousands of uptown residents and midtown visitors reach the park and the broad stone quay of the Battery every warm night, and both classes seem equally surprised at the beauty of the view. Even at night, and especially in summer, there is enough movement of shipping to give a charming and varied aspect to the water off the Battery where the two rivers meet and form the Upper Bay. One rejoices that navigation laws command exhibition of green and red lights, and that excursion-boats vie with theatres in the use of electric lights, for this illumination on the water, where it is made by swiftly moving white palaces, has something in its spectacular beauty that makes material our most fancifully painted dreams of fairyland.

It was only little more than a half-hour's trip by a surface car from the Battery to that region of Broadway where the summer visitors' demand for stage amusement has resulted in elevating the stage of nearly a dozen theatres from the basement to the roof. If one may venture a comparison, it expresses vividly the extent of the summer amusement demand in New York to relate that in the months when we still speak of the theatres as "all closed" there are open—some wide open—roof theatres which accommodate more auditors than all the theatres of any other American city in the height of the dramatic season.

A New-Yorker need not confess to being an "old theatre-goer" to recall when there was but one—or even no—roof theatre. Nor to recall that in those days in summer the streets of the theatre district, like those of the fashionable residence districts, were mournful alleys, sunless, deserted.

"Every one is out of town," was the conventional phrase of explanation, and upper Broadway offered evidence that the phrase was but a slight exaggeration. Now that district is livelier and seemingly more populated by night in midsummer than in midwinter. Not only the roof gardens, but the hotels and restaurants rejoice in a patronage as peculiarly summer-resorty as that of the Casino at Narragansett Pier. It appears to be equally divided between natives and visitors, but if one observes closely the discovery comes that the native is there with the spirit of a visitor: he is just making the acquaintance of his city in midsummer, and seems to be charmed by the novel experience.

Now, when the Merchant comes, he brings his Family.

the audience is roofed in by glass, the light comes from countless wind-defying electric lamps, and a lively rain-storm rather adds to the audience's sense of comfort, sitting there comfortable and dry—that is, dry except within.

That same audience is in summer-resort mood, which they take from, or possibly impart to, the player-folk. The unconventional sets the only conventions observed on either side of the foot lights, and one notices this among the New-Yorkers present as much as in the visitors. Men who are familiar figures in the "glittering horseshoe" of the opera-boxes in winter enjoy such pardonable relaxation in this summer resort entertainment as is afforded by the luxury of a cigar, a tall cool drink, and an occasional, gracious nod or wink to a winsome young thing singing Professor Sloane's latest coon song, enveloped in a glare of many hued electric lights—and little else to speak of.

Man, and the Young Thing.

Does one charge that dignified commercial body, the Merchants' Association, with suggesting to merchants of Texas and North Dakota the advantages of New York over Chicago as a buying-point because of such things? Not at all. The literature of that association in calmest prose speaks of architectural beauties, parks, art galleries, historical monuments, opportunities of being swept by ocean breezes while enjoying cheap water excursions. The young thing arrayed in electric lights figures not in these sober compositions. But she is here, all the same, if one may be allowed the expression, and if one who comes from Nebraska to buy calico, and revel in historical monuments, chances to stray upon a roof and finds her, why, the object of the Merchants' Association is not defeated. No, it really is not defeated. The idea is to make New York to America what Paris is to Europe, and in her humble way the young thing helps out.

After all, people visiting Paris have been known to extend their sight seeing beyond the elevating influences of the Louvre and the Luxembourg galleries. So, in its process of becoming America's greatest summer resort it appears that the young thing in the electric lights and her coon song have played a part justified by what travellers relate of our acknowledged model—Paris.

It would be stupid to suggest that New York's entertainments called forth by its new rôle as summer resort have developed entirely along the line of coon songs and young things. There are about half a dozen places where first class music forms the only or principal entertainment, and at least two where strictly high class music only is offered, and one where entire programmes are devoted to Wagner.

The patronage of these places is enormous, and

There are other Attractions than Ships and Picture-Galleries.

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On the Roof.

that most sung-of resort. The more orderly end of the beach, Manhattan Hotel any, with its really gorgeous night entertainments, has gained much patronage from New York's summer visitors, who have learned that the beach is within the city limits, and therefore may be visited of an evening, and the return trip made without too much cost of time and trouble.

But it is the "little old island of Manhattan" that remains the compelling magnet for the many. They found much all prepared for their entertainment, and have brought into existence much in addition. For that New York in thankful. As a large number of one class of New-Yorkers began reversing the division of their time between town and country of New York, some may speculate a little on what other changes may be evolved from the new condition of the city during the hot months. It is interesting to consider. Westerners, who are deserving of the credit for having discovered New York's hot-weather charms, are less trammelled by traditions than are the natives, and it is to them we must look for the more radical changes it is reasonable to expect. Have they not already given us a hint? Indeed, yes. The "shirt-waist man," first seen in Manhattan, came out of the joyous and independent West. Taking off his coat and waistcoat when he found it added to his comfort in do so, was a declaration in acts that he knew a tropical climate when he felt one—a knowledge to which the New York mind has remained unopened some three hundred years.

That simple sane act startled New York; it has given rise to a discussion marked by deserving gravity and wisdom, in which some of the most profound editorial pens of New York have worked overtime.

The great meaning of this must be clear to all: those who have made New York a summer resort are to teach us that when and where the climate is sultry it is the duty of reasonable men to dress accordingly.

geographies declared the latitude to be in the "temperate zone!"

Then, when we have all donned light and breezy duds and white flannels, the Westerner will, no doubt, teach us to dine in them out-of doors. There again the start has been made under the impulse of the rational beings who come here to enjoy their summer vacation. Some of these bold spirits asked the manager of a big Fifth Avenue restaurant to put dining tables outside the close, hot, stuffy dining-room. The manager did so, doubtful of results. In a week he could not accommodate those who applied for outside tables! Visitors were the first to apply, but the astonished native, finding that passers-by did not take an unpleasant interest in the outside diners—which seems to have been the dread—took to the innovation with eagerness, and wondered why it had not been made before.

This merely suggests what may yet come to Manhattan Island through the demands of its hosts of summer visitors.

The New Man

A GOOD ROADS ERA

By JAMES WILSON SECRETARY of AGRICULTURE

THE question of the improvement of the American roads has been for a long time agitating the minds of the people who take a pride in the welfare of the country. Tourists have been forced to make comparisons unfavorable to the home highways when they have gone abroad and seen the beautifully level and well-kept roads of Great Britain and many of the Continental countries. It will be good news to the whole nation to learn that road improvement is to be made a special study, and wide inquiry to be set up foot among the several States as to the best ways and means of placing the highways of the country upon a superior basis.

The Department of Agriculture has a little road office by which a few thousand dollars a year are spent along the lines of both educational and practical work. Innumerable projects have been advanced, considered, and abandoned as being inadequate to meet the difficulty of improving our highways. One of these projects led to the sending out by the Department of Agriculture, within the last year, of experts to meet and co-operate with different bodies in various States for the purpose of carrying on practical experimentation with steel tracks that would enable the farmers to get their produce to market without running the risk of the heavily laden wagons sticking fast in the ruts of soft roads, made softer by continuous rains.

These experiments have caused such a demand to be made for further and more extensive experimentation to decide the best plan for road improvement that I have decided to organize an office on broader lines and prepare it for doing more thorough work.

To this end it is proposed to divide the United States into districts, secure an educated agent in each of these districts to study conditions, confer with scientists and practical road-makers, address students and educational institutions, and make reports of work done and proposed to be done that will form the basis of road literature.

To begin with, it is proposed to locate the agents in the Eastern States and the Southern States, one in the prairie States, and one in the mountain States of the far West. The value of this plan is that as the conditions in the several localities are peculiar unto themselves, by a system of intercommunication between the various agents we shall gather the best information as to the needs of the whole country and the best methods of inaugurating a scheme of national road improvement.

It is proposed that these agents shall send specimens of road material to the chemical division of the Department of Agriculture for analysis; that study shall be made along the lines of affinity and possibility of embracing the several materials to be obtained at each of the several localities and the advantages accruing from the interchange of material between the different districts. It is intended that each agent shall reside within his own district and concentrate his entire time and thought on the study of the conditions found within that district.

These agents must of necessity be good engineers; they should know something about geology, for it will be necessary to poke around in all the corners of the surrounding country in search of material suitable to the road-making needs of that section; a knowledge of drainage will be advantageous in making reports of the general conditions and the difficulties to be encountered in road improvement, and the practical acquaintance with the art of grading that those familiar with road-making acquire will greatly help in a comprehensive survey of the situation.

The first thing an agent will be expected to do when he arrives at his district will be to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the material at his command. There are many localities in the United States where stone cannot be found within a hundred miles or more. Other localities are so stony as to make the farmers who try to make the soil fertile almost despair of overcoming the obstacles that nature has placed in their way. It can easily be seen how the reports that come in from agents in districts where the ground is of these two separate natures can be made valuable. The material for road-making that is absent from one district will be found in abundance in another, and the office at the Department of Agriculture will thus be placed in possession of intelligence that will make the laying out of a great plan of campaign for road improvement a comparatively easy matter.

The stony section can be drawn upon to supply the wants of the district that is all sand and soil, and from the sandy quarter can be obtained in exchange for the stone the material that is lacking in the stony country. The wants of the people in one place will not be the wants of those in another. These needs will be studied by the agents and reports made in due order. Each man will work earnestly and methodically for the good of the whole, and the road department will keep a guiding hand over all, accepting and using suggestions from any one who has anything to offer on the subject and inviting co-operation from the entire country in the important work of bringing our highways up to the level of those of other nations.

Authority will be given to the agents to conduct experiments with any material or along any lines that are suggested by those residing in and familiar with the districts in which they are located, and these experiments will be reported on and the reports added to the valuable literature that the department will gather in the course of the movement. Where the traffic of the locality is of sufficient extent to necessitate it steel experiments will be carried on upon a more extensive scale than any heretofore conducted, and a careful record of the cost of the road made in this way, with the approximate saving to the wagon wheels and the benefit to the district, and forwarded to the department.

It is anticipated that questions will arise where steel tracks are laid and hard rock for the filling up of the space between the tracks cannot readily be obtained, as to the cheapest method of supplying the deficiency. It will be the duty of the agent to make experiments along these lines with the material at his hands, and if he finds he cannot obtain the necessary material in his vicinity it will be left to him to make trips farther out and search the district to see if nature has not in some hitherto undiscovered spot left a bountiful provision for just such a need and kept it hidden, awaiting the ingenuity and perseverance of man to dig out and utilize. Having found the material that he, with his practical knowledge of road-making and the additional knowledge acquired by experimentation, finds is needed for the betterment of the highways in that district, it will be the duty of the agent to apply to the transportation companies for rates, so that when he makes his report regarding the needs of the district he will at the same time have the figures of the cost complete and accurate.

When the reports of the various agents are printed there will naturally be sufficient rivalry among them to call up the best efforts of the men to excel in the report that will follow, and advantage will be taken of the suggestions in the report of one agent by another agent, so that the second reports will be sure to contain even more valuable data than the first. In this way the foundation will be laid for useful road literature, the attention of others will be drawn to the matter, papers will be read by men who are interested and have a practical knowledge of the subject, and the whole country will be stirred to action and helped in the work of improvement.

The intention of the movement is to ensure practical results in a matter that has long passed the talking stage. The Department of Agriculture will place at the disposal of the agents in co-operation with them the facilities of the experiment stations to be found in the various States, and every encouragement will be given for the formation of classes by road experts. In a word, the department is prepared to give the whole matter the broadest and most careful attention with a view to the extension to the people of the various States of every possible assistance to better the condition of the highways and lessen the troubles of those who use the public roads extensively.

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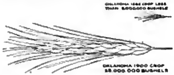
insures a comparatively high level of prices, at least until another crop enters into the situation.

The July estimate places the wheat crop of the

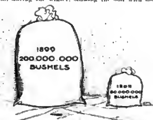


United States for 1900 at about 480,000,000 bushels. The home requirements for bread and seed are about 400,000,000 bushels, thus leaving 80,000,000 available for export. During the past twelve months the United States has exported 180,000,000 bushels to supply foreign deficiencies of the crop of 1899. This year there is an additional shortage in the French crop of from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels. In estimating the visible supply it must be taken into account also that the farmers still have on hand 51,000,000 bushels of old wheat, and that the reserves in second hands were in July 85,000,000 bushels. If all the wheat of 1900 and the old wheat in first and second hands were put upon the market there would be plenty to supply the needs of the world and keep prices at a comparatively low level.

This, however, is an impossible condition, for not only the reserves but a large part of the new crop will only be made available by high prices. In estimating the prices of wheat which will prevail during the next few months the element of uncertainty is the elevation of price necessary to bring the new and the old reserves into the market to exert a steadying or even bearish tendency.

The three Northwestern States—Minnesota and the two Dakotas—have experienced the greatest crop failure in their history. In those States alone there were 12,000,000 acres of ground planted in wheat this year, which, on June 1, gave promise of yielding 165,000,000 bushels. A June drought, which continued throughout the month, cut down this possible yield fully one-half. These three States raised 200,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1899. The crop of 1900 will not exceed 80,000,000 bushels. Manitoba was affected by similar conditions and lost a large proportion of the crop.

Conditions in the Northwest this year have been entirely without precedent. It is usual for heavy snows to fall during the winter, soaking the soil with mois-



ture to a depth of several feet when they melt in the spring. This reserve supply of moisture has been known to keep the spring wheat growing without the aid of rain throughout the months of May and June. Last winter there was practically no snow, and in the spring the ground was dry. In consequence the wheat roots, when they began to grow, instead of striking deep into the ground, kept near the surface in the endeavor to benefit by light and ineffectual showers. When the hot weather came and drought prevailed the grain was quickly destroyed over an area of several million acres. Some sections were fortunate in having a number of fairly heavy showers, and it is only in such places that there is any wheat this year in these three States which ordinarily raise from a fourth to a third of the country's entire crop.

In the Northwest there are thousands of acres of spring wheat to hundreds of winter wheat, hence an immense surplus is produced in ordinary years. Minneapolis and Duluth have received, during the past twelve months, 145,000,000 bushels of wheat, or nearly twice as much as was received altogether at the six other primary market centres of the country. This is an explanation of the far-reaching effect of a crop shortage in country tributary to these exporting points.

The Northwest is not the only sufferer this year. Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan have produced about 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, as compared with 60,000,000 bushels. The Kansas crop is the largest ever raised by any State. The territory which holds Kansas City, Missouri, as its market has produced this year about 120,000,000 bushels of wheat in excess of home needs, and this in itself constitutes the command of all the surplus wheat produced in the United States.

The Kansas farmer is now a speculator and at first hand. This is not the first, second, or third good crop he has had in succession, but the fourth. The first was hailed as salvation for the State. Hard times had prevailed for so long that notes and mortgages were part of every land-holder's liabilities. Money was high and difficult to get. All human energy was absorbed in the effort to secure the necessaries of life, to such an extent that what had been necessaries of ordinary times became luxuries. In 1897 came the first great crop since 1892, and the people drew a long breath of relief. The strain had been terrible.

Conservatively as possible, restrained by experiences of the past, over-due interest was paid, mortgages were cancelled, machinery was bought, and the wonderful recuperative power of the Western prairies was demonstrated once more. In 1898 came another good crop, the proceeds from which were used to complete the good work begun the year before. In 1899 came another good crop, not so large, and sold at lower prices than those preceding, but large enough and profitable enough to maintain the feeling of strength, confidence, and financial stability which had set in three years before. The Kansas banks began to complain of a plethora of money. The bankers held a meeting to discuss the question of what to do with their deposits, 40 per cent. of which they had on hand. Many of these banks were forced to buy standard securities bearing low rates of interest, as they could lend no money to their customers. The farmers held their grain for better prices. Some of them still have a portion of their crop of 1899 on hand. This crop was not so very large, but the farmers were in such excellent financial condition when it was sold that the Kansas banks have increased their deposits over 25 per cent. during the past twelve months.

The advance made in Oklahoma is even more marked owing to the even greater contrast with previous conditions. Four years ago the farmers of that Territory were largely occupying government claims then unpaid for. Their credit was at a low ebb. The total wheat crop was then less than 5,000,000 bushels. The good crops of the following years enabled the settlers to pay for their land, establish credit, improve their homes, and otherwise reorganize themselves into a civilized farming community based upon systematized wealth and intelligence. This year, with a crop of 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, Oklahoma takes rank with many old-established States, and brings into sharp relief the incongruity of her Territorial form of government.

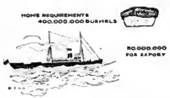
The prosperity which has come to the farmers of southern Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma during the past four years has not fallen upon unreceptive ground. The men who own these wheat-fields, who have also made money out of their live stock and their corn, and who now hold in their possession the export wheat of the United States, are alive to all the influences abroad in the world. They are naturally keen and quick of thought. They read the daily newspapers and discuss among themselves as experts the market conditions with which they are confronted. They know where wheat has been raised, and where it has failed, and have estimated the consuming power of all the peoples.

These farmers realize, as well as do the experts on 'change, that the top notch to be reached by wheat this year depends upon the strength of those who are now withholding the reserves.

At any reasonable figure the present wheat crop will bring $60,000,000 in cash into the State of Kansas, and $15,000,000 into Oklahoma. What this means to a single State is best shown by a few figures. From her wheat crop alone the wealth of Kansas will be increased this year $40 per capita. The amount received would pay for all her public schools ten times over. The railroads of the State share largely directly and indirectly in this prosperity. It will take 200,000 box-cars to move the crop. These cars would make 13,000 ordinary trains, or one single train which would reach from Topeka, Kansas, to Buffalo, New York. The harvest has lasted five weeks. It has required the use

was soon felt, and while high wages were paid, from $2 to $3 per day, there was no grain really lost for lack of help to harvest it. The scene in the wheat section of the State was most remarkable. From one elevation in Barton County twenty miles of wheat stretched away into the horizon. There were roads through it, but these were lost in the waving grain. Breezes trailed across this golden sea in serpentine paths of changing color. The straw was higher than the wheels of a wagon. Many of the wheat-heads were over six inches in length and carried from sixty to seventy perfect grains. Within the memory of the farmers who reaped this harvest this section of Kansas had appeared as an arid and unproductive waste which gave no promise for the future.

One feature of farming in Kansas is not fully realized by those who know only by hearsay of the effects of a prosperous year upon the people of that State.



In the mercantile business a prosperous year means a fair profit upon capital invested. In Kansas a big wheat crop means that the farmer has returned to him in cash in that one season more money than his whole farm and its entire plant would bring in the market. That is why a big crop results throughout the State in a surplus of money for everybody.

The shortage in the big spring-wheat States this year will constitute a greater factor in making high prices than would a corresponding shortage distributed evenly throughout the country, because almost all the wheat in the Northwest moves towards two central points and is thus concentrated. A larger proportion of the yield thus comes into sight than in any other part of the country, and small receipts at Duluth and Minneapolis have more influence upon speculative sentiment than light supplies at other points of concentration.

There is not an important shortage in the world's supply of wheat this year. France has a deficiency of 80,000,000 bushels. India will have no wheat to ship to Europe this year, although last year there was an export surplus of 23,000,000 bushels. The crop of the United States is between 80,000,000 and 100,000,000 bushels short of last year. These deficiencies can be readily made up from the reserves of old wheat the world has carried over from the crops of 1899 and 1898, which were the largest on record. This would probably be accomplished without much of an advance in prices were it not for the circumstance that the greatest deficiency is in just that part of the world where the shortage in supply has the most effect in advancing prices.

Chicago prices for wheat rose twenty-one cents in two weeks in June when it was made certain that the spring wheat crop was seriously cut down. The foreign markets failed to follow the advance, and consequently there was a set-back. The American speculator, however, is now thoroughly convinced that the price of wheat is to be high this year, and the Kansas farmer is equally optimistic.

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purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the army. The decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign. The commander who lost the battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history."

Shortly after this deliverance Mr. Ingalls lost a battle in politics, and with it his seat in the Senate, which he never recovered, inasmuch as he was a very clever man and a Senator of distinction, it seems reasonable to infer that somewhere his conception of politics and its needs was at fault. Perhaps he lost his battle because his moral nature was not active enough. He was beaten for the Senate in 1890. To hold votes in Kansas during the last decade has been a task fit to exercise a moral nature not merely active, but in a high degree acrobatic. Mr. Ingalls's qualifications were not equal to it. He made a fight in 1894 and again in 1896, but both times unsuccessfully. Perhaps Senator Hoar might have held Kansas during the last ten years, for he has moral earnestness, and aspires and professes to be right, whatever stand he takes. Ingalls couldn't, and like enough it was the professed inactivity of his moral nature that beat him. In this country the man who professes to believe that the decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign, and that the object of politics is success, is pretty sure, first or last, to come to grief at the polls. He must profess better than that, whatever his conduct is.

Mr. Ingalls was one of the best-known men in the country, and in many ways attractive. He had extraordinary gifts of expression, both as a writer and as a speaker. In vituperative oratory he had hardly a rival. Yet he must have had warm human sympathies, for very many people liked him. He was bitter in his talk, and sceptical of many things, including the virtue of some worthy public men, but there was a grit about him that was engaging, albeit it was somewhat acrid. One's heart goes out to a man who speaks his mind, even though the mind has a twist in it and the speech often records ill with wisdom.

Mr. Ingalls was born in Massachusetts in 1833, was graduated at Williams in 1855, and was Senator from Kansas from 1873 to 1890.

THE visit of the Cuban teachers seems to have been admirably successful. President Eliot, in speaking of the six weeks' stay of the teachers in Cambridge, has said that its success succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. "There was no accident, no serious sickness, no death; but much study, much enjoyment, and a general enlargement of experience. None of the difficulties prophesied arose, and much unanticipated good was done. One of the surprising features of the teachers' visit in Cambridge was the remarkable gain of the whole company in bodily health and strength."

What the teachers thought of their summer school experience appears in part in their gift of a notable loving-cup as a "testimonial of gratitude to the illustrious University of Harvard and its President, Charles W. Eliot."

They have been to Washington and seen its sights. Last week we saw them here in New York, and read of their holiday trip to West Point, and of the enthusiastic entertainment that was given them. Ever since they landed they have shown themselves to be kindly, appreciative, and enthusiastic, and of course they have been everywhere popular. Good will has attended them everywhere, and they have dispensed it as freely as it has been bestowed. Their visit has been a great exploit, and its complete success must delight every one who conspired in bring it about or has labored over its management. If Judge Taft, our present Governor in the Philippines, and a noted son of Yale, shall presently find in the success of this undertaking a warrant for a like experiment with Filipino teachers, the progress of such a visit would be watched with interest equally cordial.

MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE seems to have acquired the impression that fashionable society in this town of New York is not exemplary in its domestic life. He was one of several distinguished gentlemen who, on August 17, at Concord, New Hampshire, made addresses at a meeting on the last day of New Hampshire's Old Home Week. Mr. Page said, in substance, as reported in the papers, that the American home life that we read most about in the newspapers is not representative, and he thanked God that it wasn't, for "it is that which is found in certain peculiar circles of certain large cities in this country," and though foreigners think of it as a constituent part of American home life, Mr. Page says they are misled, for there is no American home life about it. That is as much as to say that our swells are un-American in their way of living, and that seems to be what Mr. Page was driving at, for he went on to protest against a sermon lately preached in a fashionable church in were on them, and that all these observers were emulative of their doings, and disposed to pattern by their examples. Mr. Page declared that that was nonsense, and that there were not fifty thousand persons in the country, much less fifty millions, who envied or emulated the Newport swells, and did not rather "reprobate and deride their arrogance." He talked unkindly, too, about some of them as "divorced and doubly divorced persons, and their sycophants, and parasites," and was, indeed, so candid that he can hardly expect to be much entertained in Newport before next season at the soonest. He seems a rechbea man, for some of the most notable cooks in the Western Hemisphere practise their admirable art in Newport during the summer.

The trouble with pounding the swells, even the Newport swells, with such a comprehensive club as Mr. Page has used, is that they are so much like the rest of us in being various folks, and widely different in their walk and conversation. If Mr. Page will not concede that they are given to us for our edification, may not even he accept them thankfully as a source of amusement? They seem to be good and bad, wise and foolish, including men fit to rule States and men fit to tend bar, and women who would adorn thrones, and others who would disgrace dash-tubs. Unlike most other folks they are conspicuous, but for that they are not all to blame, for many of them, including most of those who have experienced domestic infelicities, would gladly keep out of the newspapers if they could. And so many of them, beneath their shells, are gentle, pleasant, human people, and like us in so many advantageous particulars? Don't scowl at them, good Mr. Page; grin; it is kinder, easier, and quite as much of a relief.

IT seems to be the intention of M. Menier, the chocolate king, who bought the island of Antiosti, to make the island as nearly French as he can. It belongs to the Dominion of Canada, and he cannot annex it to France, but the Fox Bay settlers whom he drove out, as told in a late WEEKLY, seem to have been objectionable because they were of British descent. It seems that he has made terms with most of the French Canadians on his island, and allows them to stay there. It is reported that he has spent $2,000,000 in roads, buildings, and other improvements on his island, and no doubt he will make it a very interesting property, and an excellent retreat for a person enjoyed with the sweets of civilization. There is first rate lobster-fishing there; the best, it is said, in the Dominion. There is only one thing, besides the fogs and the climate, to hinder the chocolate man from making a paradise of Antiosti, and that is that a despot cannot make a paradise. The gist of paradises is in not having any owner or any lord on the premises or in effectual communication with them. Even the benevolent despot, whose rule, we are often assured, would be the best rule possible, could not make a paradise except by keeping his hands off most of the time and allowing his subjects to get hurt when they fall down.

MR. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, golfer, author, nephew of Lord Salisbury, and First Lord of the Treasury in the British Ministry, has been discussing some recent centuries before the students in a university extension course in Cambridge, England. He seems to have considered them from the point of view of an Englishman recalling English history. He said he liked the eighteenth century and disliked the seventeenth. He did not attempt to justify his preferences, but explained that the religious wars which were half political, and political wars which were half religious, helped to explain his distaste for the seventeenth century, which lacked, he thought, "a kind of utility and finish" which the next century possessed.

The nineteenth century was still too near to be considered as a whole, but he examined it in thirds, liking the first third with its great wars, and snuffing at the second, of which, he said, no intellectual dynasty had won his allegiance. He preferred Scott and Miss Austen to Thackeray and Dickens; Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley to Tennyson and Browning; while none of the mid-century thinkers—Mill with his thin locality, Carlyle with his tarbid prophesyings, Comte, or Newman—had made him a disciple. He believed that the characteristic note which would distinguish the nineteenth century was to be found in the growth of science. The century had seen great doings in many fields—great wars, great national and social upheavals, great religious movements, great economic changes, great achievements in literature and art—but a hint would mark it deepest was the cumulative products of scientific resource, which, by enlarging our apprehension of the world in which we live, had changed our whole point of view.

In spite of the Boer war, and the agitating occurrence in China, and all else that has given employment of late to the minds of British rulers, Mr. Balfour has been able to think interesting thoughts on matters detor students of history. How many of us know history well enough to have distinct preferences for one century over another, and to know the wherefore of our likings?

THE Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston has found a way to measure hospitality. Working in connection with the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, it has entered some fields of investigation which the government census does not cover, and in a recent search for statistics of domestic service has made a schedule of the living expenses of seventy Boston families. The number of persons in these families ranged from two to seventeen, and their expenditures from $558 for a family of three to $4412 for a family of ten. The schedule shows, in detail, what the various families paid for rent, subsistence, servants, and taxes during a period of nine months. Hospitality found a place in the lists of figures in the form of meals furnished to guests. Eight families in nine months furnished less than 100 such meals, seventeen families furnished between 100 and 200, thirteen from 200 to 300, two from 300 to 400, one from 500 to 600, one from 600 to 700, and two more than 800 each, or three and one third meals a day.

OF course our Southern brethren are profiting by the recent negro hunts in New York and the still more recent riots in Ohio, to point out that the nature of white men in the North and South is not materially different. The WEEKLY has long held and professed that opinion, which may be entertained without abatement of mortification over senseless violence against negroes wherever it occurs. The worst feature of the late rioting in New York was the apparent disposition of many policemen to egg on the disorders, which it was their duty to restrain. That was a grave symptom which has considerably affected the general standing of the police in the estimation of the community that maintains them.

As for the riots at Akron, Ohio, they seem to have been quite as crazy as anything of the sort the South has offered. The negro whose crime was at the bottom of the trouble is doubtless imperfectly responsible, and a fitter object for medical supervision and possibly for surgical treatment than for lynching. A mob of hoodlums once started is a much more dangerous menace than one crazed negro, as our brethren in Ohio must have observed. All over the country, North and South, the sane members of society must continue to set their faces against lawless violence to negroes. There seems a chance to discourage rioting in Ohio by action of the courts, and we must all hope to see the courts improve their opportunity.

ACCORDING to a recent story in the New York Sun, twenty million dollars of capital from New York and Philadelphia is in course of expenditure to develop and employ a huge water-power at Sault Ste. Marie, where the waters of Lake Superior rush down on their way to the lower lakes. The start was made by Philadelphia men, who built a canal yielding 20,000 horse-power, which they tried to sell. Not succeeding, they had to use it themselves, and built pulp-mills to turn the neighboring spruce forests into pulp. The progress of their enterprises reads like a fairy tale. Chemical pulp is about twice as valuable as ground pulp. To get the sulphur to make chemical pulp they bought nickel mines near by, and then iron mines to afford iron to use with the nickel to make nickel steel. Their enterprises now are of vast scope. They have acquired great stretches of timber-lands and valuable mines. The water-power they have and will obtain will drive their paper mills and afford electricity for use in melting ores and making steel, and the expectation is, with cheap power, raw materials in vast quantities near by, and the economical use of all by-products, to make wood pulp, nickel-steel, sulphuric acid, bleaching powder, and divers other merchantable commodities to very great advantage and at a corresponding profit. One detail of this enterprise is a railroad to Hudson Bay, to be finished in five years, by which time all the other enterprises of the company are expected to be in running order and working together for good. All, or nearly all, of this great work of construction and development is going on on Canadian territory.

WE were satisfied last week that the people in the legations at Peking had been rescued and were safe, but there is still anxiety as to whether there is any one among them who is capable of telling—as it should be told—the story of their experiences during the past six weeks. In able, appreciative, and duly imaginative hands it should be a notable story, though it will not be complete unless our end of it also is told, including all the Shanghai despatches.

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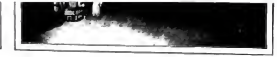
THE ENTRANCE-HALL.



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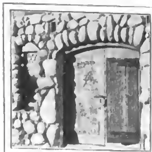

MAIN ENTRANCE.

REAR VIEW BEFORE COMPLETION.

MR LUMMIS AT WORK.

A Hand-made House

CHARLES F. LUMMIS, author and explorer, is too well known to the general reading public to require an introduction from any pen; but it may not be so well known that Mr. Lummis can build and is building a house as well as books, with the same master-hand and original brain.

On the banks of the Arroyo Seco, within the limits of the city of Los Angeles, where he has purchased three acres of land, on which are thirty great, distorted sycamore-trees and hundreds of tons of granite bowlders, I found him at his work-bench—and incidentally photographed him. But Mr. Lummis is never too busy to welcome a friend or give a kindly greeting to a guest. He is a New-Englander by birth, and his ancestry shows in his ability to tame wild land. With these same bowlders that he clears from the place he is building a permanent home, with his own hands placing the stones in the building and mixing the mortar; he is hewing and shaping each stick of lumber required in the construction of this model home; he is planning all the details of the structure, and when completed it will be not only original and characteristic of him, but all that may be desired for comfort and utility.

The house is being built around a "patio," or court, in which is a lawn of Bermuda grass shaded by an enormous fourfold sycamore, and a fountain is to add its cooling spray to this restful retreat. The oaken doors of the dwelling are fastened with quaint old locks, picked up in out-of-the-way parts of the world on his many exploring expeditions. There are cement floors and old-fashioned raftered ceilings; there are New-Mexican corner fireplaces in every room; there are windows of unique designs, one of which is especially deserving of mention—instead of the stained-glass panels around the sides of the plain plate-glass there are transparencies from many unique negatives taken by Mr. Lummis in South America, old Mexico, and our own Southwest that he has so thoroughly explored, forming one of the most interesting features of this very interesting house, and greatly enhancing the beauty of the room. The cement floors are to be covered with Navajo blankets, the walls are decorated with parchments, weapons, Indian baskets, old paintings (with many masterpieces by Keith), and other bric-à-brac gathered in foreign lands during long years of travel.

Mr. Lummis has been over a year working on this building, with the help of a twelve-year-old Indian boy, and has finished enough for occupancy this winter. However, it has not prevented his doing an immense amount of literary work in the interim. This is his first serious attempt in this line, though he has built log cabins and adobe houses during his varied experiences.

His motive in this undertaking is partly practical, partly sentimental. With so much literary and editorial work he needs out-door exercise, and he has, anyhow, a heresy that "a man's home should be part of himself. It should be enduring, and fit to endure. Life and death will hallow it; it mellows with the generations—if it outlast them. It should be good architecture, honest construction, comfortable, convenient, fire-proof, burglar-proof, time-proof; a possession, not a taskmaster. Something at least of the owner's individuality (presuming him to have some) should inform it. Some activity of his head, heart, and hands should make it really his—not just his on the abstract office books and off the same lot of rafters that his neighbor buys from as uncarefully at the same price per yard. The more of himself he can put into it, the better for it and for him—even for purely selfish motives. Every one knows that the thing he has made is more genuinely his than the thing he has bought. The creative thrill is so fine and keen; it is sheer pitiful to see a man get a home off the bargain-counter, and miss nearly all the joy he might just as well have of it."

Everything about this house, down to the smallest detail, is made with the deliberate intention that it shall "last a thousand years." Contractors do not use such stiff cement nor carpenters such wood-work as is employed here in these eighteen-inch walls, four-inch doors, dovetailed and three-ply, three-inch window sash, beams a foot through, arches to resist a harder earthquake than California ever had, floors three feet deep. Every room in the house looks outdoors at least two ways. Everything is on the ground-floor, except Mr. Lummis's mezzanine "den"—two beautiful rooms upstairs and almost in the giant sycamore, whose arms will brush all four roofs of the big quadrangle. For he does not believe in stairs as a means of grace for women. There will be 250 feet of porches—a seventy-foot cloister of Roman arches in front, and a veranda around the patio with ancient posts and corbels from some of the oldest *portales* in North America. Original timbers from California missions (which Mr. Lummis is engaged in preserving from destruction) figure here and there in the construction. Locks and keys are all several centuries old. The plans are, as it were, a composite photograph of literally thousands of old dwellings, forts, temples; bits of Spain, Mexico, Central America, Peru, Bolivia; lessons learned from Pueblos, Aztecs, Yuncas, Incas, Mayas, and a hundred other aboriginal peoples—for the home idea has been active in the explorer's heart ever since he began wandering. Yet so many remote schools of architecture have been reduced to a harmony. "Strange? Not at all," says Mr. Lummis. "They are not really incongruous to start with. All these folk built sincerely and for use—not to sell nor to show off. That is why you can add them all together and divide by your personal desire without getting a vulgar fraction. If we cannot do so with our average American houses to-day, it is because their construction is not 'personally conducted,' as it used to be. Hirelings doubtless never do a thing quite right. We were given hearts and hands to put into our work. Instead, we put them in our pockets and hire a union man to make work for himself out of what might be fun for us."

Everything about this home has a story—and a story personal to the owner. It is a sort of stenographic summary of Mr. Lummis's life—if a long-hand record of his perseverance and love. These huge hinges on the front door, which weighs half a ton, are from the pre-Inca ruins of Tiahuanaco (Bolivia). This door-knob is an idol of forgotten Chan Chan, the greatest city ever built by American aborigines; and this one is a fistful of virgin silver from a deserted mine in the Sierra Madre. Here is a lock that more than a century ago ornamented the masterpiece of the greatest architect Mexico ever produced; and this key and escutcheon (which should be classed as jewelry rather than as smithing) are from the hand of the most famous Vulcan of Amecac, three centuries ago. This mellow old bench was carved by a Franciscan missionary in New Mexico in 1720, and has been for more than a century the ceremonial seat of Pueblo governors. And so on for quantity. It would take a book to catalogue the list. These are all personal memorabilia of wanderings, exploration, excavation, contact with primitive peoples; not purchases from the bric-à-brac store. The furniture will greatly multiply these crystallizations of experience. When the building is fairly complete—which, with hard work, will be in four or five years—the builder will make his own furniture, comfortably casting into outer darkness the modern stuff which now serves its turn.

A fair example of the labor which goes into this house is the finish of the wood-work, which is of natural California redwood, several pines, poplar, ash, maple, etc. Mr. Lummis is not a devotee of the planing-mill, and has sarcastic words for flatnesses. He has spent more than fifty twelve-hour days simply in hewing with axe and broadaxe, finishing doors and windows with a special tool, a sort of huge chisel of his own device. All ceilings, beams, and planking are rough hewn; all the other work is gouged into a peculiar and beautiful waviness. "What would you call it?" was asked. "Hm! Well, you might call it a moonlight finish"—and indeed it does at once remind one of a rippling moonlit lake. His affection seems divided between this and the more primitive "fire-finish." Some of the most massive rafters, the mantel in the "museum," and other things are laboriously charred over a camp fire, and then rubbed down till they shine like satin, while the grain of the wood is brought out most exquisitely.

This is but the beginning. At every step will be applied the ideals and the curious adornments Mr. Lummis has been so long collecting. He has to show for his fourteen months' work five rooms, complete except the windows of the fifth. Over four hundred tons of masonry are already in the walls—about one-fifth of the whole plan. When all the rooms are done there will still be occupation in making the tiles for 300 feet of red tile roof, at present flat asphalt serves.

If he can continue indefinitely—as he is confident that he can—home-building from daylight till dark, and from dark till 4 A.M. at his desk, this man, long buffeted by the wilderness, will presently have a home to suit him; a beautiful home, and as uncommon as his labors upon it. Meantime the family camps there, partly in the stone rooms, partly in the four-celled camp-house which he built as a preface to his magnum opus. Every day in the year they eat out of doors on the wide porch. Here is a real frontier hospitality; many a historian, ethnologist, artist, author, professor, sits down to the al fresco table and is coolly bedded down at night upon the floor. And when the Indian maid stalls at the range, the unabashed writer in white jeans drops hammer or trowel, seizes a frying-pan, sets up a camp fire, and adds savory mysteries to the menu. "Why not?" he retorts to the word of surprise. "I would be ashamed to be unable to do whatever needs doing in any contingency. If I had not learned to cook while I 'batched' in the wilderness I would learn right now."

ALICE J. STEVENS.

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BARNEY, with the rest of us, used to come and sit in Toal-a-Gallagher's a' nights and hear the latest war news from America discussed. It was when, to our pain, North and South had sprung at each other. John Burns's weekly paper gave us the broad news of the war, and occasional Ameriky letthers threw side-lights upon interesting concomitant phases. Night by night the discussion had a deeper fascination for Barney. Barney loved a row as keenly as any man in the barony, and could acquit himself with as much credit. "Arrah, Charlie," he would say to Charlie Dunnion of the Bearna Dearg, when they had heard the account of the latest skirmish—"Arrah, Charlie, if me an' you had only been in the mi'st iv it! with our good blackthorns in our fist! I'd 'a' given me wan eye, Charlie—wouldn't you? Och, och! there's divil a bit iv fun at all, at all, in Ireland nowadays, an' meself's spoilin' for divarsion."

The news of the big bounties that were offered for substitutes, too, made Barney's eyes dilate with wonder. The whole thing had for him the fascination of a fairy-tale. And it did not surprise us very much when, on a night that a wonderful letter from Brian Melly—Brian Micky Hude, of Letterthraim, who had just joined the army—had been read, Barney jumped from his seat into the middle of the floor and said, "By gum! but I'm for the war."

And he was. In less than twenty-four hours Barney Brian had his passage taken, and had arranged to sail in two weeks.

There was lamentation from end to wynd of the parish. For we never knew how much we liked Barney Brian till we found he was going to leave us. Barney had neither mother nor brother, chick, child, or one belonging to him. He did a day's work to this man, that one, or the other, was well fed, bedded, and clad, and after that snapped his fingers at the world and the devil; for "No cow, no care," was Barney's maxim. A reckless, rollicking, devil-may-care fellow he was, to whom life was a lilt, and the world a big joke full of fun, frolic, and fair days. He could sing at his own wake, and dance at his own burial; and would sooner have a fight any day than a good dinner. He could learn a ballad far quicker than a prayer, and prove by his stories that fiction was stranger than fact. At everything that was bad, Barney was best in the parish—he was the best boxer, the best *camon*-player, the best dancer, whistler, and singer, the best at cards, and the best at the blackthorn; but to crown all, Barney's head was as full of rascally tricks as an egg is full of meat, and there was not an individual in the parish that he had not at one time or other fooled for his own fun and the enjoyment of every one.

There was lamentation from end to wynd of the parish. The tear was near to Father Dan's eye even, when he gave Barney his blessing and his advice. "But, Barney," he said, "for one thing I know ye'll not forget us when ye're far away—no more than we'll forget you; and I know, too, that in war or in peace, ye'll never do a thing that can be a cast up to Cruckagar."

Three houses, no less—Padraig Mor's, and Toal-a-Gallagher's, and Corney Higerty's—were given up to Barney's Convoy the night before he started, and all three crowded from the hearth-stone to the door-step with them that came to enjoy the last spree in Barney's honor. Barney was loaded down with messages from fathers and mothers to children in all corners of the States. Barney did not hesitate to take charge of all; and would as cheerfully have taken charge of as many more, had such been forth-coming. "And, boys," Barney said, with his face lit up, "afther the war, provided I'm neither hang, shot, dead, nor a pres'ner, it's I'll be the rich man, an' I'll spend every penny iv me wealth buyin' presents to fetch home to yez, only savin' as much as 'ill give yez all, the night I come home again, the greatest an' grandest blow-out an' racket that ever was known in these parts since Micky McGurran's nine days' carouse, the time he brought home the wife with the fortune, from County Monaghan."

"God guard ye!" "God prosper ye!" and "God send ye luck, Barney a *thaisge*!" we said, and cheered till the rafters cracked. And when in the morning Barney took the road, with Jamie Meehan and the Widow's Pat before him carrying his box (which, God knows, but for decency, might have been shouldered by Pat alone without stressing him), half the parish took the road with him to see him well on his way, and the other half stood at their doors to press his hand, and pray God to speed him to fortune and watch over him in the war. There was a glisten in the eye and a gulp in the throat of many a one that day. It was no use, either, Barney's trying to kill their grief with a shaft of wit, or smother it with merry reminiscence—"Now, Andy, me son," to old stooped Andy McGriver, "if ye go givin' the lads a wake afore I come back, I'll reckon ye a meaner man than I used to think ye. I want to have the pleasure of helpin' to turn the sod on ye"; and, "Arrah, Nancy Gillespie, don't ye mind all the tauthrums I've put ye in, with me thricks! Keep up yer heart Nancy *agrugh*, for with God's help I'll annoy ye again—an' again."

But the old women only smiled very sadly at Barney's jokes now, and making him bless himself and bend his knee, shook the holy water on him ere he hastened on his way. So, when he had got clear of Cruckagar, Barney was almost drenched—"I trust in the Lord," he said, as he shook himself, "that I'll not take the rheumatiz." But when Barney reached the very highest point of the road, where it runs over the Bearna Dearg, he turned, and crossing his arms, in silence took a last long look at his loved Cruckagar where it lay, lonely, dreary, and gray, below. We looked at him and at Cruckagar, but we said no word. After a long time Barney shook his head slowly from side to side, and he waved one hand towards the scenes he was going from, and said, "God be with ye, Cruckagar!" That was all. Then he plucked a bit of heather from the brown moor that runs into the road-side there, and put it in the inside pocket of his waistcoat, and walked on. And for the rest of the way whilst we were with him Barney joked no more.

AN EVIDENCE OF BARNEY'S SPIRIT IN THE "MONUMENT."

He enlisted on the very day he set foot in America, and in less than two months after, the word came from him—to Toal-a-Gallagher's—that the President had ordered him "to the front"; and Toal explained for our enlightenment what that phrase meant. "And, hi! for the fun an' the fighting," Barney said, in his dictated letter. "Barney Brian is going to distinguish himself and cover himself and Cruckagar with glory." He requested that Brian Monaghan, the stone-cutter, should be asked to mark out and reserve until his return the largest stone in Dhrimkeelan quarry—"for I mane to erect at the cross-roads, when I go back, a monument to my memory: 'To the memory of Kurnel Barney McGilver, an Irishman and an American sojer, who was a native of this humble locality, and born in It, and who won the Ameriky war, having been sent to the front, and kept there till the enemy run—what of them wasn't left dead on the field.' Of course," he said, "I'll get Masther Whoriskey to put it into far grander English, tot'ly regardless of cost."

When Toal took off his spectacles, after reading Barney's epistle, he flourished them solemnly, and said, "An', boys, joke as Barney may about that monniment, we've seen greater wondhers than the Amerikky government itself settin' up a statley of Barney Brian right on the middle of the main sthreet of New York—in recognition of distinguished sarvices readhered." And indeed we all agreed it was a hopeful sign to find that the President had already discovered Barney's undoubted abilities, and recognized them by sending him to the front. And when, now, a stranger from Killymard or the Oilrigh happened into Toal's of a night, and inquired how the war went, it gave us pride to hear Toal, as he drew a stitch or drove a peg, reply:

"Well, the divil a much startlin' there has been of late; but we'll soon be hearin' somethin'—for the President has ordhered Barney Brian to the front."

"Phew-ew-ew!" the stranger would whistle (for Barney and Barney's fighting qualities were, of course, as familiar as the *Hail Mary* to every one within the bounds of the barony). "Phew!" he would say, "then there'll be news purty soon."

"Yis," Toal would say, deftly paring a sole-edge, "the fate iv Ameriky is now on the lasser." As we sat in a circle around Toal and his journeyman (with our elbows on our knees, and bodies leant forward, as was our habit), and watched them ply their work, in fancy's eye we conjured up the picture of the American nation with bated breath pausing for the issue, whilst the sword-strokes of Barney Brian reverberated over the land from ocean to ocean.

When Barney did reach the front he did not forget Toal-a-Gallagher and Cruckagar. He wrote a long letter at least once a fortnight—sometimes once a week. Barney Brian's "letters from the front" became the sensation of the country. They were wonderfully interesting, containing as they did news of doings, and even of battles, that had entirely escaped the ordinary war correspondents, giving strikingly graphic descriptions of great encounters, and picturing all the stirring events of the war in a brisk, breezy, racy fashion to which the aboriginal press-man was a total stranger. Barney Brian and General Hancock were performing prodigious deeds of valor that made every one of us in Cruckagar feel a foot higher. The slaughter that Barney with his own good right hand wrought was something appalling: those who supported him in the war had a trying time indeed, clambering over corpses and wading shoe-mouth deep through bloody slush.

"Arrah, tell Billy Brogan," said Barney, "that this isn't like swingin' a blackthorn in Ardhara fair." On one occasion, when pressed hard, Barney had to fight with a sword in each hand, and carrying a third one in his mouth. In a particularly stiff battle his blade got so heated with hard work that when he returned it to the scabbard it burnt that to a cinder. I cannot tell the sorrow we all felt when Barney informed us that he had lost the *Claidh Solais** which he had named after the wonderful sword in our old-folk tales; in one battle, where the enemy pressed too thickly upon Barney, it seems he had the ill fortune to run the *Claidh Solais* through five men at one time, and as he could not withdraw it quickly enough, he had to seize another sword and go ahead, or lose his life. Barney, with the innate modesty that we had ever known to distinguish him, frankly disclaimed being the hero of all the most notable deeds of the war. He wrote us the full account of the Mayo boy who fought for five minutes and killed two men after his head was cut off. And the poor fellow might have fought longer, only that Barney, seeing his comrades were laughing, took pity on him and drew his attention to the fact that he was a dead man: "'for there's yer head,' says I," (these were the words of Barney's letter), "'lyin' at the gray horse's heels beyant.'" It seems it was cut off so deftly and quickly that the poor Mayo boy never found it goin'; but he could not now deny the evidence of his senses, so, heaving a sigh, he threw away his sword and stretched himself full length among the rest of the dead. As keenly as he felt for the poor fellow, Barney said he could barely keep from laughing himself.

During all that time in which Barney's letters from the front were coming, every one went to Toal-a-Gallagher's at night to hear the latest wonderful word from Barney and the wars. And the one letter was often discussed, again and again, for fifteen nights in succession, Toal himself illuminating the text in a more striking and effective manner on each succeeding night. We all agreed that Barney Brian, God bless him and watch over him! was such a credit to Cruckagar as few men ever had been to the place that gave them birth, and that he and General Hancock were head and shoulders above all the other heroes of the war. But one thing that mortified us much was the fact

* Sword of light.

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half a dozen t'ruckagar lads proud to muster roun' it."

"'Johnnie,' says he to me later, 'I feel now as light as when the creel would come off me back afther takin' two hundhred iv buildin'-stones to the top iv Dhrimkeelan hill to Paddy Waury's new house.'

"He lived three-quarthers iv an hour afther, an' just afore he did die he says, 'Johnnie!'

"'What is it, Barney a *gradh?*' says I.

"'Do ye know what I'm thinkin' iv? Ha! ha!' says the poor fella, shrugglin' to get a laugh out iv him. 'I'm thinkin' about the monkaintint to meself that I promised Teal an' the lads at home to erect when I'd go back with rank an' tickes.'

"Says I, 'Well, Barney, comfort yerself, bekase on account iv the oiddu's milk-cow there'll be a monimaint afore ye in heaven.'

"'But, ha! ha! that's the point, Johnnie a *thaisge*,' says he; 'the widdu's cow herself 'ill be the rarest monimaint iver the mind iv man invinted—a monumint walkin' about on four legs an' givin' milk, an' thievin' in Matthew Miller's kail-garden.'

"Poor Barney turned his head to the wan side, an' the howl went out iv him while the smile was still on his face at the conceit iv the thing. I closed his hand on the bit iv heather. An' on the last day it's Barney Brian 'ill be the pleased man when he opens his eyes an' finds it there."

And every night and morning that the Widow Molly walked the monument (for, going out or coming in, it was known by no other name than "Barney Brian's Monimaint") she prayed to God—a prayer that found an echo in every heart in Cruckagar — that Barney's awakening might be a glorious one.

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Convention, held in Sioux Falls. Mr. Bryan had not been much in the public eye since he was notified at Indianapolis that he was the nominee of the Democratic National Convention. He utilized the time between the two notifications by preparing his formal letter of acceptance for the various nominations which he had received, by composing the acceptance speech at Topeka, by catching up with his heavy correspondence, and by a ten days' visit to Chicago, during which he conferred with the managers of the Democratic campaign as to the general plan to be followed. At Indianapolis, Mr. Bryan confined his speech of acceptance almost solely to the so-called issue of Imperialism. At Topeka he dwelt on varied issues and spoke more briefly than at Indianapolis. He discussed the many questions at the outset, and then passed to the subject of trusts. He declared that prosperity was due to causes beyond political control, and then took up the subject of Militarism. He gave some figures to show that the great burdens which Militarism imposed on a nation always rest heavily on the masses. He also insisted that Imperialism was the "paramount issue" of the campaign. There was a large attendance at Topeka for the notification ceremonies, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT is gradually coming to the front as the chief figure of public interest on the Republican side of the fighting. The national committee has simply been swamped with applications to have him speak at almost every town of importance on his proposed route to the Pacific coast and back. Those cities and towns which have not received assurances of obtaining a formal speech from the Governor are planning to stop his car if possible for a few minutes. This plan would mean a stop every score of miles, more or less, along the route, with a prospect of a car-tail speech. The Governor's throat is not in the best condition, and it is evident that a limit must be set at the very beginning to the extent of his speech-making. Therefore it is announced that he will make no car-tail speeches on the trip, and that he will conserve his voice to the fullest possible extent so as to last through the entire campaign. Governor Roosevelt will take with him, to do the car-tail speaking and other heavy work which he cannot undertake himself, two Eastern spellbinders. They are John Proctor Clarke, of New York city, and Curtis Guild, of Boston.

Governor Roosevelt is also attracting unusual public attention through a letter which he sent on August 9 to the Hon. John M. Palmer, of Illinois. Mr. Palmer was the nominee of the Gold Democrats for President in 1896. This year he has announced his intention of voting for McKinley, but criticised severely Governor Roosevelt's recent St. Paul speech in which the Governor was quoted widely as saying that Democrats in general "stand for lawlessness and disorder, for dishonesty and dishonor, for license and disaster at home, and cowardly shrinking from duty abroad." Governor Roosevelt told General Palmer that his speech had been misunderstood. He meant to accuse and did accuse the makers of the Kansas City platform, and not Democrats in general, of these unpatriotic opinions and actions.

THE Republican cause continues to receive recruits of importance from the ranks of those who four years ago supported Mr. Bryan and free silver ardently. The most notable of these recruits in the last few days is United States Senator William M. Stewart, who for more than two decades has been what might be called the High Priest of free silver. Mr. Stewart was formerly a Republican. He returns to his old party now, not because he has forsaken the 16-to-1 idea, but because he is an expansionist, and because he asserts that Mr. Bryan by making Imperialism the "paramount issue" has practically abandoned free silver. Mr. Stewart was the man who discovered the famous "Crime of 1873." He had long been known as the champion long-distance talker of the United States Senate, because of his advocacy of free-silver coinage. After the advent, however, of Senator William Vincent Allen, of Nebraska, Mr. Bryan's strong personal friend, Mr. Stewart's reputation as an endurance talker was eclipsed. The Republican managers were intensely pleased with the return of Mr. Stewart to the fold. He gave out an interview in which he said:

"Mr. Bryan's unparalleled campaign for the principles of the Chicago platform, and his insistence upon the adoption of that platform at Kansas City, induced the people to suppose the campaign of 1900 would be conducted on the issues of 1896. In this they were mistaken. A hallucination induced Bryan to make war on an army of ghosts and hobgoblins which his diseased brain created. His instinct, which had formerly led him to consider realities, departed. He sought his closet in pursuit of phantoms, and he strung together [illegible] words which he gave to the public at Indianapolis. He is now the full-fledged candidate of Aguinaldo and of Aguinaldo's friends and supporters at home and abroad."

Mr. Stewart rebuked Mr. Bryan's declaration that would require the exercise of a Militarism beside which the Militarism of President McKinley, to which Mr. Bryan objects strenuously, would pale into insignificance. Mr. Stewart also blamed Mr. Bryan for a two-faced attitude. He said that Mr. Bryan, having secured the ratification of the treaty with Spain, had no right to declare the President at fault in obeying the requirements of that treaty, which, as soon as it was ratified, became the supreme law of the land.

There was a report that United States Senator Jones of Nevada, Mr. Stewart's colleague, had also declared for the Republican national nominees. This makes a noteworthy change in political opinion in a free-silver State, the two United States Senators who advocated Bryan's election in 1896 having come over to the Republican party on the broad issue of Expansion.

A DETERMINED effort is being made in the campaign on both sides to appeal to prejudices of race and of nationality in securing votes. The Republicans have feared wholesale defections of German-born citizens, and the Democrats are doing all in their power to encourage the belief that Germans who have voting rights in this country are set upon supporting Mr. Bryan in their hostility to Imperialism and the dangers of so-called Militarism. There have also been appeals made to Jews as Jews to vote for members of their race who have received nominations for offices of importance. In order to attract the German and the Hebrew vote the Democrats of Illinois nominated for Governor an estimable man named Alschuler, a Jew of German extraction. An appeal was made to Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, the famous Rabbi of Chicago, to support Mr. Alschuler and Mr. Bryan. Dr. Hirsch made public a letter in which he declared that while he had not supported the Philippines policy of the Administration, he found it superior to that which Mr. Bryan suggested, and would, therefore, support Mr. McKinley. Then he uttered this rebuke to those who would ask votes on the ground of race prejudice:

"I have the highest esteem for Mr. Alschuler. All that know him are unanimous in testifying to his nobility of character and his ability. The fact that I am a Jew and Mr. Alschuler is of Jewish parentage cannot influence my action. I do not vote as a Jew, but as an American citizen. What would we say if Methodists would appeal to their coreligionists to support a Methodist because he is a member of their Church? If we are so foolish as to vote for a Jew simply because he is a Jew, we must be prepared to have others vote against Jewish candidates because these are Jews. Judaism teaches loyalty to principle. There is and there ought to be no such thing as a Jewish vote. It is as insane as would be a Catholic vote. Hebrew marching clubs, no matter under what banner, are an insult to the spirit of our institutions."

THE demand for a public speech from Chairman Hanna of the Republican national committee became so strong that the Senator could resist it no longer, and he opened the Republican campaign in New Jersey at Asbury Park on August 21 at an evening meeting which was attended by fully 5000 persons. Mr. Hanna ostensibly was the presiding officer of the occasion. He really was the chief speaker. He spoke extemporaneously, and in that blunt, direct fashion which made him especially attractive upon the stump in the Ohio campaign a year ago. He began by saying that New Jersey Republicans, like New Jersey mosquitoes, know their business. He then said that he did not intend to discuss the issues of the campaign or to sound the key-note, a note which is badly overworked always in national campaigns, but he came to sound a note of warning, not only to the Republicans of New Jersey, but to those of the nation, against overconfidence. He made this assertion:

"Every man of family, every man of property, and every man with an atom of patriotism must realize the necessity of making the utmost effort to continue the Administration in power. We have a desperate foe to meet. The fate of Bryanism hangs in the balance. If it is killed now, it is killed forever. It behooves us not to be too confident, lest that—well, I don't know what to call it, unless I call it the Cuckoo Party—steal a march on us."

Later in the evening, at a dinner given in a hotel at Deal Beach, Chairman Hanna made another speech and spoke of President McKinley's hard work on behalf of the country. He said that the President was not an arrogant boss or an autocrat, eager for power and Imperialism, as he had been pictured by Mr. Bryan and other Democrats.

THE Democratic campaign managers evidently intend to fall back upon Charles A. Towne, of Minnesota, who recently declined the nomination for Vice-President by the Populists, to counteract the effect of Governor Roosevelt's speaking tour in the West. It is given out that Mr. Towne will follow Governor Roosevelt as far as possible, and that in the Central West especially he will try to overcome the personal influ- is evident that he is coming around to the Bryan idea that Imperialism is the "paramount issue." In an interview recently Mr. Towne said:

"Events must determine the future of free silver. It will be a pressing issue some time. Recent actions have postponed the day, but it is now overshadowed by questions of more immediate importance."

RICHARD CROKER continues to absorb public attention in the campaign in New York State. There is the sharpest kind of a conflict in the Democratic party in the State. The game is to secure control of the party machinery for the future. Mr. Croker aspires to be State leader or boss, probably not so much from a desire to assume such responsibilities voluntarily as to defeat any possibility of a movement within the party ranks to dethrone him in New York city. He does not want another Democratic organization in the metropolis. There is every indication that former Senator Hill and former Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan intend, if possible, to build up a Democratic following in New York city in opposition to Mr. Croker. Mr. Croker is filled with intense personal hatred of Mr. Hill, and his campaigning is simply along that line. His latest move is one that may seem audacious. It is nothing less than an attempt to set up a campaign committee of his own in New York city in separate quarters from the State committee of his party, and his purpose evidently is to build up an organization in the State to rival or secure the control of the regular organization of the party outside of New York city now dominated by Mr. Hill's followers. Personal revenge is the watchword of the Croker campaign. Self-preservation is the sole object. On August 16 the Democratic State Committee met in Saratoga to fix the date and place of the Democratic State Convention. It was the occasion of the fifth set conflict between Mr. Croker and Mr. Hill for supremacy in State politics. Mr. Croker won his fifth victory, but it was by the narrow margin of twenty-six to twenty-three votes. Mr. Hill sprung a surprise upon the committee by suggesting that the temporary chairman of the convention be selected then. He nearly carried his point. Mr. Croker's victory was so slender that it aroused in the full his spirit of vindictiveness, a personal matter which is bound to have full sway in the course of the Democratic party of New York State in the future. Mr. Croker says that his new headquarters are simply his personal headquarters, where former Senator Murphy, whom Mr. Croker recognizes as State leader, will do his campaign work. Both Mr. Murphy and Mr. Croker announced, as soon as these headquarters were opened, that Comptroller Coler was an "impossible candidate." The Croker forces sent an emissary to Supreme Court Justice D. Cady Herrick, in Albany, to see if he would be persuaded to run for Governor. Mr. Herrick did not send a blunt refusal back. Mr. Hill favors Mr. Coler. The latter would like to be Governor, largely because Mr. Croker doesn't want him to be.

On the Republican side it is announced that State Chairman Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., will be nominated for Governor. For business reasons he doesn't want the office. Mr. Platt wants him to have it, the party workers all over the State have clamored for the nomination, Governor Roosevelt has favored it, and the result is that Mr. Odell has felt it his duty to give in.

THE result of the "Liberty Congress" held by the Anti-Imperialist League on August 16 was the indorsement of Bryan and Stevenson. The resolutions said, "We advise direct support of Mr. Bryan as the most effective means of crushing Imperialism." The attendance at the convention was less than four hundred delegates, and there was little enthusiasm. United States Senator Proctor is anxious to have Vermont "set an example" to the rest of the country in the State election on September 4. He wants at least a 30,000 plurality for the Republican State ticket. Speaker Henderson of the National House of Representatives has returned from his trip to the Pacific coast, and says that the Expansion issue will make all the States bordering on the Pacific absolutely certain for McKinley. Senator Fairbanks of Indiana declares that the Imperialism issue has fallen flat in his State, and that Bryan has no chance of carrying it. Senator Beveridge of Indiana, who is known as a fervid orator, has accepted Mr. Bryan's gage of Imperialism as the "paramount issue" and will make his speeches along the line of Expansion, and with the idea of counteracting talk on the danger of Imperialism. Both the Republicans and Populists in the State of Mississippi are to make an active campaign. This is a great novelty, especially for the Republicans. Their leaders say they hope to poll 25,000 votes in the State. Another State in which the Republicans hope to make a good showing is Texas. State Chairman Green says the Democrats there are divided and the Republican vote will be much larger than usual. United States Senator Pettigrew, South Dakota, is making a vigorous campaign for re-election, but says that he would prefer Bryan's election to his own.

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THE lawn-tennis season practically ended with the championship tournament at Newport last week. During the last two seasons the game has been making rapid recoveries in popularity, and the steady increase in the interest taken in the matches culminated this season in the most interesting series of tournaments that has ever been held on this side of the Atlantic.

The chief feature of the season was unquestionably the international matches between English and American players. Through the generosity of Dwight F. Davis, of St. Louis and Harvard, 1900, the Davis International Challenge Cup has brought about the first officially recognized international meeting ever held in lawn-tennis. We have had many foreign experts playing on American courts, and a number of our players have gone abroad to take part in the foreign tournaments, but in every case these visits have been made on the individual responsibility of the players, and the results of their matches have never been officially recognized as defining the relative skill of the players of the two countries.

This season the English Lawn-Tennis Association accepted the American invitation to challenge for the Davis trophy, and officially sent over here three of the leading British players, namely, A. W. Gore (captain of the team), E. D. Black, and H. R. Barrett. The matches for international supremacy and the temporary possession of the Davis cup were played at the Longwood Cricket Club, near Boston, two weeks ago, and they resulted in an overwhelming victory for the American representatives. There were originally five matches to be played—four in singles and one in doubles—but several days of rain upset the programme badly, and in the end only three were finished. These were really all that were necessary, for the American players won all three, and the event was practically decided then.

Two of the three visitors also entered for the American championship at Newport, and played their the week before last. It was perhaps unfortunate that they were forced to meet each other in the third round, but this was due entirely to the chances of the draw, and could not be avoided. Gore beat Black easily, but was in turn beaten in the semi-finals by George L. Wrenn, Jr., one of the strongest of the second-class American players. As Wrenn was unable to make any headway at all against Larned in the finals, it was apparent that neither Gore nor Black was equal to the first class American experts, under American conditions anyway. It is purely a matter for conjecture what they would be able to do if they were to meet our strongest players in England.

The failure of the visiting English experts is one of the most interesting problems of the year, and it is disappointing to have to admit that the international matches did not entirely accomplish what was expected of them. While American players can honestly claim the international championship, it has not been proven beyond question, even by the overwhelming defeat of the visitors, that American lawn-tennis players are more skilful than their British cousins. The Englishmen did not consider the matches a fair test, and complained of the conditions under which they had to meet our experts. Our enervating climate, the slowness of our courts, and of our players while in action, and the time at which the matches were played, were urged as partial reasons for their failure, but most of all, the difference between the English balls and ours, and the twist services which some of the American players have invented.

There can be no doubt that the American balls are a shade larger (our rule requires that they shall be) than the English variety, a little softer, and do not fly so fast nor bound so high on account of the difference in the felt with which they are covered, and in the hardness of the ball itself. The "reverse-twist" service of Davis, Whitman, and Ward, the three members of the American team, undoubtedly killed the English chances in the international matches, for the visitors had never seen its erratic bound before, and at first it is very difficult to hit such a ball accurately, but this reason would not account for the Newport failure of both men, for neither met any such play there, yet it took Black five close sets each to beat Hardy and Rudlong, and Gore played the full five with both Ward and G. Wrenn, beating the former and losing to the latter; yet all four of these Americans, whose skill seemed about equal to that of the visitors, are among the second-class American experts, while Gore and Black are rated as first class in their own country. The only first class American players the visitors met were at Longwood and Southampton, where they won one set out of nine in singles, and none at all in six of doubles.

Technically, the failure of the visitors was one of methods rather than individuals. Admitting that all three of the Englishmen were badly out of form while here, their styles of play are thought by American judges to be unequal to those of the American leaders. Gore showed no ability to volley and little speed or skill in his backhand play; he appeared to be a man of a single stroke, a forehand drive off the ground, and that play alone can never be expected to win from a well-developed player who forces the weaker side and goes to the net to kill the opponent's return on the volley. Black showed more even development in his play than Gore, but he volleyed from too far back in his court to drive his attack home, and was too unsteady to win from any of the first-class Americans.

The Britishers admit that they had no conception of the skill of the American players before they left home. They came here grossly over-confident, played for the international championship with only two days' practice, and now they have gone home very much disappointed and disgusted. They were themselves chiefly to blame for their poor showing. Their objections to the hours of play and the slowness on the court of the Americans seem trivial; they should have adapted themselves to these minor conditions. The balls undoubtedly did prove a drawback, and possibly the slow courts, but the twist service was a legitimate an advantage in favor of the home team as any other stroke that was played. All these reasons, however, hardly constitute any excuse for the failure of the British team, and the inference is plain that at least on our own courts American lawn-tennis players are more skilful than their British cousins.

J. PARMLY PARET.

A Democratic View

EDITOR HARPER'S WEEKLY, NEW YORK:

If you are pit to use the enclosed you are at liberty to do so. It is written from the stand point of an old rebel who has always been a Democrat and is too much of an American to support Bryan. Yours,

JAMES W. OATES.

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, *August 19, 1900.*

ONE cannot read Mr. Bryan's Indianapolis speech without yielding the most unstinted admiration to it as a Fourth of July effort—one of those things born in the clouds, and altogether too lofty in aspiration for a home elsewhere than in the profound reaches of the sky. I do not support Mr. Bryan this year, for we have much of earthly concern and human interest involved; but if he and I should be on earth when the Millennium comes, he will be my first choice for President. He would then fit like a round pin into a round hole.

In that speech there is not an argument made against so-called "Imperialism" that would not have been, in its essence, choice argument for a Copperhead speech in 1861-5. If there is anything in this consent-of-the-governed doctrine as laid down by Mr. Bryan, it is the property of all people and all ages. Its only condition is consent, and there is no other condition. Neither previous conditions, present engagements, nor future purposes affect or enter into it. He makes it an independent, exceptionless right; a universal heritage, eternally vested and impossible to spend. According to him, a people, whether numerous or few, or whatever their conditions, have only to consent or withhold their consent, and that solitary fact controls all others. To use a modern slang expression, Consent is IT, and there is nothing else to IT. It is perfectly apparent to any thinking man that government under this idea is an impossibility.

It matters little that he quotes detached parts of what Mr. Lincoln said, when we have in his acts, which are the monumental evidences of what Mr. Lincoln thought, evidences that show conclusively how he understood this doctrine. Mr. Bryan's idea of it was absolutely negated by Mr. Lincoln's acts. Those acts denied this doctrine, as Mr. Bryan understands it, to 5,000,000 of capable white Americans in the South. Mr. Bryan is unfortunate in quoting the words of a man to prove that he believed that which every act of that man's life shows he did not believe.

Those who opposed Secession in 1861-5, and who now support Mr. Bryan, may, and perhaps do, attempt to show that this consent-of-the-governed idea was not then involved—I mean the Bryan interpretation of it. He who looks squarely and with mental honesty at it through Mr. Bryan's spectacles must admit that Secession was the very thing itself. Whether it was then right or not, is not the question; that has become ancient history, and is not subject to revision. It is sufficient for the present that it was then settled contrary to Mr. Bryan's interpretation, and there are not a half-dozen old Confederate soldiers who do not want it to stay settled. They know an accomplished fact when they meet it on the highway. And there are a few of us who have enough human nature in us to feel that we are not called upon to rend our garments trying to give a few Tagalogs in the Chinese Sea what was denied to us. This may not be very ideal, but it is human. From Mr. Bryan's stand-point it would appear to be logical that we tell each State to get out of the Union when she sees fit to do so; but we must also hunt up the remnants of the Indians, and turn over all this country to them as a matter of clear but tardy justice. If we are going to be so aggressively pure, let's do it up in style and thoroughly.

I call attention to these things only to show that Mr. Bryan has figured out his Idealism with but little regard to human nature and the facts of American history. Were this a Nation of Angels, living on ambrosia furnished by a perpetual automatic supply machine, rather than one of red blooded Americans who earn bread and meat by the sweat of their brows, as we are, we might consider the idealistic views of Mr. Bryan as sufficient for our needs. But there are of us some who are not disposed to accord the claim of statesmanship to him who cannot correlate theory with the unbending conditions of human life; who do not believe a man is a safe leader for this nation of men and women struggling with the complex problems of life, merely because he combines in himself in such splendid proportions the two qualities of the King of Epigram and the Dreamer of Sweet Dreams.

I am also much impressed by another error made by Mr. Bryan—again because he had his head in the clouds. He assumes that the "consent" of the Filipinos to our government of these islands has been withheld. Is that true? I have always understood that only a part of the tribe of the Tagalogs objected, and that this tribe, all told, is not more than 1,000,000 in a total population of 10,000,000 in those islands. Either the spirit of Munchausen has returned to earth with powers more splendid than before, or this is approximately the fact. If that be true, not more than one man in ten on those islands withholds his "consent," and Mr. Bryan, with his head still in the deep blue sky, ignores the nine, and hears only the racket of the one. There are, happily, Americans who look at this as a practical matter, and regard the acquiescence of the nine as equivalent to the "consent" of all, and who refuse to regard the wishes of the one, especially so long as he is trying to people the sands of Luzon with the bones of American soldiers.

I am disposed to think that we will keep the Philippines, and have an army and a navy large enough to protect American rights, for we know, not as a dream, but as a fact based on almost experience, that they will be protected in no other way. This world is so made that we have to fight for what we get, and Idealism is no title to what we think life owes us. We had rather pay to maintain a sufficient army and a navy for all future time than to be licked once. Nor do we think that American institutions are likely to be endangered by the American soldier; at least, there is nothing so far in his conduct that warrants rational apprehension from that direction; rather do we look for danger from civil decadence in the centres of congested population where politics is made a profession.

JAMES W. OATES.

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UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. XI.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

RAFE. "The old lady looks comfortable and contented."
UNCLE JEFF. "Why shouldn't she? There ain't no danger of a runaway."

*Mr. Dooley**

XXXVI—ON THE NEGRO PROBLEM

"WHAT'S goin' to happen to th' naygur?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "he'll eyther have to go to th' North an' be a publick race, or stay in th' South an' be an objick lesson. 'Tis a hard time he'll have anyhow. I'm not sure that I'd not as lave be gintly lynched in Mississippi as bitten to death' in New York. If I was a black man, I'd choose th' cotton belt in pritirnce to th' belt on th' neck fr'm th' policeman's club. I wud so.

"I'm not so much throubled about th' naygur whin he lives among his oppriessors as I am whin he falls into th' hands iv his liberators. Whin he's in th' South he can make up his mind to be lynched soon or late, an' give his attintion to his other pleasures iv compusin' rag time music on a banjo, an' wurrukin' f'r th' man that used to own him an' now on'y owes him his wages. But 'tis th' divvle's own hardship f'r a coon to step out iv th' rooms iv th' S'ciety f'r th' Brotherhood iv Man an' where he's been r-readin' a pome on th' 'Future iv th' Moke,' an' be pursued be a mob iv abolitionists till he's driven to seek polis protection—which, Hinnissy, is th' polite name f'r fracture iv th' skull.

"I was f'r strikin' off th' shackles iv th' slave, me lad. 'Twas thru I didn't vote f'r it, bein' that I heerd Stephen A. Douglas say 'twas unconstitutional, an' in thim days I wud go to th' ilure with any man on f'r th' constitution. I'm still with it, but not so athrong. It's movin' too fast f'r me. But no matther. Anyhow I was f'r makin' th' black man free, an' though I shtud in th' South as a sporting' proposition, I was kind iv glad in me heart whin Gin'ral Ulyss S. Grant bate Gin'ral Lee an' th' rest iv th' Union officers captured Jiff Davis. I says to meself, 'Now,' I says, 'th' coon 'll have a chance f'r his life,' says I, 'an' in due time we may injye him,' I says.

"An' sure enough it looked good f'r a while, an' th' time come whin th' occasional dollar bill that ain't across this bar an pay night wasn't good money unless it had th' name iv a naygur on it. In thim days they was a young lad—a friend iv wan iv th' Doodore boys—that went to th' public school up beyant, an' he was as bright a lad as ye'd want to see in a day's walk. Th' larnin' iv that lad wud send Father Kelly back to his grammar. He cud spell to make a hare iv th' hedge schoolmasther, he wuz as quick at figures as th' iddyotated pig they showed in th' tint be' a-ck in Haley's varsant lot, an' in juggerphy, asthronomy, algybhera, jommetthry, chimisthry, physiognomy, bassoophly, an' fructions I was often har-id put meself to puzzle him. I heerd him gradyouate, an' his composition was so fine very few cud make out what he meant.

"I met him on th' sthreet wan day afther he got out iv school. 'What ar-re ye goin' to do f'r ye'rsilf, Snowball?' says I—his name was Andhrew Jackson George Wash'nton American Castaterne Beresford Vanilla Hicks, but I called him 'Snowball,' him bein' as black as a coal, d'ye see—I says to him: 'What ar-re ye goin' to do f'r ye'rsilf?' I says. 'I'm goin' to enther th' profission iv law,' he says, 'where be me acquainn an' industhry I hope,' he says, 'f'r to rise to be a judge,' he says, 'a Congrissman,' he says, 'a Sinitor,' he says, 'an' p'haps,' he says, 'a Prisidint iv th' United States,' he says. 'Theyse nawthin' to prevent,' he says. 'Divvle a thing,' says I. 'Whin we made ye free,' says I, 'we opened up all these opportunitties to ye,' says I. 'Tis so,' says I, 'an' enjye th' wealth an' position conferred on ye be th' constitution,' I says. 'Oh'y,' I says, 'don't be too free,' I says. 'Th' freedom iv th' likes iv ye is a good thing an' a little is it goes a long way,' I says. 'An' iv I ever hear iv ye lain' Prisidint iv th' United States,' I says, 'I'll take me whitewashin' away fr'm ye'er father, ye excelsior hair, poached-egg eyed projiny iv tar,' I says, f'r me Anglo-Saxon feelin' was athrong in thim days.

"Well, I used to hear iv him afther that defendin' coons in th' polis court, an' now an' thin bein' mintioned among th' scatthrin' in Repyublican county con-vintions, an' thin he dhropped out iv sight. 'Twas years before I see him again. Wan day I was walkin' up th' levee smokin' a good tin cint seegar whin a coon wearin' a suit iv clothes that looked like a stained-glass window in th' house iv a Dutch brewer, an' a pop-bottle in th' fr-ront iv his shirt, steps up to me an' he says: 'How d'ye do, Mistah Dooley?' says he. 'Don't ye know me—Mistah Hicks?' he says. 'Snowball?' says I. 'Step inside this dureway,' says I, 'lest Clancy, th' policman on th' corner, take me f'r a octoroon,' I says. 'What ar-re ye doin'?' says I. 'How did ye enjye th' Prisidincey?' says I. He laughed an' tol' me th' sta y iv his life. He went to practisin' law an' found his on'y clients was coons, an' they had no assets but their vote at th' primary. Besides a warrant f'r a moke was th' same as a leather iv inthroduction to th' warden iv th' pinitinchry. Th' on'y thing left f'r th' lawyer to do was to move f'r a new thrile, an' afther he'd got two or three he thought ol' things ans th' best an' ye do well to have had enough alone. He got so sick iv chicken he cudden't live on his fees, an' he quit th' law an' went into journalism. He r-run *Th' Colored Supplement*, but it was a failure, th' taste iv th' public lanin' more to quadroon publications, an' no man an that owned a vesthrunt or theayter or dhrugsada store'd put in an adver-tisement f'r fear th' subscribers'd see it an' come ar-round. Then he attempted to go into pollytics, an' th' best he cud get a as carryin' a bucket iv wather f'r a Lincoln Club. He thried ta turn a thrade, an' found th' on'y place a naygur can larn a thrade is in prison, an' he can't wurruk at that without committin' burglary. He started to take up subscriptions f'r a sthrugglin' church an' found th' profission was overcrowded. 'Fin'ly,' says he, 'twas up to me to be a parther in a saloon or go into th' on'y business,' he says, 'in which me race has a chanst,' he says. 'What's that?' says I. 'Craps,' says he. 'I've opened a palachal imporyium,' he says, 'where,' he says, 'twud please me very much,' he says, 'me al' abolitionist frind,' he says, 'll ye'd dhrop in some day,' he says, 'an' I'll roll th' sweet, white bones f'r ye,' he says. 'Tis th' hope iv me people,' he says. 'We have an even chanst at ivery other pursuit,' he says, 'but 'tis on'y in craps we have a shade th' best iv it,' he says.

"So there yu ar-re, Hinnissy. An' what's if goin' to come to, says ye. Faith, I don't know an' th' naygurs don't know, an' he hivins, I think if th' lady that wrote th' piece we used to see at th' Halsted Sthreet Opry House come back ta earth, she wouldn't know. I used to be all broke up about Uncle Tom, but cud I give him a job tindin' bar in this here liquor store? I freed th' slave, Hinnissy, but, faith, I think 'twas like tur-ruin' him out iv a panthry into a cellar."

"Well, they've got to take their chances," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ye can't do nawthing more f'r thim than make thim free."

"Ye can't," said Mr Dooley; "but whin we tell thim they're free they know we're on'y sthringin' thim." F. P. DUNNE.

* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell

Spanish War Relics

MANY accoutrements of war have been added to the collection of the National Museum since the close of the Spanish war. Hardly a day passes that does not see it increased by something of interest, and the campaigns by land and water in Cuba, the Philippines, and Porto Rico have all contributed to the education of posterity in the ways of present-day warfare. When the work is completed, it will furnish an interesting study of a great epoch in American history.

The Capron loan collection, which occupies a case by itself, tells a pathetic story of the horrors of war, and includes the uniforms, swords, and other relics of father and son who sacrificed their lives in their country's service. The yellow-plumed cavalry helmet of Captain Allyn K. Capron, who was killed at Las Guasimas, is there, together with the sabre and sweat-stained gauntlets he wore when he was struck down. The artillery helmet, uniform, sword, spurs, and accoutrements of his father, who died from fever contracted while in Cuba, have also a place. Although not pertaining to the war with Spain, one of the most interesting relics is the sword worn by Captain Erastus Allyn Capron when he was killed at the battle of Churubusco, during the Mexican war.

The relics of the battle-ship *Maine*, which was blown up in the harbor of Havana, has a case to itself. This collection embraces the wrecked steering wheel, the binnacle and stand, pieces of the silver service presented by the State of Maine, the compass, shells, and powder-tanks. There are also the ribbon decorations used at the ceremonies over the *Maine* dead. Dewey's victory at Manila is well represented. There is a 6-pounder rapid-fire gun captured from the Spaniards at Cavite, the steering-wheel from a Spanish gunboat which was destroyed, a huge search-light from a cruiser, and flags that flew from the masts of sinking and burning ships.

A large case labelled "Historic objects from the campaign in Cuba" contains some interesting relics, chief among them being a huge submarine mine fished out of Santiago Bay. The gallantry of the crew of the little torpedo-boat *Winslow* is recalled by a plate taken from that vessel, perforated by shells from the Spanish land batteries. There is also in this case a plate from a partition in the *Iowa*,

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CONGRESSMAN J. P. DOLLIVER.
Appointed United States Senator from Iowa to succeed the late John H. Gear.

pierced by a shell from the *Cristóbal Colon*. Hobson's daring deed is represented by a fragment from the mast-head of the *Merrimac*, and a section of the Santiago and Jamaica cable, cut close to the shore under a withering fire, speaks in testimonial of the deeds of other brave men. Divers who went down off the coast of Santiago after the Spanish fleet was destroyed brought up many interesting curios, with the result that this case contains binnacles, compasses, lanterns, and many other articles of ship furniture.

Three other cases are filled with articles that tell of the peaceful conquest of Porto Rico. There are swords and guns, ancient and modern, coins, medals, and the uniforms of Spanish officers and privates. A pair of rusty old handcuffs and another of leg-irons hint of dark dungeons beneath grim Spanish forts, of the sufferings and tortures prisoners there were compelled to undergo. Flags captured on land and sea, curious weapons and utensils of ancient Spanish workmanship, and the accoutrements of soldiers of both armies make up the rest of the collection. A ponderous piece of work in bronze is the centre portion of the stern ornament of the *Cristóbal Colon*. It represents the Spanish coat of arms, and is about five feet by four in size, and nearly a foot in thickness. The Philippines and other distant islands have furnished curious specimens of native handicraft, and the private soldier has sent in his cooking-kit and "housewife" to add to the interest and completeness of the collection.

H. H. B.

Capt. Henry Reilly

CAPTAIN HENRY J. REILLY, of the Fifth United States Artillery, who was killed in the assault on Peking August 15, was one of the most popular officers of the army. He entered the regular service at the outbreak of the civil war, and made himself conspicuous for ability and gallantry. He had been in the Fifth Artillery ever since he entered the army, serving with Dupont's Battery during the civil war. While quartermaster at Governors Island, under General Hancock, he inaugurated many reforms and improvements. Captain Reilly had been in command of Battery F, which he led at Peking, for the past six years, during which time he frequently received special commendation in official reports for his conduct in battle in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

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of England gold reserve is still down to a little over $150,000,000, which is less by nearly $17,000,000 than it was a year ago. Considering that this is practically the banking reserve of all Great Britain, the figure is very low, but nowhere in the world is there such a highly developed and, on the whole, such a safe credit system.

The Bank of France is still increasing its stock of gold, which amounts to nearly $450,000,000, or about $80,000,000 more than a year ago this time, besides which that institution holds about $225,000,000 in silver. The option which it has of redeeming its notes in silver is sometimes exercised to protect its gold. Its enormous specie holdings are due to the fact that business operations in France are carried on much more largely on a cash basis than in England or the United States.

Checks and drafts are much less used, and the large volume of Bank of France notes is always fluctuating according to the demands of trade. There is a little more ease in the situation at Berlin, but dulness prevails on all the European exchanges.

In New York the condition of the money-market continues practically unchanged. The shipment abroad of some $18,000,000 of gold within ten days after the allotment to this country of about $28,000,000 of the English loan was followed by a reduction of over $8,000,000 in the cash reserves of the New York Clearing-house banks. There was, however, a decrease of about $3,000,000 in deposits the same week, and the surplus over the legal requirement of reserves was reduced only about $7,500,000. This caused no disquietude, as the market was dull and the government redemption of the extended 2-per-cent. bonds promised to restore the equilibrium. The demand from the interior for money to move the crops does not appear so early or so strong as usual. This is attributed in part to the establishment of a considerable number of small banks in the South and West, which help to supply the local needs for currency. The announcement of the arrival of $4,500,000 more of gold at Seattle from the Alaska diggings was another factor in maintaining the equanimity of the money-market.

The midsummer dulness in stocks seems to have sunk into a dog-day listlessness, and it is long since Wall Street has experienced such an inglorious languor. There has been a protracted vacation feeling there, and everybody is in a waiting mood. Politics may have something to do with this, but politics is waiting, too. Whether or not there are apathy and indifference, there is inactivity, except at the party headquarters. There are signs of concern among some of the managers, especially those who have the interests of the present Administration on their minds. There are uncertain elements and a shifting of forces on account of unfamiliar issues, which make them await with some apparent anxiety the time for beginning active campaign work.

The volume of bank clearings is smaller than a year ago, and has been diminishing slightly at the business centres of the East. In fact, there has been more of a summer dulness in general industry and trade this year than for two years before, but reports for the autumn grow rather more hopeful. The iron and steel business, which is considered to deal with the "basic industries," does not get quite settled, and the painful efforts to adjust production and prices so as to stimulate a waiting demand are not over yet. Relief by export orders is hindered by lack of transport facilities, due to so many vessels being drawn into service for troops and military supplies to the East. But for this there would be a considerable exportation of coal from this country, though the freight charges would about equal the price of the commodity at our ports. There is some sending of coal abroad in spite of this difficulty.

An official compilation of the production of iron ore in the United States in 1899 puts it at 24,683,173 long tons, which is greater by 5,250,007 than that of 1898, which excelled all previous records for any country. The nearest approach was 18,062,040 tons in England in 1880. The production in that country has declined. Over 17,200,000 tons of our iron ore came last year out of the two States of Michigan and Minnesota.

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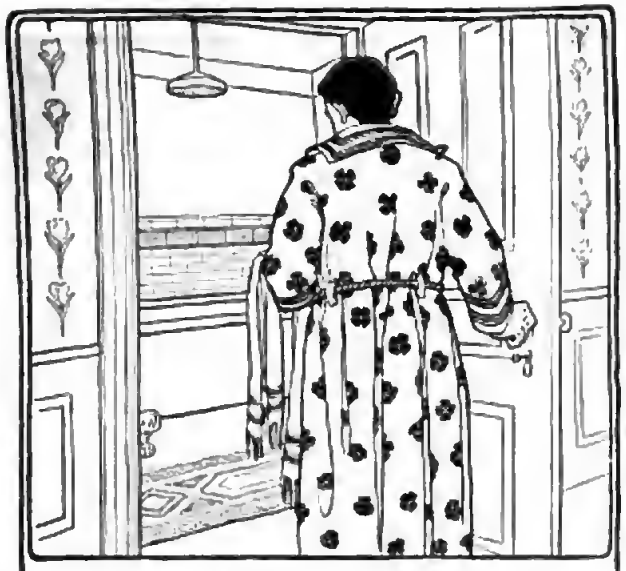

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CHINESE REGULARS DRILLING ON THE PARADE-GROUND AT SUNG-KIANG.

The captain at the right is in his summer uniform. The soldiers with guns do not kneel, but sit on their heels. The 30 foot spears are wrapped with colored cloth, like barber-poles. The commands are given entirely by taps of the drum. Instead of firing, at drill, each soldier shouts "Huo!" at the top of his voice, in order to avoid a useless waste of powder.

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The Logical Candidate

IT is not so very surprising, after all, that the Anti-Imperialists are willing to swallow Mr. BRYAN and his principles in order the more formidably to register their opposition to the Philippine policy of the Administration. The advocates of a policy of scuttle would naturally seek out a candidate whose record has shown him to be an ideal and consistent champion of scuttlism, and this is precisely what Mr. BRYAN is. Scuttlism has been from the beginning his strong card, and abandonment of responsibility appears always to have been the paramount factor in his political creed. The various platforms upon which he has unblushingly gone before the people in two Presidential campaigns have had scuttle written in and between each and every line, and not for an instant has the distinguished Populist yielded up an atom of his devotion thereto. Mr. BRYAN is no scuttler when scuttlism is involved, as recent history clearly demonstrates.

Ten years ago there was in existence in this country a great political party which had borne for many years an honorable part in the direction of public affairs. With the exception of a single Presidential term, which redounded greatly to its credit, since the days of the civil war it had been, in national affairs at least, the party of opposition, and much of the wonderful strength which the republic developed during that period was due to the fact that it represented an intelligent opposition, wisely conceived and guided by high-minded statesmen, who, sincerely differing in matters of public interest with the party in power, fought their adversary openly and honorably and for the good of the whole people, respecting themselves always, and commanding the respect of their most ardent opponents. These leaders were men of large mind and sane habit of thought; with eyes that could see things as they are; not given to hallucination; saturated with a love for the fundamental principles of their party; undeviatingly loyal to the tenets of its fathers, and ready always at any personal sacrifice to make of it an instrument for the promotion of the honor and welfare of the nation. In the second administration of GROVER CLEVELAND this party reached the period of efflorescence. If high ideals, honorable motives, and persistent adherence to principle are the test of character, there can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent observer of conditions that the Democratic administration of 1893–1897 could lay claim to the highest laurels; and that in a trying period, surely but honorably beset on one side by an open and avowed enemy, and treacherously betrayed on the other by the envy, hatred, and malice of the corrupt in its own camp, the Administration was not to be swerved from the path of duty, speaks volumes in its praise. In the closing year of this Administration, inspired by what magnet of untoward circumstance no man knows, the fair fame of that great party was entrusted to the fostering care of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. The sterling Democrats from one end of the country to the other stood appalled. Some refused to serve under the new leader; some resolved to stand by, feeling that the error might be rectified later, and finding themselves, even in the face of an overwhelming provocation, unable to concede the definitive lowering of the colors under which they had fought for years. The result is one of the plain facts of history, which no unbiassed eye can fail to take in at a glance. Mr. BRYAN has scuttled the then magnificent party, the preservation of whose honor and welfare should have been his dearest care. The responsibility to its honorable tenor of his scuttling way ever since, and at a time when through an inevitable trend of circumstances we are found again in a position where we must fight to maintain the supremacy of law he is found precisely where he might have been expected to be found, advocating the same old and disgraceful principle.

We may not properly condemn the Anti-Imperialists, then, for taking Mr. BRYAN in at one gulp. He is the logical candidate of those who would evade responsibility either in the face of a creditor, in the face of riot, or in the face of a rebellion against the authority of the United States of America.

IF Mr. BRYAN were not a candidate for the highest office in the land, we are of the opinion that we should rather like him. He is unquestionably a good as well as a continuous talker, and an undoubtedly pleasant individual personally as well. He draws pictures of conditions of life which are truly ideal, and which show that he considers effects, even if he knows nothing about causes. He has a sincere liking for those whom he is willing to admit are toilers, and, in all probability, if he knew how to uplift mankind, he would be foremost among those who are ordained by the powers that be to accomplish that lofty purpose. It is impossible to find fault with him, for instance, in his recent statement as to his ideas of civilization, in which he eloquently set forth the delights of owning property, and expressed the undoubtedly sincere hope that he and all the rest of us might soon come into possession of it in no small measure. Mr. BRYAN'S desire that property should be the reward of industry is absolutely unassailable, and when he calls for a civilization that makes life worth living to every human being, that man would indeed be a caviller who would find fault with him for so doing. The geniality of the man's nature, the kindliness of his spirit, and his almost boyish frankness in blurting out the thoughts that seethe within his brain, were he content to dwell within the sphere for which he was by nature designed, would make of him one of the most charming and wholesome of companions. It is a great pity that a man so highly endowed with some of nature's choicest gifts should be bereft of the qualities which alone can make these gifts useful to his fellow-men. It is pleasant to think that Mr. BRYAN'S delightful dreams of ideal conditions are among the realized actualities of American life, and are being perpetuated by the very people whom he is now engaged in bitterly assailing. It is sad that Mr. BRYAN'S eyes are such that he cannot perceive the fact.

Mr. Bryan and his True Vocation

There is work in life for all men, to which men as individuals are severally adapted. We believe that every man is created for some special function, whatever his particular idiosyncrasy may be. There are round holes for round pegs, and square holes for square pegs. Admiral DEWEY was a born sailorman, and in his element was beyond reproach. GRANT was a born general, and he fulfilled his destiny nobly. LINCOLN was the ideal President for an emergency, and found his allotted sphere at the psychological moment. TENNYSON was a poet long before he wrote poetry; and there are even boiler-makers who produce boilers in such fashion that connoisseurs in boiler-making recognize their genius. All of these men, however, would have failed had they devoted their energies to other pursuits for which they were not by nature fitted. DEWEY as a politician, TENNYSON as an Admiral, GRANT as a financier, a boiler-maker as a writer of Vers de Société, all would have met with that disappointment which a square peg gifted with sensibility would feel when rammed into a round hole. And so it is with Mr. BRYAN. There are certain pursuits in life for which he is manifestly fitted. There are laurels which he might reasonably pursue, with the expectation that all his fellow-citizens from one end of the country to the other would commend him in the choice of his ambition. It is only when he poses as a statesman that we have

Bryan and the Jeffersons

has become the lightning-change artist *par excellence* of the present day. He is able, as no other man is who is not a professional comedian or a tragedian, to assume the rôle of a paramount Anti-Imperialist one day, of a paramount Silverite the next, with a dozen paramount Anti-Trust performances sandwiched in between, and just as JEFFERSON speaks his lines with no apparent sticking of his tongue in his cheek, so does Mr. BRYAN in his public performances seem always to his audience, at least, to be everything which at the moment he essays to be. Imagine the situation, the other day, for instance, when this wonderful candidate told the Populists that they had chosen their standard-bearer from the "ranks of another party." Was there a twinkle in his eye, or an ill-suppressed smile about those expressive lips, or a beam in that wonderfully mobile face as these words were uttered? There is no record of such things, and in view of the intense seriousness of the moment, we cannot believe that the eyes twinkled, that the lips quivered, or that the mobile face betrayed any sense of the essential humor of the situation. The part was played from the platform at least with a show of sincerity which proved how carefully the character had been studied, but the Populists in the audience must have thought it rich, for shortly after they rewarded the comedian by choosing his friend "from the other party" to be his understudy.

We trust that the people who listen to the honeyed words of Mr. BRYAN will remember, when the candidate's friends claim that he is the legitimate successor of JEFFERSON, that there have been two notable JEFFERSONS in our history—THOMAS and JOSEPH. Frankly, we do not believe Mr. BRYAN is quite the equal of either, but he makes a far better approach to the art of JOSEPH JEFFERSON than to that of the author of the Declaration of Independence, and merely because it is more clearly within the scope of his natural gifts.

TO deal with the question raised by Mr. BRYAN in the utterance we have quoted, rather than with the personal charm of the man himself, we have been interested to observe that some of our editorial brethren have taken the Populist acceptance of Mr. STEVENSON in place of Mr. TOWNE as an indication of "the effacement of the Populist party." In our own judgment the contrary is the fact. The Populists' acceptance of Mr. STEVENSON is the consummation of the effacement of the Democratic party. The old Democratic party has finally gone out of existence, but its good name and its traditions are retained for business purposes by the managers of the new concern. This is easily proven by referring to the so-called Democratic platform, which is essentially Populistic. It is a sad fact that, with the aid of Mr. BRYAN, Democracy as an organized instrument for political good, has ceased to be, and Populism has been substituted in its place. No true Democrat will be found to-day endorsing the heretical platitudes of the Kansas City platform, because he knows that these are in no wise based upon true Democratic principles; he knows that, in point of fact, they are subversive of all that tends to decent and orderly government; and he is aware that that at least has not been the trend of Democracy in the past.

Populism or Democracy?

The Populist party is not only not effaced, it is aggressive, and it is aggressive after a most dangerous fashion. It is the political libertine of our time, masquerading in a cloak of respectability, endeavoring to creep into power by the prostitution of honored "connections" to which it is not entitled, and over which, by the treachery of leaders, it exercises what we hope is merely temporary control. We trust that there are enough real Democrats left in the United States to-day to dispute successfully the title of the Populists to the name and good-will of the party which has stood for principles which have not been without influence in the making of the American people.

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tant ever known. Even if the statement is not strictly accurate, the custom is a good one, for every election in of great importance, and there is almost always a tendency, especially among the busiest of the voters, to be indifferent to their political duties. But while elections, and particularly Presidential elections, are of great moment in a representative government like our own, some are clearly of far more importance than others. The campaign of 1864, which resulted in the second election of Lincoln, was the most important election ever held in this country, and its result was as essential to the salvation of the Union as the great victories won in battle. It is not probable that upon the outcome of any election the existence of the country will again be staked, as it was when Lincoln was a candidate for the second time, but it is safe to say that the election now coming is more important than any which has occurred in this country since 1864. The great danger is that this fact should not be realized by the voters of the United States, and the unusual quiet which has thus far characterized the campaign seems to be an indication that it is not understood. The peril to the Republican party, and to the welfare of the nation, lies in overconfidence and in the possibility that the American people may fail to measure the extent of the disaster which would attend the success of Mr. Bryan.

Four years ago at this time the country was seething with political excitement, business was almost at a standstill, stocks—which are the barometer of business everywhere—were at panic prices, and intense anxiety reigned everywhere. Now the very reverse is the case: business is proceeding steadily and confidently, all prices are good, and no one seems to have the least anxiety on account of the political outlook. Yet the defeat of the Republican party next November would be far more disastrous than it would have been four years ago.

This is precisely what many people, apparently, fail to realize, but a little consideration will show the truth of the statement. Now, as in 1896, the honor of the country is at stake on the financial question. The Bryan proposition in regard to free silver means repudiation and dishonor. This every one comprehends, but it is to be feared that thousands of voters fail to appreciate the fact that free silver is just as real and dangerous now as it was four years ago, and soothe themselves with the comfortable belief that the silver issue is dead. Dead it will be if the Republican party is continued in power, but it would spring into a robust and active life if Mr. Bryan should be elected. The chatter of the Democratic platform and the Democratic orator about "imperialism" being the paramount issue would have no meaning the day after election if Mr. Bryan should win. The Philippines would still be ours and the living reality of free silver would then be painfully apparent. The only affirmative proposition in the Democratic platform is the clause declaring for free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. If Mr. Bryan carries the country he will say, with truth, that the voters approved this proposition, and that he has a mandate from the people to put into execution the financial policy for which the Democratic platform declared so plainly. He will have a Secretary of the Treasury who will be able to do much merely by virtue of his office toward putting us on a silver basis and wrecking our credit and our financial honor. He will have a House which will agree with him, and which will promptly pass a bill to repeal the law that, under the pressure of the Administration, backed by the result at the polls, it might readily give way, and would be at best but an uncertain defence against putting this country promptly and finally upon a silver basis. Free silver as an issue is dead so long as its champions are beaten and kept out of power, but in the event of their attaining power it would become, it is to be feared, victorious in legislation.

But whether the slender barrier of a small Republican majority in the Senate prevented a free-silver law or not is of comparatively little moment so far as the effect upon business of Bryan's election is concerned. The agitation of the question in Congress would be almost as bad for business as actual legislation. The worst conditions for business, and those which are more destructive to the confidence upon which all business prosperity rests, are uncertainty and fear. No one would know what Mr. Bryan and his Congress could or would do, and doubt and fear would become rampant. The moment he was elected this dread of the future would seize upon the country. People would then see that free silver was alive and in triumph, and they would also notice—what they apparently overlook now—that the Democratic platform pledges the party to abolish the national banks and substitute for their issues government notes. In other words, behind free silver is the policy of issuing irredeemable paper. The mere possibility of such legislation, the victory of a party committed to such principles, would fill the business world with consternation. A panic would ensue, for every prudent man would at once seek to protect himself against the unknown, unguaged, dangers impending over him. We know the state of things which was produced throughout the business world by the mere fear of Bryan's election which spread over the country in August, 1896. From that we can form some idea of what the effect of his actual election would bring. But it does not seem as if we realized at all that the effect of Bryan's election now would be far worse than it would have been four years ago. In 1896 the country had been passing through four years of business depression, and that depression was at its worst during that memorable summer. We were running at a very low speed in business with a very low pressure. Now business is running at a very high speed and with a high pressure, due to prosperity and to confidence. If Bryan had succeeded in 1896 we should have suffered severely, our honor would have been tarnished, and business depression would have deepened, but we had not then far to fall. His victory now, with the train running at full speed, would bring ensue the week after Bryan's election. Moreover, the great change which has occurred in the position of this country during the last four years is quite generally overlooked, and this change has a very important bearing upon our financial situation. From being a debtor we have become a creditor nation. The English loan which has been taken here within the last few days is but one indication of what has been going on for the last two or three years. In the course of trade with the rest of the world during the last four years there has come a balance in our favor of some two thousand million dollars. Those vast balances have not been paid. There has been a great return of American stocks to this country, but after making allowances for all of this it is still certain that Europe owes us a great deal of money, and that a large proportion of our accumulated trade balances is still across the water in the form of loans. The panic which would follow Bryan's election would cause every business man to take steps to protect himself, and every lender of money would proceed to call his loans as fast as he could. The financial conditions of Europe at the present moment is far from good. England is hampered by the heavy expenses of the South African war, the Exposition has been a financial failure in France, the industrial situation in Germany is bad, and Russia is on the edge of bankruptcy. All these conditions are made worse by the Chinese situation. The gold supply in Europe and in England is very low. They are in no condition to stand a sudden drain, or, indeed, any drain at all. If, then, we should begin to call American loans, and if the prosperous movement of American business should be arrested, as it would be by Bryan's election, there would be a panic upon every bourse in Europe. To the supporters of Mr. Bryan this, no doubt, seems a very desirable thing, but unfortunately it would at once react upon this country, and the domestic panic which Mr. Bryan's election would cause in the United States would be intensified and accelerated by the panic which would ensue in foreign countries. It is the United States which is to-day holding firm and steady the economic and financial conditions of the entire world, and, therefore, an arrest of our prosperity, a disaster in our business, would bring about a world-wide business panic, the like of which has never been seen. Prices would fall, new enterprises would cease, old enterprises would be contracted, wages would be reduced, and thousands of men would be thrown out of employment, with all the multiplying misfortunes which surely follow when confidence in the Administration and in our financial legislation was destroyed by a Democratic victory.

The contemplation of the results which would flow from Bryan's election ought to stimulate every man who has good employment or business interests of any kind to the utmost exertion of which he is capable to prevent such a catastrophe.

I have touched only on the business ruin which Bryan's election portends. In other respects, although it would not bring to each individual the same amount of personal suffering, it would injure the country and its future to an extent not easily described. But my purpose here has been simply to call attention to the financial disasters which would follow Bryan's election, disasters which would not only wreck our national honor, but which would plunge us into such adversity that the dark years from 1893 to 1897 would seem bright in contrast.

MR. BRYAN HAS A GOOD BUGABOO, AND HE IS PUSHING IT ALONG.

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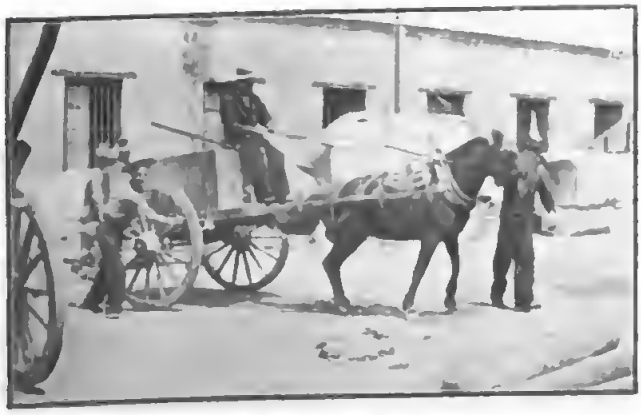
RUSSIAN PROVISION-WAGONS ESCORTED BY COSSACKS.

A LOAD OF RICE.

DISPROPORTIONATE HORSE-POWER.

AMERICAN MARINES FORAGING.

PROVISIONS FOR THE BRITISH JACKIES.



THE BOILED-WATER STATION.

THE SIKH REGIMENT'S WATER-CART.

THE FOOD-AND-WATER PROBLEM IN TIENTSIN.

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THE BRITISH BARRACKS.

A DETACHMENT OF BRITISH BLUEJACKETS.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SIKH REGIMENT

THE ITALIAN BARRACKS.

THE GERMAN BARRACKS
The Door post was struck by a Chinese Shell during the Fight of July 17

A PRIVATE OF THE BRITISH CHINESE REGIMENT FROM HONG-KONG.

THE FOREIGN OCCUPATION OF TIENTSIN.

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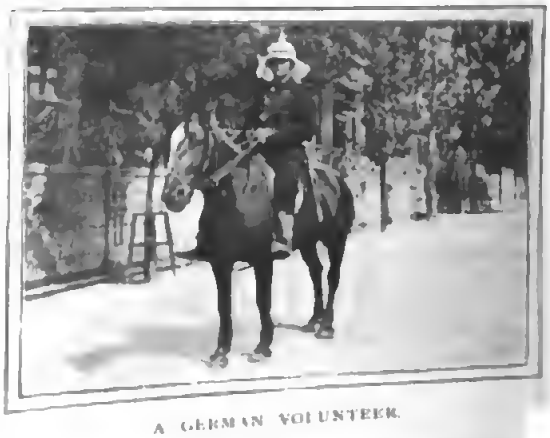
KAISER WILHELM BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS TROOPS.

Departure for China of the North German Lloyd Steamship "Rhein" from Bremerhaven. The Emperor is standing in the Gangway, the Empress stands at the foot of the Stairs.

CAPTAIN BAGLY, PROVOST-MARSHAL, WITH A STAFF OFFICER



A GERMAN VOLUNTEER.

COSSACK OFFICERS AND CHAPLAIN.

...NE GUARD.

THE ALLIED TROOPS IN TIENTSIN.

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT A COUNTRY CLUB.
Drawn by Henry Hutt.

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FREE DELIVERY

By

WALDON FAWCETT

The Arrival of the Carrier at a Rural Cross Road

WHEN the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads of the House of Representatives decided, some months ago, to submit a recommendation for an appropriation of $1,500,000 for rural free delivery during the coming fiscal year, as against only $450,000 for the current year, it attested in the most forceful manner possible its appreciation of this important new adjunct of the public communication service. Of all the new progressive forces lately created by Uncle Sam's administrative departments none have crept into being more quietly than this, and yet it is safe to predict that none will exert a more beneficial influence in the interest of the whole people.

Were evidence needed for the claim that there has been nothing in the history of the postal service of the United States as remarkable as the growth of the rural free-delivery system it might be found in the fact that never before has an innovation passed from the stage of experiment to recognition as a regular branch of the work, and a very important branch, too, in so short a time as two or three years. Although the establishment of a rural free-delivery service was first advocated almost a decade ago, its actual inauguration was deferred for years because of the obstacles which had to be overcome.

When the project first came up for consideration in Congress the chairman of the committee to which it was referred declared that it would be impracticable to undertake the work unless an appropriation of at least $20,000,000 was available at the outset. Postmaster-General Bissell declined to expend an appropriation of $10,000 made by Congress to test the feasibility of the scheme, and his successor, William L. Wilson, although he succeeded in having an appropriation of $20,000 increased to $40,000, entered upon the experimental operations with many misgivings. Accordingly, late in 1896 a total of forty-four routes was mapped out in twenty-nine different States.

The work of institution itself was attended by many difficulties. The arrangement of details was left to officers of the Division of Post-Office Inspection and Mail Depredations, and in order to perform this service inspectors were, in many cases, detached from other pressing duties. It must be admitted that by no means all of the routes were well placed. There were a few in States like Pennsylvania and Ohio, but there were also quite a number in sparsely settled parts of the West, and in the backwoods districts of the South, where there were neither turnpike roads, township divisions or county maps, and where, apparently, nobody wanted it. In some of these routes the average cost for each piece of mail-matter delivered was over six cents; but the statistics from routes in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and even in Colorado and Arizona, were economical and satisfactory, and demonstrated that rural free delivery, if judiciously planned, could be made less expensive and more nearly self-sustaining than the urban free-delivery service established in many of the smaller cities under the authority of Congress.

From the time that the present First Assistant Postmaster-General, Hon. Perry S. Heath, assumed the duties of the office in the spring of 1897 the extension of the service has been pushed energetically. This was facilitated at the outset by a Congressional appropriation of $50,000 to give the project a further test. When Mr. Heath called attention to the fact that petitions from every section of the country where the service had been given a fair trial were pouring in upon the department, and that the projected extension of postal facilities in rural communities held great possibilities of social, industrial, and educational development, there was secured with little effort an appropriation of $150,000. This was in 1897, and the appropriation was doubled for the next fiscal year, and in turn was increased to $450,000 as has been explained, for the current year. Even these appropriations have, however, proven totally inadequate. Every route established by the special agents who have been appointed to lay out services where the conditions seem to promise a successful and economical administration has simply resulted in bringing large numbers of applications from contiguous territory.

Rural free delivery is now in successful operation from upwards of four hundred distributing points, the routes radiating over forty States and one Territory. In the list, Ohio leads with forty-nine routes, Indiana has forty-four routes, and New York and Iowa each have in the neighborhood of two dozen. Several of the Southern and Western States have only one route each, but Idaho, Mississippi, Montana, and Wyoming are the only States unrepresented.

Almost half a million rural residents of the United States are now served by this great public enterprise. There have been no late general reports showing the full scope of the service, but almost a year ago the routes embraced an aggregate area of more than 7500 square miles, and the four hundred carriers traversed routes the total length of which was close to nine thousand miles, distributing within the twelvemonth upwards of ten million pieces of mail. And this, it must be remembered, was when there were only about half as many rural routes as at present. Without wishing to burden the reader with statistics it may be reiterated that in no other way may an adequate idea of the wonderful growth of this system be given. In the year from July 1, 1898, to July 1, 1899, there was an increase of over 240 carriers serving an additional population of more than 200,000, and delivering 9,000,000 pieces of mail in excess of what was handled the year previous. Then in turn in the six months from July 1, 1899, to November 1, 1899 (for the full yearly appropriation was exhausted in six months) there was an increase of almost 250 routes, serving 100,000 people who had not previously had the service, the actual extension of the service entails an average annual cost of only 84 cents for each person served.

City delivery was inaugurated primarily to relieve the post-offices, while the new rural delivery has the possibly nobler purpose of the advancement and education of the people. Strange as it may appear, however, the government pays less proportionately for this rural service than for the maintenance of its free-delivery system in some of the smaller cities. It is not uncommon in many of the latter for the cost to reach the sum of $2.80 per year, or between three and four times that on all the rural routes established last year.

The recipients of rural free delivery have to provide boxes and place them at points along the road traversed by the rural carrier, selecting locations most readily accessible, and if possible within sight of the respective residences. Here also letters for mailing may be deposited, and will be collected by the carrier when he calls for purposes of delivery. Frequently a number of families living some distance back from the main highway desire to secure the free delivery, and in such instances a number of boxes are grouped at a cross-road corner. Of course, in the case of the more remote residents quite a little trip is necessary to reach these neighborhood boxes, but it is very different from the drive of five or ten miles over muddy or frozen roads to the town post-office, as in the days of years.

Rural free-delivery service must now be originated only as a result of petitions presented by the people desiring it, through Representatives in Congress or Senators. A rough map of the country to be traversed must be furnished, together with a general statement

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when includes horse-hire, but not actual tolls and ferriages. This remuneration is not as meagre as it seems, inasmuch as the work is usually done by the sons of farmers who have horses at their disposal, and seldom does the task require more than half of their time.

The character of the uniform which the rural carrier wears is optional with himself, or he may go unprovided with any insignia of his office. As a rule a carrier makes but one delivery a day to each family on his route, and it will not be the policy of the department to grant two deliveries per day anywhere so long as so many farming communities far removed from mail facilities are clamoring for service once a day. In some instances carriers give a tri-weekly service on two routes, thus enabling the covering of a double apportionment of territory. Rural carriers give bond in the sum of $500, and one or two substitute carriers must be provided, who also give bond. Rural carriers take with them upon their rounds a supply of stamps, postal cards, etc., and are authorized to give receipts for money-orders. In the near future they will also be authorized to register letters.

As might be expected, the people in many sections of the country have had to be educated to a conception of what the service means and what they must do to promote its efficiency. At first there was a disposition to make old cans, soap or cigar boxes, or even sections of pipe serve as receptacles for mail-matter, but this spirit is being rapidly eradicated, and at many points the present system is a model. At Lafayette, Indiana, for instance, the rural carriers are uniformed similarly to their city brethren, and have handsome wagons with sliding doors and a glass front. Inside there are tiers of pigeon-holes, in which the carrier sorts his mail as he goes along. There is also a contrivance for heating the wagon in cold weather.

All the mail boxes along the routes are of galvanized iron, of uniform size, and painted so as to closely resemble the regulation boxes in use in the cities. The boxes are affixed to posts of such a height as to bring them on a level with the postal wagon, and the carrier as he drives along opens his sliding door and drops the mail in the box, at the same time raising a zinc signal rivetted to the box. If there be any mail for him

DELIVERING AND COLLECTING MAIL

to collect he finds the signal raised. If there be no mail for delivery the carrier hauls down the signal; and finally, if the signal be not raised and he have no mail to deliver, the carrier drives by without stopping. Each rural postman has a whistle with which he signals owners of boxes who live some distance away.

On two routes there are girl carriers, and like the workers of the sterner sex, they stuck to their tasks through the most severe weather of the past winter. Just about a year ago a unique experiment was inaugurated in conjunction with the free-delivery service in Carroll, Maryland, a convenient distance from Washington, D. C. It was nothing less than a project to test the possibility of putting a post-office on wheels and carrying it to the doors of the people in a well-settled agricultural country. For this purpose there was fitted up a handsome special vehicle, the interior of which was equipped with counter, drawers, and letter-boxes—sixteen large letter-boxes in front, forty-two behind, all zinc-lined. This wagon carries a driver and postal clerk, the latter being authorized to receive, cancel, collect, and deliver all mails, receipt for applications for money-orders and registered letters, and, in short, perform all the functions of a stationary postmaster. This travelling post-office, drawn by a team of strong horses, traverses each day a thirty-mile route, delivering to houses on the route and collecting mail regularly from sixty United States letter-boxes scattered at intervals of a half mile along the entire route. It costs the government $1375, and performs the service heretofore rendered by eight fourth-class post offices and four star routes at a cost of more than $1600 per annum.

The future of the rural free delivery is fraught with immense possibilities. As an evidence of the interest manifested it may be noted that within a few months after the establishment of the travelling post-office just described there were received 133 applications for duplicate installations from twenty-one different States. Not only has rural free delivery resulted in increased postal receipts and the extension of educational advantages, but farm-lands have been enhanced in value, roads improved, and better prices obtained for farm products as a result of the producers having been brought into daily touch with the state of the markets.

The British government has promised to give a regular delivery of letters to every house in the United Kingdom, and has already accomplished a considerable portion of the task. The introduction of the service thus far has resulted in an increase of fully fifty million letters mailed each year in Great Britain. In America the work has only just been fairly entered upon. Hundreds of new routes are to be established, regulation letter-boxes, uniforms, and wagons provided and other reforms introduced.

The Rise of the Country Clubs. *By E. S. Martin*

NOW that we look back on the achievements of the last decade of the nineteenth century, the wonder is not that we see a land filled with country clubs, but that so valuable an adjunct of democratic social life was so long in coming. The land is full of them now. Nearly every considerable city has one or more, and some of the great towns support half a dozen. There must be many more than that that are directly tributary to New York. Yet of the hundreds of them that have sprung up all over the country comparatively few have been longer established than fifteen years. One of the first, perhaps the earliest of all, was the Westchester Club, near New York, though the Brookline Club near Boston must be very nearly as old.

Country clubs are the result of the centralization of population, the increase of wealth, and the discovery of America by the game of golf. The older clubs antedate golf. They represented at the start the sentiment of dwellers in cities that they too were entitled to such periodical refreshment as comes from the sight of green grass, and trees growing out of it. The lovers and owners of horses were the companies at first. As towns grew bigger they pushed the country further and farther off. As wealth increased, more and more persons indulged themselves in those agitating pleasures which are incident to the possession of horses. Soon those horse-owning persons were constrained to have some definite place to drive to; some place beyond the reach of bricks and asphalt, where the air was country air, and where due refreshment for man, woman, and beast could be obtained. There are days in the spring and again in the fall when all slightly constituted persons feel that they must get into the country. The earlier country clubs ministered to this longing. They provided food and drink, shelter, and the sight of nature. They made the most of tennis, but their main reliance for diversion was the horse. Some of them had courses for steeple-chasing; some of them had polo-grounds. The horse did his utmost for them, and he did well.

But an interest in horse is rather a costly luxury, and the number of those who may cultivate it for amusement is always limited. The unhorsed members of the early country clubs suffered somewhat from a dearth of occupation. Their club for them was a good place to dine, or to spend summer nights when their families had left town. Supported by the interest in horse and the need of places to drive to, a few country clubs would have flourished, and a few more would have languished, but they never would have sprung up everywhere, and established themselves as social institutions. What was needed was a sport fit for all ages of men and some ages of women, that would attract, amuse, and refresh, and afford a new object in country life. Then came golf, heralded by able Scottish writers in books, pamphlets, and magazines, recommended by doctors, statesmen, and sportsmen, with centuries of history behind and a continent before it. Where it landed—whether in Massachusetts, or on the shores of Delaware Bay, or on Manhattan Island—may not here be determined, but it came, it was seen, it was approved, and was promptly invited to take out papers of naturalization. The career of expansion that followed began with the country clubs that were already in existence. Those that were flourishing gave it a hospitable welcome, and at once set about preparations for its maintenance. Those that were languishing jumped at it, planted it where they could, got a crop the first season, and straightway hired more land and planted more.

About the same time came along the bicycle and the trolley-car, giving cheap transportation to the horseless, and bringing the country clubs and the country generally into much closer relations with the towns than they had been before. The multiplication of the country clubs followed, in some cases too fast, but much more often in response to a steady and permanent demand. The freeborn American whose circumstances enabled him to command the luxury of a little leisure, a bicycle, a set of golf clubs, and a pair of yellow shoes, realized promptly that for him too the country air and the green fields were good. The country club offered him golf, and he joined it. The stronger the club grew the more moderate the dues became, and the moderation of the dues attracted new members. So now it has come to pass that near most of the larger American towns, and near very many of the smaller ones, you find, as a matter of course, a country club.

Country clubs could hardly flourish in great numbers without golf. To a majority of the active male members golf is the great attraction. Golf keeps up the membership and makes the clubs strong. It is something that most men can do, and that very many men want to do. Golf insures the presence of a sufficient number of men at every live country club on Saturday afternoons and other fit times. But once you have made sure that a group of fit persons will gather at a pleasant place at suitable times, you may count pretty surely that they will attract others who will come to look on, or for purely social reasons. We needed twenty years ago in this country to hit upon some means of promoting and developing country life. In the East the cities and their suburbs had drawn heavily on the rural districts, and a class of well-to-do people who fifty years before had made their homes in the country all the year round had not been perpetuated. Their descendants had either become poor or had moved to town. We had no system of primogeniture to favor the maintenance of great country-places by providing for the concentration of the means to keep them up. We had no dukes, no great châteaux, and very few great country estates with traditions of hospitality. Our rich people have spread out into the country very much since then. Many notable and some magnificent country houses have been built on great estates, where, doubtless, hospitality is cultivated on a scale commensurate with a great apparatus. But as social factors the country clubs have come to be much more important than even those great new country houses. For one thing, country clubs are everywhere, while the country houses of rich people still tend to be grouped in comparatively few favored localities. Moreover, the hospitalities of the country clubs are available to thousands of persons whose private establishments entertain scores. Really the numbers of country clubs seem to have attained by co-operation many, if not most, of the advantages which people of wealth derive from country estates. The payment of a moderate annual fee gives them the usufruct of a well-kept country place, with sports and society furnished ready to hand. To the poor whose poverty is not of exasperating exigency all this is a great boon. Persons whose inclination is towards country life, and who, nevertheless, have social tendencies, need no longer lament that their fortunes are not equal to the maintenance of a big country house, if they can manage to find themselves due shelter within reach of a good country club very many of the most agreeable social pleasures of country life are brought readily within their reach at moderate cost.

And then, when you get tired of your country club, you simply stay away until your appetite for it comes back. It goes on without supervision from you, and when you want it again it is there. Its grass is mowed, its roofs are reshingled; its cooks and waiters come and go. Unless your zeal and capacity have caused you to be singled out to serve on a committee, you give yourself no concern beyond paying your modest dues. Your country-place is kept up for you. When you come back to it in the spring, or after a summer's absence, it is yours as much as ever, and you go out with critical satisfaction to test the resistance of the new bunkers which the golf committee's enterprise has caused to grow while you were away.

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THE CHINESE CLU

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UB AT SHANGHAI

A Sausage Factory on the East Side — *Habib Assi the Syrian Chef* — *Where the Polish Jews do their Shopping*

NEW YORK is immensely cosmopolitan. By visiting the public dining-tables in the metropolis one can make a kind of pilgrimage of the world and eat with the people of the most various countries of the food to which these people have been accustomed at home. This is made possible by the very varied and abundant food-supply that is native or easily produced in this country, though this supply is supplemented for these domiciled aliens by importations directly from the countries whence they came. And so these people who represent every zone, latitude, and meteorological condition of the globe bring their dining-tables with them to this land of plenty, and preserve the tastes and habits which are their heritage. If it be true, as scientists affirm, that physical circumstances are responsible for the widely contrasting diversity of types, and that what a man eats so is he, the lack of real homogeneousness in our foreign quarters becomes almost instantly apparent.

To climatic conditions man attributes his tastes and habits. The isothermal lines are deeply stamped on physical and even on spiritual nature, accounting for vast variations of national character. They make the inhabitants of the islands of the West Indies dreamy and superstitious, those of the northern parts of the temperate zone restless and aggressive, those of the regions farther north sluggish and unprogressive. If the inhabitants of Lapland changed places with those of Egypt, both would suffer decimation almost to a point of extinction, until the human organism underwent a complete metamorphosis—evoked a new and distinct type. But here in this New World metropolis members of vastly different communities herd together on a sort of plane of compromise. By taking care of himself in winter the Mohammedan Arab can make his new home tolerable, while by regarding certain laws and availing himself of various expedients, the man from the extreme north of Europe or Asia may find here in summer a very safe and prosperous refuge. At the same time, the amalgamation of these individual types is only apparent. They may be contiguous, but they are not reciprocal. By religion, tradition, politics, social customs, and codes or morals they are essentially antagonistic, or at least incompatible. It requires generations to eradicate characteristics which have been for generations bred in the bone, and to eliminate those racial antipathies that have been handed down from remotest times. It is noticed that those who come from certain latitudes affiliate more easily with those of the same latitude, although they have been removed by whole continents, but any longitudinal variation is fatal to this immediate conformity. Those who come from middle Europe will antagonize those from the southern, ignoring those of the northern districts, while the man of the south will hold them both in detestation. These small, inbreeding communities of Europe and Asia have developed habits and temper which are perpetually on guard against every other community, particularly those longitudinally removed. Coming to a new country, they form conservative bodies, throwing up ramparts on all sides, there to live in the heart of New York the very lives of their native people at home. These racial disparities are never eliminated. At best they merge into the new type by excessive intermarriage, making a distinctly new national character.

And because New York draws from so many latitudes in our own domain, and because, being a mammoth port of entry, it makes the food products of every other country available to a variety of palates, these racial dissimilarities are maintained and encouraged rather than diminished. Were it compulsory for every foreigner to live on the same kind of food, having adopted this country for a home, the strong barriers between these quarters would be broken down, and the appalling but natural forgathering of various peoples would receive a check. But where it is possible to obtain the same variety of food as an inherited taste demands, diversity exists and will exist for generations. Colony on colony has been established, till well-nigh every country of the globe is represented, whole streets and districts have been taken up, and although within a pistol shot of one another, in reality as far removed as Paris is from Tonquin and Lapland from the Nile.

If one wishes to discover what non-conformity characterizes these various quarters, let him go no deeper than the food question, for there he will find the sum and substance of the matter. He will find one man's meat here that would be another man's poison not two blocks away, drink in one district that is held in abhorrence in another, smoke in a third that is odious to the other two, and variety without end. It might be well to dine each day at a new table—in another foreign colony, and as Emerson says, "the otherest." Beginning with the Battery, he might work up town, as from the equator towards the poles, with advantage.

Encountering the Syrians, Arabs, and Turks in Washington Street, he will find an industrious, timid, conservative, frugal, and in a small way prosperous people, not more than three or four thousand in number, intensely patriotic and impulsive. The Northern air acts upon their naturally dreamy, languid temperaments like champagne, so that they have no need for strong drink, and detest it. Café life is one of the features of the colony, and the narghileh and thick Mocha are everywhere in evidence. The restaurants will be found Oriental in decoration, with dishes of primarily a vegetable quality, and the above-ground varieties, such as lentils, egg-plant, peas, and beans, with slightly acid herbs. Meats are of a secondary consideration, and are usually chopped fine with rice and pine-nuts or pistachio, wrapped in vine leaves and cooked in olive oil. The bread is light in [illegible], unleavened, and baked in flat loaves, while [illegible] in many varieties find favor. Curd and [illegible] Mocha coffee, of exquisite variety and carefully prepared for each individual guest, with Turkish cigarettes, complete the repast.

Stepping across Broadway and moving up town a little way, one happens upon the Greek colony. These, while making use of the same fundamental ingredients, being of somewhat the same latitude, have many national dishes, with an equally refined taste, perhaps running more to sweets. The Greeks of Roosevelt Street consume enormous quantities of wild honey, which is imported direct to them, and as the plains of Attica are aglow the greater part of the year with wild flowers, it is easy to see why the wild honey of Greece surpasses our own in flavor and richness. Goat's-milk cheese is here an ingredient of a multitude of dishes, and olives stand as a side-dish through every meal. Here again the vegetable predominates, and the meats are of the lighter varieties—chicken and mutton preferred to pork and beef; but the Greek's antipathy

CHINESE RESTAURANTS, MOTT STREET

INTERIOR OF CHINESE RESTAURANT

ITALIAN MACARONI CELLARS

GREEK RESTAURANT, PEARL STREET

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A FRENCH "PENSION."

MULBERRY STREET CHEESE VENDERS.

EAST SIDE FIVE-CENT RESTAURANT

TYPICAL GREEK RESTAURANT

for anything Syrian or Turkish extends to matters of diet as well as to politics, although it is in the matter of service principally.

Passing up town, the Russian quarter is encountered in a few moments, and in crossing these few streets one has virtually traversed the whole continent of Europe. Here everything that the Syrian places first the Russian places last. His meats are of the heaviest, fattest varieties, with black and solid bread, few vegetables, and those mostly of the underground varieties—potatoes, carrots, beets. Here there is strong drink in abundance, dark beer and black tobacco, with coffee that a Syrian would regard as a sacrilege on the name. In fact, the Russian would simply starve to death on the diet of his Southern neighbors, while the latter would die of dyspepsia were he to attempt to survive on the Russian diet. For generations the Russian has been fighting winter's cold, while the Syrian has basked in the heat of a semi-tropic sun, and they cannot sit at the same board.

Just across Broadway again we have the Italian quarter—or rather, the mother of all the Italian quarters from Mulberry Bend to the Bronx. Here we have something of both the lighter and the heavier diet, but another ground-work withal. Spaghetti and macaroni furnish the large quantity, while high-seasoned salami, or dried sausages and cheese, give quality to the meal. Here red wine abounds, likewise red pepper and garlic, and the bread is unlike any other, being neither unleavened nor dark, but whole-wheat and wholesome. A lighter variety of tobacco than the Russian's, though not as exquisite in flavor as the Turk's, satisfies the Italian.

By climbing Park Street into Chinatown, we cross two whole continents within three minutes, from Italy to China, Rome to Canton. Here is the greatest change of all. The vegetable again predominates, but of the tastier varieties—delicately steamed rice, Chinese potatoes, barley sprouts, young onions, and celery, with chopped chicken and young pig covered over with mushrooms and dashed with burnt-bean sauce. Here again is alcohol eschewed, tobacco no acquired taste, coffee unknown, and tea everywhere on every occasion. The Chinaman hates the olives of the Syrian, the macaroni of the Italian, and the strong liquor of the Russian, but he is addicted to a habit which all the others regard as a criminal taste—he smokes opium, and in consequence gets along on one meal a day, while the Syrian has three, and the Russian four. Stream-cookery predominates, and spiced and aromatic fruits, nuts, and herbs, like lychee and ginger, give piquancy to the meal, for opium blunts the taste and high seasoning is imperative. Probably no other foreign element in the metropolitan medley imports as many varieties of food products as do the Chinese. Dried meats come in great barrels and crates, with every variety from whole suckling pigs to tree-birds, geese, and fresh-water fish. The catalogue is endless, and shows what sparing but

it almost impossible. Of café life, such as in the Greek and Syrian quarters, where men must to drink coffee and smoke while discussing topics of the times, there are very few, and the saloon is poorly patronized. Not that the East-Sider drinks little, for in truth he drinks a great deal, but it is done at home, and hence the wholesale liquor-dealers thrive, while the illicit distillers, which are now and then unearthed from tenement subcellars by the revenue officers, make lustrous if their clientele is strictly among those tenement folk of their own country, who know how to be quiet and enjoy a good thing without boasting.

There is a freemasonry among these people which protects the distilleries of each neighborhood from the treachery of those who deal with them. The officers of the law must rely upon other information than that of the residenters, for while an illicit distiller may be giving information to an officer regarding a fictitious band of illicit distillers a few blocks away, the fumes of sour mash may be circling up from his own basement.

Of the French quarter, with its small variety of food and its large variety of sauces, all the others spoken of are in ignorance. Bleecker Street is the beginning of the table d'hôte district, the East Side form being the "regular dinner" ranging in price from five cents to forty. As we move up town from this point, conventionality increases, and the human family dines much the same everywhere. True, there are Cuban quarters, small but exclusive, where hot dishes are served with tropical fruits, the Japanese have a small colony, and least of their raw fish smothered in sauce; the Austrians have sets and meeting places where national dishes are served; and in the region of Third Street near the Bowery the German cook is supreme. But while Americans find something in the cookery of each one of the foreign quarters that he enjoys, those from remote parts of Europe and Asia hold their neighbors' dishes in contempt. Climate and European politics have made these quarters indifferent or else hostile to one another, and very rarely congenial.

Many climates account for diverse national types, and New York has gathered representatives from every habitable climate of the globe. The Greek's honey and curd are odious to the fish-eating Scandinavian. The Turk's olive oil and nuts are hateful to the opium-smoking Chinaman. The east side of Broadway is a sealed community to the west, and what goes on above Grand Street is of no concern to those below. The emigrants have stepped out of the greasy Norway, Russia, Hungary, or Sicily, and stepped into the lesser right here in the metropolitan foreign quarters. Affiliation and assimilation are a matter of generations, perhaps of centuries. It is a discouraging outlook from the American stand-point, but the evolution, however slow, is bound to produce a new and distinct type which may, after all, be for the best good of our national character.

Syrian, Turk, Italian, and Greek are of an intensely social nature, and in their own country meet in the open-air cafés which are of the nature of intellectual symposia. Farther uptown, into the province of middle Europe, let us say, the people have been for generations more shut in, and consequently home life is much more to them. The restaurants of the East Side are poor and far between. If a man has enough income to board at a restaurant, he is considered to have enough to marry and settle down in one of the attic rookeries about, sending his wife down to the push-cart shops that line the street on both sides and make

For the Honor of Spain. *By Harold Richard Vynne*

Across the shelving fields, where the haze was thickest, one could see the white tents of the invader dotting the landscape like mushrooms. The sun was dispelling the haze bravely, but gradually. It would be hot by-and-by, no doubt. At present the morning was quite perfect.

In the dusty streets of the little town the native and Spanish population moved about or lounged in doorways with the usual indifference. The coming of the Americans was a momentous event, of course, but it was not a calamity. Conquest was inevitable, and the new-comers were known to be of a humane and progressive race. Besides, when you have lived long enough in a tropical climate—particularly one with malaria in it—you cease to feel emotion. You leave that to people who enjoy fatigue.

On the veranda of a low roofed house, whose white walls made the eyes ache, Captain Juan Sebastian Ferrara paced slowly to and fro. He was a straight, soldierly little man, but his faded uniform hung about his wasted figure limply, and his cheeks were sallow and sunken. Still, his eyes were dark and fiery, and the prodigious sabre that clanked at his heels was sufficiently warlike.

In the cigarette-stained fingers of the Captain's right hand was grasped a narrow strip of blue paper—a telegram delivered to him fifteen minutes ago by a lazy negro messenger riding barefoot on a sleepy mule. Since its receipt the Captain had been thoughtful.

He paused for a moment in his walk, and, using the paper for a shade for his eyes, looked through the vista of flowery fields and bending palms in the direction of the American lines. He could see apparent myriads of men swarming about the hills like ants. It was easy to tell that they were strangers. No resident ever moved with such activity under this sun.

Having finished his scrutiny, Captain Ferrara shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly and turned his back upon the foe—a thing he would not have done if they had been firing upon him. He did it because instinct told him he was about to face a sight infinitely more agreeable. He deftly concealed the telegram in his blouse, as his wife, a lady with quiet eyes and an adorable figure, gently pushed open the door and stepped forth upon the porch.

She was dressed in black—that sombre hue so greatly affected by Spanish ladies of gentle blood—and the roses that clustered over the trellis-work behind her gave her beauty a royal setting. The powers of perception possessed by Captain Juan Sebastian Ferrara were keen. His dark eyes shone with approval and pride. After fifteen years he was still his wife's lover. He approached and kissed her hand without a tremor, though that flimsy blue paper beneath his blouse was burning a hole in his heart.

The lady, being certain that the inevitable surrender would be accomplished to-day, and foreseeing an early fulfilment of the dream of her heart—a return to their beloved Spain—was in a rare good-humor. She smiled upon her Captain in a heavenly fashion, and kissed him generously on both his thin cheeks. The wholesome ceremony was scarcely accomplished when a pattering of mercurial feet broke the stillness, and the three olive branches of the house of Ferrara burst upon the scene. Their greeting to their parent was perfunctory, and was followed by a concerted rush for the breakfast table, which stood in a corner, beneath a veritable canopy of the roses.

During the progress of that meal the attention of Captain Ferrara was concentrated chiefly upon his first-born, Sebastian, a grave-eyed stripling of ten, straight as a sapling, and brown as an Indian. At most seasons the Captain strove to teach his son dignity, but on this occasion he took him upon his knee and pushed olives into his mouth with the cigarette stained fingers. He also, more than once, held him off at arm's-length and surveyed him critically, with eyes that frowned and blinked in the effort of remaining dry.

As for those two little black-eyed imps, the twins, they huddled, as usual, close to their beautiful mother, smeared their round faces with marmalade, and, being feminine, enriched the air with melodious laughter at nothing. It was a happy little scene that was enacted in that family every morning in fine weather. It would have been pretty enough even without the roses. They gave it its perfection.

Affectionately chided by his wife for his lack of appetite, the Captain lied adroitly concerning a wholly fictitious headache. When they had all finished he rose, buckled on the heavy sword that, for ease, he had cast on a bench, and reassured his solicitous lady as to the total lack of cause for anxiety in the events of the coming day. His adieu to her was necessarily undemonstrative, though the stifling of his desire to embrace her as one embraces the eternally lost cost him a pang. Her little son told her, afterwards, that his father had held him so tightly that it seemed every

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ONE OF THE SPANISH OFFICERS STOOPED AND PICKED UP A PIECE OF BLUE PAPER.

rib he possessed would crack, but he had borne the ordeal bravely, as became him. Finally, as the Captain strode rather stiffly down the steps, the twins ran after him, roguishly pelting him with roses. With magnificent absentmindedness he stooped and gave them one kiss each, and walked across the lawn like a man who is not hungry in the least.

Only once he turned, to wave his hand at that little group on the veranda—the proud, black-clad figure of the gentle Spanish lady in the centre, her little ones clinging to her silken skirts, and the roses over them all. As he viewed the picture, Captain Ferraro's cheeks paled slightly through the amber stamp of the Porto Rican sun, and from between his closed teeth there issued a mournful whisper that might have been either a prayer for his loved ones or a malediction upon Fate.

At the tumbly, tumble-down barracks he shouted his despatch to four of his comrades—lieutenants. All paled, but none flinched. Under the circumstances, an order to offer resistance to the invaders—and the Governor-General's telegram was to that effect—was an order to commit suicide. One of the lieutenants found heart to say as much.

"And yet," hazarded Captain Ferraro, drawing himself up in such a way that even the faded uniform looked impressive, "it is for Spain."

Four swords flashed from four scabbards and met with a clank over the Captain's head. Four voices rang out in the chorus, "For Spain!" and four faces beamed at the Captain in a very passion of loyalty and devotion.

It was all very melodramatic; nay, it was more like opera-bouffe, or would have been in the absence of the fierce glare of fatal purpose that gleamed from those dauntless, fever-worn faces. The commander was the first to recognize the ludicrous side of the situation.

"The army," he said, with an oddly satirical inflection upon the word, "is not large. It may be mobilized without difficulty." He walked to a window of the low-ceilinged room in which they stood and gave a rapid command to an orderly in the yard. He turned again to his comrades. "There is time, gentlemen," he said, "to drink to Spain."

The wine was brought by a shambling native. The toast was solemnly drunk, and the five officers suddenly looked at one another and laughed.

Not one had the money to pay.

Along the dusty white road trailed a scanty column of men. Their gait was somewhat listless, but their heads were held erect and their arms were carried at a business-like slant. They were on dress parade and they knew it. At their head rode a small but wiry officer on a superb gray horse that delighted the black natives and grinning urchins at the road side with its gay caracoling. Shopkeepers came to their doors and smiled as the puny little force went by. It was on its way to surrender, of course, which was quite proper. In an hour, or at most two, the Americans would be here, which was very well. The Americans would bring gold—gold—gold—and every one would be rich.

From the steeple of the one church in the little town a gold cross glittered bravely in the sun. It seemed typical of sacrifice. The tiled roofs gleamed redly in the heat, and across the fields and ravines, in the enemy's direction, the green trees waved and beckoned. The thought of anything but peace seemed ridiculous, until there came from the rocks and rings a mile and a half away the sublime crash of artillery.

So the sun flashed bravely back from the accoutrements of the three hundred as they approached the river, in which a swarm of naked urchins bathed, in beautiful indifference to the horrors of war. As the head of the column crossed the bridge, the rider of the gray horse rose in his stirrups and waved his sword in the direction of a house with a rose-twined veranda, upon which a wife and mother stood, marvelling greatly.

Captain Juan Sebastian Ferraro was strangely irritated. He found himself in a most trying situation. His orders being to fight, there could be no surrender by his command while he lived. Under the circumstances it seemed preposterous that the death he sought should be so long in coming, for in the mean time his brave fellows were being shot down so fast that he felt extremely sorry for them.

His men were deployed on the side of a sloping hill, and as he rode up and down in their front, uttering encouraging words, the absurdity of the conflict amused him. The Spaniards, all in faded uniforms like his own, looked so deplorably small and puny before those long, trim lines of khaki-clad American giants, remorselessly peppering them from every direction at once! The Captain, who with his plunging and rearing mount offered a most tempting mark, was being used as a target by innumerable sharpshooters, although he did not know it. He only knew that the necessary event of his own demise was exasperatingly tardy in its approach, and he uttered a fretful exclamation whenever he observed one of his soldiers toppling over. Once, when two of his lieutenants dropped their swords and fell, almost side by side, he swore a vigorous oath and spurred his charger madly forward, in a frenzy of impatience.

At the moment that his discontent was keenest, and when he had actually begun to despair of finding the soldier's death that he craved, a peculiar sensation came to the Captain. He had shaken off the deadly lethargy produced by years of residence in the tropics in order to enter this fight to-day, and he felt that lethargy to be suddenly attacking him with resistless force. It was while in the act of placing the cigarette-stained fingers to his lips, to throw a kiss in the direction of the white house with the rose-twined trellises and veranda, that the weakness overtook him. He tried to shake it off, but could not. It caused him to let fall his bridle-rein on the gray horse's neck and relax the grip of his knees on the saddle-cloth. There was a stinging sensation in his chest, just over the heart, and that caused him less distress than the feeling that he was going to sleep. It would never do to give way before his duty was finished. And yet the languor increased. The plunging of his charger now felt like the rocking of a ship, and the roar of the musketry—pah! how foolish! It was not musketry at all! It was the whisper of guitars. And just behind them stood the idol of his heart's worship—his little Sebastian, slender, tall, and straight, regarding him with serene and limpid eyes. And just at this point in his odd imaginings, Captain Juan Sebastian Ferraro's head drooped forward upon his chest, though one of his remaining lieutenants caught from his lips the command, uttered hoarsely and with effort; "It is well. Hoist the white flag."

The great American General watched the "battle" from a convenient eminence—not out of the range of fire, for he was a brave man, and always ready to take the chances of war with his troops.

The General observed with much satisfaction that there was no possible chance of the Spanish withstanding the mightiness of the American attack. His 3000 had trapped the 300 most nicely. It was like an army of trained athletes attacking an orphan asylum. The General felt the strength of his position and gloried in it. The "battle" could have but one result, and the voters at home would have good news to read. The "battle," in truth—that unimportant little sputtering fire down there in the centre seemed, even from the General's stand-point, a rather trivial affair. He wished it were over, for the avoidance of loss on his side was desirable. He felt certain that if that crazy little beggar on the gray horse would cease inciting his handful of starved manikins to the folly of resistance, the surrender would be a matter of but a few moments. The entrance of this natural thought into the American General's head was simultaneous with the descent of Captain Juan Sebastian Ferraro from his horse—head-first and shot in two places. And so the white flag went up and the town was taken.

The town, indeed, appeared to regard the affair in the light of a triumph. Bells were rung, songs were chanted, and bouquets made ready to fling at the conquerors. The little affair over there on the hill across the river was a disagreeable necessity, no doubt. It was over. The storekeepers went back to their counters and the naked urchins continued their bathing in the river.

As the troops passed on their way to the town a little group of newspaper correspondents stood conversing with the Spanish officers who had survived. One of them stooped and picked up a piece of blue paper, one corner of which was darkly stained to red. It was the telegram addressed to Captain Ferraro, who now lay in the road near by, peacefully enough, with his fever-worn face towards the house with the rose-twined veranda. A Spanish lieutenant looked at the body, then at the correspondent, nodded—and wept.

The correspondent, a man of note in his own country, turned to his comrades and removed his hat. "Gentlemen," he said, seriously, "I fancy we have witnessed a martyrdom."

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shacks are still reasonably primitive. Still, there are localities in which persons of conceded solvency and tolerably high lineage have lairs that are of such a number and grouped in such propinquity that if they were anywhere else than in the North Woods they must have constituted a fashionable district of sufficient importance to be watched and reported all through the season. In the St. Regis Lakes district, near Paul Smith's, there is a collection of people who, if they were at Newport, would be carefully looked after and constrained to minister to thousands of inquiring minds. On Spitfire and Upper Regis Lakes they dwell in a sweet, mysterious retirement that almost passes belief. Day after day their young people saw sailboats, and the newspapers never so much as treat the names of the winners. One day last month two of Mr. Stokes's pigs (one black, one white) got loose on the shores of Upper Regis and visited many neighboring camps. If it had happened at Newport the papers would have issued an extra with pictures of Mr. Stokes, his pump, his family, and the pigs. Because it happened in the Adirondacks nothing came of it. Mr. Stokes's hired man got on the trail of the pigs, and in due time came up with them, and escorted them home. The present narrator might never have known of the incident if he had not happened to see the pigs pass. Another day two or three racing sail boats were upset in a rain squall and a collection of young yachtsmen got wet. No paragrapher seems to have recorded it until now. Truly the retirement of that region is very notable.

One thing that protects it is that there are no roads worth mentioning thereabout, and folks have to go and come in boats, so that news travels slowly. Another advantage is that the wilderness, after all, is pretty big, and its size possibly daunts the newsgatherers. Still another defence is that telegraph tolls are fabulously high. Finally, it rains every day in the Adirondacks (this year), and as very many of the sojourners there live in tents, public interest tends to concentrate itself on keeping dry.

WHAT an excellent thing it would be for the country, and the newspapers and their readers, and for the people, good, bad, and indifferent, who live in Newport, if this grateful haze of privacy which veils the Regis Lakes could cover Newport also. The Newport battle is so thin, and some of it so vulgar. Why should the world read on the front pages of the New York papers that Mrs Blink has sworn out a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Blank's son for hiding Aristarchus Blink's bicycle? It is a fairly good police-news item, but it makes poor reading for a front page. Undoubtedly Mrs. Blank thinks so, though Mrs. Blink may like it. There is a miserable tide of criticism just now on Newport morals and manners. The main trouble is not that Newport is especially profligate or foolish. It is that the local history of the place is written up every night from June till October and published the following morning, and that naturally enough the more foolish people, being under less restraint of sense and manners than their betters, furnish most of the lively items. If we could only bring ourselves to look upon Newport as a sanitarium, arranged on the popular cottage system, for the reception and treatment of persons suffering from a plethora of income and leisure, we would be able to take it easy, as it deserves to be taken, and the newspapers, as they come to appreciate the reasonableness of our attitude, would print their Newport items in small print on their back pages, instead of in big type on their front pages, so price would increase in the land, and our minds would be easier, and Newport would be a pleasanter and more wholesome retreat for the innocuously solvent than it can possibly be as it is.

MR. ST.-GAUDENS, the sculptor, is one of the few Americans whom, if we lost him, we could not replace. The news that he has been ill and came from Paris to Boston about six weeks ago to have an operation done at a Boston hospital has been kept from us happily until it could be accompanied with the assurance that the operation succeeded and the patient is getting well. It is highly important that he should fully recover and resume work, for he is only fifty-two years old, and the country could ill spare a sculptor of his ability while his life work is still so far from complete. When he was taken ill he was at work on the equestrian statue of General Sherman, which, we are told, is now practically finished.

His parentage is interesting: He was born in Dublin. His father was French, his mother Irish, so that he represents two strains, both of which are strong in imagination and aptitude for art.

IT does not as yet appear whether the farmers of Cass County, Indiana, who have been making war on the Burlington Turnpike Company, are Bryanites who object to toll-gates because they are imperialistic, or McKinleyites who believe in expansion, with such incidental appropriation as may be necessary, [illegible] the local authorities to exhaust every means in their power. What the rights of the dispute are, if any, has not transpired in these parts. We only know that when a whole community gets tired of toll roads and wants to undertake the care of its own highways, it is very fortunate if the turnpike company's franchise happens to run out. It is particularly inconvenient for us in New York to consider these tales of wars on turnpike companies in Indiana, because we have riotous troubles of our own on which we have need to concentrate our attention.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, on October 3, 1800, and there is a plan afoot to celebrate next month in that town the hundredth anniversary of that event. The historical and patriotic societies are to meet this week to arrange for the celebration. They hope Senator Hoar will make a memorial address, and he hopes to be able to do so.

Bancroft passed his boyhood in Worcester and lived there for a short time after he came home from his studies abroad. His later life, as will be recalled, was spent chiefly in Washington and Newport, but he was buried in Worcester's Rural Cemetery, on Bancroft Hill, where his father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, lived. A Norman tower is being built by Mr. Stephen Salisbury, president of the Antiquarian Society. The dedication of this tower will probably be part of the proceedings of the celebration. It is proposed to set up a tablet to mark the site of the old Bancroft house which no longer exists.

NO pensioner of the Revolutionary war survives. The last one died in 1869, at the age of 109, but last year there were, and doubtless still are, four Revolutionary widows on the pension rolls, none of them older than eighty-six. Pensioners' widows make little of the taper of centuries. Judging by precedent it is not improbable that 150 years from now there will still be widows drawing pensions on account of the services of their husbands in our late war with Spain.

Only one pensioner who served in the war of 1812 is left. His name is Hiram Crouch. He is 100 years old and lives in Oneida County, New York. About 2000 widows of 1812 are left in the rolls. The pensioners of the civil war hold out very well indeed. Every year on June 30 they are counted. In June 1898 the number on the lists was 993,714. Last year there were about 2000 less, and this year also there are fewer than in 1898, but the commissioner says that in 1901 the lost will beat the record, because an act of Congress, passed last May, has extended the provisions of the law of 1890 so as to let in many thousands of new claimants. About one-quarter of all the pensions go to widows.

THE earlier conclusions of the census as they are published make a little flutter of excitement for each city whose population they disclose. There are not more than seventy-five millions of us altogether, the census office thinks, and of that number 4,166,582 sleep in Brooklyn. In Manhattan live 1,850,000. In bigger New York 3,437,202; a gain the experts say, of about one million in ten years for the territory now included in the city. That makes New York the second city in the world. It is possible that its rapid accretions delight some persons who have real-estate interests or are prejudiced on other grounds, but for most residents of New York it means little more than higher rents, perhaps, and an increasing disparity between the numbers of seats in a street car and the number of passengers.

In the lesser cities the interest in the census returns is very great indeed. Indianapolis is doubtless superlatively rampacious over a growth of 60 per cent. (from 105,000 to 169,000) between 1880 and 1890. Omaha, one of the few of the larger towns that have fallen off, is doubtless lugubrious about it. Omaha's apparent loss in ten years is 37,897 (or from 140,452 to 102,555), but the Omahites explain that they have not really gone backwards to that extent, for the truth is that while the census was honestly taken this year, in 1890 the returns included most of the occupants of the cemeteries, and hundreds of others who were still less entitled to be put down.

Cities that are in close rivalry are naturally the ones most excited. How it is with St. Paul and Minneapolis has not at this writing been divulged, but Tacoma and other Northwestern cities accuse Seattle of padding, and are so insistent about it that special agents have been sent to Seattle to investigate.

Boston is less concerned about her size than any of the larger cities. She is sure of her quality, and can doubtless afford to be somewhat indifferent about mere numbers. Her allowance this year is about 560,000, which brings her between St. Louis (575,000) and Baltimore. But Boston, unlike more of the larger cities, has not yet taken in all her suburbs. A greater Boston, including Cambridge and other adjoining cities, would move up the list by several places.

No town of all the lot is more aspiring than Buf-

ONE interesting conclusion of the census-takers is that about 33 per cent. of the population of the United States now lives in cities. Ten years ago the urban population was estimated at 29 per cent. of the whole. In the extreme East much more than a third of the people now live in towns; in the far South and far West much less than a third. But the tendency towards centralization is still strong.

Another interesting conclusion is that in the long-run immigration does not have much effect in increasing population. The South, where few immigrants have gone, seems to have increased in numbers about as fast as the West. As population grows denser the rate of increase falls off. Where a country is filled up with immigrants the rate of increase by births is quickly checked. The population of the United States increased faster by its own efforts between 1790 and 1840, when immigration was light, than it did between 1840 and 1890, when it was heavy. There is matter for meditation in that. During the last decade, which included five years of hard times, immigration has been light.

A TONAWANDA, New York, report credits Frank A. Hinkey, once a famous Yale football player, with a positive declaration that he will not help to coach the Yale football team this year. Hinkey says he has business to attend to, and expects to attend to it. His reasons for not becoming a football coach seem very respectable. Coaching is the vocation of some men, and the avocation of a good many others, but it cannot be the avocation of young men in active business unless they live conveniently near the scene of exhortation. Men of independent means, or who don't have to work too steadily, may keep up their connection with college sports for years after leaving college and get pleasure out of it without loss. But that is rarely possible for men who have their living to make, and they should not be criticised if when they get out of college they get clear out.

MR. SAMUEL PARSONS, Jr., formerly superintendent of parks in New York, and now a landscape architect with headquarters here, has been chosen by the War Department to draw plans for the treatment of that part of Washington south of Pennsylvania Avenue and B Street Southwest, and for a parkway between the reclaimed Potomac Flats and the Zoological Park. He is also to investigate the expediency of making avenues through the Mall, and to report on the plan for a driveway from the tower harbor, through the Mall, past the Washington Monument to Georgetown, and thence by Rock Creek to the Rock Creek Park. The scope of these employments seems to include labors of great importance to the park system of Washington, and implies a high opinion of the professional qualifications of the gentleman to whom the work has been intrusted. Mr. Parsons served New York under Mayor Strong with acknowledged efficiency, and will doubtless do equally good service for Washington.

MANY lawyers who labored to break the Fayerweather will have gone to their final rest, but the will still frequents the courts, and it is given out that a recent decision of Judge Lacombe will open the way to a promising new line of litigation. The will became operative ten years ago, but it operates imperfectly and with profuse deliberation.

THERE are rumors of agitation among our fellow-citizens who are interested in ceramics over the possibilities of loot from Peking. The collectors have reason to believe that there is, or was, a great deal of valuable junk of various sorts in the Chinese capital which is bound to make excitement whenever it comes in market. They are a good deal stirred. They do not go so far as to hope that Peking will be sacked, but they are fervent in hope that if it is sacked every soldier will carry on his arm a large covered basket filled with excelsior, so that the fragile fruits of pillage may come to market in good order. China may be broken up for all the collectors care, but they want protection and careful handling for the Chinese porcelains.

THE last news from China, at this writing, comes by way of Shanghai, and hints at a battle in which the allies lost heavily. No one will worry over it. Shanghai is now recognized as the seat of the foremost liars in the world. The city has already enriched the English language with the verb "to shanghai," meaning to kidnap for service at sea. Now "shanghaied news" has brought to the same word a new meaning. There seems to be no prospect of bringing to repentance any one who is personally or commercially responsible for the promulgation and reiteration of the Shanghai lies which we have suffered from this summer.

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A Towne, of Minnesota, to become the party's candidate for Vice-President. Through the selection of Mr. Stevenson all the tangles in the national tickets of the Democrats and their allies, the Populists and Silver Republicans, have been straightened out. Mr. Bryan has only one running mate this year. Mr. Stevenson. United States Senator Butler, the national chairman of the Populist party, objected to the selection of Mr. Stevenson to the very last, and it was through his influence that the vote was not made unanimous. There were only three votes out of ninety five in the meeting of the Populist National Committee that were opposed to Mr. Stevenson when the final selection was made in Chicago on August 27. It required nearly six hours of debate to settle the matter. At the close of the meeting Chairman Butler practically declared that he would support the ticket.

All that remains now to place the national ticket of the Democrats and their allies before the people politically and in strict legal form is to arrange a scheme for dividing, in proper proportion, the Presidential electors in the various States. In some of the States, of course, there will probably be no Populists on the list of Bryan and Stevenson electors. In other States, however, there will be a goodly proportion of them, in accordance with the fusion programme, but it is altogether unlikely that in any one State there will be more Populists than Democrats on the allied anti-Republican ticket.

ON his way to and from the Populist notification ceremonies in Topeka, Kansas, Mr. Bryan indulged in campaigning in Nebraska and Kansas. He drew large crowds, but it seems to be the general opinion that the tour was something of a disappointment because of a lack of enthusiasm in comparison with the stirring scenes that marked his progress in those and other States four years ago. Mr. Bryan had very little to say about free silver upon the trip. He confined himself largely to the Imperialism issue, but when he did speak of free silver the Republicans complained that he was not entirely fair. He intimated that coinage of silver at the rate of 16 to 1 was going on in the mints at the present time, and the inference was that the Republicans were not sincere in their opposition to that rate of coinage. The fact of the matter is, of course, that what coinage of silver is taking place is of a special nature and required by special law for a special purpose. It affects the positions of neither of the great parties in the remotest degree on the financial question.

Mr. Bryan is hastening all his literary work, especially the writing of his letter of acceptance, so that he may get out on the stump and arouse the voters of his party. It is now generally believed that he will spend at least six weeks in speaking in various parts of the country. There will probably be four or five speeches in New England, and the candidate will also visit New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland on his trip. He will probably start out about the middle of September and devote a large part of his time in campaigning in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky.

It had been Mr. Bryan's intention to attend the National G.A.R. Reunion just held in Chicago. President McKinley had accepted an invitation to be present, and the managers thought that it would divest the occasion from any suggestion of partisanship if Mr. Bryan should also be asked to attend. The delicate situation in China made it necessary for Mr. McKinley to give up his visit to his home in Canton and to return to Washington. He soon found that it would be out of the question for him to go to the G.A.R. Encampment, owing to the extremely responsible position into which the Chinese situation has forced him. For various reasons Mr. McKinley has practically taken the management of diplomatic affairs, so far as they relate to China, into his own hands. He was, therefore, compelled to send word to Chicago that he would be unable to meet the veterans of the civil war. Mr. Bryan, as soon as the President's decision was made known, telegraphed that a feeling of delicacy made it necessary for him to withdraw his acceptance of the invitation sent by the G.A.R. officials, and therefore he would not be present. It is worthy of remark, however, that the President is a member of the G.A.R., and it was solely on that ground of membership that he intended to visit the encampment. Mr. Bryan is not a member of the G.A.R., of course, and his suggestion that he would not attend the meeting because it might give an air of partisanship to his actions is indicative of his original view as to the desirability of attending the meeting.

PROBABLY no more important utterance of an individual, Presidential candidates excepted, has been made during the campaign than that delivered by Secretary Gage of the Treasury Department in Washington on August 25, in which he, Mr. Gage, declared that Mr. Bryan, if elected President, would have no difficulty in breaking down the gold standard. Some of the former Gold Democrats, who through their support of the Anti-Imperialism idea have declared their intention of voting for Mr. Bryan, have asserted vigorously from time to time that if Mr. Bryan were reach Mr. Bryan as President. Mr. Gage, who has mastered the actual workings of financial affairs from every stand point, and especially from the Treasury Department's stand point, makes plain that Mr. Bryan could put the country on a silver basis practically without legislation. Mr. Gage said:

"There is no doubt that Mr. Bryan could order a Secretary of the Treasury to make payment in silver of all of the public debt payable in coin, and for all current disbursements of the government as well, which amount to $1,500,000 or $1,750,000 a day. That he would give such an order is very certain if he is in the same mind that he was in 1896, for then he was quoted as saying, 'If there is any one who believes that the gold standard is a good thing or that it must be maintained, I want him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in the country longer than I am able to get rid of it.'

"The announcement by the Treasury Department of its purpose to pay silver in settlement of all interest on the public debt, not specially payable in gold, and to make its daily disbursements to its creditors in silver, would stop the inflow of gold, or at least very largely diminish payments in gold, and correspondingly increase payments into the Treasury of silver and silver certificates. Therefore, it might be anticipated that with a good deal of perverse ingenuity the time would come, at no distant day, when all the revenues of the government would be paid to it in silver dollars or silver certificates, and all disbursements made by it would be made in silver dollars or silver certificates. There would thus be established a circuit of silver out of the Treasury into the hands of the people, from the people to the banks, from the banks to the Custom House, and from the hands of collectors of revenue. That would no doubt be accomplished, and the government, properly speaking, would be on a silver basis.

"The effect would be deplorable. Every one would be in a state of fear, and when people are afraid, they will either run or hide. Commercial dulness would succeed the present commercial activity, and we would again witness that industrial paralysis which characterized the years 1893-96."

IN the week that has just passed, an exception to the rule thus far, no man of distinguished importance in the country has turned from Bryan to McKinley. Nevertheless, the week has not been without an incident closely resembling the announcement of the conversion of some distinguished man. The Hon. Charles Denby, who for a dozen years was minister to China, and who might be characterized properly as a Cleveland Democrat, but who lately has been associated with the McKinley administration, having become a member of the first commission to the Philippines, owing to his familiarity with the political situation in the Orient, has declared himself in favor of the re-election of Mr. McKinley. Mr. Denby does not join the Republican party. He is an ardent believer in expansion, however, and has participated in the extension of the expansion idea, as laid down by a Republican administration, and he cannot accept the utterances of Mr. Bryan nor the deliverance of the Kansas City platform on the Philippines situation. He is quoted as saying:

"Disguise it as you may, the real question before the people is whether the armies of the United States shall be withdrawn at once, now and forever, and the islands turned over to the Tagals. Mr. Bryan would, as Commander-in-Chief, have the power to recall the armies, and if he did he would let loose the horrors of a terrible revolution. As nobody advocates that course openly, it is hardly necessary to attack him. Still, Mr. Bryan in some speech may even reach that altitude of recklessness.

"I am not defending the Republican party, but I am defending William McKinley. In the most difficult period of our history he has proved himself equal to all the demands upon him. He has acted with an eye single to the good of the country. In diplomacy he displayed qualities of the highest order, and in military affairs he was remarkably successful. He eminently deserves re-election."

Among the men of what might be called minor importance who have declared for McKinley in preference to Bryan is George W. McDonald, the secretary of the Gold Democratic State Committee of Indiana and a nephew of former United States Senator Joseph E. McDonald, of that State. Mr. McDonald declared that the Imperialism issue was nothing but a bogie, and that no one in his senses had any idea that Mr. McKinley intended to set himself or any other man up as an Emperor. A significant fact of the drift of affairs in Colorado is that of the sixteen delegates to the Republican Convention in St. Louis in 1896 from the State of Colorado who, headed by Senator Teller, walked out of the convention, all but two, Mr. Teller and a negro, have returned to the Republican party and will support McKinley this year. General Isaac S. Catlin, formerly of Brooklyn, who in recent years was identified with the Democratic party, has announced his advocacy of McKinley's election on the expansion issue. Hambleton & Co., of Baltimore, the well-known bankers, whose influence in the South is marked, and who hitherto have been known as "dyed-in-the-wool" Democrats, have issued a circular indorsing the McKinley administration, and declaring that Bryan's come out for McKinley, is governor Hazen S. Pingree, of Michigan. Mr. Pingree was elected Governor as a Republican, but he has been at odds with the active managers of the Republican party, and to a large extent with its tendencies, and it seemed to be expected as a natural thing that he would declare for Bryan. National Chairman Jones of the Democratic party said in an interview recently that he understood that Governor Pingree "might be" for Bryan. This stirred up Governor Pingree's wrath. He said that he should vote the Republican ticket, and added: "In my opinion, it is the patriotic duty of every man who is in the habit of voting the Republican ticket to keep up his allegiance in the hope of finally rescuing Republicanism from the clutches of Hannaism. Such being the case, I shall probably vote for McKinley and hope for the best."

THE political situation in New York State continues to be of national interest, because practically it is the only storm centre of importance. In that storm centre is Comptroller Bird S. Coler, and revolving about him in a whirl are the combatants made up of Hill and Croker factions of the Democratic party. Mr. Croker is making the most noise. Mr. Hill, in accordance with his usual custom, employs the quiet method of fighting. Mr. Croker and his associate in the management of his wing of the party in New York State, former Senator Murphy, have announced with positiveness that they have Mr. Coler beaten for the nomination for Governor. It is agreed generally that if Mr. Coler could get the support of Kings County and Boss McLaughlin, he would win the nomination easily. It is also believed that if he could secure even a part of the Brooklyn delegates to the State convention, such delegates as would come to him in the natural course of events and without much exertion, he would win the nomination. The Democratic primaries at last accounts by no means indicated that Coler would win. That old engine of oppression the unit rule in the vote of counties will probably be invoked against Mr. Coler's aspirations. Nevertheless, the movement in favor of Mr. Coler is spreading rapidly throughout the party in the State, and Mr. Hill and his associate, Mayor McClaire of Syracuse, by no means seem to be lending a forlorn hope in the advocacy of the cause of the stalwart young opponent of Tammany Hall and advocate of common honesty and common decency in public life, Bird S. Coler.

MR. CROKER has again attracted attention as a public speaker. When Mr. Croker talks some profound gems of wisdom usually fall from his lips. Before the Executive Committee of Tammany Hall last week he declared that there was no more show in this country for ambitious young men. He made this statement:

"The young man may get a start or what looks like one, but I don't care what he is, clerk, messenger, bookkeeper, anything that you please, there is no ladder on which he can climb. Hundreds of letters come to me every day from young men telling me just these things, and hundreds of letters come, too, from young men telling that they can't get employment."

Mr. Croker also discovered that "hundreds of little grocery stores" and other shops had gone out of business, and he declared that the one thing to blame for all these evils was the trust. Of course Mr. Croker made no mention whatever of the numerous ice companies that have gone out of business in New York city within two or three years, and if he had any conception of the fact that he was at the head of the biggest political trust in the United States he made no mention of it.

A CRIDE'S incident in political affairs is the determination of the W.C.T.U. women of Indiana to defeat McKinley's re-election, because of his alleged stand on the army canteen question. "Endless chain" of prayer, to last until election day, are to be put in operation at once.

THE spirit of bitterness in the factions in the Democratic party in New York State has been intensified by the appearance of former Lieutenant-Governor William F. Sheehan, who went to Buffalo recently in an effort to combat the Croker influence in that city. He made a strong attack upon Mr. Croker and made a statement in Buffalo in which he said:

"I have no quarrel with any Democratic leader or so-called boss, but I venture to suggest that the further offensive bossism is buried in the next State convention the better it will be for Democratic prospects. If the Democrats of this State are wise enough to retain with their own hands the power of nominating a State ticket, we will attract that large body of independent voters always necessary to Democratic success."

On the Republican side of the State contest in New York there is no change in the situation, except that ex-Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn has declared that he cannot become a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Odell will undoubtedly be named for Governor by the Republicans, as has already been arranged.

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porcupattes i'm here some, I tell ye that, me bucko, f'r th' time was whin th' sound iv me feet 'd being more heads to th' windies iv Ar-rehey r-road thin 'd hole up to see ye'er fun'ral go by. An' that's manny a wan."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Hennessy, "I was but jokin' ye." His tone mollified his friend, who went on:

"Tu tell ye th' truth, Hinnissy, th' raison I niver got married was I niver cud pick a choice. I've th' makin' iv an excilliant ol' Turk in me, to be sure. I'r I look on all th' sect as illgyable f'r me hand, an' I'm on'y restrained fr'm r-restin' Lincoln Park f'r a home an' askin' thim all to clove on'y to me be me machral modesty an' th' laws iv th' State iv Illinaye. 'Twas alwuys so with me, an' I think it is so with most men that dies bachelors. Be r-readin' th' pa-papers ye'd think a bachelor was a man lou-rn with a depraved an' parvarse hathred iv wan iv our most cherished institooitions, an' anti-expansionist, d'ye mind. But 'tis no such thing. A bachelor's a man that wud extind his beniflcent rule over all th' female wurruld, fr'm th' snow-capped girls iv Alaske to th' sunny eilrens iv th' Pasayfic. A marrid man's a person with a limited affection—a protectionist an' anti-expansionist, a mugwump, be hivins. 'Tis th' bachelor that's keepin' alive th' rivrince f'r th' sect.

"Whin I was a young man, ye cud search fr'm wan end iv th' town to th' other f'r me akel with th' ladies. Ye niver see me in thim days, but 'twas me had a rogue's eye on' a leg fur beyant th' common r-run iv props. I cud dance th' best iv thim, me voice was that sthrong 'twas impossible to hear anaywan else whin I sung 'Th' Pretty Maid Milkin' th' Cow,' an' I was dhressed to hill on Sundahs. 'Twas thin I bought th' hat ye see me wear at th' picnic. 'Twas 'Good mornin', Misther Dooley, an' will ye come in an' have a cup iv tey?' an' 'How d'ye do, Misther Dooley? I didn't see ye at mass this mornin',' an' 'Martin, me boy, dhrop in an' take a hand at forty-fives. Th' young ladies has been askin' me ar-re ye dead.' I was th' pop'lar idol, ye might say, an' manny's th' block look I got over th' shoulder at picnic an' wake. But I minded thim little. If a bull ngale me come fr'm th' pops himself in thim days whin me heart was high, I'd tuck it into me pocket an' say, 'I'll read it whin I get time.'

"Well, I'd take wan iv th' girls out in me horse an' buggy iv a Sundah, an' I'd think she was the finest girl in th' wurruld, an' I'd be sayin' all kinds iv jokin' things to her about marredge licenses bein' marked down on account iv th' poor demand, an' how th' parish priest was thinkin' of bein' thransferred to a parish where th' folks were more kindly disposed to each other, an' th' likes iv that, whin out iv th' corner iv me eye I'd see another girl go by, an' bless me if I cud keep th' lid iv me r-right eye still or hold me tongue fr'm some such unfortehnit remarh as, 'That there Molly Heaney's th' fine girl, th' fine, sthrappin' girl, don't ye think so?' Well, ye know, afther that I might as well be dhrivin' an ice-wagon as a pleasure rig: more than wanst I near lost th' tip iv me nose in th' jamh iv th' dure thrvin' to give an afflictshionate farewell. An' so it went on, till I got th' reputation iv a flirt an' a philundhrer f'r no raison at all, d'ye mind, but me widespread feelinpss. I like thim all, dark an' light, large an' small, young an' old, marrid an' single, widdied an' divorced, an' so I niver married annywan. But ye'll find me photygraft in some albums, an' me bills in more thin wan livery stable.

"I think marrid men gets on th' best, f'r they have a home an' fam'ly to live in th' mornin', an' a home an' fam'ly to go back to at night; that makes thim overrush. Some men's domestic throubles dhrives thim to dhrink, others to labor. Ye r-read about a man becomin' a millyonnoire, an' ye think he done it be his own exertions whin 'tis much again little 'twas th' fear iv comin' home impty handed an' dislike iv stayin' ar-round th' house all day that made him rich.

"But with a bachelor 'tis diff'rent. Ye an' I ar-re settin' here together an' Clancy dhrops in. Clancy's wife's away, an' he's out f'r a good time, an' he comes to me f'r it. A bachelor's f'r th' enjyment iv his marrid frinds' vacations. Whin Clancy's wife's at home, an' I go to see him, he

* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.

policeman on shud him tarripen—th' policman—down th' sthreet. All r-right so far. But in th' mornin' another story. If Clancy gets home an' finds his wife's r-yetturned fr'm th' sea side or th' stock-yards, or wherever 'tis she's spint her vacation, they'se me r-rest f'r him in th' mornin'. His head may sound in his ears like a automobill, an' th' look iv an egg may make his knees thremble, but he's got to be off to th' blocksmith shop, an' Hivin help his helper that mornin'. So Clancy's gettin' r-rich, an' puttin' a coopoly on his house.

"But with me 'tis diff'rent. Whin Phibbine Appollo, as Hegan calls th' sun, raises his head above th' gas-house, I'm coddled up in me couch, an' Morpus, dawd iv sleep, has a sthrangle hold on me. Th' alarm clock begins to go off, an' I've just sthrength enough to raise up an' fire it through the window. Two hours afterward I have a gleam iv human intillygince, an' hook me watch out fr'm undher th' pillow. 'It's eight o'clock,' says I. 'But is it eight in th' mornin' or eight in th' evenin'?' says I. 'Faith, I dinnow, an' divvie a bit care I. Eight's on'y a number,' says I. 'It ripriseiots nawthin',' says I. 'They'se hours enough in th' day f'r a free man. I'll tur-rn over an' sleep till eight-wan, an' thin I'll wake up refrished,' I says. 'Tis illven o'clock whin me tired lids part f'r good, an' Casey has been here to pay me eight dollars, an', fir-din' me not up, has gone away f'r another year.

"A marrid man gets th' money, Hinnissy, but a bachelor man gets th' sleep. Whin all me marrid frinds is off to wor-ruk, poundin' th' angreateful sand an' wheelin' th' rebellyous slag, in th' heat iv th' afthernoon, ye can see ye'er unfortehnit bachelor frind perambulatin' up an' down th' shady side iv th' sthreet, with an unlikely iver his head, an' a wurrisi iv cheer fr'm young an' old to enliven his lonliness."

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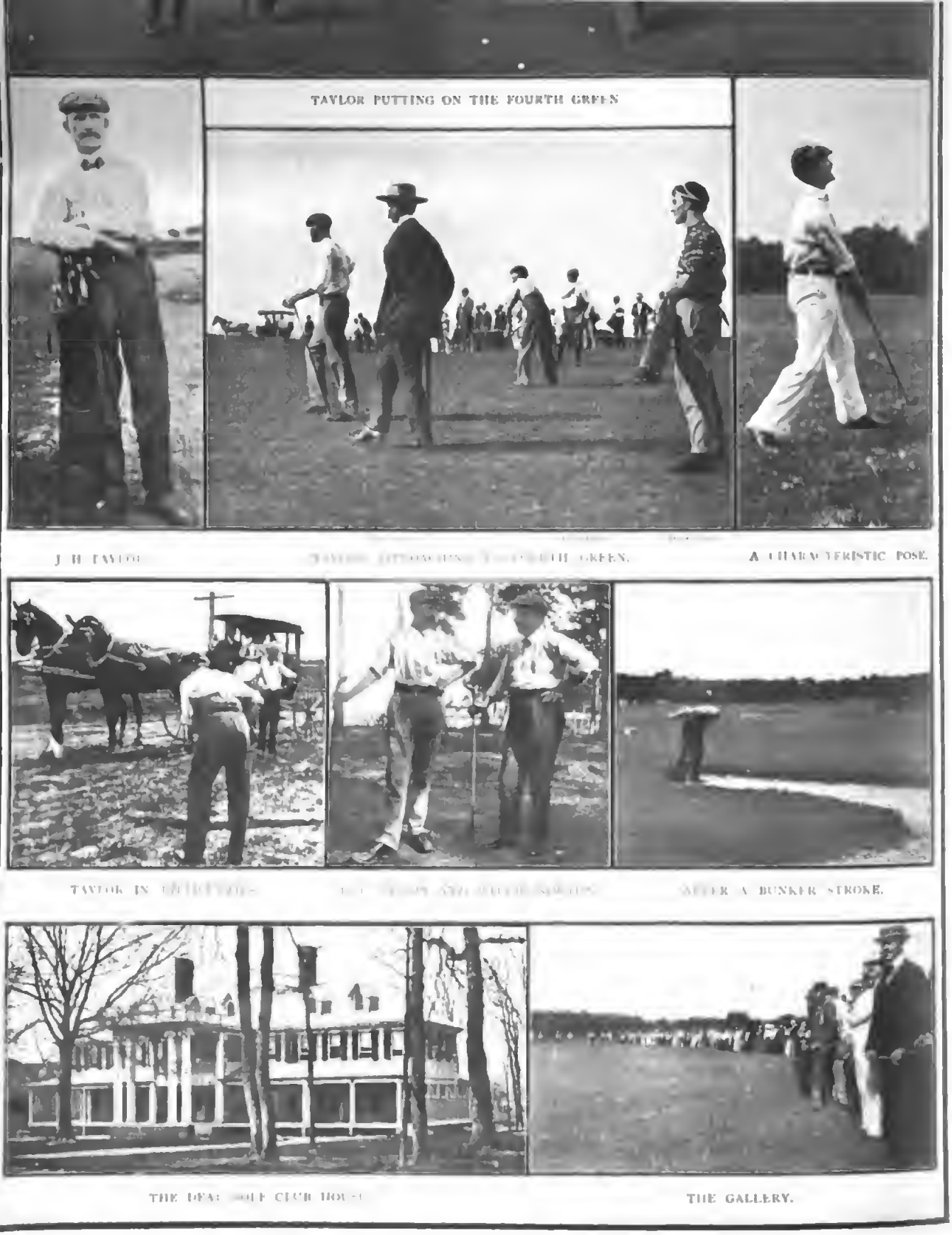

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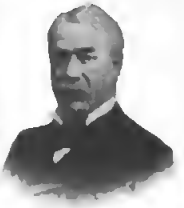

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The tendency abroad is to dispose of American securities whenever there is anything like a favorable turn, and this adds to the heaviness of the market here. There are also indications that home politics weigh somewhat upon the energies, if not the spirits, of Wall Street. There has been a general feeling of confidence that the coming election will result in a continuance of the policy established by the financial legislation of last March, which will be carried to its full fruition in the permanent and unencumbered maintenance of the gold standard; but an element of uncertainty has to be recognized in all unsettled things, and this induces a disposition to be cautious and to wait.

There are those who affect to believe that nothing serious would follow the election of Mr. Bryan, but that kind of optimism must come from shutting the eyes. Mr. Bryan and his party are certainly pledged to do whatever they can to dispiece the gold standard, and to rehabilitate silver, although the ratio of its value to that of gold has sunk to 1 to 34. If they could so change the law as to provide for free and unlimited coinage at the old ratio of 1 to 16, and adopt payments in silver as well as gold, which is virtually what they promise or threaten, it would produce the most disastrous crash of the century, sending our great volume of gold out of circulation, and mostly into foreign hands, and hurling the whole fabric of our currency and the vast system of credit that rests upon it to the silver basis. The distress that would follow is beyond anything that we can now conceive.

But suppose they could not succeed in making any material change in the existing law affecting the monetary system. They could still pay "coin" obligations, including all government bonds not refunded under the act of March 14, in silver, and, if they believe what they profess to believe, they would make that use of the accumulated mass of silver dollars. Fear of silver payments would induce a run upon the gold redemption fund in the Treasury, and a new kind of endless chain could be set in operation to draw out the yellow metal. The redeemed notes, transferred to the general fund, could be paid out to redeem or to purchase any of the bonds of the United States, and the redemption fund would have to be kept up by borrowing on new bonds. Here is a chance for a device whereby gold could be drawn through the Treasury until the available supply was exhausted, and there is a possibility that a suspension of gold payments would be forced in spite of the law. Redemption of the government and Treasury notes in gold might be rendered impossible. Actual suspension of gold payments would not be a matter of legislation.

This is only what might happen, not what would be likely to happen; but the mere fact that it could happen, and that those were placed in power who would be disposed, either from honest convictions, from blind delusions, or from sheer incapacity, to bring it about, would of itself beget a fear, a distrust, which could not fail to have disastrous consequences. On our thousand million dollars of gold rests a currency of about $1,500,000,000 more in silver and paper, which is kept at a parity with it only by possible redemption, and on the top of this is reared the fabric of credit, ten times as great—of exchanges by means of checks, drafts, and book accounts, by which the main volume of our business is transacted. Shake confidence in that by tampering with its foundation of gold and threatening to pull it out, and the whole structure will topple to its fall. The mere apprehension that would be produced by the election of a majority of Bryan electors in November would cause a panic and all its direful consequences; and not till the Democratic party abandons its attitude upon the money question will there be any safety in trusting it with control over the finances of the nation.

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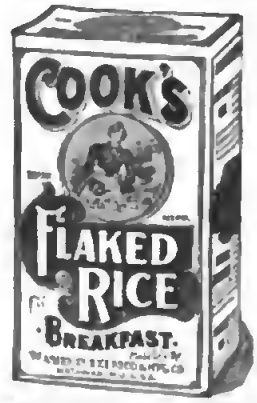

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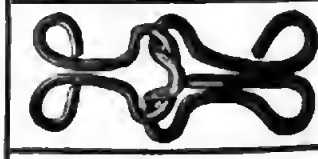

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A GUN OF THE BRITISH ROYAL ASIATIC ARTILLERY.

THE SOLDIERS OF THIS REGIMENT ARE PATHANS, RECRUITED IN HINDUSTAN.

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NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

Mr. Olney's Letter

MR. RICHARD OLNEY, of Massachusetts, is a gentleman for whom we have the highest respect. We have regarded his as one of the truly large minds of the country, and any utterance which may come from his lips is entitled to respectful consideration, but it need not be accepted as a final judgment. Mr. OLNEY is merely human, and while his conclusions are almost invariably sane, he is quite as prone to occasional error as any other person not gifted with omniscience. So when this staunch and sterling Democrat comes out as a supporter of the Populistic Mr. BRYAN, announces his intention to vote for the candidate who advocates the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; indicates a preference for the one man in this land who most completely embodies, who most thoroughly emphasizes, and most persistently advocates opposition to Mr. OLNEY's own attitude toward free riot; makes of himself an undoubtedly influential champion of a candidacy which is fundamentally subversive of all the high ideals for which he himself has stood, because he too has become timid in the face of a wicked and fictitious issue—we can only regard the situation with sorrow, and lament the pernicious influence of BRYANISM upon noble minds. The support of Mr. BRYAN by Mr. OLNEY should be an additional incentive to those who are fighting against BRYANISM. It is bad enough when Mr. BRYAN makes his appeal to ignorance; it is worse when he affects the merely intelligent; when he has succeeded in befogging a great mind with his false doctrines, that is the time when he becomes the greatest menace to the commonwealth. We are confronted with this supreme and wholly unexpected situation to-day. When in the face of his reiterated championship of every dangerous political heresy that has shown itself on the surface since the civil war Mr. BRYAN is able to secure the support of a man like RICHARD OLNEY for a valid or invalid reason, it is no time for any voter having national honor, respect for the authority of the law, a truly patriotic love for his country, to sit idle. Every coat must come off, and a fight as if to the death must be fought. The fact that Mr. OLNEY inspired the first serious warlike note sounded in this country since 1861, in the Venezuela message of Mr. CLEVELAND, is unimportant. There is no use in dilating on the fact that Mr. OLNEY was once ready in a high official capacity to involve this country in a conflict with a first-class power when we were without means of defence or of aggression, and must have suffered untold misery because of the possible results of his attitude. What Mr. OLNEY did in December, 1895, he did as a matter of conviction and principle, just as he is now speaking from conviction and principle. The point is that BRYANISM has seized upon one of the most stalwart of our citizens, and has laid him low. The point is that in five years the comedian of 1896 who made us laugh has become the tragedian who awaits the supreme moment of the drama to accomplish his fell purpose, and whose success, if he *is* successful, will be due to his subtle cunning rather than to any large-minded statesmanship which he can be shown to have developed during the period of his political sequestration. The point is that one of the most astute lawyers of this country has been won over to the cause of anarchy—masked perhaps, but Mr. OLNEY forgotten the days when the President of the United States leaned upon his shoulder as upon the shoulders of a strong man in opposition to the forces of repudiation, to-day not only represented by but reincarnated in the person of Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN? Has Mr. OLNEY forgotten the ideals of the Democratic party? Apparently he has forgotten these things, but we hope temporarily only. His letter, after all, was written to a private individual. Perhaps it was not intended for publication, and was designed to express merely his views at the moment of writing. In a Presidential contest August is a hard month for the man of conscience who is sincerely anxious but unable to make up his mind as to the proper course of action. Even Mr. OLNEY's chief, Mr. CLEVELAND, has confessed himself utterly at sea as to his duty in the present emergency. It is not until October that an open mind is able to express itself definitely. We shall therefore take Mr. OLNEY's letter as a merely tentative expression of his present impressions, and we shall look with interest for the views which he may be willing to express along about the 31st of October.

Our hope that Mr. OLNEY will change his mind is based upon the wonderful variance between his present attitude and that which he assumed in March last in his Imperialistic article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Our only fear lies in the possibility that the extraordinary letter was inspired by a desire to get back into the public service.

Past and Present

IT is interesting to note in a consideration of the curious panic on the subject of Imperialism that the cry is not wholly new in this country. Twenty-five years ago General GRANT was President of the United States, completing his second term. There was then a respectable movement in favor of giving him a third term. Immediately the cry of Imperialism was raised, and it had in it then certain reasonable qualities, which the cry is devoid of to-day. General GRANT had rendered a remarkable service to his country. His genius was essentially military. As a soldier he was a noble figure, and his achievements were distinguished. It was a time of corrupt influences, and it was also a time of remarkable enthusiasms. A more dominating figure than that of the President could not be found among the American people. If the time was ever ready in a republic for the man on horseback, that was the time. The hour and the man were present. The hour was ripe, and the man was the chief magistrate of the nation, who stood ready to continue his service. The sentiment in favor of a third term for General GRANT was so strong that his followers, after suffering defeat in 1876, appeared at the later convention of 1880, organizing themselves into what became known as an Old Guard, made up of accredited delegates ready to die in behalf of his candidacy, and equally unready to surrender. If we remember rightly, 306 of these men voted steadfastly from the beginning to the end of the convention of 1880, which subsequently nominated General GARFIELD; and when they failed to secure the renomination of the man on horseback, each was rewarded with a bronze medal commemorative of his loyalty to his chief.

We do not to-day believe that General GRANT had the slightest ambition to become king, first consul, emperor, or anything but President of the United States. But considering his remarkable hold upon the people, considering the service he had rendered to the nation, considering his grim determination and his soldierly nature, we cannot blame those who in the years 1874 and 1875 and four years later raised the cry of Imperialism.

Mr. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, the leading Anti-Imperialist of to-day, was a member of this man's political family, a member of his cabinet, his Secretary of the Treasury. We should like to have pointed out to us any public utterance of Mr. BOUTWELL's between 1869 and 1880 on the subject of Anti-Imperialism.

didacy on the National ticket places within their reach. We congratulate them upon having escaped the toil and worries of this unwonted vexatious campaign. They at least are free from anxiety as to the outcome of their candidacy.

At this writing it is not altogether certain that, as the Nationalists are practically bolters from the Liberty convention, there will not be a similar diversion from the Nationalists' ranks. One of the sixty-odd delegates, a Mr. TICHENOR of Binghamton, manifested a tendency to view with alarm the "slavery of voters" in this State—referring to bossism in the Republican party, as he explained. According to his way of thinking, this is a graver menace to the republic than the presence of our army in the Philippines. Mr. TICHENOR was promptly sat upon by the convention, and his suggested amendment was treated with contempt. Just how he feels about the treatment accorded him we are not informed, but we shall not be surprised at any time to hear that he has secured a hall somewhere, convened himself, and placed a fourth ticket in the field, even if he has to take both places himself.

In all honesty we think Mr. TICHENOR's general proposition, barring its specific application to a single party, is the sanest utterance that has come out of either of the Anti-Imperialist conventions. Any one who doubts this has only to inspect the methods of the Tammany Voting Trust, to which we have already referred, and whose practical ally the Anti-Imperialists have become, to be convinced that the army of RICHARD CROKER is more likely to do harm to this nation than the one which the inevitable trend of circumstance has compelled the United States government to send to the Philippine Islands.

Untimely Silence

WE have distinguished precedent for saying that in peace there is nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility, but when the blast of war breaks on our ears something radically different is expected of all properly constituted individuals. Usually this nation rejoices in a condition of peace, but, thanks to certain wise provisions of the law, every four years a civil war breaks out over the question of who shall be the President of the United States. Blood is summoned up, sinews are stiffened, and the action of the tiger is emulated. Fellow-citizens array themselves on one side or the other, and pelt each other with epithet, argument, or glittering generalities, each according to his mental equipment. A real war is on, and the fighting is fast and furious. Men must declare themselves, and leaders are required to plunge into the fray tooth and nail, wholly and without equivocation.

Wherefore when the New York *Herald* asks Mr. BRYAN a direct question of deep import to every citizen of this republic, we truly think that the sage of Lincoln should answer it. The champion of the principle of 16 to 1, considering the position he occupies before the public, when asked whether, if elected President, he will make payment in silver on government bonds that on their face call for "coin," can find no justification for refusing to commit himself.

We respectfully suggest to Mr. BRYAN that this is no time for modesty or humility on the subject of the paramount issue if he wishes to stand well with his followers, or is desirous of having his adversary continue to concede his political courage. Of course it was not polite of the *Herald* to ask so embarrassing a question, but the commander-in-chief of Populism, like any other leader in contests of large moment, must not expect to have his pathway to power strewn with roses. Furthermore, seventy million people are looking for Mr. BRYAN's answer, which, however they may stand on the issue, they are anxious to hear. It is far less impolite of the *Herald* to seek the information it desires than for the candidate to keep so many people waiting so many days for his inspiring views on the subject.

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City platform declaration on the subject of Imperialism—every man of prominence who, after bolting Bryan in 1896, proposes to support him upon this spook issue in 1900, at cost of yielding all of right and principle that they fought for four years ago.

If anybody knows what "Anti-Imperialism" means these gentlemen do. If anybody can define the term and give it a local habitation as well as a name, it is they. If anybody knows wherein the danger of Anti-Imperialism lies, they are the men who know. If anybody is in possession of any fragment of proof that Mr. McKinley desires to pursue an imperialistic policy, or that his election, as they are all agreed in saying, would lead to commit the country to such a policy, it is they.

Yet not one of them furnished such information as this at Indianapolis. Not one of them told us what they mean by "Imperialism," or what Anti-Imperialism may happen to stand for in their minds. Not one of them cited a single act or word or silence of Mr. McKinley tending to create an issue upon that subject. In these respects they were one and all as vague in their generalizations as the Kansas City platform itself, as miserly of illustrative facts as Mr. Bryan was in his speech of acceptance.

Perhaps the ablest man among the speakers and writers whose words were heard at Indianapolis was Mr. Bourke Cockran. Certainly he made in his letter the ablest argument and the strongest statement that were put forth by any one of the little group of impracticables who met in the name of Anti-Imperialism to offer their excuses for supporting a Democratic candidate and platform against whom and which they turned all the batteries of their eloquence and their logic in 1896.

These excuses must impress every candid mind as curiously weak and far-fetched. The gentlemen offering them lack not the courage which was shown by Mr. Croker when he frankly announced that he had changed his view with regard to the policy of free silver, and was prepared now as a trading politician to make terms with the enemy and fight under the flag of repudiation. They simply skulk behind the flimsy screen of "paramountcy."

Mr. Cockran puts the matter in this way:

"We cannot hope to deal intelligently with the issues of this campaign until we liberate ourselves from the domination of the questions, discussions, and passions of the last campaign. Within four years political conditions have changed decisively, and as conditions change, issues change with them. The question which the people must decide now is radically different from that submitted to them in 1896."

In this Mr. Cockran assumes two things to be true which thinking men generally see to be false. He assumes, first, that Mr. Bryan's election this year would involve no danger of free-silver repudiation and coinage debasement. He assumes and declares, in the second place, that Mr. McKinley's election would involve no actual danger, or even a certainty, of that vague and still undefined change in our governmental system and policy called "Imperialism." In other words, Mr. Cockran assumes that the menace of free silver is not involved in this year's campaign, and that the threat of spook Imperialism is.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already and conclusively shown that both of these assumptions are false. As to Mr. Bryan's purpose, and the purpose of the party behind him, to enact their extremest views with regard to free silver into actual statute law, we are left in no doubt. Mr. Bryan himself was at great pains to insert into his platform the most emphatic declaration of that purpose which a grand master of effective rhetorical utterance could frame. To doubt that he would carry out the purpose thus declared, if invested with authority to do so, is to doubt his sincerity and impugn his truthfulness, neither of which any man in all this land is disposed to do. Indeed, Mr. Cockran himself goes out of his way to pay a deserved compliment to Mr. Bryan's honesty and sincerity in this very matter of his free silver purposes. He thus himself admits that Mr. Bryan fully intends to make a destructive assault upon the integrity of the country's finances and the prosperity of its people, if he is permitted by the American people to do so. But Mr. Cockran argues that even if elected President, Mr. Bryan would not have power to carry out his declared intention of evil. He asks the people to elect Mr. Bryan President and trust to luck for hobbling him by an adverse Senatorial majority. He asks us to let Mr. Bryan throw firebrands into the powder magazine in full confidence that somebody will be able to extinguish them before they ignite the powder.

Mr. Cockran sets forth his theory of safety as follows:

"Whatever may be the result of this election, the Senate will remain Republican for two years certainly, and probably for four. Even if the people raise Mr. Bryan to the Presidency in November, the Democratic party cannot possibly achieve any power of legislation during the existence of the next Congress, any definite proposition to make—with regard to those foreign possessions in which alone they seem danger of Imperialism in practice? For would not that, too, require affirmative legislation in some shape?

But it has been clearly shown in these columns that in the event of Mr. Bryan's election we should have absolutely no security whatever of a Senatorial majority adverse to his policy of free-silver coinage debasement. One third of the Senate will be changed on the 4th of next March, and another third on the 4th of March, 1903. If Mr. Bryan is elected, he must carry enough States now represented by Republican anti-free-silver Senators to add forty-eight electoral votes to those that he secured in 1896. No person at all familiar with political history can doubt that if these States are carried for Mr. Bryan upon a platform aggressively threatening free-silver legislation, they will also elect Legislatures that will send men in full sympathy with this policy to the Senate. The majority there against free silver is even now not a strong one, and there are some at least of those who voted at the last session in favor of the gold-standard bill who are weak-kneed in their convictions, time-servers who would accept Mr. Bryan's election as an

Mr. B. C. "You see how severely his hands are tied. I assure you, fellow-citizens, he is absolutely harmless."

indication that the people have changed their minds upon this question, and who would themselves be disposed to make a corresponding change in their attitude.

Thus, even among those who are now counted in antagonism to free coinage there are some who could not be safely depended upon to oppose a President earnestly in favor of that policy. This fact, with the certainty that Mr. Bryan's election would result in the substitution of many free-silver, Bryan-Democratic Senators for sound-money men now sitting, renders it not only possible but probable in an extreme degree that the day of Mr. Bryan's inauguration would see an end of the sound-money majority in the Senate.

It is not true, therefore, as Mr. Cockran says, that "the question which the people must decide now is radically different from that submitted to them in 1896." On the contrary, it is identically the same with added emphasis. It involves the same menace to the country's prosperity, the same threat of national dishonor. And as Mr. Cockran himself justly says, "When the republic is in danger, the only place for the patriot is in the ranks of its active defenders." That the republic is in danger from the Populistic programme which Mr. Bryan represents is open to no doubt in any honest mind. And, to quote Mr. Cockran again, "It must be plain that the only way in which a citizen can exercise any direct influence upon the result is by voting for the Republican candidate or the Democratic candidate." The way to avert the free-silver danger is to defeat the candidate who stands money men to vote for Mr. Bryan, as we have seen, in the hope that even with the permission of the people thus granted he will be unable to put his declared purposes into practice. He goes still further and assures us that we may safely elect a Democratic President and Congress because, in his opinion, their hands would be tied, and they would be helpless to carry out the purposes they cherish or do the mischievous things they threaten. He says:

"Then [1900] the election of Mr. Bryan would have placed the Democratic party in complete control of the legislative as well as of the executive branch of the government with full power to enact all its beliefs into law, while now his election will result not in placing the control of the government in the hands of the Democratic party, but in dividing its control between the two parties."

Of all extraordinary pleas that have ever been urged, in behalf of the election of a party candidate, this one appeals most strongly to the sense of humor. Put into other words, it amounts to nothing less than the suggestion that we may safely trust with partial control of the government a party whose principles, beliefs, and intentions are so hostile to the public interest that we dare not trust it with complete control. It reminds one of the recommendation which the Englishman gave to his discharged servant, when he wrote: "Michael has been in my service for a year. I am sending him away because he does his work badly when he does it at all, and because I have found him to be entirely untrustworthy. But barring these minor faults, any gentleman who does not leave portable property within reach, and does not particularly care to have his questions truthfully answered, will find Michael, I am sure, a most obliging and efficient serving-man."

The absurdity of Mr. Cockran's suggestion goes even further than this. It implies that we dare not in this country give any party complete control, lest it do something detrimental. It means that the only way in which we can avoid being governed to our injury is so to divide authority that we cannot be governed at all. It means that in order to prevent detrimental legislation, we must make all legislation practically impossible.

It implies that our only safety lies in setting the administrative and legislative departments of government at irreconcilable loggerheads.

If our system requires at our hands such devices as this for the protection of the public against hurtful policies, it would seem to ordinary minds that we are pressingly in need of a new and very different system. Fortunately, the American people do not distrust themselves and our republican system of government to any such extent as this. They still believe in their capacity as well as in their right to self-government by means of the suffrage. They still believe in their ability to choose for themselves both the policies which the country's welfare demands and the men for office who can be trusted to execute those policies.

It is not quite true, as Mr. Cockran asserts, that no Presidential election ever involves or settles more than one question. But even if it were true, the plain issue to be settled this year would be identical with that which was involved in the campaign of 1896. It is as important now as it was then to decide that question aright. The application of Mr. Bryan's financial ideas to the business of the country would be even more disastrous now than it would have been then, for the reason that the country had not then won the confidence of the world, and with it a prosperity more abounding than was ever before known, and a credit higher than any other country has ever enjoyed at any period of history. Up to 1896, the whole world traded with us—in so far as they traded with us at all—with the danger of our lapse to a free-silver basis fairly and fully confronting them. Since then we have assured the world that no such event should ever occur. We have pledged ourselves to all mankind that the word dollar in every American contract or obligation shall forever mean one hundred cents in gold, or its full and freely exchangeable equivalent. Upon this promise, made with all the solemnity that it is possible for legislative and executive action to give to a pledge, we have received the whole world's confidence, to our enormous advantage and enrichment. To break that promise now would be to dishonor the nation and discredit its people beyond any parallel in history. It would be repudiation of a kind which no subsequent effort could ever obliterate from men's minds. It would not only disgrace the nation, but would plunge its people into almost unimaginable disaster.

This is what the Anti-Imperialists ask sensible and patriotic men to risk for themselves and the country upon a senseless scare which has no foundation in any cited facts, and no hold upon any but unduly excited minds.

The paramount question in every election is, of necessity, that question which most nearly concerns the welfare of the American people themselves. That question this year is the issue of honesty in finance, as clearly and as exclusively as it was four years ago.

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UNITED STATES MARINES ADVANCING UNDER FIRE.

REFUGEES FROM TIENTSIN.

JAPANESE OFFICER AND PATHAN.

CHAO-YUN-HO,
Who carried a Message from Admiral Seymour's beleaguered Column to the Allies in Tientsin.

JAPANESE INFANTRY LEAVING THEIR BARRACKS.

JAPANESE ENGINEERS BUILDING A PONTOON-BRIDGE.

THE ALLIED FORCES AT TIENTSIN.

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BRITISH SAILORS AND MARINES BRINGING UP AMMUNITION UNDER FIRE

JAPANESE CLEANING GUNS AFTER ACTION.

RUSSIAN HOSPITAL AT TONGKU.

THE LOOTING OF TIENTSIN

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

TIENTSIN, CHINA, *July 15.*

AT nine o'clock in the morning Chinese were still scarce in the city. They had burrowed into their warrens and stopped up the mouths. Here and there a stray Boxer lurked about for a chance to touch off a fire-cracker shop and take a pot shot or two under cover of the pyrotechnics. The early fires were waning. A correspondent hammered on the door of a house not far from the wall, beating with the butt of his carbine. Inside there was loud answering clamor. The bar dropped to an accompaniment of shouts and groans, and three wretched trembling cowards stood in the doorway, yammering for their lives. The little Jap soldier pointed his rifle toward the middle of the street, and they fell on their knees and kotowed with piteous pleadings. The correspondent insisted, threatening with the carbine butt, but the sight of the camera was worse than the rifle, and all three fled back into the house. Inside there was not sufficient light; it must be in the street where there was sunshine. The little Jap clutched his rifle and made a terrible threat, but only the most abject poltroon could have missed the grin on his face. At last they were in the street, pigtails tied together, lest one get away. Just at the critical instant the huge hulking young fellow thrust the toothless old man in front and towered behind him. If you see the picture in one of the New York papers you will recognize the first loot of Tientsin, taken only by great show of force from the most unwilling victims.

By ten o'clock a subterranean rumor was running about that the time for loot was near at hand. The hutch-dwellers poked out their timorous noses and sniffed. They caught the scent of danger, but mixed with it, and gradually overpowering it, was the indescribable, unmistakable, all-compelling aroma of loot—the loot of a great city: silks that stand alone, brocades, fine cloths, gold, silver, jewels, rare and precious stones, beautiful robes and costly garments, fine sable, fox, Persian lamb, Tibetan wool, jade, pearls, porcelains, treasures of hundreds of years, coined silver dollars in heaps, sacks of money, and piles of silver bars, "plunder of earth"—and all to be had for the taking. The hour of the strong hand was come. It was time to get out and play a full-grown part. This was the beginning of the redistribution of wealth.

From the wall top and the towers centres of activity became noticeable in different places. Men gathered in groups, jabbered with much gesticulation, and disappeared up the street, around the corner, inside the house gates. The storm was over, the day had cleared, and the sale were coming out of their hills to investigate the wreckage and carry off the spoil. Eleven o'clock found confidence ascendant over fear. Noon saw the turmoil.

A city of gray bricks and gray tiled roofs, yellow clay huts, and spots of green where straggling trees thrust up their heads, flecked with flame and pillared with smoke; narrow, irregular streets and blind alleys that led to dead-walls and the mouths of the rabbit-warrens, whence now the indwellers were swarming out to grab whatever might be had of the slow accumulation of years, about to be scattered in minutes. These were the coolies who but a few days ago were roving about with rattletrap rickshas, picking up a few cents here and there by hard work; the water-carriers, brick-makers, stable-men, truck gardeners, small farmers, melon-raisers, junkmen, the thousand and one followers of what the day may bring forth, who earn four cash and live on three, and have one suit of ragged blue or dirty gray that once was white, for summer, with hope of half a quilt for winter. This was their time. They knew where the good things were stored. They had slaved for merchants and pawn shops. The road to silk and fur and jewelry that was worn by their toiling feet they ran now for pleasure and profit. Such profit!

Outside the north wall was the street of the silk merchants. At one o'clock one forced his way through it with his fists, with pulling of queue and kicks and blows, if he were a Chinaman, but if he happened to be one of the dominant races he went with revolver drawn and plenty of room. Up one side ran a solid stream of Chinese, eager-eyed, empty-handed, panting, and hurried. Down the other side struggled a mob loaded with arms full of bales of cloth, rolls of beautiful silks, satins, brocades, coats of silk lined with fur—otter, fox, sable, lamb, wool, mink. They ran in gangs with heaps of plunder tied with ropes and slung from bars over their shoulders. They came alone, struggling under loads that over-covetousness had made too great to carry. They were in pairs, dragging huge chests they had filled with stuffs they could not estimate in value. And in the middle of the way stood those who had no care for selection, but took what they liked from those who came along, ready with fist or knife or club to enforce the demand.

This was the working of first principles. Those who liked went to the treasure-houses and took what they chose, and those who were not minded for this energy took what they would in the street with no more trouble than a fight for it. The once strong merchant had become the weakling fugitive. The cowering coolie who had worked for him was master of his goods, and ransacked and robbed at his will. Then the stronger fighting-man impartially and without toil robbed the coolie.

The cross of St. George flying above the north gate threw a shadow over the street of the silk-merchants and the howling, struggling, fighting mob. Inside the gate half a dozen buildings on fire sent up masses of black smoke spotted with flame. The smoke clouds had obscured the sun and turned the day a dull gray, the color of the city. Bundles and bales of silks torn open in the incessant street squabbles added their bright hues to the gorgeous colors of the rich clothing strewn about by those whose first greed had been satisfied, and now were captious in choosing. Whole bolts of brilliant red or deep blue brocades, stiff and heavy and rustling, were strewn about where they had been unrolled for the casual inspection of a passing coolie.

Into the midst of this scramble came the jack tars of her gracious majesty the Queen of England, rifles in the slings over their shoulders, both hands free, straw hats on the back of the head, eyes of amazement, and grins of pure delight. Silk in rolls was new to them, but the first loot bundle was the claw. Instantly the Chinese recognized the new element, the advent of the master-spirit. Coolie after coolie, hurrying to his hutch as fast as he could, paused to offer part or all of his load to the first white man he met. The sailor-men filled their arms and piled it up about their feet, calling to their fellows to go get a cart or bring some of their mates to help carry the stuff away. They chose it without regard to color or quality or condition. A green roll of silk was as good as a yellow coat, and white fur or black made no difference to them. This was the street of the silk-merchants on the afternoon of the day that Tientsin was taken.

Everywhere throughout the city it was the same—the Chinese were the first to find the loot, they knew the way. Then came the soldiers and took it from them. Not all; that was impossible. There were not men enough in the allied forces to do that, but here and there a little, a selection of this and a sample of that, and of it all a great pile, but only the fraction of a little part of the whole. Hundreds of Chinese who had been slaves all their lives got plunder enough to make them independent, and their families after them. The foreigners only nibbled at the edge of the pie; the natives gobbled it all and licked up the last crumb.

Among the foreigners there was little difference in method at the start. All seemed more or less diffident, mindful that looting is not recognized in the modern articles of war. If there had been men enough to establish guards all about the city it is probable that the Chinese would not have had such a riot of robbery. But it was a Chinese city after all; and when the Chinese were looting it themselves, why should not the men who had fought to take it have a chance? Tommy probably did not think it out for himself along such lines. He merely saw a mob of coolies running off with stuff he would like, and he took it, simply and directly, because he wanted it and could get it. From this general rule there were only two exceptions, the British and the Japanese. The British looted officially, and the Japanese hardly at all. Everywhere through the city yesterday afternoon and this morning, where plunder was to be had, British officers wandered about with stretcher-parties of their men, gathering up what goods they could find. The Japanese looked on but held aloof; only now and then would a man be seen with loot, and even then rarely of any value.

It was in the afternoon of yesterday that it got into the blood of the soldiers. The civilians from the settlements, who had been hiding in their cellars while the fighting was going on, now came out boldly enough, and sought to "recompense ourselves for our losses." They knew the city as well as the Chinese, and the soldiers soon learned to follow them. Gun-butt, hammer-nose, and axe-head were the working tools, and not doors nor locks withstood the assault. Little by little, by this squeeze and that, a few cash here, a few cents there, a few dollars in some other place, the Chinese had won their store mostly from the foreigners. Now at one sweep the foreigners were getting it back. At the yamens and official treasuries the official guards were posted. In due time official accounting will be made for the treasure thus taken, and it will help to pay the expenses of the taking. It was the individual among the takers who was paying his individual expenses now.

To-day the British have shown all the rest of the world what it is to loot scientifically. The roads from

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THE JAPANESE RESTING UNDER COVER OF THE MUD WALL.

SENTRY OF THE BRITISH-CHINESE REGIMENT FROM WEI-HAI-WEI

FUNERAL OF A FRENCH SAILOR

MEN OF THE BRITISH SHIP "HARFLEUR" DRESSING THEIR WOUNDED DONKEY.

the city to the settlement have been traversed all day by men bringing in their loot. Gangs of impressed coolies, with rickshas, carts, wheelbarrows, every kind of carrying contrivance known to man or Chinese, have been coming into the British concession with treasure-heaps of all the city held. And by whatever road they came they met at the edge of the concession a British guard that took it all away from them, despite the pleas of the looters, and stored it in the barracks of the men from the *Orlando*, there to be held, according to the explanation of the officer of the guard, until disposed of for the common benefit of all the men engaged in the capture of the city. This evening the first of the distribution began. It was among British officers only.

Thus you have a great lesson in social economics. This was a redistribution of wealth. The proletariat rose and despoiled the rich. The strong despoiled the proletariat, and were immediately despoiled in turn by the strong official class. The wealth is no longer distributed. In less than two days the whole process has been completed. But it was a gay spectacle while it lasted. To-night it is announced officially that to-morrow order will be restored.

TIENTSIN, CHINA, *July 17.*

"A little attack every day, that gives you only a few casualties at a time, but they count up, and the enemy is encouraged to think he is holding you back or beating you. That is no good. But a big attack that gives him a very big beating, that is good. You have some casualties, but after that there is quiet."

This was General Fukushima, the clever little Japanese who planned and carried out the capture of Tientsin—the native or walled city. Physically General Fukushima is a small man, even for a Japanese. We have been learning here for several days now, however, that size, or lack of it, has little to do with making a man a fighter, except that it renders it harder for the enemy to hit him. General Fukushima is profiting now by the experience he gained against the Chinese in the war of '94. The plan he made for the taking of Tientsin was one which would mean only the slaughter of the attacking force if made against white troops. When other commanders were in doubt in talking about a retirement, Fukushima gave orders that not one of his men should retire one inch. The Japanese obeyed, and the result was that the Chinese ran. Fukushima is a pleasant, affable man. He speaks English well enough for all practical purposes, though sometimes it is a little picturesque. He is always for action that will count, and the delay of the first few days after his arrival here was much to his disliking. He is characteristically good-natured, and not at all slow to catch a joke or make one. Military men will perhaps find fault with Fukushima as a general, because he does not seem to take much thought of his losses. He told me that the Japanese casualties on the 13th and 14th were more than 400 out of a force of less than 2200 engaged. Then he said, with a smile, "It was a good fight," as if he were proud of having suffered so much to gain what he won. But he was quite right in his prophecy as to the result; we lost heavily in the attack, but there have been no losses since, and the daily average of fifty or more has ceased. The Japanese alone had lost about 300 up to that time, just in the ordinary run of guard duty about the lines, and in reconnoissances and attacks by the Chinese. It was quite natural that Fukushima should want to stop such business even at considerable cost.

I am not a military man, and have had no very extended opportunities for observing the fighting men of different nations, but the Japanese certainly seem to me to be the best troops now in Tientsin. They are by long odds the cleanest. Their headquarters are just across the street from this house, and there have been plenty of opportunities for seeing the little fellows in quarters. They never come in from the front, outpost duty, or fight, foraging, or scout, no matter what the duty, that they do not at once get out of their clothes and scrub them. During the rainy days at the first of this month every tour of duty meant a general wash up as soon as relieved. I have seen them come in with great-coats plastered with mud and all their uniform caked with yellow clay from standing guard on the mud wall, and in less than an hour be as clean as if they had never been out of barracks. It is the external appearance of the men which first takes the eye in considering different troops. It may be said that dress or appearance has nothing to do with the way a man will fight, but it is notorious here that the cleanest men are the best fighters, and the filthiest—the French—are the only ones who have run away from the enemy.

The Japanese are sturdy and well set up. They are well drilled, and their discipline, so far as I have been able to observe it, is superb. Their endurance is astonishing. I have seen a battalion go most yards on the double without a man falling out. When I walked out on the mud wall to the west arsenal on the morning of the 13th to see the attack on the city there were stragglers of two or three nationalities, including our own, along it, but there wasn't a dap. In the course of that day and night they were put to the stiffest kind of a test, yet I did not see a man of them falter or give out. Instances of their courage and willingness to fight are very numerous, and in every case they beat themselves heavily.

One afternoon there was a reconnoissance from the railroad station. The Japanese took one of their mountain batteries down to make a diversion. Their guns are little brass affairs, and they use black powder, which ought to be a capital crime nowadays. They took that battery out in front of the station, which was a perfect hell hole, and planted it on a knoll in the open. Chinese riflemen on three sides opened on it from easy range, but there were three guns which the battery had been sent to engage. It engaged them, and in the course of an hour had used up all the ammunition that had been taken out, and had lost the captain and two subalterns with twenty-five per cent. of the gunners. When the ammunition gave out the men retired behind the station and sent for more. But instead of more ammunition came orders to bring in the guns. The reconnoissance had failed. It was in speaking of this that the general said,

"The two rear guns we made in silence, but the far gun we could not silence."

On the night of the 11th there was to be a general attack on the city on much the same plan that was carried out afterward. Just before it started there was a very sharp attack on our north line by the Chinese, who swarmed in at the railroad station in great force, and made, for them, a very determined charge. The line was held by French, British, and Japanese. When the Chinese came down the French gave way. The Japanese and British held their ground, and sent for reenforcements. The British reenforced quickly with Welsh Fusileers, who soon sent for further reenforcements. The Japanese reenforcements came up on the double, fixed bayonets, and went in, driving the Chinese back helter-skelter, and killing them by the score. They lost seventy-nine men in the charge, but they gave the Chinese a good sound drubbing. One company lost its captain and four lieutenants. "The Chinese do not like the bayonet fixed," says Fukushima.

When his men went up the road from the west arsenal toward the city on the morning of the 13th Fukushima went after them. By nine o'clock they had got as far as they could. Then it became a test of endurance, with the great advantage of position on the side of the Chinese. The Japanese lay still and took their punishment all day. As soon as it grew dark they started forward again. By two o'clock in the morning they had reached the wall. They had ladders with them for scaling, and the engineers had gun cotton to blow down the gates. The Chinese made a stubborn resistance. When the Japanese got so close under the wall that the Chinese could not fire effectually they rolled stones and bricks down from the wall. The engineers blew up the outer gate and then went at the inner one. Meantime the infantrymen were swarming over the wall, some up the ladders, and some up the wall itself, made ragged by the terrific fire it had withstood. Those who used their hands went most quickly, and before the engineers could blow down the gate they had run down the inside of the wall and opened it from within.

The Japanese do some things which seem funny to Westerners. They are extraordinarily patriotic, and the army system seems to strive to take advantage of that fact. They are turned out a company at a time, and taught to cheer or to sing. Frequently in the evening a company will go by marching sturdy and singing a song which two men who march ahead fine off in the good old camp-meeting style. They make long marches, with two buglers ahead playing all the time, and not a day passes that one or two companies are not turned out in the street near this house, and made to stand at attention while some officer lectures for half an hour or so. Whenever a private passes a sentry he salutes as gravely as he would for the general, and the sentry solemnly bows in reply, instead of returning the salute.

Discipline is rigid among them, but the officers have a power not many white troops would stand. The other morning I saw an officer giving a soldier a tongue for some misdemeanor. The man stood at attention, as if he were wood, with his hands open and held close to the seams of his trousers. At last the officer slapped him, first on one cheek and then on the other, and swung on his heel to walk away. The man saluted and walked into his quarters.

In the looting of Tientsin the Japanese were the best behaved of the eight nations represented. One of our own officers said to me:

"It is pretty tough for the representative of a Christian nation to have to stand, as I did to-day, and hear a Japanese officer, who represents what not so many years ago we called the heathen, tell him that it is not right to loot and it should not be permitted. And the worst of it was I couldn't say a word, for my own men were guilty and his were not. I couldn't stop it and he could."

One thing the Japanese have not yet learned to do: they do not police about their quarters. The Americans and Germans are the most conspicuous for their work of this kind. Their quarters are nearly always clean and neat. The British come next; the Russians make a little effort at it. The French, as represented in the force here, are unpriintably filthy.

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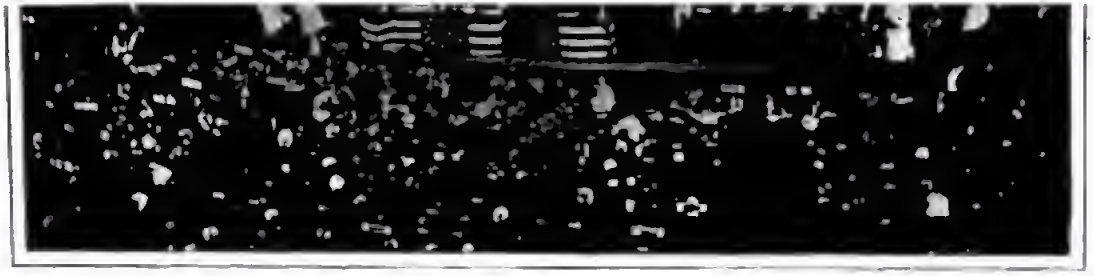

THE CONVENTION IN SESSION.

TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF.
Renominated for Lieutenant Governor

BENJAMIN B. ODELL, JR.,
Nominated for Governor.

EX-GOVERNOR BLACK NOMINATING MR ODELL.

MR ODELL MAKING HIS SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE.

THE NEW YORK STATE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, SARATOGA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1900.

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FEW are aware that the army has created a navy, and a navy superior to that possessed by many of the smaller nations. With all the governments of the world, a navy represents the outgrowth of years. The United States army has developed its navy within eighteen months. Two years ago, had citizens of this country been told that in this time a new navy could be put on the seas by a purely military department, they would have deemed it impossible. Even yet, it can scarcely be believed when it is stated that now there are twenty-five or more vessels of this new navy in port or on the oceans of the world, each owned by the United States army, and carrying the army's now well-known flag at the fore, and, in addition, a still larger fleet of forty to fifty other huge vessels under charter, but absolutely controlled by this now world-wide, ubiquitous army organization. Yet more noteworthy is the fact that this new navy has been produced not from the old and regular United States navy, but from entirely new material, in ships, methods, and personnel. Not a single officer of the United States navy has been transferred or loaned to the army department to aid or instruct with his nautical or administrative advice. The navy has had its own arduous work to do. The army desired not to borrow, but to stand firmly on its own foundation, and to evolve means and methods suited to its own exigencies. Conditions were confronted which the navy might slowly or never understand, or, if understood, inadequately meet. Time could scarcely be had for debate—people urged, and troops clamored for transportation to the theatre of war. It was no time to make experiments in the engrafting of a military transport system on a navy palpably undermanned. The plan of this military navy—the transport service—developed itself. The experience and lessons of years of nautical men were crowded into days and hours at the quartermaster-general's department of the army—a department heretofore only concerned with the transportation of men and material by wagon or rail. The country's astonishment at the unprecedented congestion at Tampa, of troops, transports, supplies, and munitions of war, when the order "On to Cuba" was given, was the first lesson. The lesson was thoroughly learned. Lesson second has never been needed. Army officials, accustomed only to military problems, took up new lines of work and of thought which their text-books at West Point had not mentioned, or even hinted at. It, however, indicates how flexible and adaptable was the institution that could rise so well to new responsibilities. The results are now apparent, and win praise from all who stop to consider the speed of organization, and the perfection of equipment already attained.

The sailing of the temporarily chartered fleet of transports with the troops for Santiago stirred the army to at once develop some system which should consist of a businesslike whole for the control and management of a transport service. Naturally, the system was cast in a military mould, with sufficient naval and nautical semblance to render the organization practical. Navy-yard methods of leisurely outfitting could not be considered. Ships must be bought or chartered, reconstructed, outfitted, and manned, and, as a transport, coaled and sent to sea—and all this in often not more than two or three weeks. Once in commission, these vessels must keep a hurried movement to and fro with a regularity and despatch equal to the liners on the transatlantic ferry, with the added difference that our new Pacific ferry is three times longer. While Florida gave the initiative, California brought the consummation. Here, far removed from Washington, from Eastern markets, and even Eastern methods of work, has been developed this splendid fleet of transports. To and from San Francisco these white-hulled soldier-ships ply with almost the regularity of Cunarders.

The establishment of this unique and extended navy—for it can now with justice be termed our army's navy—is due to the indefatigable efforts of General M. I. Ludington, quartermaster-general of the United States army. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the task and the multitudinous commercial and business duties pressing down on this hard-worked department, he and his able coadjutors went ahead and superintended this new maritime organization, in the face of difficulties and new situations. With the purchasing or chartering of this large number of vessels there has no scandal arisen, although the amount of money involved ranges high into the millions. Experienced marine operators indicate that our government has made remarkably good purchases, and could now dispose of its vessels at a decided profit to itself.

The only record against the whole career of this service which has thus far been brought to light has been the charges against the transports *Tartar* and *Manauense*. These were both chartered vessels, and have brought to the attention of this efficient Quartermaster Department more forcibly than ever the need of perfect control over the entire personnel of officers and men of the transport fleet. These ill-reputed vessels had their own officers, and conducted matters much in their own way, and without the direct responsibility which they would have had if in the direct service of the army. These vessels at the time were under a foreign flag and English officers.

The ways of the Quartermaster Department have always been most satisfactorily open to the public, and the department has at all times invited inspection of its methods, and, if need be, its files. From these, it is now well known that absolutely no blame attaches to any official for the conditions found on the two vessels mentioned. The inspections of hulls, boilers, fittings, and supplies had all been done with unusual thoroughness, and were at once given for publication.

The main centre of operations of this transport service has been San Francisco. Here, on our former Western confines, seven-eighths of the entire business of this service has been organized and transacted. General Ludington's aims have been carried out by one of his able subordinates, Colonel Oscar F. Long, U.S.A., general superintendent United States transport service. Colonel Long has had responsibilities graver than a transcontinental railway president, for what president or manager has been called upon to create and then to administer a continental route in a few months' time. Nor when Colonel Long stepped to this grave assignment was he a nautical man. Conceive a railway man going to his presidential chair knowing nothing of railroads or never having enjoyed a trip over his transcontinental line! Many would predict disaster. Not so with this officer, trained in the long hard school of the soldier and quartermaster. He was obliged to change military for seafaring phrases, and is now an authority on matters of marine construction and equipment, and astonished captains who have commanded vessels for years. In a dingy office in the heart of San Francisco he despatches business, while regiments after regiments have marched by in the adjacent streets, and he without the spur and zest which has accompanied others to win promotion and glory in the fighting line. He has seen colonels come back with the two stars of a major-general, and a commodore with the four stars of an admiral.

One hundred and ten thousand men gone and come across the Pacific, and not a life lost from a nautical error of this new navy. Certainly a record for any navy! The hand which has largely moved these ships on the great chess-board of the Pacific, and without error, should receive recognition for the successful part he has borne in making the victories of our arms possible in our far-off islands.

In arranging the executive and navigating details of officers to have charge of the vessels actually owned and commanded by the army, military officers were not sought, but, instead, the seafaring community was scoured to find high-grade nautical material to place as officers in these responsible positions of command. They were found in the mercantile marine, some from civil life, and many from the Naval Militia. When found (for America always produces just the man when the need arises), these men were put in sole control of the vessels under their command, and form a body of officers of the highest standing. And this control is absolute when once cast loose from the shore. The army general or other officer, no matter how high or low his rank, once aboard ship is helpless in all matters involving the ship's course or regulations. The military are simply passengers, and, as good passengers should, must look out for their own order and cleanliness. The transport captain and his lieutenants cannot have their authority questioned in matters of their department.

The arrangement of the executive staff aboard ship corresponds in a general way to the positions as filled in the best transatlantic liners, but with additional warrant or petty officers interposed to bring the organization to a semi-naval basis. Thus we find boatswains charged with the same authority as aboard a man-of-war. Also a gunner and a gunner's mate—for these vessels, although troop-ships, are supplied with satisfactory ordnance, in the way of modern rapid-fire guns. Although all these officers and men belong to the army establishment, yet they are uniformed similarly to the officers of our navy, with slight differences only in trimming of their garments. The sailor grades are uniformed as are seamen of the regular navy, but their caps, instead of bearing the familiar naval inscription, as "U.S.S. *Monterey*," bear the words instead, "U.S.A. T. *Sherman*."

In carrying forward this work at San Francisco, Colonel Long has been supported by the following staff as chiefs of divisions: Captain N. P. Batchelder, of Quartermaster Department U.S.V. and assistant and general superintendent A.T.S.; Captain John Barneson, marine superintendent U.S.A.T.; Captain Charles G. Lyman, assistant superintendent; and Captain J. H. Matthews, superintendent engineer.

As most of these vessels were in the classification of "ocean tramps"—otherwise large freight-carriers—the internal arrangements had to be completely altered to fit them for use as comfortable troop-ships. They were torn out inside, cleaned, and renovated, and then fitted with comfortable berthing appliances. All berths are made of metal, with swinging sides, and with woven wire mattresses, and not more than three berths to a tier. Toilet provisions are unusually ample, and the entire ship's plumbing invariably arranged so that there shall be no running about with wash-basins. Shower-baths are provided to take large squads of men at a time, and no man need go without his daily bath. The paintings of all surfaces inside and the hull outside were invariably and scrupulously white. The steerage accommodations in the Atlantic trade, even the best, are far inferior to the conveniences and fittings provided for our sea-moving troops. In fact, troops ashore and in barracks do not have so many conveniences close at hand. The commissary or cooking department is under the control of the regiments travelling, and is not an inherent part of the transport service. The kitchen, however, is provided with all the best of fixtures common to vessels or to the largest hotels. The ship's galley, or kitchen, is entirely distinct, and is only operated for the ship's complement. On the transports, if soldiers had any cause for complaint regarding their bill of fare, it is a matter for their own regimental commissary to attend to, and never the ship's officers.

The list of vessels attached to this new naval power—our army—forms a gamut of almost every style of mercantile marine architecture in steel. All are steamers save one vessel, the *Tacoma*—supplied with sail only, and used for the cheaper and slow-going freight, as forage to follow after the animal-steamers. The transportation of horses called for the solution of its own problems, and was relatively more difficult than that of soldiers. Although it has been said that not a soldier's life was lost through the ship's fault, yet it cannot be said that no horse's life had been lost for like reasons. One entire cargo of horses had to be thrown over the rail, dead, and other horse-ships had frightful mortality.

The chartered vessels represent many nationalities, the preference, however, having been given to ships flying the American ensign. The charter for all these vessels will be annulled as soon as the demand for their services ceases, which is now shortly expected. To the enthusiastic patriot it seems sometimes a little discordant to see our soldiers going off to fight our battles in these white-hulled vessels carrying at the fore the American flag, at the main the tricolor ensign of the army transport service, and at the stern—the post of honor—some strange flag of a foreign nation, and crews to man them made up of Malays, Lascars, Kanakas, Filipinos, Japs, and Chinese. Of course, next to American chartered vessels the English takes place in numbers, but in addition there were the Austrian flag over the former transport *Siam*, and the Russian flag over the *Dalny Vostok*.

The vessels owned outright by the government naturally carry the American flag and no other, and regardless of any previous condition of ownership or register by another nation.

This class of vessels represents the permanent part of this new navy, and they will probably be retained in full efficiency, as they are needed in the business of a new world power. They have been selected and fitted with great care, and it would be folly for the nation to sell them back. Some of them are vessels with records as Atlantic greyhounds of the past. The sea travellers of fifteen years ago remember with pleasure the Guion liner *Arizona*. She is now remodelled and renamed the *Hancock*—in honor of the general of the civil war of that name.

The officer at Washington who conceived the plan of naming these army vessels after the great generals of the last war has done not only a favor to the army, but to the country. If nothing else, it adds to the military and human interest in the vessels. The names already on the list are the *Buford*, *Burnside*, *Crook*, *Grant*, *Hancock*, *Kilpatrick*, *Logan*, *McClellan*, *McPherson*, *Meade*, *Sedgwick*, *Sheridan*, *Sherman*, *Slocum*, *Thomas*, and *Warren*.

The name of one general of the Spanish and Filipino war is honored by the name of a vessel. The U.S.S. *Badger* has been transferred by the navy to the army, and has gone into service as the U.S.T. *Lawton*.

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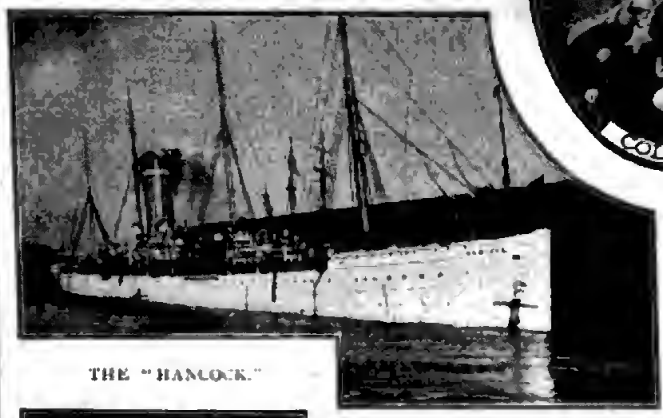
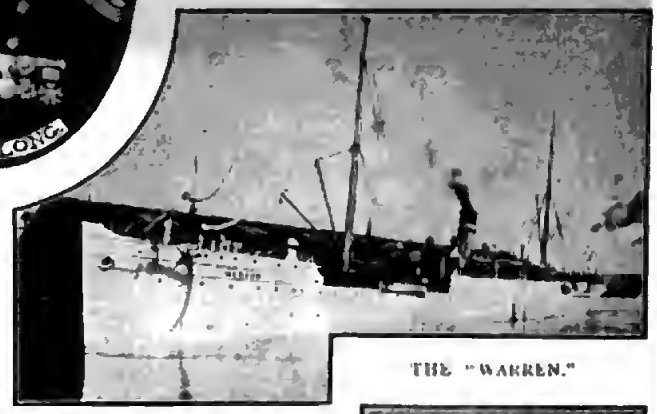
THE "CITY OF SYDNEY."

THE "GRANT."

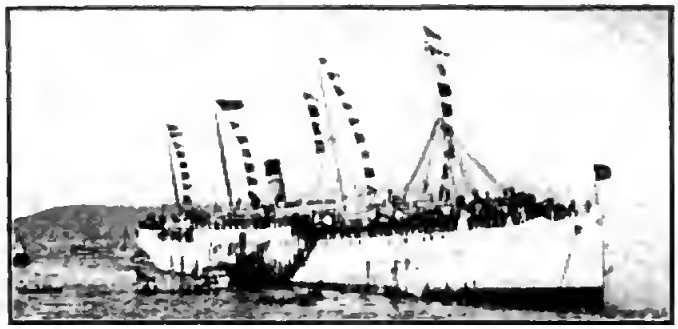


THE "HANCOCK."



THE "WARREN."

CAPT. N. P. BATCHELDER

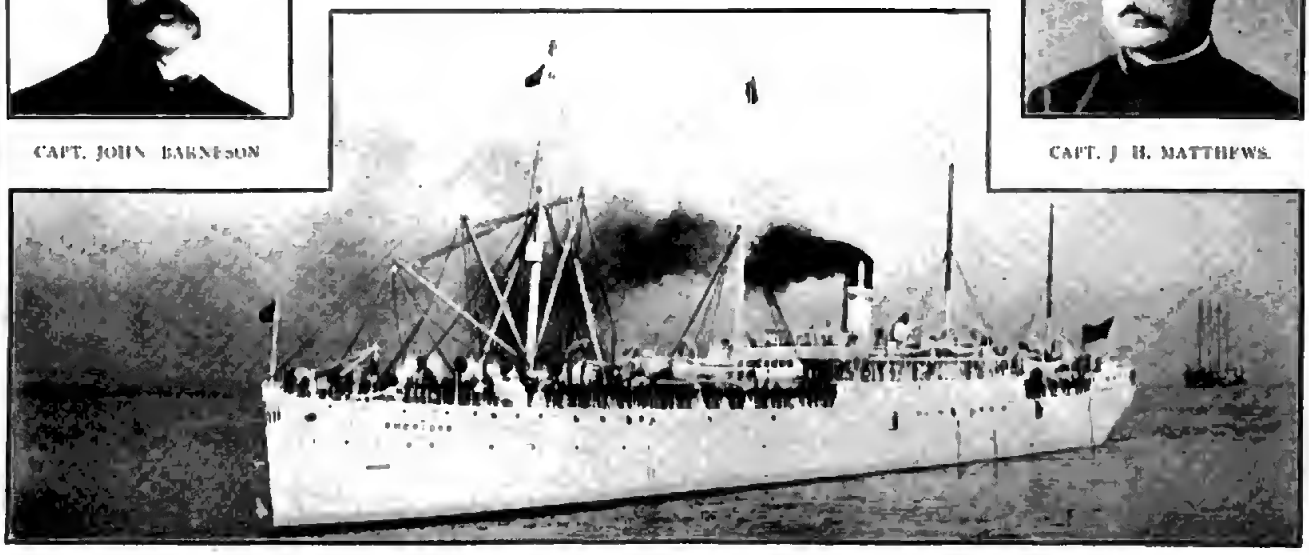


THE SHERMAN

CAPT. CHARLES G. LYMAN.

CAPT. JOHN BARNESON

CAPT. J. H. MATTHEWS.



THE "SHERIDAN."

THE UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORTS.

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BIRD'S-EYE VIE

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OF SHANGHAI

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TEMPORARY PIER FOR SINKING CAISSONS.

LAUNCHING AN 1100-TON CAISSON.

The Towers of the New East River Bridge

BY FRANK W. SKINNER, C. E.

> Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
> As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?
> I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
> And ov'r it already the dark waters flow
> Whoever to me may the goblet bring
> Shall have for his guerdon that gift of the king

IN Delaware, not far from the birth-place of Bayard Taylor, is the home of a charming Quaker family of his kin. In every room the writer has often seen a volume of the delightful author's book, his portrait or mementos of his travels.

Among these treasured remembrances is a beautiful copy of his spirited translation of that graphic poem quoted, in part, above. Who that has declaimed it in schoolboy days but remembers the vivid description of the horrible watery depths and the perils and disaster which attended the submarine expedition for a monarch's whim? Among all the knights and squires but one was reckless enough to make the venture, even in those days of chivalry.

To-day, in the prosaic times of modern science and mechanics, here in great commercial New York, dozens of brave men have descended daily, week after week, farther below the surface of the bay than ever diver ventured. They have penetrated not only under the great steam-ships, and to the bottom of the swift tide, but on beyond through depths of earth and sand and bowlders to the living rock more than one hundred feet below the surface, and all have returned alive to the upper air. These men, too, were knights—knights of labor—and their guerdon was not the princess's hand or even the golden cup, but simply their day's wages; their ruler was no royal tyrant, but the engineer to whom is intrusted the design and construction of the largest bridge on this continent, and the grandest one in the world.

Its massive foundations are sunk deep through the river-bed to the solid rock, and belong to a type never executed until within a few years. In length of span the new East River Bridge will be second in the world, and in its other dimensions and in capacity far superior to all. Up to within twenty-five or thirty years a bridge span of 300 feet was enormous, and there are now hardly a dozen spans in the world that are more than 600 feet long, and only a part of them have one or at the most two lines of railroad tracks. The longest suspension-bridge is the present Brooklyn Bridge, with its 1595-foot span and four lines of rails for cable and trolley-cars. It cost about $9,000,000, and was thirteen years in building.

The new East River Bridge will have a single channel span 1600 feet long and 135 feet above the water, which will carry six lines of elevated and electric car tracks, double wide roadways, foot-walks, and bicycle paths, and will have a huge frame-work 118 feet wide and 45 feet deep, suspended from four 18-inch steel cables, which will pass over the top of two steel towers fully 335 feet high above the water. Work at the site was commenced in the fall of 1896, and it is estimated may be completed at a total cost of about $7,500,000. Each of the steel towers will rest on two piers about 97 feet apart and 53x69 feet at the base of the masonry, which will be 61 feet high and rise 23 feet above high-water. As each of these piers will eventually carry a total load of about 550,000,000 pounds, it was necessary to build their foundations far below the possibility of any undermining by the swift current, and to carry them through the mud, sand, bowlders, and hard-pan to the solid rock, which was indicated by preliminary diamond-drill boring to be from 45 to 75 feet below the surface of the water. In order to descend to the deeply submerged rock, it was necessary to use pneumatic caissons, which are simply modifications of diving bells, constructed on the principle that if the upper part of a closed vessel be filled with air, water cannot displace it from below, and a place is provided in which men can live and work.

The caissons for this bridge are essentially very large rectangular bottomless boxes with air-tight wooden sides, which were sunk to the required position on the river-bottom by means of stone and concrete built on top. Through each caisson vertical steel cylinders or shafts were carried up above the surface of the water, and terminated in small chambers called air-locks, each having one outside door and one door into the shaft, both air-tight. After the caisson was sunk powerful engines forced air into the caisson until it expelled all the water, then men entered the air-lock, closed the outer door, and opening the shaft door, descended to the caisson. Emerging, they entered the air lock and first closed the shaft door, after which the outer door of the lock could be opened without permitting the air in the caisson to escape. Both doors of an air-lock were never opened simultaneously. Similarly materials could be passed in and out of the caissons through other locks and shafts with quick-opening doors.

The 73x99-foot Brooklyn north caisson is 53 feet high, with double walls and roof of solid 12x12 inch planed timber, strongly bolted together, and sheathed with heavy plank. The joints between the timbers are thoroughly caulked with oakum and pitch, and the vertical outside corners are bound with heavy iron plates. The space, seven feet high, below the deck or roof, is called the working chamber, and is traversed by several solid bulkhead walls of heavy timber. All of the caissons were partly built on shore and launched like ships. One of them, weighing 900 tons, was towed to position, and a heavy wall of piles was built partly around it to protect it from the violent tidal current, and the sides were extended up to the required height. It was then filled with concrete above the roof of the working-chamber and inside walls, which, as they gradually sank, were further extended by sections of water-tight timber coffer-dams that were secured to the caisson by iron loops and wedges in such a manner that after the work was completed a diver could go down outside and easily detach them, and allow the timber to float off and be recovered.

The caissons for the two piers of the New York tower have a solid deck five feet thick, strengthened by several 14-ton steel trusses built into it. The lower edges of these caissons are also provided with 30-ton steel plates extended two feet below the bottom of the walls, to form sharp cutting edges.

On the Brooklyn side the caissons were sunk to depths of 81 and 85* feet, which is nearly as deep as such work has ever been carried, and involved great danger and expense on account of the heavy pneumatic pressure required to exclude the water from the caisson. This reached a maximum of more than 45 pounds per square inch above the normal, or four times that of the ordinary free atmosphere, thus exerting a total pressure of about 9800 pounds per square foot, an amount considerably exceeding 100,000 pounds on the surface of a man's body, which, of course, violently disturbs the interior equilibrium. Air was pumped into the caisson through a 6-inch pipe and automatic swinging valve, which would close and prevent the escape of the pressure if the pumps should at any time fail to act.

Four large pipes were carried from the working chamber to above the surface of the water, and as the air-pressure was at first admitted it forced the water out through these pipes. When the men entered the working chamber they encountered a thin layer of soft mud and slime, deposited as sediment from the river and the sewers. This was washed by hydraulic jets into pools, in which the flexible hose extensions of the vertical

INTERIOR OF A CHAMBER IN A CAISSON 90 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE.

* The excavations were continued further to a maximum depth of about 106 feet below mean high-water.

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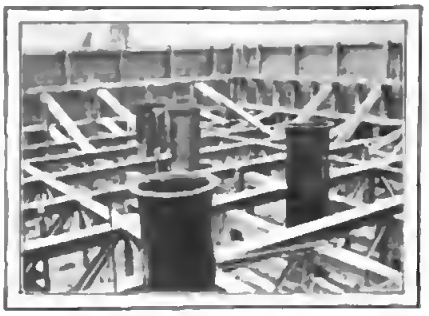
by strong wire-netting sides and roof, and was lowered fifty feet through a steel cylinder, like a smoke-stack. Arrived at the bottom, the party crawled into a circular chamber in which twenty men could stand, and its massive steel door was pushed tight against a thick rubber cushion on the side of the steel shell of the air lock in which the party had now arrived. The engineer opened a valve and immediately there came a hissing and roaring as the heavy air pressure was admitted from the caisson, and the temperature rapidly increased 20 degrees or more. The experienced ones took



INTERIOR OF TEMPORARY COFFER-DAM.

long breaths, closed their lips, and pinched their nostrils tightly together, at the same time making strong efforts to blow through them, and thus tending to balance in the lungs and head the increased pressure outside the body. After a few seconds the engineer eased the valve, and every one rested a moment. Then the process was repeated again and again. The least unpleasant sensation experienced was similar to that felt by a diver when the water has penetrated his ears, and the more disagreeable ones were very severe pains through the head. Finally, after about five minutes the pressure became equal to that in the working-chamber, a trap-door in the bottom of the lock was opened, and swinging downward, permitted the visitors

temperature was over 80 degrees, even in cold weather, and the dozen or twenty laborers were often stripped to their boots and trousers, their white skins gleaming through the splotches of mud with which they were covered from head to foot. Some of them were digging with pick and shovel, some loading earth and rock into the iron buckets, and guiding them through the black chimney-like holes in the roof of the caisson as they were swiftly and silently hauled up from above. Others were prying up seamy rock with crowbars, or breaking it with huge two-handed sledges. Some were drilling holes for blasting, and others were holding the nozzle of the great flexible hose under water to suck up the mud and mud through the blow-off.

The timbers of the huge "cutting" edge could be seen embedded in the solid ground which had been excavated inside five or ten feet below the bearing surface, so that only the toughness of the clay prevented the water from bursting in under the edge of the caisson. In that case no more serious casualty could have been likely to result than the driving of the inmates to the top of the chamber, whence the air could not escape, and where they would still be in safety. It was desirable, however, to prevent such an occurrence and avoid the leakage of air under the cutting edge. Therefore one or two men were kept continually at work kneading large balls of clay, which they threw with all their force against the bank and lower edge of the wall, and then plastered it solidly over them. When a dynamite charge was exploded it was only necessary to retreat a few steps behind a timber wall. Perhaps some one attempted to whistle, and found that with the utmost effort it was impossible on account of the tremendous pressure to blow against. To leave the caisson, the party entered the air-lock, pulled up the trap-door with a small set of pulleys and a rope, and opened another valve which very gradually released the air-pressure. As the pressure diminished, the air became intensely cold, and sometimes so much moisture in it was condensed as to form ice, choking up the outlet pipe.

On leaving their work, the "Sand Hogs," as the caisson men are called, enter a lounging room, which is steam-heated to a high temperature, and are liberally provided with strong black coffee. Every provision is made for their comfort and welfare, and when they are temperate and careful few of them suffer seriously from their dangerous work, but as their wages are very high, and leisure abundant, temptations for dissipation are correspondingly great. It is often impossible to persuade them to take sufficient care and rest,

A CAISSON, BEFORE LAUNCHING.

avoid stimulants, and have a proper diet, so that frequent cases of the "bends," or caisson disease, have occurred. This sometimes takes the form of a collapse, paralysis, or fainting fits when the man emerges from the caisson, or it may be cramps or resemble rheumatism, and cause great pain to the joints. If it is a serious case, the sufferer is immediately taken to the hot-room, and treated by stimulants, massage, and the methods employed to restore animation to a partly drowned person. The patient usually responds to this treatment, and is able to continue his work after a short time. No fatal cases of the bends have occurred on this work, but they frequently do to deep caisson work.

As the compression of the air which is forced into the caisson develops an enormous amount of heat, it is necessary to cool it artificially so as to make the temperature endurable for the workmen. In cold weather this has been effected by discharging a jet of water into the air-pipe so as to evaporate in a fine spray, but in the summer this did not suffice, and so the air supplied was carried after compression through a coil, nearly a mile long, of small pipes suspended below the surface of the river.

When the caisson leaned a little from the vertical, it was easily righted by excavating more under one edge and increasing the load there. When sound rock was reached it was cleaned off and the surface approximately levelled in steps, then buckets of concrete were lowered through the shaft and emptied and rammed in solid layers, filling the caisson and shafts. The concreting work was particularly severe and disagreeable, both because it was heavy labor, and because the space becoming more and more restricted and without ventilation made the air very foul and oppressive. Each gang of caisson men numbered about sixteen, and down to a depth of 70 feet worked two alternate shifts of three hours a day, for which each man received $2 75. For every ten feet farther that they descended the duration of the shift was diminished and the pay increased until at last each man received $3 75 for working forty-five-minute shifts. The rate of caisson-sinking, of course, varied, and in the south Brooklyn caisson was sometimes as much as five feet in five days. This bridge has been designed and is being constructed under the supervision of Chief-Engineer L. L. Buck, M. Am. Soc. C. E.

THE BRITISH NAVY. *By Arnold White*

THE British navy is an amalgam of tradition, science, and imagination. Answers to a hundred vexed questions still await the shock of a naval war where both sides are brave, efficient, and well equipped. The strength of tradition in the navy is shown by the fact that the food of the bluejackets of the British navy in time of war is legally in the same position as in the eighteenth century. The conservatism of the British sailor is ineradicable. The rations served out to him by the State are practically the same as they were in Nelson's time—namely, corned beef, salt pork, hard biscuit, rum, salt, water, and a few other necessaries. In the British navy the state does not work the canteens. On the flag ships in the Mediterranean Maltese bumboat men are carried who mend the lace of Jack by skilful cooking and industrious catering. In time of war the Maltese bumboat man would probably decline to risk his skin in action, and unless the Admiralty wakes up and devises some plan based on the excellent American system adopted during the blockade of Santiago the British tar may have to fight the French on the same fare as that consumed by his pigtailed predecessors in the last French war. The standard of comfort on shore throughout all classes has increased so much that if the food of Nelson's day were issued to the fleet in time of war there would be discontent. I have recently had the opportunity of visiting the Mediterranean fleet. It is the crack squadron of the British navy. Mediterranean smartness is the envy of all British naval commanders not on the station. The Channel Squadron is but a depot or training fleet for the Mediterranean command. The fare of the sailors, accordingly, of the principal British fleet is an important topic. The seamen and firemen desire an improved dietary in the shape of better biscuit than the hardtack that carries us back to Benbow's time. The preserved potatoes served out in the British navy maintain traditions of the Crimea nearly fifty years ago. Coffee and sugar served out on first turning out in the morning, tea with condensed milk, corned meat or butter, the establishment of service canteens in every ship under Admiralty regulations, and the paymaster to be empowered to purchase perishable provisions at local ports, are the principal changes desired by the men in their messing. They are an interesting people, these British sailors. Since the authorities started the plan of catching them young and training them for the service their conduct has immensely improved. Since 1812 there has been little or no opportunity of showing their quality in fight at sea, but their behavior on land is some earnest that the stuff they are made of is not inferior to that of their rum-drinking, and licentious predecessors.

The officers of the British navy are also caught young. They are required to pass through the *Britannia*, a training-ship, at present anchored in the beautiful waters of the Dart not far from Plymouth. At the age of fourteen they begin to learn the lesson of command, the sanctity of duty, and the seriousness of life. By the time he is twenty-three a British lieutenant or sub-lieutenant has acquired that indefinable power and authority over his men which is only too often absent in the officers of the sister service where sergeants and corporals do the bulk of the work of a regiment. The manner in which a naval lieutenant drills his men, the alacrity, cheerfulness, and vim with which his orders are obeyed, present a marked contrast to the scenes at Aldershot or in many barrack drill-yards or exercise grounds on foreign stations. An English subaltern of the line can generally manage to get through his work, when not on special duty, in a couple of hours. In the navy an officer's duties extend the round of the clock, with short intervals, seven days a week, except when on leave. The rule in the British army is that officers are rewarded if they do their duty. In the navy they are punished if they fail to do it.

The great complexity and difficulty of the duties devolving on naval officers in modern times tend to preserve the best specimens for promotion and to eliminate duffers. Favoritism in the navy is bitterly alleged by capable officers without influential friends, but as a rule the favoritism objected to is that of an admiral or an Admiralty official who picks one capable man instead of another. In only one instance have I heard of feminine influence being brought to bear in favor of an officer who might otherwise have been passed over for promotion. To the average eye and intelligence the British bluejacket, cadet, midshipman, lieutenant, commander, and post-captain are as good as they need be. When we come to the admirals there is another tale to be told. Seniority, where all are efficient, is a good enough rule, but with men who only attain flag rank after they are forty, physical efficiency varies in so marked a degree that many naval authorities are in favor of abolishing seniority altogether from the admirals' list. There is a disinclination on the part of the authorities to pass over a blameless officer of exemplary habits whose claim to a command is simply that of seniority. What is called in the navy "Buggins's turn" has done a great deal of harm. More than one incompetent man has been placed in high command simply because it was Admiral "Buggins's" turn to be employed. The proposal that all rear-admirals and vice-admirals shall take their place on an alphabetical list, and that all appointments to high command shall be by selection, is one that meets with favor on the ground that one incapable admiral can do more harm to the empire than ten incapable generals. In the next war there will be no room for a meritime Methuen or Gatacre, for the simple reason that there will be no time for a naval Roberts to come to the rescue or to redeem the situation that will be created by defeat in a pitched battle at sea.

Admirals, moreover, in future, of all nations, will have a very different task thrown on them to anything recorded in history. When Nelson was struck down by the bullet from the mizzen top of the *Redoutable* he was pacing up and down quietly with Hardy. When he died a boat was sent to inform Collingwood

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time ironclads are in action, of equal strength, and equally well commanded, the battle will teach the naval powers of the world much that is now unknown. The conning-towers of the larger battle-ships do not seem to be altogether well contrived. The death of the admiral is an event so likely that its occurrence should be provided for. The loss of a general in action is comparatively rare. Although he does not enjoy immunity, his place, as a rule, is not in the fighting line. An admiral, however, is in as much danger as the modern equivalent to a powder-monkey. One of two things must happen, therefore. Either means must be contrived for communicating the fact of the admiral's death to his second in command, who is on board another ship, or a chief of the staff, possibly two, must be appointed, with dormant commissions to come into action on the death of the admiral, and thus maintain continuity of idea throughout the action. If the flag-captain be chosen as chief of the staff, then it is evident that he in his turn will require an alternate or understudy. The whole system of replacing officers disabled or killed requires more consideration than has yet been accorded to it.

Again, a British admiral, as a rule, does not himself understand the signals which he transmits to

is one of those time-saving appliances. Under the old system from eight to eleven hours were required to get a battle-ship under a full head of steam. With the plan of tubular boilers, twenty minutes is all that is required. Naval officers and members of the House of Commons who have given attention to the matter are hopelessly divided on the question of the Belleville boiler. One side declare that the whole of the French fleet and those vessels of the British fleet fitted with the new boiler are worthless. Their opponents urge that the accidents that have taken place in the boiler-rooms of ships fitted on the French system are the result of careless stoking or of temporary mishap. Having heard from the highest sources the evidence on both sides, I have come to the conclusion that the tubular boiler system is suffering from measles and hooping-cough, and that when the diseases of infancy have been overcome the enterprise of the French and British Admiralties will be rewarded. The engines and boilers of a transatlantic liner are the monument of the concentrated experience of many lives. When the same amount of brain power has been devoted to the new methods of raising steam the probability is that the tubular boiler will be universally adopted in men-of-war. Economy in coal, though im-

the American navy remains a burning question in British war-ships. The Board of Admiralty includes the name of no engineering officer. The social position of engineers is inferior to that of the combatant officers. On the other hand, the knowledge which is required to work the fighting box of machinery, which a war-ship has become, is almost entirely the possession of the engineer. The Engineer in Chief of the British navy only gets £1800 a year, and is paid less than the Permanent Secretary who looks after the correspondence.

All this savors of the old-time prejudice against steam, which first materialized in the memorable minute of the Board of Admiralty against its introduction:

"They felt it their bounden duty, upon national and professional grounds, to discourage, to the utmost of their ability, the employment of steam vessels, as they considered that the introduction of steam was calculated to strike a fatal blow to the naval supremacy of the Empire; and to concede to the request preferred would be simply to let in the thin edge of the wedge, and would unquestionably lead to similar demands being made upon the Admiralty from other departments."

THE BRITISH CHANNEL SQUADRON

THE RETURN OF THE SERGEANT

BY WILLIAM HUNTINGTON WILSON

POSSUM HOLLOW was stirred to its very centre. The Sergeant had arrived the night before, and many of the inhabitants of the Hollow, as soon as they learned it, had hastened over to Aunt Betsy's to have a look at him. But Aunt Betsy had met them at the door and refused them entrance.

"Yer cyarn' see de Sargent dis night!" she had said; "he tired an' gone ter bade. Yer kin see him ter morrer es much ez yer's a min' ter, but dis night he gwine stay right hyar wid his ole mammy an' sleep till de sun's up high, fur de Lawd knows he's in need ob res' arter de way he's bin sarvin' in Cuby, an' him wid bullits in his laigs ez big ez 'taters!"

"Yer doan' say so!" said old Uncle Mose, with great awe in his voice. "Yer doan' say de Sargent's bin wounded does yer?"

"Yass, I does!" replied his mother, "an' wounded bad! He so limpy in de laigs he kin skeercely walk."

"Well! W-e-l-l!" said Uncle Mose. "Who'd 'a' thought it? I 'clar, Sis' Betsy, dar ain' no tellin' how folks is gwine turn out in dis worl'; an' who'd 'a' thought dat boy Monk, who wuss erbout de mos' triflin'es' nigger in de Holler, an' who 'casioned all ob us sich joy when he took hisse'f off y'ar befo' las', would ebber turn out like dis, an' come back ter his ole home a b'arin' de skyars ob battul in his laigs fur ter be de pride an' glory ob de place?"

"Hurrah!" "Hurrah!" shouted the small boys in the crowd—"Hur-rah fur de Sargent!"

"Shet up!" Aunt Betsy cried, in a shrill whisper.

"Yer little black debbils, you!" said Uncle Mose, turning fiercely upon the youthful enthusiasts, "ef yer opens yer mouf erg'in I'll wallop yer sho!"

At breakfast next morning Aunt Betsy said to the Sergeant,

"Did yer hyar de 'sturbance las' ebenin'?"

"Wha' 'sturbance?" asked the Sergeant.

"Why ha'f de folks in de Holler wuss eroun' hyar fur ter see yer, an' some ob 'em wuss a-yellin' purty smart, an' I wuss 'fraid it mought wake yer."

"Nebber made me wink er eye!" replied the Sergeant. "I tell yer, mammy, when a man's bin sleepin' like I has, wid his hade on de wheel ob a cannon dat's bombardin' an' wid men a-standin' plum' ertop ob him a-loadin' in de shells, I tell yer, mammy, it takes a sight mo' noise ter wake him dan dese hyar Holler niggers kin make!"

Aunt Betsy regarded him with admiration.

"Come erlong, Monk," she said, when the meal was over; "I'se gwine ter de sto' an' wants yer ter go wid me; an' de folks, I bets, is a-linin' de road a'ready waitin' fur ter see yer."

"Jis' ez soon ez I buckles on ma sword an' pistols, I'se wid yer," said the Sergeant.

"Hyar dar! Keep offen de road!" shouted Uncle Mose. "Doan' you niggers 'fere wid dis percession! Gib de Sargent room, I tell yer! No! Cyarn' none ob yer stan' in de road onless it's Brer Robinson, de preacher. Keep back, all ob yer!"

"Dar he!" shouted a crowd of small darkies perched on the roof of a cabin. "Dar come de Sargent!"

And a moment later those below caught sight of Aunt Betsy's black bonnet coming over the rise, followed shortly by the brown slouch of the Sergeant.

And the crowd, three hundred strong—every man, woman, and child of them—shouted:

"Hurrah fur de Sargent! Hurrah fur de Sargent!"

And amid tumultuous cheering and the frantic waving of hats, aprons, and handkerchiefs, the Sergeant came limping down the slope, with his mother, proud and erect as a king's body guard, stalking beside him.

The Sergeant was a short, thick-set fellow of about thirty, black and shiny, and with a very large field of white in his eyes. Despite his limping gait he bore himself haughtily and with his head thrown back so far that his chin pointed straight out before him. As he passed between the cheering lines of darkies, he saluted to the right and to the left, using both hands and working his arms as rhythmically as the driving rods of a locomotive, while he accompanied each double-barrelled salute with the words, "Ma fren's, I thank yer!" spoken in a deep and solemn voice.

Reaching the store the Sergeant and his mother marched gravely and abreast up the steps to the porch, here the Sergeant right-faced and bowed thrice with his hand upon his heart, while his mother, drawn up beside him, dropped three solemn and impressive curtsies. Then, followed by redoubled cheering, they passed in through the open doorway.

"I declar'," said Miss Euphemia Robinson, the preacher's daughter, to Mr. Lincoln Carter, a tall mulatto with a flowered Ascot tie and yellow shoes—"I declar', Mistah Cyarter, ef de sight uv de Sargent's wounded limbs ain't enough ter bring tears ter de eyes uv a snake! I has never seed nothin' mo' movin' in my life!"

"Huh!" said Mr. Carter. "I guess Monk takes it purty hard, fur he use' ter sot a pow'ful lot ob 'pend-ence in dem laigs. I tell yer, an' many's de lickin' dey hab saved him an' some ob 'em from me."

"Yo'r a jelyus, Mistah Cyarter, dat's what yo' is!" replied Miss Euphemia, angrily snapping her black and white eyes at him. "Yo'r jelyus, an' by yo' low-down 'sinnuashuns you means ter deflect erpon de brav'ry uv de Sargent; but yo' 'sinnuashuns has no weight wid me! He is a *hero*, dat's what he is, an' no low-down nigger like you cyarn't rob him uv de glory ur de name."

"I kin lick him wid ma right han' tied behin' me!" said Mr. Carter.

"Well, an' s'pose you kin! What uv it?" asked Miss Euphemia. "Wid dem wounded limbs uv him a chile could lick him. But if you valyers dat hide uv yo'n you'd better not try it, fur da furst thing you knowed de Sargent would be a-lettin' daylight in yer wid his pistols!"

And taking her brother's hand, she walked off towards the store, with her head on the side, and switching herself to show her anger and her contempt of Mr. Carter.

The committee now appeared on the porch, together with the Sergeant.

"Come hyar!" called Uncle Mose; "come hyar, all ob yer!" And when the crowd had gathered below him, he said:

"Ma fren's an' feller citerzins, we de committy hab wait erpon de Sargent an' bid him welkum in de name ob de Holler which he hab honner so gran'ly. An' we has 'greed fur ter hole a supper an' speakin' at de Gal'leans' Hall ter-morrer night, on which 'casion de Sargent hab kin'ly promuss ter 'dress yer, an' ter tell yer ob his 'sperryunces in de war in Cuby. Ebbery man, woman, an' chile is 'vited ter atten' an' ter 'tribute ter de supper, so dat de 'casion may go vibratin' down in hist'ry ez de grandess an' proudess an' biggest 'casion which de Holler has ebber knowed! An' now," he said, when the cheering which greeted his announcement had subsided, "yer kin come up an' shake han's wid de Sargent."

The rest of that day and the morning of the next Aunt Betsy was besieged by a crowd of women anxious to learn the Sergeant's favorite dishes.

And having learned the Sergeant's taste in the matter of food, the neighbors returned to their cabins and set vigorously to work to cater to it; and sparks flew from every chimney and smoke covered the Hollow

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When quiet was restored Uncle Mose said:

"Ma fren's an' feller-citezins, we hab 'sembled hyar dis night fur ter honor ourselbes by honorin' de Sargent who hed honor' us!" (Loud cheering.)

"I won' 'tain yer, ma fren's; some ob yer's gittin' restless, an' all ob yer's impayshunt ter hyar de Sargent speak wid his own mouf an' tell yer de 'citin' 'sperunces he hab had in Cuby. I hab de honor ob presentin' ter yer de pride ob de Holler, de ornerment ob dis country, de hero an' de warr'or ob Cuby, Mistah Sargent Richar'son ob de United States Army ob Voluntyars!"

When the Sergeant arose and came limping to the front of the stage, the audience went fairly wild with enthusiasm. First the Sergeant bowed low and solemnly to the committee, then to the band, then to his mother ("Ain't dat touchin'!" said Miss Euphemia Robinson in a shrill whisper), then to the girls in white on the front seats, then to the audience at large, and throwing back his head and clearing his throat with two impressive coughs, he stretched out his arms before him and began to speak.

"Ma fren's," he said, "I ain' no or'tor, I's a warr'or!" ("Dat's what you is!" exclaimed Uncle Mose.) "An' I feels a sight mo' oneasy a-standin' hyar on dis hyar platform dan ebber I did in Cuby in de face ob a thousan' guns. But, ma fren's, I will do de bes' I kin, an' in a few an' modes' words 'deavor ter tell yer sumpin' ob de war an' ob de part I took in settlin' her. When I done lef' ma place in 'Lanta, Georgy, an' rush ter de front an' 'listed jis' ez soon ez de call come fur voluntyars, de Gineral shook han's wid me. 'Man,' he sez ter me, 'you's de ve'y man I's lookin' fur! I kin see de soul ob de warr'or in yo' eyes. Man!' sez he, 'I wan' yer fur ma body gyard. Will yer take de place?' 'I will,' sez I, 'pervidin' de place is gwine ter be a hot one, fur I longs ter hab de smell ob powder in ma nose an' de flash ob guns in ma eyes, an' I ain' lookin' fur no place in de rear, an' I 'bominates de sight ob a tent,' sez I. 'Dis hyar is de ve'y place you's lookin' fur,' sez de Gineral. 'All you's got ter do is ter stick close by me an' back me up, an' you'll see mo' fightin' in a day dan all de res' ob de army will see in a mont',' he sez. 'Den,' sez I, 'I's yo' man!' An' he 'pinted me body-gyard, wid de rank of Corp'ral, on de spot.

"An' dat ve'y ebenin' we went on bode de Gineral's ship, de bigges' ship in de whole fleet, an' wid so much brass an' gol' trimmin's on her dat she lit up de whole sea like de risin' sun. An' de Gineral tole 'em ter pull up de anchors an' yelled ter de cappins ob de odder ships ter foller him, an' erway we went, our ship in de lead an' a hundred odder ships a-follerin' behin' us, boun' fur de coas' ob Cuby.

"An' de Gineral an' me sat un'er an awnin' on de top ob de ship an' smoke seegyars an' drunk gin punches an' laid plans fur de carryin' on ob de war. I had a serbant jis' same ez de Gineral, an' all de white sailors fetch dere caps wheneber I parse 'em, jis' like dey did ter de Gineral. An' ez we went a-sailin' ober de blue water, wid de little birds a-singin' in de riggin', an' de little fishes a-jumpin', an' de whales a-blowin', an' de ban' a-playin', I sez ter myse'f, 'Dis hyar's a reg'lar picnic, dat's what it is!' But, ma fren's, dat picnic on'y las' one day, fur dat ve'y night we come ter de coas' ob Cuby an' de war commince; an' dis nigger's han's was mo'n full, I tell yer!

"De Spaniyerds war on de sho' waitin' fur us thicker'n flies; an' dey had a Gatlin' gun right down on de edge ob de water an' dey wuz a-layin' low till we come in range so's dey kin pump her at us. An' de Gineral, seein' 'tain' no use ter try an' lan' in de face ob dat dere gun, orders de ship ter be stop', an' call' back ter de odder cappins ter do de same; an' dar we lay, de whole fleet ob us, nigh ten miles offen de sho', an' dar'sent go no nigher.

"I specks, ma fren's, you is a-wonderin' how dat one little gun kin stop de whole navy ob de United States, an' p'raps some ob yer's a-sayin' ter yerselbes, 'We bet dat Gineral's skeert, dat's what he am!' But you is wrong, ma fren's; dar ain' no braber man libbin' dan de Gineral, but he's got sinse too, an' know a heap mo'n ter monkey wid dat little gun, ez small an' ez innercent ez it look. Dat gun, ma fren's, ez we seed froo de telescope, warn' no common, ebbery-day Gatlin' gun, do dey's bad ernough, Heaben knows, but it war a *Double V, self-feedin', self-aimin', self-shootin'* Gatlin' gun, wid a thousan' holes, an' so mighty pow'ful dat it kin shoot a thousan' bullits ter de secon' mo'n nine miles, an' de bullits has kerr'sene ile inside ob 'em, an' dey sets fire ter whatsomebber dey hits." ("Ma Gawd!" exclaimed Uncle Mose.) "An' all yer got ter do wid dat gun is ter wol her up an' load her, arter habbin' s'plied her wid ernough bullits ter las', an' jis' ez soon ez de t'ing she's a-layin' fur hab come wid'in range, dar's some contribance what sets de works ter runnin' inside ob her, an' a little wheel on de top ob her begin ter spin so fas' yer cyarn' see it, an' de bullits come a-pourin' out, a thousan' ter de secon', an', ez dey sails erlong, dey switers, an' dey wipes up ebbery't'ing befo' 'em fur mo'n a mile erround! An' while de t'ing's a-shootin', it plays a chune same ez a music-box." ("Well, I nebber!" said Mr. Carter.) "Dar ain' a one ob dem guns in de whole United States navy; dey has Gatlin' guns, ter be sho', but dey is jis' plain, ord'na'y, ebbery-day Gatlin' guns, an' none ob yer *Double V's*. An' dar warn' anodder ob 'em enny whar, 'case Spain bought de on'y one in de worl' a week befo' de war commince.

"HYAR DAR! KEEP OFFEN DE ROAD!" SHOUTED UNCLE MOSE

"When we seed what kin' ob a gun she war an' had stop' de ships, den de Gineral an' me hel' a council ob war. De Gineral war fur turnin' roun' an' goin' home, 'case 'tain' no sinse, he sade, ter lead wid a t'ing like dat. 'De United States doan' hab no idee what she's up erginst!' sez he. 'Gineral,' sez I, 'ain' dar no way ter fix it?' 'No,' sez he, 'none dat I kin see.' 'Gineral,' sez I, 'leab de matter ter me.' 'What!' sez he, risin' an' grabbin' me by de han', 'hab yer done 'fected on a plan, Corp'ral?' 'Yis,' sez I, 'I has.' 'Le's hyar it,' sez de Gineral. An' whin I had lay de projec' befo' him, he ups an' sez: 'Corp'ral, I envies yer! You's fo'dained ter be de hero ob de cent'ry, dat's what you is! Ef you does dis t'ing an' libs, yo' name will go ringin' down de ages so loud dat all de odder names will be drownded ergin' yo'n an' Gineral Grant's, an' ef yer comes back I'll 'pint yer Sargent on de spot!'"

Here the audience broke into such a storm of applause that the building shook and the lamps upon the walls flickered and smoked; and the "country niggers" fell to wrestling and fighting again, and another window was broken and a bench was smashed. And Uncle Mose, throwing his arms about the Sergeant, called him "de preserber ob his country!" and Pomp Jackson blew such a blast on the big horn that the sashes of the girls in white fluttered straight out behind.

"Ma fren's," said the Sergeant, when the uproar at length ceased, "I thank yer, fur dar ain' nuffin' mo' sweet ter de yars ob a man dan de 'plause ob his fren's. But befo' I perceeds wid dese remarks, wid yer kin' permishun, I will remobe dese weepons, fur I cyarn' speak widout gittin' excited, an' de way dis hyar sword is a-poundin' ma wounded laigs ain't good fur 'em."

"Take 'em off!" shouted a voice in the audience. "Take off yer coat ef yer wants ter! Make yerse'f perfec'ly comfor'ble, Sargent, an' den let 'er go!"

"Now de nigger's gittin' readey ter lie *right!*" said Lincoln Carter, in a disgusted voice, when suddenly an engulfing wave of silence seemed to roll up the hall from the door. And on the crest of the wave came two white men, one a stranger and the other the sheriff of the county.

The Sergeant caught sight of them while they were yet half-way down the aisle, and, with a hanging jaw and eyes bulging in terror, he dropped his sword, and, making a dash for the window on the side of the stage, threw up the sash and dropped out.

"Catch him!" shouted the sheriff. "Catch that nigger!" And, turning, he and the man with him ran towards the door. "Come on, you fellows; I've got ten dollars for the man that catches him!"

At the door he paused. "Come on," he cried; "he'll take to the woods, and you niggers will have to beat 'em!"

But none offered to follow.

"Mistah Baker, wha' de Sargent done?" asked Uncle Mose. "Hab he desarted?"

"Deserted from what?"

"Why, frum de army, sah, ter be sho'!" said Uncle Mose.

"No, you old fool! he 'ain' never been in the army. He robbed a Lieutenant las' week down in Charleston, an' took his uniform an' pistols an' money—every blessed thing he had—and lit out. He was bell-boy in a hotel there."

"Ma Gawd!" cried Uncle Mose. "Cotch him! Cotch de lyin' nigger!"

A few moments later the sheriff, followed by every man in the crowd, save the "country niggers," who were too lazy to run, left the building and hastened across the clearing to the woods.

Lincoln Carter was far in advance of the rest.

"Jee-ru-sa-lum!" said young Harrison, "cyarn' de Sargent lead it!"

"De deceitful nigger!" exclaimed Miss Euphemia. "He 'ain' got no mo' bullits in his laigs than I is! I hope ter Lawdy dey'll ketch him!"

But her wish was not to be gratified; for, though they hunted for him all night and through miles and miles of woods, they never, as Uncle Mose afterwards expressed it, "seen ha'r no' hide ob him!"

"I knowed we couldn' catch him!" said Lincoln Carter, as the tired and disgusted band of pursuers dragged themselves homeward in the early dawn. "Dar nebber wuz a nigger wid sich laigs fur runnin'! I specks he's ha'f-way froo de nex' State by now!"

"Well," said Uncle Mose, when they emerged at last from the woods and saw the hall standing before them, bathed in the first rays of the rising sun, "I t'ank de good Lawd he's a-runnin' on an empty stummick, an' 'ain' got none ob dat supper inside ob him!"

At these words, smiles lit up the haggard faces of the men, and many of them smacked their lips aloud, for few of them had eaten since the middle of the day before, having held themselves back for the supper. They were nigh famished, and, so eager were they for food, and for such food as that which awaited them, that, tired and foot-sore though they were, they now broke into a run towards the hall.

The building seemed deserted.

"I speck de sisters is all ti'ed out an' gone home ter bede," said Uncle Mose, trying his hardest to keep up with the rest.

"Co'se dey has!" replied Mr. Carter, "but dey knowed how hungry we'd be whin we come back, an' I doan' speck de supper is hardly tetched!"

"Dar will be mighty nigh er 'possum erpiece!" panted Uncle Mose; and he drew the air in between his teeth with a sucking sound and gave a weak but joyous chuckle.

Uncle Mose was old and Mr. Carter was fat, and the others outran them across the clearing by a hundred yards. When they reached the door, they met Pomp Jackson coming out. His black face had turned to an ashen gray, and he staggered like a man that is drunk.

"What de matter, Pomp?" gasped Uncle Mose. "Yer ain' goin' erway widout eatin', is yer?"

"Yuss!" replied Pomp Jackson, his voice sounding as though it came from an empty cellar. "I is! Dar ain' a blessed t'ing lef'! De room is ez bar' ez a bone!"

"'Tain' nuffin' lef'," he said, rocking himself on his short legs and shaking his head, "nuffin' 'tall. De country niggers done carry it all erway. Dey stuff demselbes till dey mos' readey ter bus', an' den dey took what war lef'. All ob you wuzn erway an' dar wern' none could stop 'em. An' some ob 'em druv off wid whole roas' pegs in dere laps, an' wid de bottom ob dere cyarts piled higher'n de seat wid 'possum an' jelly cake an' jars ob preesarbs. An'—an' I on'y had de laig ob a duck an' one piece ob cake no bigger'n ma han', an' nuffin' mo'! An'—an'—"

He broke into a loud and angry wail.

Uncle Mose stretched his arms out on the step above, and laying his wrinkled face upon them, sobbed audibly, weakened by his long chase and fast.

"Come, Uncle Mose!" said Lincoln Carter, shaking him by the shoulder, "doan' gib way like dis! It cyarn' be help'."

"Oh, Gawd! Gawd!" he sobbed, "hab pity on me! Ma heart is full ob murder fur de Sargent an' dem country niggers, an' ma stummich's emptier'n a dry well! An' dat roas' *pey!* An' dat *'possum!* An' dat *jelly cake!* Oh, *Gawd! Gawd!* I cyarn' stan' it nohow!"

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when he was fourteen years old, and by hard work and economy in early life, and hard work, dexterity, intelligence, and courage in later life, he had the satisfaction of dying in a somewhat conspicuous state of solvency. One can hardly escape the conviction that he put his faculties to the use for which they were intended, and worked fairly out what was in him. He seems never to have degenerated into a mere money-making machine. He was a man all his life, and it was a long life fully lived out. What he did and what he was are more interesting than the tale of his accumulations. If his life could be written by a master, not as a decorous memoir, but as a novel of adventure, what a capital book it would make! It should be so written. It is sad that he did not leave an autobiography. The type that he represented, the men of the last half-century in the United States, who were leaders in the material development of the country, ought to be put into books, but none seems to be doing it. We get stories of swashbucklers in Tudor England, and fighting gentlemen of all periods of French history, and of eminent pirates and sea-fighters of various times, but our great captains of industry, thrift, and finance don't get into literature. They ought to, if only in consideration of the enormous booty they have brought into port. Stevenson in *Treasure Island* tells how Flint, of desperate memory, having buried his huge accumulations on the island, and murdered his six helpers, comes aboard ship with a bandage around his head and announces to his malicious crew who ask him where the treasure is, "You can go ashore, if you like, and stay, but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more, by thunder!" It is a fine picture of indomitable purpose, but it is somewhat grievous that it is likely to be familiar in the minds of youth, while the story goes practically untold of Huntington sleeping restfully after laborious days, lulled by the consciousness that his debts were so enormous that the banks were bound to see that he did not fail. Nor did he fail. Ever, like Flint, he bound up his hurts and beat up for more. Somehow, as we look on and meditate, there seems to be a great deal in common between a successful pirate of the seventeenth century and a successful railroad king, or trust magnate, or empire-builder of the nineteenth. The personal habits of our strenuous projectors, are, as a rule, far superior to those of Flint and his like; they are abler, wiser, and command much better legal advice, and turn earlier to respectability, and even sometimes to piety. They ripen better into honored old age. But they all have in a high degree the undying purpose illustrated in Flint to beat up for more, and most of them combine with it a vast respect for Rob Roy's good old rule,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

IT is possible that we vaunt ourselves somewhat overmuch on the world's progress in moralities and mercies since the seventeenth century. The rules of conduct are better now, but whenever the rules happen for any reason to be suspended it is somewhat appalling to notice to what extent the reversion to ancient practices obtains. None of us thinks that there are any kinder or more civilized soldiers anywhere than ours, yet very distressing stories of killings done by our troops in the prosecution of their business in the Philippines keep coming to hand. The veracity of these tales cannot always be established, but their probability is obvious, because they narrate events of a sort that would naturally and almost inevitably happen in such a war as that in the Philippines. In fighting of that sort women and children get killed, just as they have often been killed in Indian warfare where United States troops have surprised Indian villages. That is an inevitable part of every war of subjugation, and persons who laud war partly for its own sake must reckon with all these incidental killings as among its drawbacks. We read tales of rude fighting done by Russians in China, and of summary methods used there by the Japanese for the disposition of Chinese prisoners. Happily none of that blood is on our hands. Our errand in China has been to save life, not to take it, and we cling with reassuring constancy to that view of our mission.

OUR indomitable friends of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have been as active as ever this summer in their fight against the liquor sellers. At Poughkeepsie, during the closing days of last month, they contended with desperate energy against the Saloon-keepers' Convention, and are credited by some observers with having prayed their adversaries out of town. At any rate the saloon-keepers adjourned their meeting a day sooner than was expected, and the president of their organization, Mr. Peter McGinn, of New York, declared in his report to his brethren that the Anti-Saloon League was a fanatical band which was reaching out to ruin the liquor traffic. There is no doubt at all that that is its purpose. Mr. McGinn said: "It is a pity that this fanatical movement has secured such a foothold. It is the plain duty of this association to fight these enemies of legitimate trade to and did everything they could to make things dismal for them.

ANOTHER W. C. T. U. movement that has been the subject of a good deal of comment is the scheme of sundry women in Indiana to use the ingenious endless-chain device to excite an enormous torrent of prayer against the election of President McKinley because he has not abolished the army canteen. The prayer-chain pledge calls for prayers until election day that the United States may have "a better man for President, who will keep wine from the White House table, and will be a total abstainer himself, and do what he can to overthrow the liquor traffic." It seems doubtful whether this prayer is constitutional. Former Governor Bushnell of Ohio is sure that it was got up by Democratic politicians. Mrs. Stevenson, president of the W. C. T. U. in Massachusetts, is sure it wasn't, and attributes it to Mrs. McWhirter of Indiana, "a beautiful soul and very much in earnest." Mrs. Stevenson, however, disapproves the endless-chain scheme in any form. Mrs. McWhirter's plan seems not to have struck terror to the hearts of the Republican committee, or even to have affected the terms of election wagers, but the canteen matter has become an issue of sufficient apparent importance to warrant General Corbin in issuing a statement about it. He says the army canteen, where only beer and light wines are sold, is a device for the decrease of drunkenness in the army, and that it works well to that end. Readers of the WEEKLY know all about the canteen, and can judge how ill advised the opposition to it is.

NEW HAVEN is a progressive town. It has in operation an experimental line of automobile omnibuses, the operation of which is a matter of much interest to all persons who have projects for starting similar lines. The New Haven buses, which are owned by a cab company, were built in Chicago and cost $2000 each. Inside and out they seat twenty-five people, and they run on Orange Street from East Rock to the Union Station. There are three of them. It costs $125 a week to run them. It is expected that as the town fills up this month they will begin to carry passengers enough, at a five-cent fare, to make them profitable. Their defects as vehicles include troubles with rubber tires and a tendency to break down.

Another thing that New Haven has which few towns of her size can boast of is a symphony orchestra. It is five years old, and its continuance has just been assured by a vote of the Yale corporation to assume the financial responsibility for its existence and development in the future. As time goes on and New York gets bigger, New Haven seems likely to develop valuable possibilities as a place of residence for persons who want to live far enough from New York to be out of it and still be near enough to reach it quickly at a push. So long as you live in a suburb you are not out of New York, but New Haven is two hours away, and is a town of strong and vigorous individuality. It would seem bound to do for New York in greater measure than it does at present what Princeton has begun to do—that is, to offer the comforts of life in an interesting small city to New Yorkers of a retiring disposition who do not have to come to town to work.

NEITHER the public nor the doctors seem generally to have reached any conclusion on either of the pending canal questions. It is still under discussion whether it would pay to spend $100,000,000 or any sum whatever in deepening and enlarging the Erie Canal. It is still under discussion whether the Nicaragua or the Panama route is the better for the ship canal that seems inevitable between the Atlantic and Pacific. The voters of New York must decide one of these questions. The voters of the United States may want to have a say as to the other, unless, indeed, it is finally carried through as a private enterprise.

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S church in Boston has excited some of its contemporaries and drawn the attention of the thoughtful generally by calling to be its associate pastor Professor Edward Cummings, of Harvard, who is not a minister at all, but a student and teacher of social problems and a promoter of social reforms. The bonds of creed lie very light on Unitarian clergymen, but still there is novelty in having an acknowledged layman for pastor of a church. Apparently Professor Cummings is very well qualified for the work he has been called to, and if he accepts the call, the precedent is not unlikely to be followed. The development of what is called the institutional side of churches nowadays has gone so far, and is so important, that men who are qualified to manage that department of church work must be as much in request as are preachers of acceptable theology. And after all, if the true pastor is known by his works, rather than by his rhetoric or his professions, it is possible that that method of demonstrating

is illustrated by the renomination of Congressman Boutelle to the seat which he has long held with distinction. Since last December Mr. Boutelle's mind has been affected and he has been under treatment in a hospital. It seems to be uncertain what his condition is or whether he will recover, but there seems to be very little doubt of his re-election by the usual large majority.

Maine is famous for keeping able men in Congress. It seems to be understood that Maine Congressmen shall keep their seats as long as they are worthy and their constituents can elect them. The result has been that Maine is always ably represented by men of commanding influence who have learned the business of legislation by years of experience. It is said that Boutelle's nomination is really the expression of the attachment of his friends who know that he needs his salary and fear that it would kill him to be set aside. They remember his past services and present needs. His Democratic opponent is not making an active campaign, but is quoted as saying that for him to beat himself would be a violation of political etiquette. "If I made a move to secure the election," he has said, "the people here would double Mr. Boutelle's plurality."

NO American who observes that the work of thrashing the Boers is now almost complete, and who wishes to believe that whatever is, is right, should fail to read, in September HARPER'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Julian Ralph's discourse about "The Tenten Tog of War." It is a most interesting setting forth of his impressions of the South-African war. He makes clearer than they have been made before the extraordinary topographical conditions which enabled the Boers to make such an extraordinary showing at the start. When Mr. Ralph first got back to London from South Africa he wrote pretty dismally about the war, but now his spirits are somewhat better, and his sentiments more earnestly pro-British than ever. He dwells upon "the extraordinary magnanimity, forbearance, and leniency" with which the British are treating both the Boers and the disaffected Cape Dutch, and says no Americans could not have matched it. He exhibits the Boers as the ablest liars on earth, and attributes to them sins of treachery, jealousy, and indolence which recommend them to our displeasure. He practically canonizes Lord Roberts, and indeed that seems not difficult, for all accounts agree about "Bobs" that he is a saintly soldier, and as noble in his character as he is wonderful in his achievements.

Mr. Ralph himself, it seems, is far from well yet. The newspapers quoted him the other day as speaking with the utmost disparagement of the condition of his nerves and his general physical state. We must all hope for his restoration to complete vigor, for whatever he writes is good reading, and we need all his reasonableness about the righteousness and general propriety of the recent conduct of our British brethren in South Africa.

MR. RALPH'S article has one depressing effect. It recalls how very difficult it is to get at the rights of questions that arise, or occurrences that happen, about 10,000 miles away. Mr. Ralph instinctively presents the case in South Africa as that of a devoted band of courteous Christian British gentlemen resisting with profound contempt the accomplishment of a treacherous project of the malignant Boers. The British have been at work, he says expressly, on "the new problem which the Boers last October challenged them to master or retire from Africa." We read Mr. Ralph's piece, and sympathize with all he says and feel as he does; but presently there comes along a piece from Mr. R. H. Davis, or some other good writer, who has been with the Boers, and seen and heard their side, and who can tell a story about as well as Mr. Ralph. With him, too, we have to sympathize, even though he calls the war a crime, and finds the British sometimes ungentle, and insists that some Boers are patriots. Truly the little learning that the superficial reader of periodicals gets about such affairs as those in the Transvaal or the Philippines is a dangerous thing, and makes for perplexity and unsettled opinions.

LUMBERMEN are cutting down the big trees of California. The Mariposa Grove is protected, but a report lately made to the Department of Agriculture says that most of the other groves are in process or danger of being logged. The finest of all, the Calaveras Grove, which has the biggest trees, came into possession of a lumberman last April. Some of these trees are from 4000 to 5000 years old; older than the Pyramids and most of the temples in Egypt. Congress can save these groves by making national parks of them, and an effort will be made to have it done next winter. But it will have to be done quickly if it is to succeed. It comes near being sacrilege to put these venerable monsters through lumber-mills. Every month nowadays some of them come down.

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many amentees opened an entire ammy be insinuatin' that all Dimmycrats was liars, horse-thieves, an' anarchists. 'Tis thrue he apologized f'r that be explainin' that he didn't mean all Dimmycrats, but on'y those that wudden't vote f'r Mack, but I think he'll take th' copper off before manny weeks. A ladin' Dimmycratic rayformer has suggested that Mack, though a good man f'r an idjiot, is surrounded be th' vilest scoundhrels iver seen in public life since th' days iv Joolyus Caesar. Th' Sicrety iv th' Threasury has declared that Mr. Bryan in sayin' that silver is not convartible be th' terms iv th' Slatthry bankin' law iv 1870, an' th' sicond clause iv th' threaty iv Gansville, has committed th' onpard'nable pollytical sin iv so consthructin' th' facts as to open up th' possibility iv wan not knowin' th' thrue position iv affairs, misundherstandin' intirely. If he had him outside he'd call him a liar. Th' Raypublicans have proved that Willum Jennings Bryan is a thraitor be th' letther written be Dr. Lem Stoggins, th' cillybrated anti thought agytator iv Spunten Duyvil to Aggynaldoo, in which he calls upon him to do nawthin' till he hears fr'm th' doc. Th' letther was sint through th' postal authorities, an' as they have established no post office in Aggynaldoo's hat, they cudden't deliver it, an' they opened it. Upon r-readin' th' letther Horace Plog, iv White House, Minnesota, has wrote to Willum Jennings Bryan declarin' that if he (Plog) iver wint to th' Philippeens, which he wud've done but f'r th' way th' oats was sproutin' in th' stack, an' had been hit with a bullet, he'd expect th' coroner to hold Bryan to th' gran' jury. This was followed be th' publication iv a letther fr'm Oscar L. Swub, iv East Persepolis, Ohio, declarin' that his sister knew a cousin iv th' man that wash'd buggies in a livery-stable in Canton say Mack's hired man tol' him Mack'd be hanged before he'd withdhraw th' army fr'm Cuba.

"Oh, I guess th' campaign is doin' as well as cud be expected. I see be th' Raypublican pa-apers that Andhrew Carnegie has come out f'r Bryan, and has conthributed wan-half iv his income or five hundhred millyon dollars to th' campaign fund. In th' Dimmycratic pa-apers I r-read that Chairman Jim Jones has inthercepted a letther fr'm th' Prince iv Wales to Mack congratulatin' him on his appintmint as gintleman in waitin' to th' Queen. A dillygation iv Mormons has started fr'm Dimmycratic headquarthers to thank Mack f'r his manly stand in favor iv poly-gamy, an' th' Raypublican comity has undher consideration a letther fr'm long-term criminals advisin' their collagues at large to vote f'r Willum Jennings Bryan, th' frind iv crime.

"In a few short weeks, Hinnissy, 'twill not be safe f'r ayther iv th' candydates to come out on th' fr-ront porch till th' waitin' dillygations has been sarched be a polisman. 'Tis th' divvle's own time th' lads that r-runs f'r th' Prisidincy has since that ol' boy Burchard broke loose again' James G. Blaine. Sinitor Jones calls wan iv his thrusty hinchmen to his side, an' says he: 'Mike, put on a pigtail an' a blue shirt, an' take a dillygation iv Chinnymen out to Canton an' congrathlate Mack on th' murdher iv mission'ries in China. An',' he says, 'ye might stop off at Cincinnati on th' way over an' arrange f'r a McKinley an' Roosenfelt club to illet th' British consul its prisidint, an' attack th' office iv th' German newspaper,' he says. Mark Hanna rings f'r his sicrety, an' says he: 'Have ye got off th' letther fr'm George Fred Willums advisin' Aggynaldoo to pizen th' wells?' 'Yes, sir.' 'An' th' secret communication fr'm Bryan found on an arnychist at Patherson askin' him to blow up th' White House?' 'It's in th' hands iv th' type-writer.' 'Thin call up an employmint agency an' have a dillygation iv Jesuites dhrop in at Lincoln, with a message fr'm th' Pope proposin' to burn all Protestant churches the night before iliction.'

"I tell ye, Hinnissy, th' candydate is kept movin'. Whin he sees a dillygation pikin' up th' lawn he must be r-ready. He makes a flyin' leap f'r th' chairman, seizes him be th' throat, an' says: 'I thank ye f'r th' kind sintimints ye have conveyed. I am, indeed, as ye have remarked, th' riprisintative iv th' party iv manhood, honor, courage, liberality, an' American thraditions. Take that back to Jimmy Jones an' tell him to put it in his pipe an' smoke

* Copyright, 1900, by Robert Howard Russell.

Bryan has a pitcher took in th' act iv puttin' on a shirt marked with th' union label, an' they're another photygraph iv Mack carryin' a scuttle iv coal up th' cellar stairs. An' did ye iver notice how much th' candydates looks alike, an' how much both iv thim looks like Lydia Pinkham? Thim wondherful boardin'-house smiles that our gifted leaders wears, did ye iver see anythin' so enthrancin'? Whin th' las' photygrapher has packed his ar-rms homeward, I can see th' gr-reat men retirin' to their rooms an' lettin' their faces down f'r a few minyits before puttin' thim up again in curl pa-apers f'r th' nex' day display. Glory be, what a relief 'twill be f'r wan iv thim to raysume permanently th' savage ol' fam'ly breakfast face th' mornin' afther iliction! What a relief 'twill be to know f'r sure that th' man at th' dure-bell is on'y th' gas-collector, an' isn't loaded with a speech iv thanks in behalf iv th' Spanish govermint! What a relief to snarl at wife an' frinds wanst more, to smoke a segar with th' thrust magnate that owns th' cidar facthry near th' station, to take ye'er nap in th' afthernoon undisthurbed be th' chirp iv th' snap-shot! 'Tis th' day afther iliction I'd like f'r to be a candydate, Hinnissy, no matther how it wint."

"An' what's become iv th' Vice-Prisidintial candydates?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "th' las' I heerd iv Adly, I didn't hear annythin', an' th' las' I heerd iv Tiddy he'd made application to th' naytional comity f'r th' use iv Mack as a soundin'-board."

F. P. Dunne.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[Adv.]

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[T]HE season of stump-speaking has arrived. Mr. Bryan, as the head of the Democratic forces and their allies, has begun his speaking trip, and Governor Roosevelt, the spokesman of the Republican national ticket, has started on his extended Western trip, which will last until late in October. Both Colonel Bryan and Governor Roosevelt practically began their campaigning from the same platform, in Chicago on Labor Day. They reviewed the procession together, drove to the speakers' stand together, and were greeted by the cheers of the working-men who passed in review. It was understood that the speeches were to be strictly non-partisan. Governor Roosevelt spoke first, because he had to get an early train back to the East to attend the Republican State Convention at Saratoga. In his address he made one pointed reference to the prosperity of the country, and that was the only utterance which by any possible inference could be termed political. On the other hand, Colonel Bryan, while not mentioning politics directly, made what might be called a political speech, inasmuch as he referred to Militarism, Imperialism, and other living issues of his party. Whether Colonel Bryan violated the proprieties of the occasion is a question of good or bad taste.

Great crowds greeted both Colonel Bryan and Governor Roosevelt at the very outset of their journeys, and Governor Roosevelt, being the greater novelty of the two as a speaker, probably had the better of the rivalry. Colonel Bryan can no longer be regarded as a novelty in stump-speaking, and it was noted as soon as he appeared in the mountain State of West Virginia, where he really began his active campaigning, that he did not draw the crowds which greeted him there four years ago. The crowds that greeted Colonel Roosevelt were limited by their abilities to get near him.

ANOTHER indication that the national campaign is on in earnest is the fact that what might be called the preliminary elections are practically over. On the Democratic side Arkansas has spoken, and on the Republican side Vermont has registered her opinion on the issues of the day. As this copy of the WEEKLY goes to its readers the Maine election is being held, and that will be the end of the voting until the votes are cast for Presidential electors in all of the States in the first week in November. Arkansas gave a plurality of about 40,000 for the Democratic State ticket. There was opposition by the Populists and Republicans, and in addition Mr. Jeff Davis, the Attorney-General of the State, and famous warrior against all manner of trusts, who ran for Governor on the Democratic ticket, was not over-popular. The consequence was that the Republicans made notable gains, and actually carried several counties, one of which was that in which Chairman Jones of the National Democratic Committee resides.

The returns from Vermont show that the Republicans carried the State by 31,500. Four years ago they carried it by about 38,000. Only two years ago, however, their majority was reduced to 23,000. The result, like the result in Arkansas, was not entirely satisfactory to the dominant party in the State. Nevertheless, inasmuch as these elections are considered as straws showing the direction of the political wind, the Republicans regarded the figures from Vermont as a sure indication of victory in November, but not by the enormous pluralities that were rolled up in the Eastern States in 1896. The Republicans expect to lose somewhat in the East, because of the return of many of the Gold Democrats to the Democratic party, and because of the agitation over the so-called Anti-Imperialism issue, but they also expect to make great gains and heavy inroads on the Democratic ranks in the States west of the Mississippi.

Inasmuch as the results in Arkansas and Vermont are practically non-decisive, the returns from Maine are waited with considerable interest and anxiety by the managers on both sides.

THE Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gage, declared recently in an interview that Colonel Bryan, if he were elected President, could put the country practically on a free-silver basis without any direct legislation, by beginning to pay off "coin obligations" of the country in silver. He also declared that this would completely demoralize the business interests of the country. Mr. Carl Schurz, who this year is supporting Colonel Bryan because of the Anti-Imperialism issue, and who four years ago supported Mr. McKinley because of the free-silver issue, replied to Secretary Gage, endeavoring to point out that Mr. Gage was entirely wrong. He said that if Bryan were elected President, the Republicans would still control Congress until March 4 next, and in that time could pass legislation which would tie Mr. Bryan's hands, inasmuch as the National Senate would probably remain Republican and be for the gold standard in its political make-up. To this contention of Mr. Schurz, Secretary Gage has replied by saying that if Mr. Bryan were elected his supporters in Congress, in both Houses, would be justified in ... Mr. Schurz, although supporting Mr. Bryan, was frankly relying upon Mr. McKinley and the Republicans in Congress for protection of the business interests against the party he is supporting. Mr. Gage in his letter to Mr. Schurz said:

"May I not suggest that the way to secure safety is not to take power from those upon whom you rely for protection and confer it upon those whose action you may have good reason to dread?"

Mr. Gage also pointed out that if the Democrats should carry the election this year it would be regarded as a mandate of the people, and the Republicans in Congress would not feel justified in "jamming through" legislation hostile to the expressed will of the people. Mr. Gage said the election of Colonel Bryan would be a positive menace to the business interests of the country, and that in calling attention to it he did not think that the business community had been "unnecessarily disquieted," as Mr. Schurz had asserted.

STILL another indication that the campaign has reached a stage of activity is the fact that numerous State conventions are being held and tickets are being placed in the field in various States preliminary to the hard work of the last six weeks of the battle. In New York State the Republicans have held their State convention and have nominated Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., for Governor, and have renominated Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff. The other

GOV. ROOSEVELT SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. BRYAN ON THE REVIEWING STAND AT THE LABOR DAY PARADE, CHICAGO

Photograph by [illegible]. Copyright applied for

State officers were renominated. The convention was characterized by every evidence of harmony. Former Governor Frank S. Black, who four years ago defeated Mr. Odell for the nomination for Governor, and who latterly has not been on good terms with Senator Platt and the party managers, made the nominating speech. Governor Roosevelt hurried back from Chicago to commend the work of the convention, and especially to see to it that the strong points of his own administration, notably the passage of the franchise tax law, were not ignored. It is well known that Mr. Odell really did not desire the nomination, and also that Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff really wished to become State chairman rather than accept the third nomination for the second office of importance on the State ticket. The wishes of Senator Platt prevailed, however, and the general sentiment of the party was that the strongest candidates had been named.

In Connecticut the Republicans also held their State convention and nominated George P. McLean for Governor. The canvass preliminary to the convention indicated that the sessions would be stormy, because the Bulkeley and the Fessenden factions were at swords' points. However, now that the convention is over, there are promises that the factional hostility will be forgotten and that the party will try to equal its majority for McKinley four years ago.

UP to this time in the campaign the Republicans have had practically a monopoly of "distinguished converts" in the party rivalry. Many men of note and of influence extending far beyond the borders of their own States have left the Democratic party and have declared themselves for McKinley. There have been almost no "distinguished converts" to leave the ... President of Washington and Lee University, former Postmaster-General in Mr. Cleveland's second term, and the author and sponsor of the famous Wilson tariff bill. Mr. Wilson is in bad health, and sent a letter announcing his purpose to support Bryan to a meeting in Cumberland, Maryland, where Mr. Bryan spoke.

If it be true that Mr. Olney has gone over to the Bryan side, the accession of himself and Mr. Wilson to the free-silver wing of the party is an event of high importance in "distinguished convert" announcements. They have not left the Republican party, it is true, but they have done the next thing to it—left the Gold Democrats, the active allies in 1896 of the Republicans. The importance and influence of this accession somewhat overshadow the importance of the gain to the Republicans of General Palmer, the Gold Democratic candidate for President in 1896, who has come out for McKinley.

Another man whose declaration of support of Mr. Bryan has attracted some attention is Bishop Henry M. Turner, the negro leader of Atlanta. Bishop Turner has long been known in political parlance as a "sorehead." He has taken the treatment of his race very much to heart, and has been a determined supporter of so-called impracticable colonization schemes. He has not had a large following in the negro race, and his influence is not to be compared, for example, with that exercised by a man like Booker Washington.

Still another man to come out for Bryan openly, after much hinting and many mysterious shakes of his head, is United States Senator Wellington of Maryland, who appeared on the platform with Mr. Bryan on September 4 in Cumberland, Maryland, and announced his bitter hostility to President McKinley and his administration. Mr. Wellington insisted that he was still a Republican and had not become a Democrat, but under no conditions could he support William McKinley. The meeting was held in Mr. Wellington's home town, but he was hissed repeatedly during his speech, notwithstanding that fact. Mr. Wellington and the National Administration have not been friendly for fully two years, and the enmity on Mr. Wellington's part began when he felt that he had not received fair treatment in the distribution of party plums.

These accessions to Bryan from the Gold Democratic and Republican ranks are offset somewhat by an announcement made in the *North American Review* for September by the Hon. Melville E. Ingalls, president of the "Big Four" railroad system, and a Democrat of many years by natural tendencies and associations. Mr. Ingalls is really a Gold Democrat. As a business man he finds it absolutely impossible to support Colonel Bryan. In his article in the *North American Review* he says:

"The American farmer is selling for 37½ cents a bushel of corn which costs him 15 cents to produce. His wheat and cotton, his beef and pork, are selling at profitable prices. He is spending his money in luxuries and enjoying himself. The laborer is to-day receiving more wages than he ever received before, and he is receiving them in a currency that is good all over the world. The safety of the American republic is not menaced by a bogie crowned with an imperial diadem of straw. Now as in 1896 the real issue is in the silver danger. The coming test of the silver question at the polls must in all human probability be the final one. The American people do not like experiments with their currency, their school-houses, their churches, or their savings-banks."

A distinguished Democrat of Michigan, Judge William Newton, of Flint, who was elected Circuit Judge on the Democratic ticket in 1882, and also refused an appointment on the Supreme Court bench, has declared his intention of voting for McKinley. He says that Bryan is right on the silver question, but "everlastingly wrong" on the matter of expansion. Judge Newton regards the expansion issue as foremost, and for that reason will vote for McKinley.

THE national committee of the Populist party has issued an urgent appeal to all the members of the party to vote for Bryan and Stevenson. The address declares that although it has gone to other parties for its nominees it is "on the very eve of victory." There is some alarm among the Populists, especially in Nebraska and North Carolina, over the nomination of Stevenson for Vice-President, and there is said to be good reason to fear that Bryan may lose Nebraska because the out-and-out Populists object to the Stevenson nomination, and are inclined to support Barker and Donnelly, the nominees of the Middle-of-the-road Populists. National Chairman Hanna of the Republicans has gone West to take charge of the campaign in Chicago. The National Civil Service Reform Association has appealed to both Chairmen Jones and Hanna to prevent the levying of political assessments on government employees. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has published an article declaring that Chairman Jones is one of the twenty-six millionaires of Arkansas, and that he has acquired his great wealth in the last four years because he is the moving power in the round cotton bale trust.

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MISS MARVIN,
Winner of the Approaching Contest

THE GALLERY.

MRS BETTLE,
Winner of the Putting Contest.

MISS GRISCOM DRIVING

MISS FRANCES C. GRISCOM, CHAMPION 1900

MISS MAXWELL,
Winner of Driving Contest

MISS CURTIS DRIVING.

MISS GRISCOM IN A BUNKER.

FINISH OF THE HOYT-FOX MATCH.

WATCHING THE PUTTING CONTEST.

FIFTH ANNUAL WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES, SHINNECOCK HILLS GOLF CLUB, AUGUST 28—SEPTEMBER 1, 1900.

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UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. XII. DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

One day, near the Algerian Village, Rafe and Uncle Jeff saw an iceman unloading ice from an ice-cart into the street, when along came some wild Dahomeyans, who began inspecting it as if they had never seen anything of that sort before. "What do you s'pose they think it is, Uncle Jeff?" asked Rafe. "Oh," said Uncle Jeff, "I reckon they thank it's a ton of 'lectricity he's deliverin' for the 'lectric light plant!"

William Nicholson

IN times like the present, when the chief chronicles of a weekly periodical have to do with disturbances both political and social, it is a pleasant task to record an incident wholly connected with a world at peace. For a year or two the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have been regaled with notes of warfare, with comments upon political issues, and with arguments in which the strenuous life that involves physical rather than intellectual progress have held a dominant part. To deviate for a moment from the prevailing note of the hour, and to speak of the coming to America of an artist who has made his mark in pursuits outside of the realm of Mars, who courts the Muses rather than the Furies, is a relief. We print upon this page a portrait of Mr. William Nicholson, who perhaps more than any other illustrator of his time has distinguished himself by the strength and vigor and originality of his brush. In a bygone day had Rowlandson, or Gilray, or Cruikshank, or Leech, or Du Maurier chosen to come among us, the world which is familiar with the work of these masters would have profited largely, because the horizon of the men whose names have become synonyms of that which is fine and lasting and good would have been considerably widened. We have always regretted that the many and varied phases of life which are to be met with in this land of ours did not appeal sufficiently to the great illustrators of England to warrant them in making a visit to our shores, however brief that visit might have been. Du Maurier's picturings of American society would undoubtedly have proven of interest to all; Cruikshank's illustrations to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would have taken on a new and more vital quality had Cruikshank studied the characters of that book at close range; and John Leech, the master of humorous delineation of life, would have found here an inexhaustible field for the exercise of his wonderful gifts.

Equally strong with the illustrators named, in his especial line, is Mr. Nicholson, who is the first of the English picture-makers to make the journey across the seas, and it is a matter of particular satisfaction to the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY that Mr. Nicholson has come here in behalf of this periodical. For three or four years past Mr. Nicholson's work has been, because of that quality of originality which has been characteristic of the best that has been produced in England, very much in demand by those who recognize the genius which dares to be itself, and which never imitates. There is many an American home in which Mr. Nicholson's simple but wonderfully true and wonderfully new and wonderfully convincing portraits of celebrities, from Queen to Soldier, and from Soldier to Painter, are hanging to-day. The precise appeal which his work makes is hard to define, but that the appeal is made is certain. When, for instance, the famous portrait of the Queen of England appeared, one felt that this was a courageous bit of realism for a Londoner; when Mr. Nicholson's portrait of Whistler appeared, one was inclined to think Mr. Nicholson was a caricaturist; but those who were familiar with the architectural beauties of the famous though expatriated American knew that, for the first time in his life, Mr. Whistler had been reduced to simple lines, and that in the portrait the man himself stood before them. And without taking any undue credit to ourselves, desiring only to felicitate the artist upon the wholly satisfactory quality of his work, we may add that Mr. Nicholson's portrait of Mr. McKinley, which appeared in this periodical at the time of the President's renomination, was the most distinctively original contribution to the world of portraiture that we have had in this country for many a day.

Like all men who strike a new and hitherto undreamed of method of doing an old thing, Mr. Nicholson has met with a pronounced opposition, and a drastic sort of adverse criticism which might have put a quietus upon the ambition of a less determined man. That early discouragement did not affect his sense of that which was set out for him to do is a matter upon which all who know what is good should congratulate themselves, and that at last the artist has secured the recognition to which his talents have entitled him reflects credit not only upon him, but on the discriminating taste of the great public.

Mr. Nicholson is to remain in this country for about three months, during which time he will study the movements of a selected number of distinguished Americans, including Governor Roosevelt, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Croker, and Senator Hanna, among our political luminaries; Mr. Edison, Joseph Jefferson, and others among our men of action outside of the political arena; with now and then some particular light whose portrait commands entrance into the series of the truly eminent. These efforts will be among the interesting features to be published in the WEEKLY during the coming months. They will be strictly American in their interest, and it is our confident expectation that they will meet with a reception commensurate to their merit.

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ARTHUR SEWALL.

Born Nov. 8, 1835. Died Sept. 5, 1900.

Beautifying the City with Trees

THE movement to beautify New York residential districts with shade and ornamental trees has already borne fruits, which were particularly emphasized by the exercises of Arbor day in the various public schools of Manhattan and the Bronx, and, though unpleasant comparisons of the shadeless streets of the metropolis with the tree-embowered thoroughfares of Boston, Buffalo, and other cities may still be made, the progress in recent years has been sufficient to cause some satisfaction. The Tree Planting Association has continually agitated the question of planting more trees, and, through its efforts, and the instructions for transplanting the trees as they will live issued by it, many streets are to-day clothed with the soft green of the maple, tulip, and horse-chestnut. The association was incorporated in 1896, with ex-Mayor Strong as its first president, and hundreds of trees have been planted under its auspices since its organization. Altogether over a thousand trees have been planted in the city through the instrumentality of the association, and private property-owners desiring to plant trees in front of their residences are furnished free with all the information and instruction necessary to make the work a success.

It is commonly said that Manhattan Island offers the greatest amount of unfavorable conditions for the growth of young trees of almost any American city, and sewer gases, electric-light wires, narrow streets, and a very unstable climate combine to make the life of trees decidedly uncertain. Nevertheless, the city boasts of some of the oldest shade trees in existence in this country, and they are notably fine as venerable relics of a time when Manhattan was the home of old Knickerbocker families. The old trees planted by Alexander Hamilton on Washington Heights are not the oldest in the city. The two old English yew-trees that stand in front of the Low Memorial Library of Columbia University, and were transplanted from the old college site in Fiftieth Street, were imported more than a century ago. Then there is a fine elm in front of the old Van Buren house, on Fourteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, in the very heart of the shopping district, which has been a landmark for upward of a century. The tree is one of the finest specimens of its kind in this part of the country, and its noble height and ample girth testify to the fact that trees can reach a venerable age even in the uncongenial climate and soil of New York.

There are other notable trees, of half a century or more, growing in Washington Square, and in the vicinity of the old-time fashionable district of St. John's Park. The movement to clothe the streets of the lower part of the city with trees is more difficult than that in the upper sections. Extensive improvements in the parks of the newer sections of Manhattan and the Bronx naturally stimulate private property-owners to co-operate with the public authorities in adding new shade trees to the streets and avenues. In the parks of the Bronx more than 12,000 trees and shrubs are to be planted, and along the gorge through which the Bronx River flows, an Alpine garden of some 2500 trees and plants of various countries will soon be set out. All these extensive improvements in tree and shrub planting serve to make private individuals ambitious to develop the arboreal resources of their streets. G. E. W.

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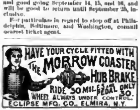

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tical effect of the election ... to hesitate. There have been a considerable reaction and quieting down from the industrial and commercial activity of last year, which extended well into the spring of this year, and the process of recovery is apt to be slow if not painful, and it is upon this process that the uncertainties of the political situation weigh somewhat heavily—enough at least to hinder and delay. This might not be the case if it were not for the financial issue which has been forced to the front again by the insistence of the Democratic platform and Presidential candidate in threatening to overthrow the gold standard if a chance be given. Few believe that it could be done, and many doubt whether it would be attempted, but no believer in the vast importance of maintaining the sound financial policy which the present administration has established can dare to intrust its maintenance to its avowed opponents. The mere dread of what they might do, even by sheer blundering, would have a paralyzing effect upon the vastly extended system of credit upon which the business interests of the country depend. On the other issues of the campaign, so far as they have any practical bearing, there is no such difference between the parties as to give them serious consequence in comparison with this.

Apart from this political cloud, the omens ought, on the whole, to be regarded as favorable to a resumption of the career of prosperity, which has been checked since last spring, but at a more moderate and steady and therefore a safer pace. The period of alarming crop reports is well past, and, while the supplies of wheat and corn will not equal those of the last year or two, and that of cotton will not be materially increased from last year, the volume for export will still be large, and prices promise to be better than before. Present estimates of the cotton crop put it at about 9,500,000 bales, and supplies now on hand are unusually small. There is a good deal of concern in the Lancashire district over the prospect of still higher prices and difficulty in getting sufficient material.

The situation in the iron and steel industries has not become settled yet. There have been reports of further curtailment of production and concession in prices at some points, and of symptoms of recovery at others. The only product that has been kept up is steel rails, and the result has been an almost complete stoppage of the demand, and, incidentally, a refusal of the railroads to modify the rates for transportation from Pittsburg to the seaboard to facilitate the export of steel and iron. Among the current reports is one that the American Steel and Wire Company, which was the first to proclaim that the business was overdone last spring, is to branch out into structural steel manufacturing, investing $3,000,000 in a new plant at Waukegan, Illinois. Some of the Cleveland mills of the same company, which were closed from June 1, have resumed work. The indications are that the furnaces, foundries, and rolling mills will be gradually getting into operation during the autumn on something like the former scale, but on a lower level of profits.

Among the latest reports of preparations for supplying Europe with coal is one to the effect that a syndicate which has been buying up large stretches of coal land is going to have a fleet of sailing vessels specially built for the traffic to avoid the heavy cost of ocean transportation by steamers. Just at this time the workmen in the anthracite region, incited by an association of bituminous coal miners, have been demanding higher wages and better conditions under a threat of a strike involving over 140,000 men, and the demand has been definitely refused.

There has b..n no notable change in the money or stock markets either at home or abroad, the general condition in stocks being one of continued dulness everywhere. Bank clearings for August, in this country, were the lightest in many months, though the falling off was chiefly in the money centres of the East. In fact, there was a slight increase in the rest of the country, except the South, in comparison with last year. The demand upon New York for funds to start the moving of crops has scarcely been felt yet, almost the only indication being a transfer of $130,000 to New Orleans to start the cotton movement.

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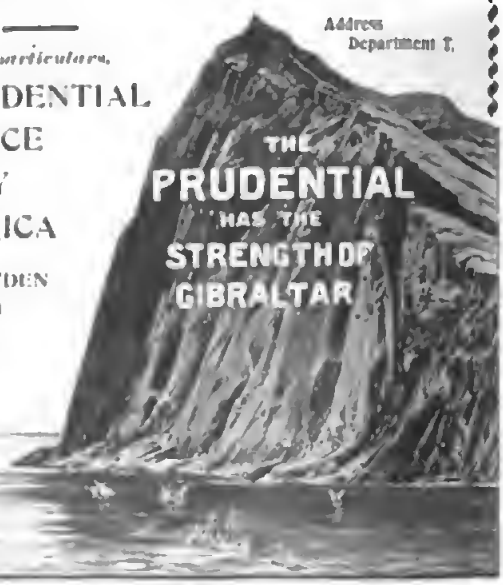

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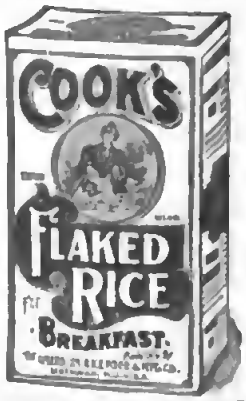

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THE DESTRUCTION OF GALVESTON.

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The President's Letter

THE letter of President McKINLEY to Senator LODGE, in which he formally accepts the Republican nomination for a second term of the Presidential office, is a valuable contribution to contemporary history. Of unquestioned force as a campaign document, vigorous, courageous, clear, cogent in argument, and convincing in its simple sincerity, it nevertheless rises above the mission for which it was primarily designed, and in all candor may be set down as a review of political conditions which with scarcely a change might well be incorporated into the more permanent form in which the historians' labors are usually presented to the public. The President in its preparation has seemed to realize that in making a brief for the Republican party the strongest and best method lay in a plain statement of exact facts, marshalling these in such fashion that their significance could not fail to be perfectly obvious to an intelligent mind, and phrasing them in periods so free from obscuring terms that even a child might understand them. One cannot but be impressed in reading the letter that it is rather the expression of a statesman upon matters vitally affecting the welfare of the nation than the bid of a candidate for a high public office desirous of winning the confidence of the electors. It is this fact that makes of the letter one of the most remarkable documents, if not actually the most notable of its kind, that has ever issued from the White House. It is due to this fact that the letter comes upon the President's opponents with overwhelming force, and has for the time being carried demoralization into their ranks. It is largely because of this fact that the letter has already resulted in a stiffening all along of the Republican lines, the results of which will manifest themselves in no uncertain way on the 6th of November. The letter has inspired confidence by its obvious sincerity, and there can be no doubt that many minds that have hitherto been vexed and wavering have had their vision cleared and their course made plain by Mr. McKINLEY's convincing presentation of the precise situation.

Of course our Populistic friends and their masquerading allies do not like the letter. This is not important, however, for we do not imagine that it was particularly designed to find favor in their eyes, but the singular feature of their distress over it is that they like least the paragraphs in which the President yields to their clamor and discusses their phantom issue. It was quite a compliment to them that the President should treat so seriously their bogie of Imperialism, and that by doing so he distressed them so deeply is surprising, unless it be that, because of the thoroughness of his treatment of the theme, his compliment has proven too fulsome for their taste. The prevailing note of adverse criticism, however, is that the letter is "long." It doubtless appears so to the Populistic mind. The half-hour necessary to its reading probably stretches out into a whole night of unrelieved horror to those who suffer beneath its subtle lash, and who see going down, one by one, into irrevocable destruction, the unprincipled principles whose triumph is their very heart's desire.

Incidentally, the letter leaves certain gentlemen like the Hon. RICHARD OLNEY and the Hon. CARL SCHURZ in a pitiful predicament. They have swallowed, with scarce a wink, Mr. BRYAN and all his political heresies, and all because of an issue which the simple truth has utterly demolished. Stripped of their refuge in this, they now stand [illegible] Mr. Schurz to escape from the disorganizing forces with which they are now in alliance. The President's letter affords them a chance to set themselves right in the eyes of an astonished public by telling them something which they did not know before. They should make the best of their bad bargain, confess their error, gracefully change their minds again, and bark back to the honorable associations with which they have hitherto been identified.

There would be no disgrace in a scuttle policy of this nature for these gentlemen at this juncture.

An Apology

WE owe Mr. BRYAN an apology, and it is hereby tendered to the eminent Populist. We took him to task somewhat gently last week, because, as we alleged, it was impolite of him to keep over 70,000,000 people waiting four or five weeks for his answer to the *Herald's* pertinent question as to his intentions, if elected to the Presidency, in the matter of supplanting gold with silver. We had overlooked the fact that Mr. BRYAN had already answered the question, and with rather greater promptness than lack of it. Indeed, he answered it in 1896, about four years before it occurred to the *Herald* to ask it, and in these words: "If there is any one who believes the gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it."

This is as definite and as plain an answer as any one could desire, and since Mr. BRYAN has given no sign that his views have been modified by the mellowing processes of his four years of semi-private and semi-military life, we must conclude that as he thought then he thinks now. We may add to those who believe with us that the gold standard is a righteous thing that for once in our lives we find ourselves able to say that Mr. BRYAN's advice in this particular matter is excellent.

Good Advice from Mr. Bryan

ACCORDING to our luminous contemporary which shines for all and which is making matters particularly warm for the Bryanites these September days, the Populist candidate for the Presidency, at Cambridge, Ohio, recently said, "If the working-man does not know how to vote in order to hurt the trusts, he should watch the Trust Magnates vote and then vote the other way." Much good advice is to be found in this utterance. The chief difficulty in many States, however, lies in the secrecy of the ballot. We wish that for once the polling might be open as of yore, so that the working-men could gather together and watch Mr. RICHARD CROKER, Chief of the Tammany Voting Trust, and Mr. ROBERT A. VAN WYCK, the iceman par excellence of the hour, casting their ballots for BRYAN and STEVENSON. If the working-men would follow Mr. BRYAN's advice and vote the other way—and we think most of them will do so—it would be worth while to exempt these two men from the provisions of the ballot laws of the State of New York, and let them give a public exhibition of their exercise of the franchise in the Madison Square Garden.

The State Campaign

THE gubernatorial situation in the State of New York is a lugubrious affair altogether, as affairs conducted by proxy almost invariably are. It is definitely understood now, a month and a half before election, that upon the expiration of Governor ROOSEVELT's term the State is to be governed by long-distance telephone either from the United States Senate-Chamber at Washington, or from the wigwam on Fourteenth Street, New York, instead of from the Executive Mansion at Albany. Antipholus of Tioga and his twin brother of Tammany have raised the curtain upon the first act of their "Comedy of Errors," and the two Dromios of their selection are now before the audience—estimable, honest Dromios, no doubt; alike in character, mental equipment, and [illegible] far as we are aware they are both persons of eminent respectability, and it has been the testimony of history that when a respectable American finds himself in a position of responsibility he is usually able to meet such emergencies as may arise to test his courage and to try his strength, unless there is some restraining influence which retards his development. Unfortunately, however, there is little chance that the masters of the situation will oblige the public by disappearing from their respective spheres of influence even for a little while, and the people of the State of New York may as well make up their minds to the inevitable fact that for two years from January 1, 1901 the title of the chief officer of the Commonwealth is to be Vice-Governor, and that the real head of affairs is to be either THOMAS C. PLATT or RICHARD CROKER.

The Galveston Horror

THE appalling disaster at Galveston is without a parallel in the history of American cities. The Johnstown flood and the Charleston earthquake are the nearest approach to it in magnitude that we recall. Awful as these were, they are far surpassed in sheer horror by the dreadful visitation which has been inflicted upon the Texas city. It would seem as if every conceivable dread circumstance had combined to add to the misery and woe of it all. Wind, water, and fire were bad enough without the horrible addition of riot, murder, and theft. The piling up of the newly dead on the streets, in the houses, and on the shores was dreadful enough without the emptying by floods of the cemeteries; and the fearful isolation from the rest of the world which the location of the city rendered inevitable, and which, by preventing immediate relief, prolonged the misery of the survivors, lent an additional horror to a situation already past all bearing.

There never was a time when the sympathy of a large-hearted and generous people for a stricken friend was more thoroughly justified, and it is one of the fine and inspiring spectacles of our day, said to be sordid and full of greed, to see the quick response which the American people, from one end of the country to the other, have made to the piteous cry for help that has come up out of the South-land. Money, medicine, food, drink, clothing—all things that the sufferers need are pouring in upon them in unstinted measure, and the heart swells as one watches the tender solicitude of the whole land for its afflicted ones.

It is a blessed privilege to be a citizen of a republic made up of such people, and to be allied to hearts so large, so generous, and so true.

In Answer to a Correspondent

"WHY does HARPER'S WEEKLY treat the question of Imperialism with contempt and ridicule?" asks a reader. Because it is contemptible and ridiculous. It is contemptible because it is in its mainsprings insincere. It is a bogie constructed to frighten the timid, and is being made use of by a party which stands for everything which is essentially subversive of good government as a cloak under which its leaders may creep into power and put their pernicious doctrines into operation.

It is ridiculous because some of its most vociferous agitators make everything to which they ally themselves absurd, but it is not by any means a joke. An Englishman was once asked what he thought of a certain witticism in *Punch*. His reply was, "That is not a joke; it is an unmitigated lie."

This seems to us to be the Imperialistic situation in a nutshell, and while truth must ultimately prevail, there are times when mendacity must be treated with the contempt and ridicule it deserves, lest it achieve a temporary triumph. We have been going through such a period this past summer, and for that reason HARPER'S WEEKLY has endeavored to show the false question in its true light.

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During century, the tendency of events has been unquestionably toward transferring the vortex of human activity and progress from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. Prior to that time the great republic, guarded by the then almost impassable ocean from interference by aggressive nations of the Old World, was able to work out its own destiny, and, in the Monroe doctrine, declared its intention of doing so in unmistakable terms. The commonwealth was still in its infancy. Republican institutions were not looked upon with any great favor by monarchs just recovering from the upheaval caused by the French Revolution, and dreading the resuscitation of demands for political rights. The threatening aspect of this scarcely veiled ill favor on the part of European governments was enhanced by the foreign-owned colonies on the American continent, which, to a certain degree, assailed the protection afforded by the Atlantic Ocean. The long and defenceless coast-line of the United States; its scanty population, whose principal occupations, agriculture and commerce, demanded peaceful development—all these conditions rendered the Monroe doctrine deservedly popular. Candor compels the admission that the foundation of the present prosperity of the United States, and the power attached to wealth, was laid, in a great extent, by the policy embodied in the famous declaration.

On the other hand, it is an irrefutable fact that, since the beginning of the world's history, such human energy as we express by the words progress and civilization has uniformly moved its vortex in a westerly direction. This movement, originating in Asia, gathered impetus as ages rolled by, until, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, it attained an unheard of momentum. It was remarkable, to say the least, that the republic, flinging to the breeze its banner with the inscription, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, should feel an impulse to batter down the wall of isolation of an Oriental people. Nor was it less remarkable that the youngest nation of the Occident should complete the circle of human energy, by linking the farthest West to Asia, the cradle of civilization. It was, however, decidedly inconsistent with the spirit of the Monroe doctrine and its implied exposition of national rights that the United States compelled Japan to enter into the county of nations. But consistent or inconsistent, the policy met with approval because the interests of American commerce demanded it.

Yet this policy confirmed, even at that early day, the fact that a jacket which fits and becomes a lusty youth may sit uncomfortably and may look ridiculous when the youth expands into manhood. In this case, while this new departure did not exactly lead to "entangling alliances," it caused at once a healthy vocation with other nations. When the flag was grossly insulted by the Lord of Choshiu at Shimonoseki, Commander McDougal of the United States sloop-of-war *Wyoming* obtained satisfaction by destroying Choshiu's incipient fleet; and when international interests demanded that the same noble be taught to respect peaceable ships of friendly nations, the United States was represented by the chartered steamer *Ta Kiang*.

The civil war prevented the Union from at once taking the rank in international affairs due to its wealth and geographical position. The United States of 1865 was no longer that of the fifties. Commerce was ruined, and agriculture alone was no outlet to the energy of the people. Manufacturing, hitherto of minor consideration, was largely engaged in, and gradually assumed greater importance. The policy of the government was, rightly, to encourage new industries, with the natural result that whereas agriculture necessarily remains an important source of national wealth, its interests are subordinate to manufacturing, with its more diffused and specular returns.

Thirty years of this policy, excluding the second administration of President Cleveland, have made of the United States what it is to-day, one of the foremost industrial nations. The tireless energy of its manufacturers and middle-men scatters American productions in every nook and corner of the globe. This expansion of the nation's industrial output has brought it to a point where international contact is unavoidable.

The jacket, too tight for the lusty youth of 1850, is a ridiculous misfit for the well-developed man of 1900. The war with Spain caused a great rip; but even without that episode the seams must have given way. Ex-President Cleveland, the pre-eminent peaceman and advocate of the Monroe doctrine, had a hair-breadth escape in the Venezuelan imbroglio, when he decided to stretch it so that it would button. As to the war of 1898, the present Administration cannot be held responsible, since the President did all that was possible to stem the tide of popular clamor. What the Administration did was to accept both the war and its results as facts. It was then and is now felt by all thinkers, regardless of party, that new conditions have arisen, and all equally admit that the results of the war—logical or illogical, according to the ratiocination of the thinker—render a new departure necessary.

History teaches that in all popular assemblies two parties represent the difference in public opinion, progress, the other conservatism. When no distinct line of demarcation exists, from the absence of causes leading to the enunciation of a strongly expressed policy, local disagreements may temporarily obscure the real issue, but it remains in existence, and the slightest convulsion will bring it to the surface. Where it has been concealed for a period longer than usual, its reappearance may lead to the effacing of existing party lines and the drawing of a new, thereby producing new affiliations. Statesmen who in the vigor of manhood were found in the van of progress may find their mental old age incapable of appreciating altered conditions, and with an ominous shake of the head, foretelle dire consequences. As the history of the American people furnishes abundant proof of the truth of this general statement, so the lives of all statesmen, grown old in the service, demonstrate that after reaching a certain age their usefulness is impaired, and their places are taken by another generation grown up in familiarity with existing circumstances.

When the war with Spain was declared in obedience to popular clamor, the two great parties, by the action of their respective members in Congress, died in acclaiming the policy. No sooner was it brought to a successful issue than the line of demarcation was drawn, generally speaking, according to the law of divergence of thought. It pleads well for those members of Congress who disregarded party lines endeared by old associations, to follow the dictates of conscience. Tersely stated, the new party line represents on the one hand, Entering upon the Unknown, i.e., Progress; and on the other, Loyalty to the Past, i.e., Conservatism.

If history teaches anything, it is that conservatism when it prevents initially indicates national decay. As stagnant water breeds the microbe of death, so nature itself preaches action, and in national life action is synonymous with progress. The people of the United States, known for their tireless energy, which possesses the boy not yet out of his teens equally with the man who has reached or passed the allotted threescore years and ten, are expanding constantly. It is by this innate spirit of expansion that the marvellous wealth of our time was created.

"Looking the Farthest West to Asia."

Both parties, then, agree as the necessity of expansion of commerce. Indeed, in this country no party would exist, even for a day, which would curb the increase of business by law or enactment. The question, then, narrows to the discussion if territorial expansion is absolutely necessary to allow full swing to the spirit of enterprise of the people.

In this discussion historical precedents are unavoidable since the theory of protection by tariff at home must be taken into consideration. This is not the place to argue the pros and cons of a protective policy. It is only necessary to deal with facts, and they teach that as the United States assumes the right to forbid competition with its industries in the home market, it cannot deny the same privilege to other nations. That at least is logical.

Of all the continents of the Old World, Asia at this time attracts most attention. More than thirty years ago, a far-sighted American statesman (William H. Seward) wrote:

"Who does not see that henceforth every year European commerce, European politics, European thoughts and European activity, although actually gaining greater force, and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate will nevertheless ultimately sink in importance, while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter?"

This prophecy, as every reader knows, is now being fulfilled. Conservatism, in the case of China's blind adherence to old superstitions is causing the disintegration of that empire, the world's market for many future generations. Two forces, both inimical to the Anglo-Saxon, secretly more hostile to the American than to the Englishman on account of the growing wealth and power of the republic, are now face to face, breathlessly waiting for the moment favorable to fly at each other's throat. England, the late champion of progress, forgetting the traditions to which she owes her greatness, is not in a position to demand and enforce peace. In the approaching struggle between Russia and Japan, the stake is China, and which regardless of the desires of America.

Whatever may be said about the friendship of Russia and Japan for the United States, no American citizen possessed of common-sense but will flout the idea of either nation opening its doors to be flooded by American products, after being convinced that a protective or prohibitive tariff is a short road to national wealth. As well suppose that a merchant will furnish the names of his customers to a competitor because he likes him. That the trade with China is considered of the greatest moment is evidenced by the efforts of the Administration to secure a written assurance of the stability of the Open Door policy, a measure equally endorsed by both parties here. But who on earth is so simple as to suppose that such assurances are worth the paper they are written on, as soon as their provisions clash with the interests of a powerful nation? International law and Treaties of the Hague notwithstanding, between nations as often between individuals, Might is Right.

Nowhere, in the present day, does a nation as such represent the spirit, or rather the national characteristics, of its people to such a degree as in the United States. This is no monarchy, where a government rules sometimes in opposition to national sentiment. Here the Administration, to ensure its continued existence, must be in touch with the sentiments of the majority, and to be successful, ever feel the pulse of popular desires. This it is which renders politics and politicians possible. The typical American, just and law-abiding as he well deserves being described, will protest energetically, and continue doing so until he obtains redress, when he considers that his rights or his business suffers from interference. The nation partakes of this characteristic, as the late war with Spain demonstrates.

Since, then, our trade with China has even now assumed such gigantic proportions as to call for a written guarantee of non-interference, the United States must be prepared to defend its vested rights on the other side of the Pacific. In order to be able to do so, territorial acquisition, or territorial expansion, is a necessity. There is no other alternative; it is either, Renounce expansion of commerce, or, Be prepared to defend it. Only a naturally weak nation or one strong but unprepared is likely to be attacked. Physical strength always imposes respect, with individuals as well as with nations. The old adage, In time of peace prepare for war, is as true now as it ever was.

As to the actual possession of the Philippine Islands, anarchy would immediately follow the withdrawal of the United States, and other nations would show less moral scruple than the opponents of their possession pretend having. Pretend—for without imputing hypocrisy, or assigning any but honorable reasons for their opposition, its real cause is the entrance upon an unknown path without being able to see where it will lead. But whatever be the distinction between moral scruple and dread of the unknown, it surely shows scant confidence in American institutions, this openly expressed doubt that they cannot create greater happiness than the inexperienced natives, handicapped with traditional oppression of generation upon generation as far back as three hundred years ago.

The more selfish conservative argument, that the possession of the Philippine Islands will flood the United States with cheap Asiatic labor, dissolves into vapor after a moment's consideration. As the American, accustomed to the changes of a more or less rigorous climate, and the food and mode of living demanded by it, must either discard these habits upon entering these islands, and acquire those prescribed by climatic conditions, or risk sickness and an early grave, so the very same conditions prevail for the native Filipino who emigrates to the United States, with the additional deterring clause that living here demands an expense immeasurably beyond his home standard. A native of these tropical isles, unless gradually prepared for the physical changes required by the climate of the United States, and possessing an unusually robust constitution, could not survive an ordinary winter, even in California.

These arguments, called for by statements made by the conservative element, are of a subordinate nature. The supreme fact is that as commerce expands, the necessity grows for some of the citizens to expatriate themselves and to reside temporarily in countries possessing a civilization alien, and sometimes hostile, to that of the American. If the conservatives concede the necessity of commercial expansion, they must, for the sake of consistency, concede that the American citizen abroad shall be protected in his just rights. Such protection has hitherto been wretchedly inadequate. Little or no respect has been shown to the American flag. The records of the State Department contain a long list of complaints of American citizens, both ladies and gentlemen, who have been wantonly assaulted in Japan. In China, missionaries trusting to the protection of the flag have been ruthlessly murdered and a paltry sum of money was supposed to wash off the stain upon the flag that could not protect. The best protection, and the only protection for American citizens in these countries, is the certainty that every wanton act will entail just reprisals, even to the raising and upholding of the flag which proclaims liberty.

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BATHING PAVILIONS ON THE BEACH AT GALVESTON.

Completely Destroyed by the Hurricane of September 8, 1900.

THE GALVESTON CALAMITY

THE people who dwell on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are accustomed to furious tropical storms, but no previous experience has been so severe as the present. With great loss of life and property the storm which broke over Galveston Island on the morning of Saturday, the 8th of September, carried devastation in its track, wrecking the shipping in the harbor, blowing down hundreds of houses in the city, and more or less injuring them all, flooding the city with sea water to a depth of several feet, destroying the gas, water, and electric plants, toppling over the bridges which united the island with the mainland, and shutting off the stricken city from the outside world. Those who tell the world of the great catastrophes usually overestimate the harm that has been wrought; but in this instance the damage far exceeded the guesses as to its extent. We first heard that a thousand lives had been lost, we now are sure that in Galveston and the neighborhood thereof something like to four thousand were killed by water and by the falling of walls and timbers. The loss of property, grave though it is—for Galveston is in ruins—is of minor consideration, and estimates that could now be furnished would not be much more valuable than guesses.

The storm which did all this damage had been expected for several days, and was being looked forward to all along the Atlantic coast. It originated off Porto Rico on the last day of August, and moved slowly but furiously a little north of west. The next day it was off Haiti, and on the 2d of September did considerable damage on the southern coast of Jamaica. By the 5th of September it had crossed the narrow western end of Cuba, and was headed for the Florida peninsula. It was expected that it would pass north along the eastern coast of Florida, and so come up to the neighborhood of New York. But at the Florida end it veered off due west, and went across the Gulf of Mexico, gathering in force as it went, and carrying unusually high seas before it. Texas is on the extreme western shore of the Gulf, and the island of Galveston was just in the path of the storm. This island is about twenty-seven miles long and from one to three and a half miles in width. It is intersected by many small bayous, and on its ocean front there is a hard, smooth, sandy beach. There is not a natural elevation of more than ten feet above the sea on the whole island. The city of Galveston was built on the northeastern end of the island, at the mouth of Galveston Bay, which is entered by five miles of deep channel protected by stone jetties. The bay is quite shallow in most places, and the railroads enter the city over trestles of piling driven into the bottom.

Galveston has experienced storms before, and on several occasions severe damage has been done. But the people have grown used to the danger from inundation, and even when the storm broke on that fateful Saturday morning they were not unusually disturbed. They went about their business in ordinary fashion, confident that the storm would soon blow over. At ten o'clock a gale was blowing. By noon this gale had increased to hurricane proportions, and those dwelling near the beach began to realize that this was something more than an ordinary summer gust of wind. Great waves were dashed over the beach, and the summer resorts were no longer habitable. Even then the people in Galveston were not apprehensive. But shortly past three in the afternoon it was apparent that something unusual was in the wind, which was blowing at forty-four miles an hour, while the barometer read 29.22 inches. Business men closed up their places and started for their homes to look after their families. But before these tardily awakened people could realize what was happening the full fury of the tropical hurricane was upon them, and communication was cut off not only with the outside world, but it was impossible to get from one part of the city to another. Two great forces were actively at work. The Gulf waves drove high upon the beach, and the gale from the northeast pitched the waters against the wharves and abutments, choking the sewers and flooding the city from that quarter. The wind which had been some fifty miles an hour quickened to eighty-four, when the measuring apparatus of the Weather Bureau was wrecked, and the rest can only be guessed at. The streets were rapidly filling with water, and each person had to stay where he was caught, as it was nigh to impossible to move from place to place.

In times such as this, however, the impossible is done, and many men did succeed in getting their families into the more substantial buildings, such as the public schools, the court-house, and the hotels. From three o'clock in the afternoon the wind increased steadily until it was at its highest, and certainly not less than one hundred miles an hour. The barometer also continued to fall, reaching its lowest, 28.04½ inches, at 5.30 P.M. This was the very height of the storm, but this highest continued for more than two hours. The flimsy among the structures in the city were men nearly all down, knocked into kindling wood by the fury of the wind; and even the most substantial of the buildings were being damaged. Here a slate roof was blown off, there an iron roof rolled up and was hurled across the street as though it had been paper; timbers were carried in the air as though the solid oak and pine were only grass or straw, while wires, telegraph, telephone, electric light, and trolley, were everywhere, for the poles had snapped like pipe-stems and let their burdens loose. The force seemed irresistible, as mighty as it was merciless. All this was in unrelieved darkness, which prevented even the most resourceful from averting the dangers that were on every hand. There was little if any change for two hours and a half. Then the barometer began slowly to rise and the worst of the storm was over. In two hours more the wind had subsided, and by midnight there was quiet in stricken Galveston—the quiet of death.

The water, which in some streets had been eight feet deep, began quickly to run out, and by daylight the pavements were again exposed. But what a scene of devastation this daylight revealed! Wreckage on every side, wreckage and death. A battle-field has its dread story to tell; but a city suddenly stricken as this was is a more pathetic spectacle. When men fight men the strong are killed alone, for all are strong, but here it was the weak who suffered most severely, it was the women and children who died in the greatest number. They could not reach places of security for lack of strength, and the brave and willing men were powerless to help them. Those pinned down by solid wreckage lay where they had fallen. Those drowned while fleeing for safety were carried out by the ebbing waters, while the fallen houses each held the secret of those who had been crushed in the downfall. A more pathetically wretched condition never met the eyes of men.

As the day got older, however, there was other work than grieving. There was no drinking water in the town, and the uninjured food-supply was short, while communication was cut off from the world that was willing to help. But above all was the necessity to get rid of the dead, which in so hot a climate began quickly to decay. In very many, indeed in most, instances the dead could not be recognized, and therefore could not be claimed by the relatives. The bodies were buried in trenches, and boat loads were taken to deep water and there sunk, yielding up to the sea the victims it had come ashore to claim.

But the vicious in the community, many of them negroes, were as diligent in evil work as the rescuers were in good. Hundreds robbed the dead bodies of what valuables they could find, even cutting off fingers and ears to get finger-rings and ear-rings. The few United States soldiers stationed in Galveston were called upon to do police duty, and State militiamen were sent to help as soon as possible. Every man caught robbing the dead was shot, and some twenty-five more were tried by drum-head court-martial and shot immediately. The summary execution of these wretches put an end to this phase of the awful situation.

If the dead in Galveston and thereabout number four thousand, then one in every ten of the population was killed; if four thousand were killed, then twenty thousand must have been wounded or more or less bruised. Under such conditions Galveston needs the immediate help of the rest of the country. She did not ask it. She did not need to do so. Before the flood visited town was again in communication with the outside world trains were streaming south, even from far away New York, with doctors and nurses and supplies. In every city in the country committees were at work raising means to help those who had encountered this awful disaster. And the response has been as generous as timely.

JOS. GILMER SPEER.

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THE BUSY WHARVES OF GALVESTON BEFORE THEIR DESTRUCTION BY THE HURRICANE OF SEPTEMBER 8, 1900.

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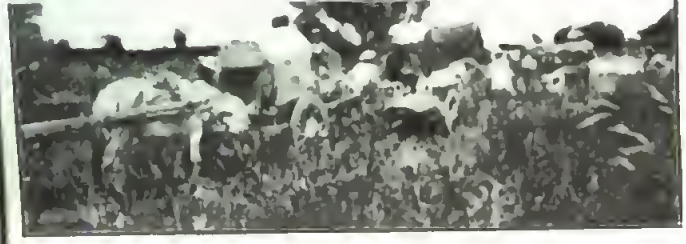
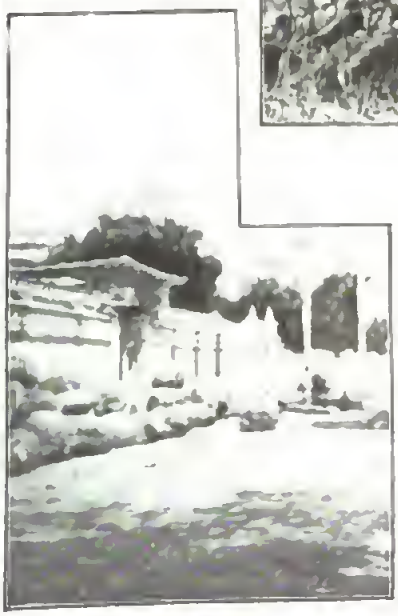


A BAGGAGE TRAIN

UNLOADING SUPPLIES ON THE SHORE



BARRICADES OF WOOD AND STONE

A PATHAN AMMUNITION TRAIN

STREET BARRICADES

TIENTSIN AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE ALLIED FORCES.

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A FRENCH DONKEY CART.

A TRAIN-LOAD OF JAPANESE.

[illegible] FROM THE [illegible]

A FRENCH PATROL

DIGGING TRENCHES

A BRITISH BAGGAGE-CART

TIENTSIN AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE ALLIED FORCES.

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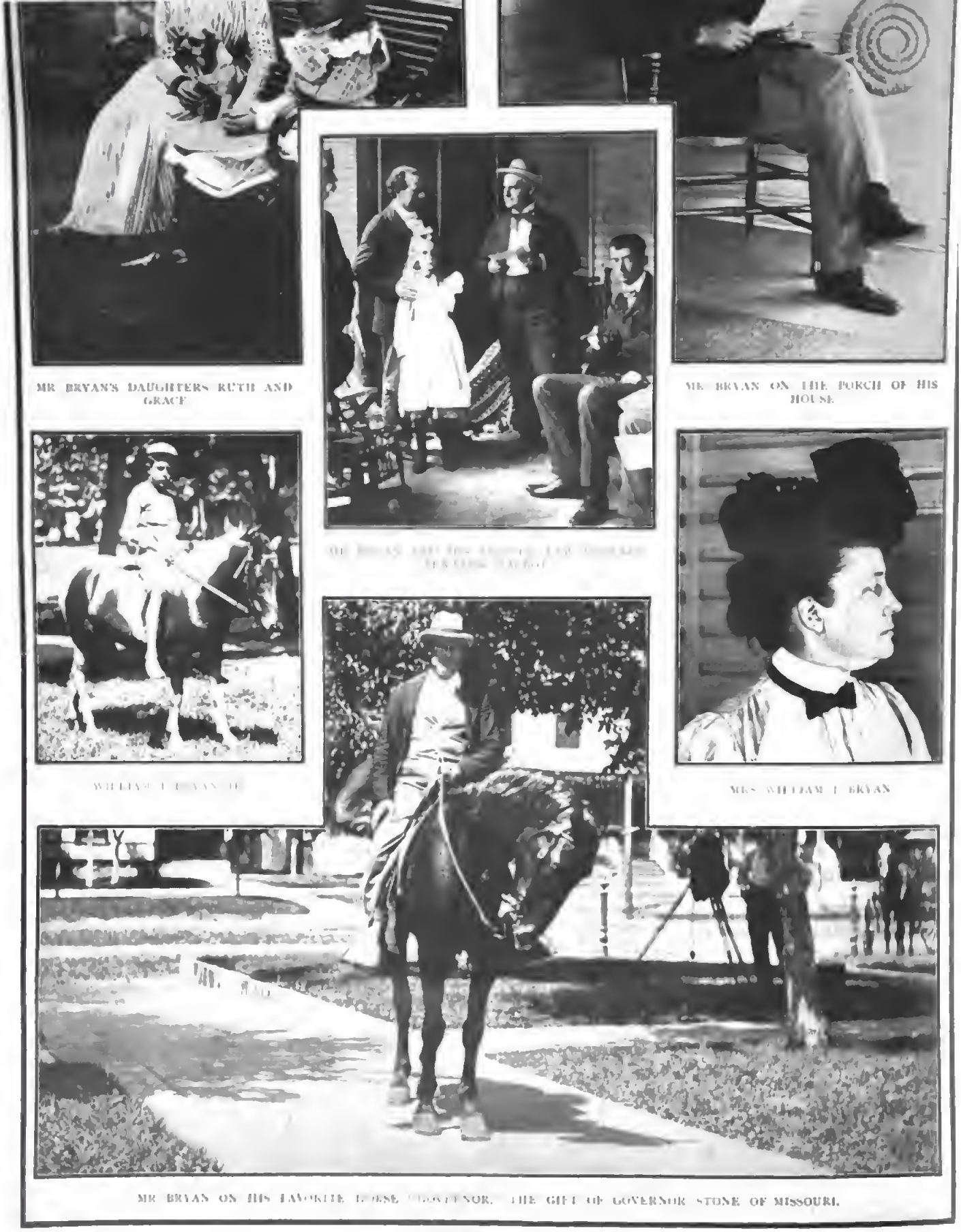

MR BRYAN'S DAUGHTERS RUTH AND GRACE

MR BRYAN ON THE PORCH OF HIS HOUSE

MR BRYAN AND HIS [illegible]

WILLIAM J BRYAN JR

MRS WILLIAM J BRYAN

MR BRYAN ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE "GOVERNOR," THE GIFT OF GOVERNOR STONE OF MISSOURI.

MR. BRYAN AT HOME.

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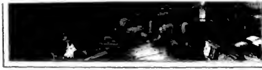

THE NATIVE CITY, CANTON—THE TALL BUILDINGS ARE PAWN-SHOPS.

A STREET IN THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT, CANTON.

LIFE ON THE CHINA COAST. *By George Palmer Dyer, U.S.N.*

IF the lack of news in the United States concerning the present crisis in China is in any way as complete as to the anxious inquirers in Hong-kong, the greatest barbarities known for a century may be in course of perpetration, and a situation more full of the gravest possibilities of international war in course of development than any since the Franco-Prussian war. It is impossible to get any authentic news here of the happenings in the north, for very obvious, though none the less exasperating, reasons. The foreign communities along the coast and up the more important rivers are nothing more than picket posts to the vast army of the population of China. They are of too little business importance yet to justify the laying of foreign cables, to replace the notorious service of the Chinese telegraphs, and too small to support newspapers strong enough to send special correspondents to the scene of excitement and charter steamers to carry the news. The wires under Chinese control from Chefoo to Shanghai, passing through Shantung province, the original seat of turbulence, are constantly down, or blocked with government messages, so that no meagre account, even of the day-to-day occurrences with the allied forces, is possible. So our news is made up of such items as, "The Japanese consul-general has supplied us with the following information," or, "We learn that the Tao-tai (district governor) Sheng has received a message of the following import," or, "By courtesy of Mr. Jones, of the firm of Smith, Brown, & Co., we are able to print the following item received from his correspondents at Chefoo."

Just now all eyes are fixed on northern China, in view of the events of overwhelming interest and anxiety that are taking place, but unless I am much mistaken it will prove that these events, whose issue will doubtless be known long before this can reach the press, will cause general attention to be attracted to the state of other parts of China as well, as possible seats of war or objects of gain. It shall be the business of these occasional letters to tell of the situation of the southern provinces of this tremendous empire as it appears from the only readily accessible portion of them at present, the ports along the coast. If this involves more or less description of the homes and life of foreigners like those whose fates are now causing so much apprehension, the people who dare to make islets of White in the sea of Yellow, no harm will be done, for it is all very different from anything we know at home.

It is a strange life, the life of the China coast. From Hong-kong to Shanghai, for instance, at distances of a night's run by steamer, the foreign communities shut in on their tiny concessions by innumerable Chinamen. Without railroad communication with the outer world, without local papers, theatres, concerts, or much that makes a city as we know it amusing, they lead a life whose luxurious accompaniments make them content to lose the pleasures of the home-land. They live in tremendous houses put in spacious gardens, on airy heights or in smiling valleys, with perfect service always ministering to them. There are boat coolies to take them alongside the ship just in, for the latest news and a drink with the captain, chair coolies to swing the chair along the green paths, gardeners to look out for the grounds, the house-boy to act as steward, cooks, and the personal boy to relieve them of all the cares of wardrobe. And all these things cost amounts ridiculously low to American ideas.

Business hours in these little towns are of the usual length, but not of the usual activity. Mail-day, the day for closing the European and American mails, is one of feverish haste. But other days are not full, and there is always time—in the intervals of bargaining in "pidgin" with the long-robed, long-pigtailed Chinese merchants—who come in from the native city to talk over the situation, to mix a cocktail, or to dawdle over "tiffin." In the afternoon there is tennis usually, or golf at the race-course, where at dusk, if the community is small enough, the ladies take turns serving tea at tables put out on the grass. Then it is time to be carried back to the house for a douse in the big tiled bath-room, and to dress for the late dinner. When a resident is not giving a dinner he is dining out. It is the universal evening amusement of the China coast. The problem is a very simple one, where everything is cheap, and it is necessary only to tell the house-boy that there will be so many at table, and dismiss the matter from mind. After dinner, served cleanly, quickly, and quietly, the club becomes social. In the reading-room, on the veranda, at the bar, or in the billiard-room, in many languages, one hears the chaff and the news of the day. The life is narrow and intimate, and so one hears as general comment on Stidholme capsizing his canoe that afternoon, or on McKenzie's cargo in the *Hai Mun*, as on the war in the Transvaal.

This general description does for Canton as well as for others. It is eighty-odd miles up the Pearl River from Hong-kong, with two steamers a day between them. But it has the same characteristics of isolation in the midst of teeming life. Shameen is the island on which most of the foreigners live, and hardly a prettier place could be imagined. It is small, not more than half a mile long by an eighth of a mile wide, but its circling wall of solid masonry, its splendid houses, its broad avenues and majestic trees, do not need the background of crowded brown roofs to make it seem lovely. At one time Shameen was a mud flat, but when the Canton trade was at its greatest and richest it was walled in by the English and French and a canal cut between it and the native city. It is that canal which might be now its greatest protection.

At the present time Li Hung-Chang is the Viceroy of the two provinces, Kwangtung and Kwangsi. Although so old that he is unable to walk unassisted, he has still shown himself here to be the Grand Old Man of China, as he has been called. In much less than a year he has made these turbulent provinces almost the quietest. The country about Canton and the Pearl River has been noted for its bad characters. He has diminished the number by decapitation and strangulation at the rate of about five hundred a month. It is said that recently he received an order from the throne to liberate all prisoners waiting trial, and that he obeyed, but caught them again as they were set free, and in different parts of the city executed one hundred and twenty-seven in one day. The passengers on the evening boat to Hong-kong were in full view of the execution of a lot of twenty or thirty in a vacant space near by.

Only the other day a brute, who had killed his father and mother and sold his wife and sister, was executed by the "ling chee" or "death by the thousand cuts," the first instance of the infliction of this penalty for a long time. The title is figurative, since thirty-six cuts are actually enough to dismember the victim, the eighteenth being the fatal one. A witness who had climbed over a block of roofs and waited in hiding four hours to see the execution, told me the criminal was tied to an upright cross, the first two cuts letting the flesh of the forehead drop over the eyes, the third taking off an ear, the fourth a breast, and so on till the sight was unbearable even to a callous man.

By such means and by really just and progressive measures like the coining of copper cents as a major coin for "cash," Li Hung-Chang has obtained comparative quiet in his provinces. His presence as Viceroy at this time is regarded as extremely fortunate, for the settlement at Shameen has always held out exaggerated visions of loot to the Cantonese, and it is thought that another might not have prevented an attack when the news of Boxer successes was published.

In spite, however, of the absence of signs of danger and the presence of two gunboats, American and British, many of the residents have been uneasy, and with justice, if any outbreak at all is to be feared. Under present conditions, the island could be overcome by Chinese in five minutes, and the gunboats do no more than save those who escaped before the mob. The canal between the native city and the island is blocked with boats, a few of the thousands carrying Canton's water population. These boats would form excellent cover and bridges for an attacking mob. For precaution this canal should be cleared and a constant patrol established to watch it and the bridges across it.

But I do not fear any danger from Canton—at least as long as Li Hung-Chang is there. So long as the Viceroy does not secretly favor turbulence, and Li will not, there will be none of it. It would require governmental countenance to permit the outlaw faction to make head against the influence of the merchants who deal with the foreigners, who see their power, and realize the personal loss in business ways a useless attempt to expel them would mean.

There is no centre around which such a movement could grow. The I Ho Chuan (righteous-harmony-fists), or Boxers, is a northern society, originating in Shantung province about a year ago, and developing from an anti-Catholic into an anti-Christian, and finally, as all such societies in China must do, into an anti-foreign organization. It has gained no strength as far south as this, if, indeed, it has spread so far, and though there are societies in the south like the "Triad" and others, they apparently have not the element of fanaticism, the spirit-invoking, death-averting beliefs, that make the Boxers dangerous.

It is constantly rumored that Li Hung-Chang is leaving Canton for the north, but faith should not be put in such reports just now.* That he will go later, that he is one of the few men if not the only one who can save his country, when the time comes for negotiations, there cannot be the least doubt. Though it is not generally known, I have it on the authority of the Canton consul, the time was, before the Boxer outbreak had assumed such serious proportions, when the United States almost achieved the signal diplomatic coup of carrying the Viceroy off under the very noses of the other powers to Taku, in the flag-ship *Brooklyn*. For some reason or other, the plan failed. My idea is, the old diplomat was too wise then, as he is now, to go north while the disturbance might be beyond his control, and find himself expected by the powers, and appealed to by the throne, to restore order, when it might be impossible to do so. He will not put himself in a position where the blame or part of the blame, for atrocities past and to come, may be dexterously shifted to his shoulders. Imperial decrees cannot move him, for that has been tried, and he has promptly produced petitions signed by all the influential men of the two kwangs to the effect that his departure would be followed by an immediate uprising; therefore he was most sorry he found it necessary to remain.

He will wait here until he thinks the proper moment has come, when the outbreak is spent or crushed, or the wild dream of expelling the foreigners brightens to a hope—for like every Chinaman below him, he would like to see the last of the aliens—and then he will appear from his retirement to win the best terms possible for himself and China. When that time comes the critical time at Canton will be past.

If he should leave, however, serious things might happen there. His successor and the Tartar general, the military official of the provinces, both Manchus, might let their sympathy and their advisers betray them into countenancing the acts of the bad characters that are always ready to rise under a weak ruler. Christian natives, then missionaries at outlying posts, would be murdered, and the flame of hatred once fanned, no one could predict the end. A wholesale massacre like that at Peking, if the terrible report be true, would be hardly possible unless there were no provision made to guard against a night attack. The island might be besieged for a few days, but with the assistance of the gunboats and the antagonists of the towns-people, the river-folk, who would furnish food if paid enough, the place could hold out for the time necessary for a relieving force from Hong-kong to take the forts on the river and pass the barriers.

These forts are modern, with modern guns, which could resist any but a large attacking force if well served, but they would not be stoutly served. The rottenness of the Chinese official system, the system by which an officer pockets the pay of nine-tenths the soldiers he is supposed to keep, and calls in coolies to put on the idle uniforms when the inspecting officer appears, would show its effect here as elsewhere. I have passed the forts when not even a sentry was to be seen. The barriers, too, would be formidable if well guarded. They consist of lines of piles with connecting chains, blocking the river except for a narrow channel, which might be easily closed. In one case the piles are steel with heavy steel braces, all brought from Germany, making an obstruction that would be impossible to pass, except after many hours' work, under the guns of neighboring forts. These barriers, therefore, would make it necessary to take the forts or completely silence them in order to get up the river.

July 17, [illegible]

* Since this letter was written Li Hung-Chang has gone to Shanghai, where he still remains.

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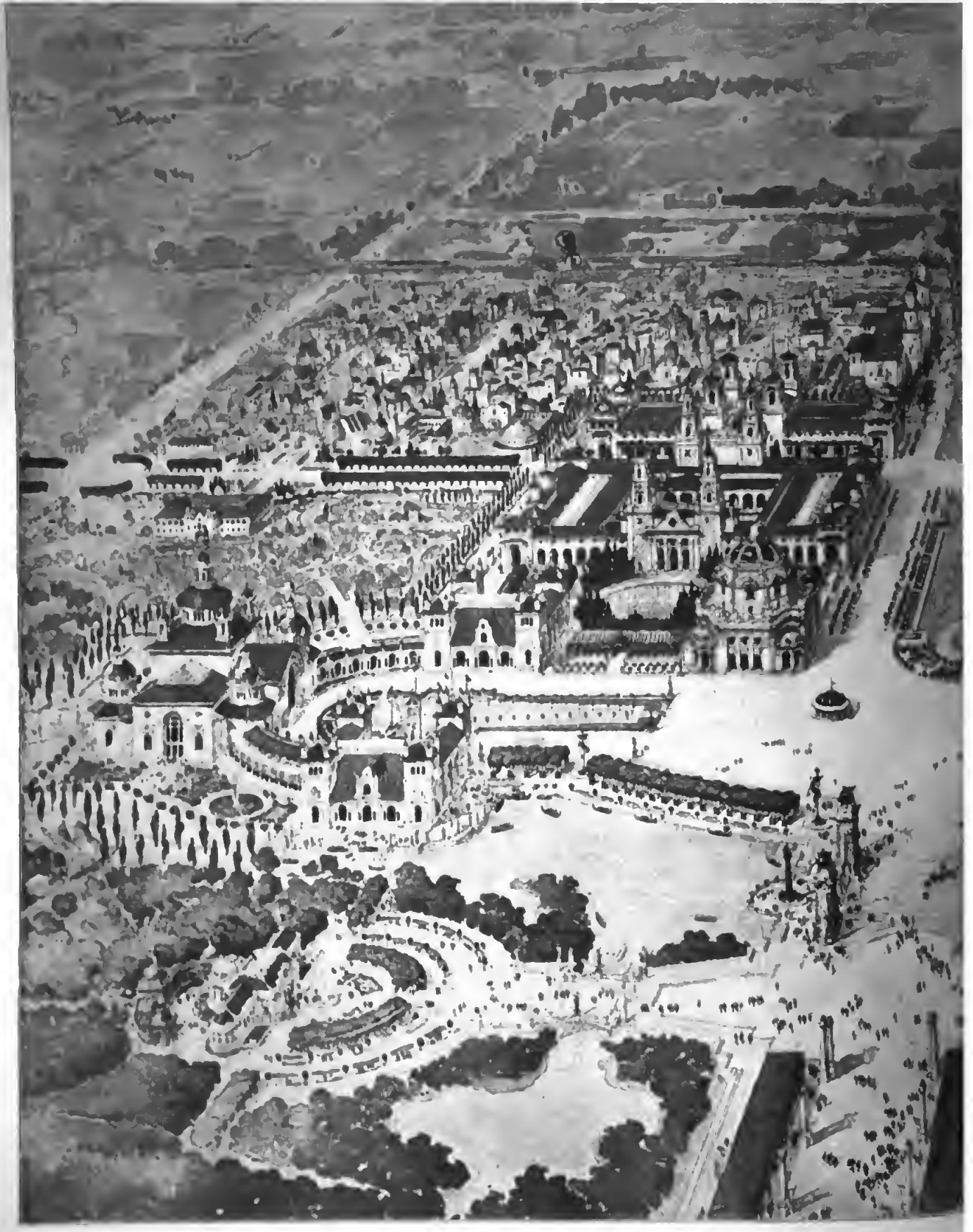

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITIO

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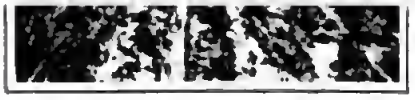
Drawing furnished by courtesy of Messrs. Carrere & Hastings, Architects.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, AS IT WILL APPEAR IN 1901

RICHMOND PIKE, NEAR CINCINNATI

AN INDIANA GRAVEL ROAD



A NEW JERSEY ROAD

A Remedy for Bad Roads. *By Daniel B. Luten*

If our district schools were operated similarly to our roads, each resident of the district might be called upon in turn to serve time as teacher; at the farmers' institutes, called to discuss methods of general interest to the farmer, the programme would include a paper on "How to Improve Our Schools"; and the speaker would perhaps advocate longer school hours, the commencing of school attendance at an earlier age, and improved text-books. Then would follow a discussion, open to all, in which one would advocate the teaching of arithmetic as an essential preliminary to other branches, another would favor better ventilation of school buildings, and another would make an appeal for the old-time spelling match, each one probably believing that he had the key to the remedy for poor schools.

Fortunately our schools are above such discussion; but our roads are not. It is by no means unusual to hear speakers at farmers' institutes and elsewhere, in discussing the road question, advocate underdrainage, and steam road-rollers, and stone roads, and steel roads, and combined roads of stone and earth, and State aid for road-building, and superintendence by county surveyors, and many other things that would better be discussed by road experts and before road experts only; and the entire discussion is to a large extent useless and ineffective, because the road system lacks a ready means, such as the school system provides in the teacher, of putting reforms into application. If the present road system is to be continued, then perhaps the scattering broadcast of instruction regarding road improvement is desirable; but if the system were properly reformed, there would be no more reason for men interested in agriculture devoting their time to the study of road details than to the science of pedagogics.

Our road system lacks the man through whom alone reforms can be properly applied; it lacks the man that should be to the road what the teacher is to the district school, a constant expert attendant. That local experts are needed will be admitted by all who have listened to the discussions at good-roads meetings. Farmers cannot agree as to methods of improvement; no more can engineers; and between the methods proposed by farmers and those proposed by engineers still greater differences exist. There is a reason for this, in that most of the problems involved are dependent upon local conditions, and cannot be prescribed for in a general way. Stone roads may be suited to the wealth and development of the Eastern States, but earth and gravel roads will for years to come continue to be the roads of the Middle West. It is absurd to attribute this latter condition to lack of knowledge of stone roads; every small city of the Central States has good samples of broken stone roads. The problem depends upon local conditions, and the solution must be left to the hands of a local expert.

This has the additional advantage of cheapness, for the local road expert would not need to be a trained engineer, but would better be a man who has had the actual experience of maintaining a section of road in that locality. One year's experience by a day-laborer, in constantly attending a section of ten or twenty miles of road, would make of that laborer an expert better able to cope with the particular problems of that section than county commissioners, or pathmasters, or engineers with no better experience than the superintending of a "once-a-year" repair.

The results obtained by section-hands on railroads may be cited as proof of what might be accomplished for our roads by constant expert attendants. What our roads most need is constant attention, and repairs at rare intervals, not piling the centre high with road-metal once a year, not grading down hills and filling valleys, but a little material here and there wherever needed and whenever needed. An ounce of prevention is worth pounds of cure in making road repairs.

Roads become bad when ruts are permitted to form, when the surface is softened by standing water, when chuck-holes appear, when dust results from excessive wear. Deterioration of road surfaces may be delayed, but cannot be prevented, by the substitution of a hard-wearing surface, such as stone. No road surface is permanent. The hardest of road surfaces can be maintained only by proper care by a constant attendant. The most satisfactory remedy for bad roads is the combination of harder surface and constant attention, but it is too expensive a system to be adopted except after years of education and agitation.

Farmers object, and with justice, to stone roads costing upwards of five thousand dollars per mile; the farmers of nearly every State in the Union oppose State aid because of the fear they have that the extravagance of expensive stone-road engineers, who build well, and then fail to maintain, may be saddled upon them. On the other hand, the idea of a constant attendant appeals to the farmers as a rational method of evolution towards a better system of roads, at the same time that it trains experts to care for them.

In order to secure satisfactory and economical improvement of our country roads, therefore, the writer

PUBLIC SQUARE, RUSHVILLE, ILLINOIS

would advocate a system by which the roads should be divided into sections of from ten to twenty miles in length, and a man employed for each section, to devote his entire time and attention to the improvement of that section. The attendant should provide team and wagon whenever needed; he would require no as-

A WISCONSIN CORDUROY ROAD

sistants; he should be held to strict attention to duty and to a strict observance of hours, whether in wet weather or dry.

Ruts would be eradicated by filling with harder material; the surface could be smoothed by scraping with a wagon-tire drag if no better tool were available. Chuck-holes would be filled with broken stone, or with gravel, or with clay and sand, or with the best quality of material available. Maintaining a smooth surface for the escape of water is all that is necessary to prevent softening of the road surface, even with earth roads; keeping the road carefully crowned, smooth, and free from ruts is more effective in disposing of "the greatest enemy of good roads" than the most elaborate system of foundations and under-drainage, but the necessary smoothness can be attained only by continual watchfulness. Excessive dustiness could be allayed by an occasional sprinkling, but the distribution of traffic, made possible by the smooth surface, would decrease the wear and also the necessity for sprinkling. The attendant would find time for planning a systematic method of beautifying the roads of his section. The side ditches should be cleaned; the roadway should be cleared of weeds, which too often are able to appropriate the road-side as their highway for dissemination; shade trees might be planted at the sides, and if kept well trimmed in the lower branches to allow the wind access to the road surface, would shade the road, allaying dustiness, without causing excessive dampness.

It is such a system as this that obtains in France and Germany. Casual observers of the roads in those countries attribute their excellence to the use of stone as a road material. This does not represent one-third of the truth; the fundamental principle of the system, without which every kind of road surface must in the end be a failure, and provided with which the worst of road surfaces will become passable, is constant attendance. That principle is developed to the greatest perfection on French roads, the best in the world.

The expense of constant attendance on our country roads could be decreased to a minimum by decreasing the number of miles in a section, admitting, of course, that the benefits would be correspondingly decreased. There can thus be no argument against its adoption on the ground of expense by the poorest communities. By allotting sections of from ten to twenty miles to each attendant, the expense per mile would not be greater than under the present system. It is remarkable what a small amount of material is required for repairs if those repairs be made promptly, and still more remarkable what a great amount is required when repairs are made but once a year. The larger part of the cost of road materials is labor in preparing, transporting, handling, and placing. Labor can be far more economically purchased by employing one man for a long period of time than by employing many men for a shorter period. The most of the attention needed by a road does not require team labor, and it is this kind of attention that is most neglected under the present system, until at the end of the year it requires a great deal of expensive team-work to make it good.

The constant-attendant system of maintenance applied to our present roads would in time develop them into a system of hard roads that could be most economically administered by engineering superintendence. For the present, however, there is no good reason why the officers who at the present time superintend road affairs in county or township would not prove satisfactory as superintendents of the road attendants. The reason that these officers are frequently a failure under the present system is because they are called upon to fill a position requiring expert knowledge that they do not possess; to superintend experts and to see that they devote full time to their duties is a more simple matter, and a line in which every farmer who employs hired hands has had experience. The superintendents would, moreover, have the assistance of every resident of the section, for the property-owners would now be the employers of the road attendant, instead of being the road-workers. It would be to the interest of every one to report defects to the road attendant, who would apply the remedy without the delays that are fatal to road surfaces.

The system thus outlined is essentially a system of maintenance, but when applied to inferior roads, it becomes also a system of construction by gradual improvements, the safest and most economical way. It gives training to local experts at the same time that it secures to the road what the road most needs—continual repairs with the best available material. It reduces the number of votes commanded by the patronage of county and township officers. It places the responsibility for the condition of the roads upon one responsible person. It possesses what the present system lacks—tangibility. It provides a means for beautifying the roadway. And it makes possible a gradual healthy growth towards a better system of hard roads, with greater ability to care for them, and a growing realization of their value by the general public.

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CHAPTER I

AT VINCENT'S GALLERY

SHE had turned at the last moment, as though moved by a sudden impulse, and her eyes seemed to be looking straight into mine. So near she stood that a fold of her gown had almost grazed my hand; a step would have put me at her side. And then the crowd surged in between us. I tried to press forward, but she was gone, alone! I cursed my stupidity, as I stood gazing blankly into space.

"Pardon me, young man, but that is my foot."

"My foot, I say," repeated the stout gentleman, with increasing acerbity of manner. "I'm the only person who's entitled to stand on it, and so at your earliest convenience—"

I stammered out some kind of an apology, and sank back into my chair. People were looking at me with extreme attention, and I felt hot and embarrassed. The lecturer took up his patable again.

"Finally, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present to your notice a characteristic scene of old Spain—the bull-ring at Seville." A bell tinkled, and the crowded amphitheatre of the Plaza de Toros flashed out upon the illuminated screen.

Well, I had made a fool of myself; no question about that. To lose my head over the apparition of a girl's face in a cinematograph picture! Could anything be more absurd?

The performance was over now, and the spectators were filing out, but I sat with my eyes fixed fast upon my programme. I was sure that people were still looking at me, there was a buzz of voices behind my back, and then somebody laughed outright. It was intolerable, and I determined to keep my seat until the music began for the second performance, and then make an unobtrusive exit.

Vincent's Gallery is an institution in the best sense of that overworked word. Its realistic wax-works are famous everywhere, and the moral tone of its concert-hall is unexceptionable. Respectable people can go freely to Vincent's, or send their children there, without feeling obliged to take a precautionary glance over the programme. It is always all that it should be, and that means something nowadays, as we know. Incidentally, it is an enormously profitable affair, which goes to show that Virtue, as well as Vice, will pay high for what it wants.

It was a dozen years since I had been within the walls of Vincent's, but I had an hour to spare this evening, and the gallery was right on my way to the train. It would be amusing to renew my boyish acquaintance with those beautiful kings and emperors, and to taste again the shudder delights of the Chamber of Horrors. So I paid my fifty cents and went in.

The Hungarian band in the concert-hall has been re-enforced by a new attraction—the cinematograph. Three performances a night, with an entire change of bill every two weeks, is the attractive wording of the bill-board out upon the street, and, to tell the truth, it was a desire to see the cinematograph that had taken me into St. Vincent's. So I took care to be on hand in the concert-hall when the time came for the cinematograph to exploit itself.

It was all most interesting, and I heartily enjoyed the splendid realism of Niagara and of the Empire State Express. A dozen ordinary and undecap pictures followed, and then came the scene that in an instant had served to divert the current of my life into new and unfamiliar channels.

The picture was not particularly remarkable in itself. There was the title on the programme: "On the Pier at Dover. Departure of the Calais Mail-Parket." It was only interesting because it was a scene from real life, full of action and bustle. The picture showed the pier with the parket in the background. Steam was issuing from the escape pipes, and sailing time was evidently near at hand. Passengers and porters were jostling each other; fruit venders and newsboys hawked their wares so realistically that one could almost hear their cries. And then into this scene of hurry and confusion she came, and all else was blotted out.

A slight figure in travelling dress and storm-coat. I did not even notice her at first; indeed, my attention had already begun to flag, and the thought of tuna-time had occurred to me; I half rose from my chair. Well, was it some subtle pressure from Fate's controlling hand or mere blind chance that she stopped and looked back? Call it what you will, she had fell and yielded to the impulse, and in that moment the warp nad woof had been set and the shattle had begun to move.

By this time I had forgotten my recent humiliation; and as for trains, there were plenty of later ones. The same pictures would be shown again after the band had played a couple of numbers, and I waited impatiently for the closing chords. There! that was done with at last! Now for the people to get into their seats, the hall was being darkened, the lecturer was at his post.

The same scene of rush and confusion, but I was looking at it now with different eyes; I was waiting for some one to come. In the mean time I noticed some details that had before escaped me. A man on the extreme right was pasting upon a bulletin board the announcement of what was evidently a newspaper extra. I could read the words in big type at the top of the sheet, "Cambridge wins!"

Deep in the swirl of the crowd my eye fell upon another figure, and I noticed how his look shifted here and there as he stood motionless at the gaban gangway. Was he, too, waiting for some one? A fine soldierly figure and a pleasant face, albeit somewhat disfigured by an unusually aggressive "Pompadour." I will remember that face.

There was a little movement in the crowd, and she had come again. I watched her make her way to the centre of the pier, and I now saw that she was accompanied by two men, the one elderly, the other his junior by thirty years or more. The party had now advanced to a point directly opposite the gangway, and for the moment an incredible misgiving oppressed my mind. Perhaps this time she would not look back; blind that I was, I hardly dared to breathe. Fortunately the laws of physics are immutable, and I had distressed myself unnecessarily—there!

Again it was but that fleeting glance, but I knew that I should not forget. The elderly man had tapped her upon the shoulder, and then she was following him up the gang plank. The younger man lingered behind for a moment or two; I was dimly conscious that he was talking with the man of the Pompadour hair. Then he too boarded the steamer, and the three disappeared through the door leading to the saloon. Half a dozen more clicks of the machinery and the light went out; the picture had run its course.

There was to be still a third and final exhibition of the cinematograph, and I need hardly say that I was again among the spectators. I kept my eyes fixed hard upon "Monsieur Pompadour," as I had mentally christened him, for I had an odd sort of feeling that this time something was to happen, and that I must not miss it.

The panorama passed as before, but this time I took a long look at the elderly man and his young companion. The old gentleman I put down as the young woman's father, or at least a near relative. I noticed that he carried a tin despatch box, and there was something wrong with the lock. He stopped and tried to force the hasp into place, but it would not catch. I could see that the younger man, attired, by the-way, in a magnificent coat of Russian sables, was standing at the elderly man's side; apparently he was offering his assistance in the subduing of the refractory lock.

Well, what was it that happened so quickly? Some movement, so rapidly executed as to baffle even my concentrated attention, had passed between the two men. I could not be sure of anything, but it gave me the impression of the sleight of hand with which a skillful prestidigitator makes a pass at cards.

The picture was over, but the lecturer announced that for the amusement of the audience it would be shown again, and this time running backward through the machine. There was a flutter among the spectators, and everybody looked eagerly at this curious reversal of natural order.

At the last moment of the original scene a sailor had swung himself over the steamer's rail and dropped lightly to the pier below. I now saw him on the deck, half crouching as he had fallen, then rising swiftly through the air and vaulting backward to the steamer's deck. It was amusing, and the audience applauded.

The machinery clicked on, and now my two suspects, the young man in the fur coat and the watcher at the gangway, were holding their momentary conversation. And then I saw "Pompadour" take a small package from a breast pocket and slip it into "Fur Coat's" hand. Keep clearly in mind that all this was the reverse of what had actually happened.

Again the young man had edged up to where the old gentleman was fumbling with the lock of the despatch box; now they were standing close together; I looked with all my eyes, and just then a peculiar thing happened.

The mechanism of the cinematograph was not working well—the recording roll did not take kindly to the reversing process. The picture flickered wildly, halted for an instant, and then stopped altogether. And there, fixed in the very act, was my gentleman of the fur coat, his hand unmistakably concealed under the lid of the despatch box. The camera, recording the scene at the rate of fifty photographs a second, had not been deceived, and now, by a fortuitous chance, it had been permitted to reveal what the human eye could never have seen or noted for itself.

The picture was hastily removed from the machine, and the exhibition proceeded. I left the gallery and made my way to a hotel, for I had now missed even the latest train and must perforce spend the night in town. I went to bed at once, but not to sleep; my mind was abstruitely busy with the problem just presented to it in so curious a fashion.

Again and again the picture seemed to unroll itself before my eyes, and that wistful face looked out at me from the flickering screen. Evil had been abroad; could it have concerned her? And then, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, I gave over the whole thing. Whatever had happened, it was no concern of mine, and never could be. Moreover, it was quite likely that the picture had been taken one, two, even three years back. The story, whatever it was, had been marked years long ago. I was only making an idiot of myself; and all the clocks were striking three. I would compel myself to sleep, there were the sheep jumping over the fence—fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four—

CHAPTER II

THE "ALONY FOLLY"

WITH the general run of my acquaintances I am set down as a sober-sided individual, not exactly dull, but still one of the last to be invited when it is a question of lively company. Certainly, no one would suspect me of cherishing any hidden fires of romance in my mature breast, and, to tell the truth, I have lost most of my illusions. As for the rest, you have it in the fewest possible words.

Nicholas Cary, unmarried, assistant editor of the *New World Review*, and a club-man in a moderate way. I live in a suburban town for the sake of the golf, which is really very good, and, incidentally, I thereby avoid jury duty in the city. My editorial work through the day, as much of golf as I can work in during these long June afternoons, and a pipe and Balzac for the evening. Romance? Well, yes; but it is a pleasant one, and I am used to it.

I began sensibly enough, when I had a chance to think everything over in the clear light of day. I told myself decidedly that any further interest that I might choose to take in "Mademoiselle Incognita," "Fur Coat," and the others, must be purely analytic in its nature. Here was a problem to be solved, a question to be answered: was it worth my while to bother with them? The decision was not one that could be given off hand, and I had to take the puzzle with me to the office, where it continued to obtrude its absurd claims for an undivided hearing upon my harassed inner consciousness. And it was "make-up" day, too! I finally decided that I would stroll up to the gallery at five o'clock and have a talk with the voluble young man who acts as lecturer. Perhaps I may take another look at the picture, perhaps not; it is impossible to determine upon everything so long in advance.

The young gentleman was most polite, but he could tell me very little. That particular picture of the Calais mail parket? Yes, he knew it very well—an excellent example of the perfection of cinematographic work under the new process of manufacture.

What was the date of the original record? As to that he could not say. Perhaps the people in the London office might be willing to supply the information. Here was their address, if I wished to communicate with them: 31 Ebner Court, Temple Avenue, E. C.

It was what I had expected. So I thanked the young man, and took a seat for the performance that was about to begin. There was a chance that I might have overlooked some detail, small in itself, and yet important in its bearing upon the mystery. And, first, as to the approximate date of the occurrence.

Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that there was nothing in the picture that could enable me to fix upon this first element of my working hypothesis; it was not even certain that the record had been made during the present year, 1899. The practical use of the cinematograph dated back half a dozen years, and the celluloid films could be made up at any time, and used for an indefinite period. Judging from the heavy clothing worn by the actors in the scene, the time of year was probably winter or early spring. But the Channel trip is usually an inclement one, and a fur coat might be comfortable enough so late as April, or even so early as October.

An inspiration! The article upon the newspaper bulletin board? I could read the big black letters plainly, "Cambridge Wins!" and the announcement could refer only to the annual boat race between the rival universities. I follow all sports with interest, and I now recollected that the Light Blue had indeed won in April of the present year. The exact date I could get easily enough from a newspaper file. Moreover, if I were not mistaken, it was the only victory for the Cantabs in several years. If so, I had my first step.

Jones of the *Planet* is an old friend, and the files of the paper were entirely at my service. Eagerly I ran them down. Ah, here it was at last! I was right in my recollection of the event: Cambridge had beaten Oxford on March 25, in the comparatively slow time of twenty-one minutes and four seconds. At the bottom of the cable despatch was printed a summary of the annual race, running back to 1876. Oxford's unbroken string of victories had but just come to an end, Cambridge had won in 1893 for the first time since 1889.

This established the date beyond a question. It was absolutely certain, then, that the camera had made its interesting record upon the afternoon of March 25 of this present year, and of course the scene of the occurrence was already known to me. To-day was the 10th of June, or only ten weeks later, and it

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ping in to satisfy myself about that crumb of conver-
sation between my two suspects.

With a keen sense of disappointment, I realized that a phonographic record would have been useless to me, even if one had been made. "Pompadour" had indeed said something to "Fur Coat" as the latter passed him, but the words had been spoken in a whisper; that was plain enough from the expression of their faces and the constraint of their attitudes. A dozen of Mr. Edison's machines might have been clicking away within a dozen feet, and not one of them would have caught a single word. The secret would have been safe had I in person been standing on Dover pier that gloomy March afternoon. Too bad! but I must give up the problem; it has become impossible.

"Nothing is impossible, since the first Napoleon was good enough to erase the word from the dictionaries."

It was Murchison who had answered my inaudible confession of checkmate; he must have entered the hall some time before and quietly slipped into the vacant chair.

I am very fond of Murchison, for he was a classmate of mine at college and a good fellow in every way. It was an odd sort of business into which he drifted after leaving "Old Nassau." He plays the organ at a deaf-and-dumb asylum—could anything be more ridiculous? But, then, he is an assistant master in the institution, and the organ-playing is merely incidental to the daily religious services.

Murchison takes an intense interest in his profession, which is quite as it should be, and he has become proficient in all its technical details. To the lay mind it seems incredible that these afflicted children can be taught to articulate intelligibly without ever having heard a spoken word. But the miracle is, in fact, accomplished, and the old deaf-and-dumb finger alphabet holds but a secondary place in the modern system. The deaf-mutes learn to articulate, mechanically, the inflections of the human voice, and they are also able to understand what another person is saying by reading the motions of the lips. It is this last that seems so wonderful to me; but Murchison declares that the "reading" is a small thing compared to the acquirement of the mechanically produced articulation. As he once remarked when we were discussing the subject: "Any one can pick up lip-reading; I find myself doing it constantly, even when talking with normally constituted persons like yourself. Where you, in earnest conversation with a friend, fix your attention upon his eyes, I look at his lips. It keeps me in practice."

This little lecture of Murchison's comes to my mind as I turn to greet him. If lip-reading is really so easy, why should he not be able to interpret for me the whispered secrets of "Fur Coat" and "Pompadour"? I could put it to him as a test of skill, and without betraying my interest in the solution of the mystery.

I did put the problem to Murchison, and as I had expected, he was immediately interested by the suggestion; it was a challenge to his professional skill.

And yet the experiment was an utter failure. Murchison was not able to distinguish a single syllable. He ascribed his non-success to the constant flickering of the picture. The clock-work mechanism of the cinematograph is far from perfect, and the pulsing light distorts and destroys the delicate continuity of action upon which everything depends.

And then I had another inspiration. Perhaps the film itself may show what is lost in the illuminated enlargement upon the screen. The people at Vincent's have come to look upon me as a regular patron of their establishment, and I found no difficulty in getting permission to inspect the celluloid roll that contained the scene on Dover pier.

Murchison and I examined the roll together, and found it to be a long strip of celluloid film containing some three thousand tiny photographs. The pictures were hardly half an inch square, and the prospect of getting anything definite was not encouraging.

[illegible] on plainly refers to its situation—Rue de Rennes. And the whole sentence is simply, '(The) yellow house (at) the Rue de Rennes.'"

Murchison received my compliments upon his skill with becoming modesty, but refused my invitation to share a Welsh rabbit over at the Studio. He had another engagement, and I was obliged to eat my supper alone. I therefore improved the opportunity by setting down in their order the results of my investigations.

Imprimis: A crime has been committed upon March 25 of this present year (1899), the scene being the Dover pier of the mail route between England and France; and the principal actors, a well-dressed man of, say, five-and-twenty, and a middle-aged man of soldierly appearance, who wears his hair *à la Pompadour*. The victim is an elderly gentleman, and one-armed, the left being the missing member. The object taken from his despatch-box cannot be described, except to say that it is about the size of a lemon. The appointed rendezvous of the thieves is a house known as the "yellow one," and situated on the Rue de Rennes. The latter is a well-known street in Paris, and belongs to the *rive gauche*, if I remember correctly. And that is all.

Step by step and already the next one is before me. The waiter had offered me a copy of the *Herald* with which to amuse myself while my order was being filled. An item in the personal column caught my eye:

"A package of valuable papers—liberal reward—no questions asked."

Precisely! Here is the echo of an occurrence not unlike to the one in which I am interested. Why should not my old gentleman have advertised his loss? If he did, there is but one medium for him, the "Agony Column" of the London *Times*.

I pay for my supper without waiting to eat it, and in half an hour I am again at the *Planet* office. The files of the "Thunderer" are placed before me, and I begin my search. Half-way down the column in the issue of April 1 is the following:

"Lost: On Saturday the twenty-fifth ult., on the landing-stage at Dover, and just before the departure of the mail-boat, a small parcel enclosed in a chamois-leather bag. The finder is requested to communicate, in strict confidence, with Mr. Smith, Numéro dix-huit, Rue d'Alger, Paris."

could secure from Vincent's the celluloid film of that particular picture, I might forward it to "Mr. Smith" as evidence of good faith in my written story. He could draw his own conclusions, and I should have no further responsibility in the matter. And I should have done my duty. I will try it.

The people at Vincent's were most polite, but they absolutely declined to part with any of their cinematographic rolls. Perhaps they have a price, but it is evidently beyond the resources of my check-book, and of course I cannot give the true explanation of what must appear to be a preposterous whim. The manager, however, suggests that the London office of the company keep all the duplicate films in stock, and they may be willing to treat with me if assured that I was not a business rival.

Friday, June 15.—If I send a letter by the Saturday mail-steamer it will take fully three weeks for the answer to come back to me. Even assuming that the reply is favorable, and I secure the coveted film, it will mean a further delay of ten days before I can count upon its being delivered to "Mr. Smith" in Paris. It would be the latter part of July before I could look upon my duty as accomplished.

Well, I can make my disclosure in person by taking a flying trip across to London and Paris. I have been saving up my vacations now for a couple of years, and the chief will readily grant me leave of absence for four weeks. The *Etruria* sails to-morrow at ten o'clock. The passenger-list is probably full up, but I can squeeze in somewhere—there is always somebody who fails to claim his berth.

On the other hand, Murchison and I had been planning a golfing pilgrimage among the various Eastern clubs, and only this morning he had telephoned me that all the arrangements had been made and that I should meet him at the Grand Central Station on Monday morning in time for the ten o'clock express. It would be too bad to disappoint him, and myself as well, and, really, I am under no sort of obligation to test this extremely doubtful hypothesis at the expense of my personal convenience and slender bank account. If I write to the Consolidated Amusement Company in London, and try to strike a bargain with them, I shall have done all that can be expected of me.

Fortified with this praiseworthy determination, I telegraph to Murchison that I will be on hand Monday, and apply myself with renewed energy to my work. And then, twenty minutes afterwards, I pull out my lucky half-dollar and study it attentively. It is simply impossible for me to attempt to settle such a question by the light of pure reason. Since it is all a matter of blind chance, let chance itself give the decision. Heads, London; tails, the Grand Central Station.

The coin spun in the air and fell—tails up. But in falling to the floor it had struck upon its edge in a crack; the toss was unfair, and should not count. Again it was tossed, and again tails showed up. Well, twice out of three times is the infallible test. Fortune must be permitted to show her mind unmistakably.

Once more, then, and for the third time it is tails. It is a pure waste of time to coquette longer with Fate; the jade is plainly out of sorts and not amenable to reason.

At the Cunard office I am informed that an upper inside berth is at my disposal. A small deposit will secure it, and I have until ten o'clock to-morrow morning to come to a final decision with my vacillating inner man.

Saturday, June 16.—It is high noon, and the *Etruria* is steaming abreast of the Scotland Light-ship and plunging her sharp bow into the yeasty tumble of a "sou'easter." I recollect, with some annoyance, that my hasty note of explanation to Murchison is still safely buttoned up in an inside pocket; and the pilot went over the side not ten minutes ago. It is too bad. What will Murchison think of me?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I HAD TO TAKE THE PUZZLE WITH ME TO THE OFFICE."

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ELSA MARNY

PHILIP BROZEL

MINNIE TRACEY

PHOEBE STRAKOSCH

RITA ELANDI

LLOYD D'AUBIGNE

IN the promise of the approaching musical season, there is nothing more interesting than the series of performances in English to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House. They are to begin in October, and continue for thirteen weeks, to be resumed in the spring after the company customarily heard there has started on its travels. It is not in regard to its artistic character that the new scheme claims most attention, although it is plain that any event of it will be in a large measure the result of the way in which it is done. Its artistic level must correspond in a measurable degree to its pretensions, or the whole attempt will be in vain. Luckily that much seems assured from the quality of the organization gathered by Henry Savage and Maurice Grau, so it is possible to look at the scheme in its broader aspect. To contemplate the plan of devoting the great lyric theatre of this country to opera in the language understanded of the people is to seek at once answers to questions imperatively suggested. Will the public accept these as a substitute for the performances of the famous singers of all countries? Will opera in the vernacular take such a hold on public taste that any foreign language in opera will ultimately be rejected? Will the present enterprise, courageously if tentatively begun, respond so fully to a supposed desire to hear opera in their own tongue that the American people will, in common with the people of every Continental country, enjoy at least the national element of language in the music they hear? Germany, France, Italy, and Russia listen to operas by composers of every country not in the tongue they were written, but in the language of the people who are to hear them. "Faust" in Italy is sung in Italian, and in Paris "Lohengrin" is sung in French, quite apart from the nationality of Charles Gounod or Richard Wagner. But at the Metropolitan Opera House it is the tongue of the composer that is respected. Wagner in German, Gounod in French, and Verdi in Italian are the rule. That such a standard is highly artistic cannot be denied. Merely in that phase, indeed, improvement could scarcely be demanded. But so far as the national character of the performances is concerned, such a plan is in every way unsatisfactory to persons who believe that opera should be sung in the language of a people, if it is ever to become a part of their musical life, and not remain forever an exotic.

It is not possible to dispute the claim that opera is to be appreciated most only when its dramatic significance is understood. Story and music are in the operas that stand highest in public and critical esteem to-day so closely welded that one is scarcely to be enjoyed or appreciated without the other. There is a pleasure to be had at the opera by listening merely to the sensuous beauty of the music. That is possible to persons without the least comprehension of what the action of an opera may be intended to express. But it is not possible to all, and there are, fortunately, very few listeners to opera content to struggle along without some attempt to learn what the subject really is. The extent to which they succeed in this effort has much to do in determining the degree of their enjoyment of opera. A complete understanding of the text gives the greatest degree of pleasure in the music, and under these circumstances opera is heard with a full recognition of its dramatic significance. It is not a mere succession of sounds that please the ear or greatly affect the emotions, once its dramatic as well as its musical character has been recognized. Without hearing the text in a language they can understand, or the careful study of a libretto, this comprehension of opera is impossible. American audiences have never shown any keenness for acquiring the knowledge that an operatic libretto contains. But hearing an opera sung in the language they understand is bound to make audiences aware of its talent after a while. They will come to appreciate all that its text and story mean within a short time, whereas repeated hearings of a work in a language they do not understand have not succeeded in impressing its meaning on many regular attendants at the Metropolitan, who have remained for years as much in ignorance of the details that led to Tannhäuser's departure for Rome as to the causes of Lucia's deplorable lunacy. Opera in a language that helps its hearers to a full understanding of its purpose and a just estimate of its varied character is more artistic than any other form of wedded music and drama. For that reason opera should be heard here in English, just as in every musical country it is sung in the vernacular, and the musical taste created by this means is certain to be more enduring and substantial than any founded on the conception of opera as an exotic concealed always from the understanding of many in the shell of a foreign language. Then opera in English must be recognized as the expression of a broader artistic spirit for this country, because it is a natural spirit that is seeking to get from a work all that it contains.

Other phases of this question are not so easily settled. English is the one language which the great singers of the world rarely use in opera. It is a conceivable result of the present attempt that our own might ultimately become the tongue in which all opera is sung here. There would be no more Wagner in German, or Rossini in Italian; there would be only English for operas from every land. This is a country that adores the mere interpreter in art more than the creator of his work. Usually it is the actor rather than the play, and it is nearly always the singer rather than the music. Could opera in English please the public so well that in the new broad appreciation of the dramatic beauty of operas the singers whose names are famous here would be willingly spared? For none of them sing in English. The complete success of opera in the vernacular, however, would mean that they would have to learn English or remain away. For the English opera season to exist at the Metropolitan Opera House as a cheaper-priced adjunct would deprive it of all significance after a year or two. It can be begun in that way, but to have it give place to the regular performances when the foreign singers return puts it out of all consideration as an artistic factor. But that does not seem to be the fate in store for opera in English here. It will fail entirely, or it will begin with such a steady increase of success that opera in other languages must be unknown here after a while. Opera in the form to meet the most exacting artistic demand would be such performances as the Maurice Grau Opera Company gives now in foreign languages, with the single change necessary to make them comprehensible, recognizant of nationality of the people to whom they are offered, and illustrative of a work's fullest purpose, because they reveal its dramatic as well as its musical character. It would indeed mark a change in the situation here when the Sembrichs, Tetrazzinis, Calvés, of the future, are compelled to learn their roles in English before they can sing in the American opera houses. It seems now that such a time must be in the very remote future, if it is not a fantastic idea altogether. But it represents the legitimate end of opera in English if that project is to be a success. It seems, moreover, that the scheme will have fallen short of success until that standard has been reached. Opera in English as a second-class entertainment, inferior and unpretentious, has always existed here, and will be no novelty next winter, except that it is to be performed somewhat more elaborately, and will present a somewhat larger range of works. But opera in English is worth discussion only when it is regarded as the form of opera which is to take the first place in time.

Some of the artists engaged by Maurice Grau and Henry Savage have been heard in this country. Among these are Lloyd d'Aubigne, Lempriere Pringle, Joseph Sheehan, Zelie de Lussan, Rita Elandi, Louise Meisslinger, and Grace Golden. Minnie Tracey, Phoebe Strakosch, Ingborg Ralstrom, Elsa Marny, Fanchon Thompson, Phillip Brozel, and some other singers with less important work to do have not been heard before. Some of them have never sung in English. This is true of Miss Strakosch, who was born in Sweden, and has hitherto devoted herself to Italian; of Miss Ralstrom, who is a native of Denmark, and has been heard principally in her own country, and Miss Marny, whose appearances in Germany have been in her own country. Even Miss Tracey has only sung in French and Italian, and will be heard in English for the first time. Phillip Brozel is a Russian, but his experience with the Carl Rosa Company in England has prepared him for the work of the season here. Lloyd d'Aubigne has sung in comic opera in English, but has never yet been heard here in the kind of repertoire that will be given at the Metropolitan. Miss Elandi, who is an American, has appeared principally in English opera. The ambitious scope of the season's work is revealed by this comprehensive list of works: "Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Mignon," "Carmen," "Lohengrin," "Il Trovatore," "La Gioconda," "Aida," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Bohemian Girl," "Martha," "La Traviata," "Don Giovanni," "La Bohème," "Rigoletto," "Die Meistersinger," "I Pagliacci," "Paul and Virginia," "Mesaniello," "Hansel and Gretel," "Fra Diavolo," "Lakme," "The Mikado," and "H. M. S. *Pinafore*." In this programme the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company differs principally from other projects of its kind. No such ambitious work has been attempted since the American Opera Company, seventeen years ago, made a similar effort to place opera in English on the same honorable level long occupied by opera in foreign tongues. The directors of the new scheme believe that they have gathered together talent sufficient to perform this work satisfactorily; and at the present time their task seems to have been marked by liberality and good judgment.

It is not claimed that the standard of the regular performances in foreign languages will be reached during the first season, and the prices of admission indeed make that out of the question. But the attempt will be to give in English performances that can stand comparison with the Metropolitan's average and not fall too far below it for the credit of the new enterprise. Probably the highest standard of the English season, if that can be so comparatively estimated, will fall only a little below the quality of the Saturday evening performance given at cheaper prices than usually obtain. The lower schedule of prices adopted for the English season is at first necessary. It must make its appeal to the largest public and cannot expect support from fashion or wealth.

LAWRENCE REAMER.

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W who is going to devote all his time to making books. Making such books as Mr. Harris can make ought to be a more congenial as well as profitable labor than trying to reconcile the people of Georgia to Bryan and the Kansas City platform. It is certainly more profitable to readers in general that Mr. Harris should devote himself to the sort of literature that has made him famous than that newspaper writing, however good, should continue to use up a large share of his energies. The Uncle Remus books are part of the permanent literature of the country. The Aaron books are of great merit too. If there is more of that sort of writing in Mr. Harris it is his duty to get it out. His friends, of whom there must be some millions now living in the world, will take it for granted that so successful an author as he is must already be master of a pecuniary competence, and will rejoice to see him lay aside the crutch of journalism. He is probably the most unassuming successful author in the world. It is high time that he stopped being a newspaper man and put on the airs—such as they are—of a man of letters.

THE Duke of Abruzzi, who has beaten Nansen by nineteen minutes in the race to the north pole, is the nephew of the late King Humbert of Italy, being the son of Amadeo, at one time King of Spain. He was born in Madrid in 1873, while his father was practising his hereditary profession in that capital. He is the same duke who climbed Mount Elias in Alaska some years ago. He seems a restless person.

He has only been about fifteen months in making his farthest north. He left Christiania on June 12, 1899, on the steam brigantine *Stella Polaris*, and got back to Tromsoe in Norway on September 6, 1900. His northing was made by a party under Captain Cagni, which left the ship and made a dash for the pole with dogs and sledges. It reached 86 degrees 33 minutes; Nansen's best being 86 degrees 14 minutes.

THE ethics of the recent exploit of Mr. Van Ness of New York in hoisting a Boer flag on his lawn at Bar Harbor has been discussed by the authorities on such matters, and the better opinion seems to be that his valor outdid his discretion. Mr. Van Ness, like some millions of Americans, is warmly pro-Boer in his sympathies, and his idea was, as he has expressly stated, to show his extreme displeasure with British doings in South Africa. But the Transvaal question was not at all under discussion at Bar Harbor. A friendly fleet had come there, and a very friendly reception was being given to it. Mr. Van Ness's exploit was, as far as it went, an insult to that fleet. There was no complaint about his opinions. What the Bar Harbor folks found fault with was his manners.

Captain Mahan in a letter to the New York *Times* recalls that in 1863 a United States ship, the *Macedonian*, of which he was an officer, entered the harbor of Plymouth, England. English sympathy at that time was strongly with the Confederates. A merchant vessel in the harbor raised the Confederate flag, clearly with intention of insulting the Yankees. But a boat from a British war-ship went over to the merchantman, and immediately the flag was hauled down, and later in the day a British officer came aboard the *Macedonian* and expressed his regret at the occurrence. The British officer's own sympathies, as it turned out, were with the South, but that did not affect the fact that the American ship was entitled to civil treatment in that harbor.

The case at Bar Harbor seems analogous. "The question in either instance," says Captain Mahan, "is not one of political sympathy, but of social decency."

THERE have been various stories in the newspapers this year to the effect that Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the Christian Science sectress, was in bad repair and unfit for exhibition. Scoffers at this gifted woman declared that she kept herself in strict retirement, and had even called in a doctor. They even suggested the possibility that she had an understudy who looked enough like her to be shown for a moment to the faithful when they clamored with especial fervor to see her. Perhaps it was to set at rest these impertinent stories that Mrs. Eddy accepted the invitation of the Governor of New Hampshire to appear on Governor's day (September 6) at the State fair in Concord. The report of her visit says that she reached the fair-grounds at three o'clock in the afternoon, was received by the city and State authorities, and escorted by a troop of mounted police and a mounted aide from the Governor's staff, made the circuit of the race-track amid the plaudits of admiring thousands. It must have been an excellent thing for the fair. There is no greater curiosity in New Hampshire than Mrs. Eddy, unless it is her following, and that far outstretches the limits of the Granite State.

YALE begins her two-hundredth year with many changes. Twenty-five years ago Harvard broke ment. The considerations which influenced the departure at Cambridge have not been without weight at New Haven, too, but Yale has gone slow, with careful conservatism, limiting the choices of her students much more strictly than Harvard, and clinging to the idea that teachers know better than pupils what is fit for lads to learn.

But President Hadley is recognized as a modern, and was chosen to modernize Yale. This year, for the first time, the course of the new broom is conspicuous. The studies of the Freshman year alone are now prescribed at Yale. Half the Sophomore studies are elective, all but one course in Junior year, and all in Senior year. The changes which have had these results lead the way to the three-year course which has been made possible at Harvard, and constrain the student to determine at the beginning of his Sophomore year to what special end he is studying and what special ground he wants to cover.

There will hardly be much grumbling among the older Yale graduates over these changes. They had come to be a part of American university education, and to reject them was to stay behind in the race.

THE chief innovations at Harvard this year will be material ones of brick, stone, and iron. Harvard has, newly built, in process of construction, or about to be begun, a great students' club, the Harvard Union, given by Major Higginson, the Semitic Museum, given by Mr. Schiff of New York, the Stillman Infirmary, a new boat-house, a new fence around the yard, an engineering building to cost $175,000, given by the late Henry L. Pierce, a new wing to the Agassiz Museum, and divers buildings for the medical school. The A. D. Club has also built itself a hundred-thousand-dollar hut, and the university contemplates a new and stately mansion suitable to the use of the President of so great an institution.

Some of these structures, notably the Harvard Union Building, may bring with them decided changes in Harvard's social life, while, of course, such an unusual number of new edifices will give the more ancient graduates more unfamiliar sights to sigh over.

PERSONS who have lately returned from vacations in the country or in the woods express curiosity about the shirt-waist man, to whom the newspapers have lately accorded so much attention. He sprang like a mushroom into brief and fitful life in the month of August and has probably vanished already for the season. But the absentees want to know what he was like, and whether he really wore a shirt-waist, or merely a shirt; whether he wore a kilt, or trousers; whether he went down with the sun, or bloomed at night also. Reliable information about him is scarce, and many of these enquirers are still in doubt whether there was really any shirt-waist man at all, or the whole apparition was got up by the newspapers, like the Western air-ships a few seasons ago.

THE Equine Provident Society of Brooklyn is reported in the newspapers to have started in the business of taking care of superannuated horses. Its object, as stated, is "to provide food, shelter, and care for horses whose days of usefulness have passed." It has leased a farm on Long Island, and receives inmates. Owners who can afford to pay their worn-out horses' board are expected to do so, but the old horses of other owners who can't pay will be maintained at the cost of the society.

It is an interesting organization, and not unlikely to be enriched by legacies, especially from women. It does not appear whether it will be under the supervision of the State Board of Charities, but it should be, and we must hope that the State Board will see that it is.

HARTFORD has acquired a world-famous picture in the "Raising of Lazarus," by Sir Benjamin West, which has been given by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan to the Wadsworth Athenæum. It arrived on August 23. West, as will be remembered, was born in Pennsylvania, and lived and painted in England, where he became president of the Royal Academy. This picture, a very large one, and one of the best he ever did, hung for more than a hundred years over the altar in Winchester Cathedral. How it came to be sold to Mr. Morgan is not explained, but it was sold, and its sale was greatly lamented. It was supposed that it was destined to adorn the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, but that supposition has turned out to be mistaken. Mr. Morgan's interest in Hartford is hereditary. He used to live there.

THE annual Ashfield dinner on August 23 marked the eightieth anniversary of the founding of Sanderson Academy, and was the occasion, as usual, of some interesting discourse. The speakers this year were Professor Norton, Dr. J. W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, and Presi-

... world, and many even to Ashfield, where the unorthodox in religion no longer suffered violent persecution, as they did a hundred years ago. In American policy at the very end of the century Dr. Norton found much to lament, but he did not mourn as one without hope.

Dr. Chadwick discoursed on the negro problem, Professor Royce on the growth of human sympathy and the evils of pessimism and mobs, and Dr. Hall deplored the tendency of contemporary ruling races to destroy the weaker peoples with whom they come in touch. The addresses were all able and worthy of the traditions of the days when Curtis and Lowell sat with Norton at the Ashfield board.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S Labor-day speech in Chicago was of a different order from any public address he has delivered since he ran for Governor of New York. It is very edifying to read, and must have been good to hear. There is no politics in it at all; nothing about San Juan, or "my regiment," or the Spanish war, or the strenuous life. It was a sober, thoughtful, kindly, grown-up speech; the speech of a man who was trying to tell his audience something that it would do them good to hear.

THE rains have come in India. There will be a crop in about two months, and the death-rate is falling, but there is still an immense deal of distress. Seven millions of people are dependent on charity for support, and there are orphans by the hundred thousand to be provided for and reared. The Red Cross Society is raising a new fund to help in these duties. Next in importance to them is the great work of providing against future famines by great works for water storage and irrigation. These works, which are always going forward in India, will be pushed. Better means of transportation are needed too. It has been impossible to get to some of the present famine districts the available supplies, especially the supplies of fodder for cattle.

SINCE Count Waldersee has been chosen to command the German troops in China his American wife has enjoyed afresh the attention of the American press. She is probably the ablest and most influential American woman in Europe, and as she is to a considerable extent in public life, there is nothing out of the way in the attention the newspapers pay to her. But most of the current newspaper notices that concern her are mistaken in one or two exasperating particulars. Most of them say she was the daughter of David Lee, of New York, which is true, and that she became the morganatic wife of the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, who gave up his title to marry her. It is true that she married the prince, and that he gave up his title to marry her, but princes do not give up their titles when they make morganatic marriages, and this marriage of Miss Lee to the Count de Noer, who had been Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, was not morganatic, but was a lawful marriage without qualification or limit. The Count de Noer became Prince de Noer, and his wife at his death continued to be the Princess de Noer. After her first husband's death she came back to America, and spent a year or more. Several years after that she was married to Count Waldersee. The prevalent story that she has never been back to this country since she first went abroad is untrue. Also the story that her second marriage followed somewhat speedily after the death of her first husband.

THE tunnel through which passengers from the Grand Central Station are hauled out of New York seems to be losing its popularity. Persons who come to New York three or four times a year don't mind it much. For them, partial suffocation by sulphur fumes has the excitement of novelty, and it seems a trifling price to pay for getting into the heart of New York. But persons whose business constrains them to come through the tunnel five or six times a week find their daily experience of poisonous air a serious matter. Some of them, who have delicate throats or lungs, have been known to give up their homes in Westchester County or Connecticut and move to Long Island or New Jersey for no other reason than that the air of the tunnel makes them sick. It is supposed that if the Greatest Railroad on Earth, and the other lines that use the tunnel, made an effort of sufficient strenuosity, they could haul their trains through the tunnel by electricity, and make as great an improvement in the atmosphere of it as was made in the Fourth Avenue tunnel by the substitution of electricity for the fragrant horse. It is a drawback to the comfort of living in New York that so many persons want to get to that town that they will go through almost anything to do it, and that so many persons want to stay after they have got there that they will incur the most serious inconveniences in the matters of rent, dirt, and taxation rather than leave.

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GIFFORD PINCHOT

The Chief Forester

It is only within the past few years that forestry has been recognized as a profession in the United States. It acquired this dignity with the graduation of Mr. Gifford Pinchot from Yale College in 1889, for Mr. Pinchot was the first American to devote a keen intelligence and liberal education to a solution of the problem of the distribution and disposition of the timber of this country. He came naturally by his interest in forestry. His father, Mr. James W. Pinchot, of Grey Towers, Milford, Pennsylvania, has for years encouraged in every possible way the intelligent conservation of the forests.

The Pinchot family founded and donated $150,000 to the Yale Forest School, and the summer school in this branch of college work is held at Mr. Pinchot's place in Connecticut. When Mr. Gifford Pinchot graduated from Yale the value of his services was at once recognized in a number of directions. He worked out a forestry plan for Biltmore, the great North Carolina estate of the Vanderbilts. He was made a member of the National Forestry Commission, and undertook for the government a special study of the forest reserves. The permanent need of his services by the government was quickly recognized, and July 1, 1898, he was appointed chief forester of the United States.

The Division of Forestry is one branch of the Department of Agriculture. It was established potentially, but not actually, in 1873, by the appointment of Dr. Franklin B. Hough, of New York, to prepare a report on various forest matters under the direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture. The position of chief forester was created by act of Congress ten years later.

Co-operation with other government bodies interested in forestry is a marked feature of the work of the division. It has needed and been assisted very greatly by the Forest Division of the United States Geological Survey, which is engaged in mapping and describing the forest reserves, and it has undertaken, at the request of the Secretary of the Interior, the preparation of working plans for the 47,000,000 acres of national forest reserves, although, owing to the unfortunate separation of government forest work into three parts, it has nothing to do with their administration. Applications for positions as student assistants have been received from more than 250 men for this summer's work. Of these, less than sixty were selected for appointment. The total force of the division in office and field at present is nearly one hundred.

The work of the forestry experts is most practical. American plans had to be devised, for conditions are different in this country from those prevailing in any other. In Germany, for instance, where a great deal of attention is paid to forestry, labor is cheap and wood is dear. In the United States labor is high and wood is cheap. Lumbermen have been shown they were losing 7 per cent. of their product by cutting high stumps. The system has in consequence been changed nearly everywhere.

The forestry division has co-operated with several important railroad systems in introducing a novel feature of economy. It is proposed that these railroads shall raise tie and pole timber on a large scale on their non utilized right of way. This action is due to the failure of the natural supply of this material in all except the recently settled portions of the United States. About one million acres of timber are consumed annually by railroads in buildings and repairing, and at the present rate of timber depletion the increased cost of such material will soon be a serious factor in railroad economy. The Santa Fe system has already tried the experiment suggested, and the results obtained have done much to stimulate interest. This road planted 1280 acres in spection by experts was not needed. The treeless States were quickest to avail themselves of the offer, Kansas leading with forty applications. J. D. WHELPLEY.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[Adv.]

HIGHEST AWARD AT PARIS EXPOSITION.
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO. has been awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur at the Paris Exposition for the superior quality of its Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. This is the highest award given at the Exposition. It has stood first for forty years. Avoid unknown brands. —[Adv.]

TELEPHONE service at a private residence needs only a short trial to prove itself indispensable. Our Message Rates offer very moderate terms. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO., 15 Dey Street, 131 W. 38th St.—[Adv.]

Horses are never realized where ambition is greater than strength. Fortify your system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists' and grocers'. —[Adv.]

DON'T fill your stomach with spirits which wreck it. COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE builds it up. [Adv.]

DR. STOBART'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS build up the system, vitalize the blood, and prevent disease. [Adv.]

USE BROWN'S Compounded Homœopathic DEN TIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a box.—[Adv.]

PARIS AWARD FOR THE PRUDENTIAL.
THE award of gold medals for American exhibits has just been made at the Paris Exposition, and the first and only life insurance company in the United States to get a gold medal, or an award of any kind, is THE PRUDENTIAL.

It comes as a formal and official recognition of THE PRUDENTIAL'S excellent policies and modern business methods, and its officers feel justly proud that there is the only company to be good such a well merited honor.

The Company's exhibit was made at the request of the United States government, and the award carries with it a double significance, for it bears witness to the unique status of THE PRUDENTIAL in the world of life insurance, and to the high character of American exhibits in general.

The fact that THE PRUDENTIAL was also able to get up such a comprehensive and attractive exhibit on such short notice from the government collection, and, besides, was the only one that received the only prize awarded to American life insurance companies, speaks volumes for its excellent office system and accurate business methods, and makes it clear that the Company has its business in all its branches under thorough control.

THE PRUDENTIAL gave the initiative to the idea of industrial life insurance in the United States in 1875, and, from that time until the present, THE PRUDENTIAL has been its foremost exponent, and its policies have been held as the best and most liberal examples of the modern life insurance contract.

To receive a high award is one thing, but to receive the first and only award attests not only the Company's commanding place in the life insurance world, but is equally a tribute to those of its management, to whose untiring efforts the success of the Company is so largely due. THE PRUDENTIAL'S award suggests the epigram, "Praise is praise when well addressed."—[Adv.]

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It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?
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All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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Most shaving soaps dry quickly on the face—and this produces the smarting and irritation so annoying and dangerous.

You can apply the Rich, Cream like lather of Williams' Soap, sit down and read your morning paper, and still find the lather almost as moist and thick as when first applied. Your beard will be thoroughly softened, and you will enjoy a most soothing, comforting, refreshing shave. This remarkable quality of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP is found in no other, and has made it famous from pole to pole.

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WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25 cts. LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25 cts.
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WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP, (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial tablet for 2-cent stamp.

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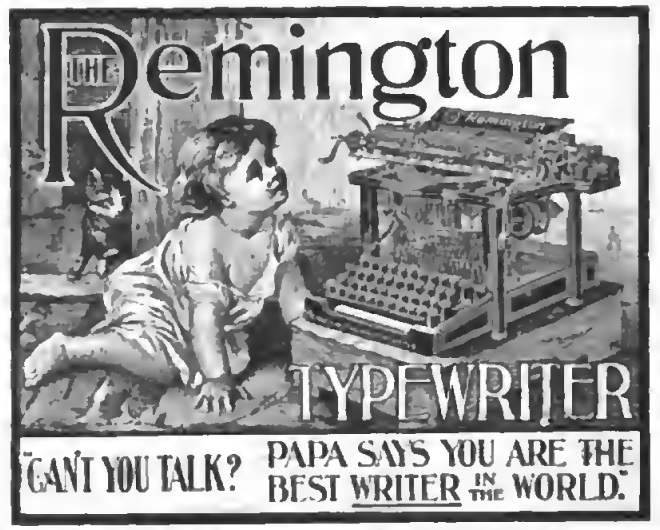

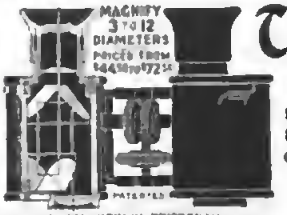

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Letters of acceptance begin to appear. President McKinley was first in the field with his letter to Senator Lodge, chairman of the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, accepting the Presidential nomination. The letter appeared on September 10. It began with a flat-footed declaration for the Gold Standard, and it reviewed the financial record of the Administration for the last four years. Most of the document, however, was given up to a justification of the Administration's Philippine policy. That aspect of the political situation was treated exhaustively. It is impossible, of course, in a review such as this, to give extracts of any length from such a document. It has been discussed thoroughly by the daily press and its chief features are known widely. There seems to be a substantial agreement that the letter was one of the ablest bits of rhetorical composition and of convincing argument that Mr. McKinley ever produced. In tone it was calm and even, and there was not the slightest suggestion of heated political controversy about it. The Republican managers made no secret of their belief that Mr. McKinley had advanced his own cause materially by this able and dispassionate document.

MR. BRYAN'S letter of acceptance may be expected almost any day. It is probable that he will answer some of Mr. McKinley's arguments on the Philippine matter, and it is for that reason, doubtless, that he waited until the letter of the Republican candidate should appear. Mr. Bryan, on his return from his campaign excursion into West Virginia, made some speeches while going West to Chicago. He spoke chiefly in Ohio. With Chicago as a base, he has been speaking in the immediate neighborhood, having addressed a very large audience at Milwaukee, where he led a parade on its way to a picnic grounds. Mr. Bryan has also addressed the students of Chicago University, to whom he made this surprising statement:

"No one can make a Fourth of July speech in these days and leave any doubt as to which party he belongs to. It is getting to be so that a man cannot praise the Declaration of Independence without being denounced as a Democrat."

Later in the address, when Mr. Bryan was talking about the Filipinos as a subject people, some one in the student audience cried out:

"Tell us about North Carolina."

This was Mr. Bryan's response to that very sagacious hint about the "consent-of-the-governed" theory:

"Let the race question in this country and the trouble it has brought warn you against bringing into this country another race question. You don't have to go to North Carolina to find out about the race problem. You see what troubles we have when the country is about equally divided between white and black. What would it be when there are ninety-nine brown men to one white man?"

THE Western trip of Governor Roosevelt continues to occupy widespread public attention. The trip began at Detroit. Nearly three days were spent in Michigan, and then there was a big meeting at South Bend, Indiana, where Governor Roosevelt doubled around the lower end of Lake Michigan on his way to Chicago. The trip then lay through Wisconsin and Minnesota into the Dakotas. Everywhere Governor Roosevelt has been greeted with enormous crowds. He is not what would be called a finished campaign speaker. He has a strong, harsh voice, his wits are always alert; there is no question of his sincerity; he never displays any tendency to dodge or to quibble, and for these reasons he has succeeded in holding his audiences and in stirring up genuine enthusiasm. Governor Roosevelt is making a consistent and thorough attack on Mr. Bryan and his theories. He began by quoting from Mr. Bryan's speeches of four years ago, declaring that if McKinley should be elected the country would go to the dogs. Governor Roosevelt has been especially strong in attacking Mr. Bryan's Imperialism issue. In one place where there were 5000 persons in the audience, Governor Roosevelt saw five soldiers in uniform. He asked the soldiers to stand up, and then he asked the audience if they trembled for their liberties and political rights in the presence of such an exhibition. The answer was electric in its character and the effect one of the most desirable, from the Republican standpoint, that Governor Roosevelt has secured on his trip. Perhaps the greatest enthusiasm the Governor has aroused has been in the far West, out in the cowboy country, where the people are even greater admirers of Roosevelt than those of the East. It is the general belief that as a vote getter and a stirrer up of enthusiasm Governor Roosevelt is a decided success.

THE last of the preliminary elections before the great test on November has been held. Maine voted on September 10, and the result at this writing seems to be a plurality for the Republicans of about 31,000, which is a falling off, compared with the result of 1896, of about 14,000. No one expected, however, that the 30,000, and the Democrats hoped to keep it down to 25,000, which up to the year 1896 was a good-sized Republican victory. Chairman Manley of the Republican State Committee, telegraphed to the President that with the exception of 1896 the Democratic vote was the smallest in the State since 1848. The Democrats, however, took some comfort out of the election because the returns showed, when compared with those of 1896, an increase of 20 per cent. in round numbers of their vote. They said a similar increase throughout the country would give the election to Bryan. The Republicans, however, said that they have never failed to elect their National ticket when the September plurality in Maine went above the 25,000 mark. The truth of the matter is that the Maine election, like that of Vermont, is negative rather than positive in its indications, and neither side is entirely satisfied with the result or the outlook.

THAT the Republicans are in dread lest over-confidence and apathy may bring them into great danger of failure was shown in an interview which National Chairman Hanna gave out in Chicago on September 10, the day he arrived there to begin work at the Western branch of the Republican National Headquarters. He admitted that there was over-confidence on the part of the Republicans. He added:

"Over-confidence is not the right spirit with which to enter the campaign, and it is our intention to do everything to make sure a Republican victory. We have a contest on our hands and it is a hard one."

The National Chairman on the Democratic side, Senator Jones, has been visiting New York, where he made the prediction that Bryan would carry Indiana. He also said that Mr. Bryan would be elected, and then he added:

"I believed that in 1896 and I believe it now, but I am not going to do any prognosticating as to the States he will carry. I will tell all about that after November 7."

Mr. Jones's visit to New York was probably to secure money for the campaign. One of the men who is said to have met him is a Joseph A. Robertson, of Monterey, Mexico. Mr. Robertson was quoted as saying:

"A number of gentlemen of means, of whom I am one, have heard of the cry of the Democratic National Committee that they lack money to carry on the campaign. We have decided to put the committee on its feet financially. If that is all, we'll supply the deficiency and stop the cry."

Mr. Robertson is said to be several times a millionaire, and has lived in Mexico for about ten years. How large a contribution he made to the Democratic treasury is, of course, a matter known only to those immediately concerned.

THE conflict in the Democratic party in the State of New York has been fought out in the State convention, and has resulted in an overwhelming victory for Richard Croker and Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker's candidate for Governor, John R. Stanchfield, of Elmira, was nominated over Comptroller Bird S. Coler, former Senator Hill's candidate, by a vote of 294 to 134. Senator Hill moved to make the nomination unanimous, and Mr. Coler announced that he would support the ticket.

Thus has ended for the time being one of the bitterest fights in the Democratic party in New York State. It is of great importance in the political world, for it leaves Tammany Hall for the first time in the history of the State triumphant not only in the city, but in the State in party councils. Mr. Croker has thus become the leader of New York State Democrats, and is in a position to deal with the National managers of the party. Mr. Croker waged a bitter war on Mr. Coler, and indulged several personal attacks against him. The proceedings of the convention were marked with personalities, and perhaps the most remarkable event in the convention was the adoption of a plank in the platform condemning the Ice Trust and also the Ramapo water steal. It is not recorded whether Mr. Croker winked at Mr. Carroll, his chief political lieutenant, or at Mayor Van Wyck, or his brother former Justice Van Wyck when the anti-Ice Trust plank was adopted. The plank was regarded by anti-Tammany men as one of the huge jokes of contemporaneous politics.

AN indication that the campaign is really warming up is the fact that the time for holding State conventions is at hand. The New York State conventions have attracted the most attention throughout the country because of the peculiar political situation here and its relations to National affairs. The Republicans of New Hampshire and Montana have placed their tickets in the field, and the Democrats of Delaware and those of Minnesota, fusing with the Populists of the latter State, have also nominated State tickets. The Delaware Democrats nominated a retired capitalist for Governor, and for the first time in the history of the Democratic party in that State made an outspoken declaration for Free Silver. The Massachusetts Democrats have settled upon Robert is the present Governor, John Lind.

The Republicans in Louisiana are becoming more active than usual, and have made Congress nominations in the First and Third districts. The negro seems to be entirely eliminated from Republican politics of Louisiana, for both of these conventions were composed entirely of white men. The Republicans of the State have promised the Republican party managers that at least two Republican Congressmen will be elected in Louisiana.

That there is urgent need for hard work in the Congress elections, and that it would be desirable to secure some more Republican members from the South if possible, was pointed out recently by Mr. H. H. Hanna, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Indianapolis Monetary Convention. He said:

"There is very great danger of the Bryan men securing control of the lower House of the next Congress. There is every reason to expect that they will gain three representatives in North Carolina, and there is serious risk of their gaining one in Kentucky, two in Indiana, one in Missouri, and one in Texas. There is a possibility of loss in many other districts. The outlook for the Congressional election is unfavorable for sound-money success. If the Silverites should get into control, they will surely pass a Free Silver bill in the House as an expression of their resentment over the Gold Standard law. The Senate will not confirm it, but very great damage will be done."

The formal opening of the Ohio campaign by the Republicans is another evidence that hard work has begun in earnest. It is the custom of Ohio Republicans to start their campaigns off with a big whoop. There was no lack of enthusiasm in the opening this year. It took place at Youngstown, and was addressed by Senators Foraker and Depew and by Governor Nash.

THE campaign has also reached that stage when "the campaign liar" has appeared. Colonel Roosevelt felt himself the victim of this kind of malice which always appears in a Presidential contest, almost at the outset of his Western trip. At one of his stops in Michigan circulars were scattered broadcast declaring that he was a military fakir, and that at the battle of San Juan Hill or Kettle Hill he was six miles in the rear when the Rough Riders went forward in their assault. There seems to be no occasion for Governor Roosevelt to confute this lie. The Republicans also complained of a statement that H. H. Rogers, a large stockholder of the Standard Oil Company, and president of the Ohio River Railroad, had refused to permit Mr. Bryan's private car to be attached to a regular train on his railroad on Mr. Bryan's West Virginia trip, and that Mr. Bryan and his party were compelled to ride in an ordinary car in consequence. It was a pure fabrication. Mr. Rogers and the railroad officials made absolute denial of the assertion of discrimination against Mr. Bryan, and the lie after running a violent course of a day or two disappeared from sight. The Democrats on their side complained against the printed statement that they had fomented the labor troubles in the anthracite coal region so as to bring on a strike there. The plan, according to the story, was to call out the State militia by acts of violence, and thus prejudice the Republican cause in the minds of the manual laborers of the country. The strike at this writing has not been called, and there has been no substantiation of the assertion that the Democrats were behind the movement in order to cause embarrassment to the Republican party.

AMONG the minor happenings of the campaign is the report that Senator Donelson Caffery will not accept the nomination of the National or Third party meeting held in Carnegie Hall for President. Secretary Gage has again sent out a warning that "Bryan's election would mean a Silver Democratic House, and would practically assure a Silver majority in the Senate in 1901." The "prayer chains" to insure McKinley's defeat that were started by some enthusiastic members of the Indiana W. C. T. U. have been abandoned completely. The National W. C. T. U. discountenanced the effort, and the scheme has not received approval from any source. The Republicans in Chicago dropped a hint that they were going to hold their monster parade on Chicago Day, October 9. The Democrats hastened to Police Headquarters and at once secured a permit for their own parade on that day. It is now learned that the Republican announcement was a trap. October 9 is the registration day in Chicago, when Democrats would better be getting names on the polling lists than marching about the streets if they hope to win at the polls. One proof of good times is the fact that Chicago newspapers are printing more than twice the number of advertisements of "Help Wanted" than they were four years ago. Vice-Chairman Payne of the Republican National Committee has given out a tabulated statement of the way he thinks the States are going to vote in November. He figures as certain for McKinley 249 votes out of 447. He gives Bryan 145 votes. The doubtful States, according to Mr. Payne, are Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Nebraska, West Virginia, and Indiana, with a total of 53 votes.

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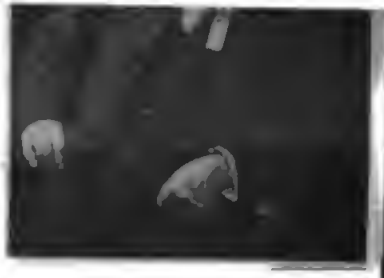
MR. HILL NOMINATING BIRD S. COLER, OF KINGS.

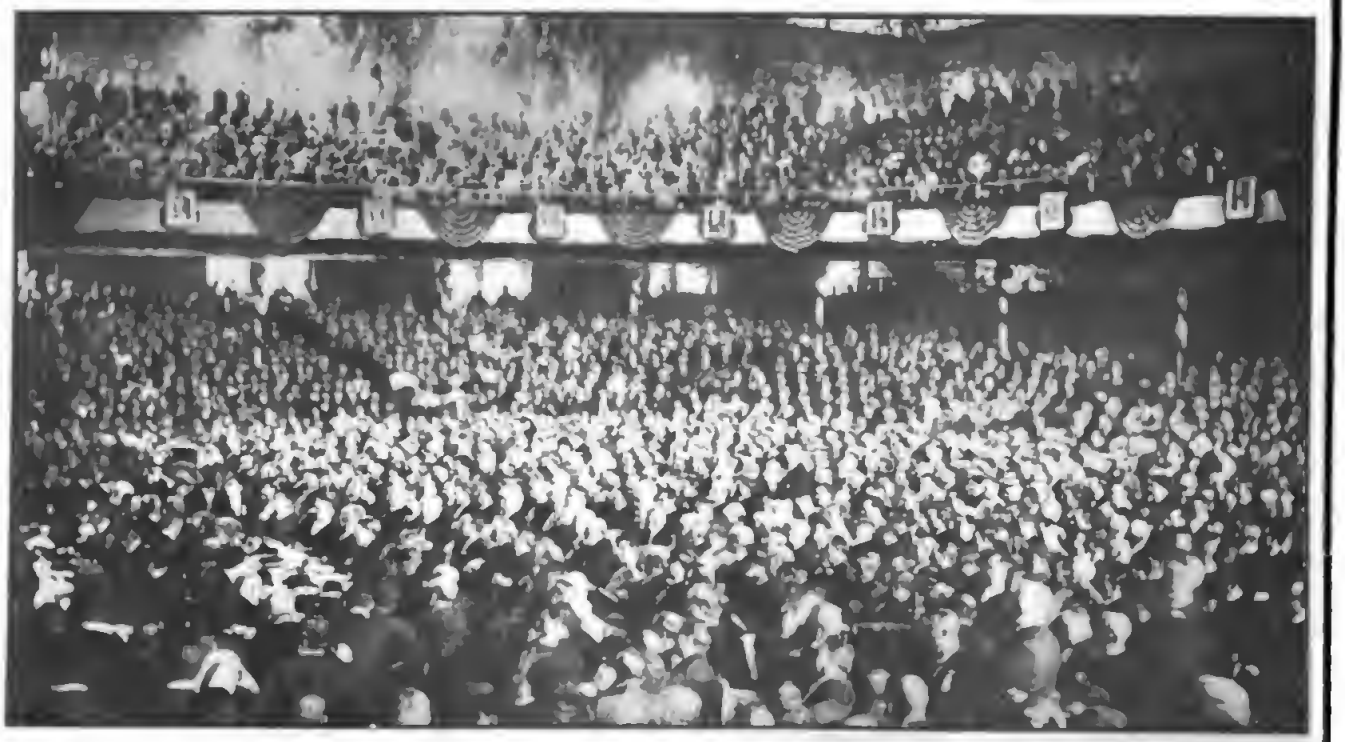


RICHARD CROKER

WILLIAM F. MACKEY,
Democratic Nominee for Lieutenant Governor of New York

JOHN B. STANCHFIELD,
Democratic Nominee for Governor of New York.

DAVID B. HILL.



THE CONVENTION IN SESSION.

THE NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, SARATOGA, SEPTEMBER 12, 1900.

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them in a class of their own. It is pretty generally recognized now that a second-class team, skilfully handled, may defeat one of the "Big Four" at a certain point in the development of the latter, and last year all but Harvard succumbed. For instance, compare Columbia with Yale or Cornell with Princeton at the close of last season, and the difference that existed between the larger and smaller teams is evident, though both the smaller teams succeeded earlier in the season. Yale has played several tie games with teams like West Point, has not infrequently been outplayed by inferior opponents, has often been saved from deserved defeat by a piece of luck, and all this without affecting in the least her standing at the end of the season. That is the new point in the game, and one that may produce some startling results this fall.

One thing which will attract attention this year is the progress which will be shown in the direction of close formations and of kicking. The days of line-bucking are more or less a thing of the past. Last season, O'Dea, McBride, Hudson, Sharpe, and Poe brought out the great value of all kinds of kicking. Dropped goals were fully as important a factor in making scores and deciding games as in the days of Hull of Yale, and this year they are likely to play a still more important part. Yet, although the season opens with the prospect of a kicking game, the majority of the Eastern teams will have to develop punters, for there are no kickers left.

On the other hand, the rushing game, when used, has had a tendency to develop into mass playing. Simple formations and straight plunges at the tackles, when well executed and well met by a stiff defence, generally become mass plays at the instant the runner hits the line. In addition, the tendency to shorten the sweep and to turn the end run in is increasing every year. One exception to this is Harvard's double pass around the end, and

Our offensive play, however, is practically dead. The old formation, built up on one of the tackles, with tackle and guard as apex, in which the apex is supposed to wait until hit from behind and then the whole mass to move majestically forward, has seen its last days probably. This was frequent in the days when football was planned on paper. Its general result was that an opposing tackle, at the instant of waiting, dived in just behind the apex and cut the mass in half before it started. The cardinal principle in all offensive play, from interference in end runs down to rush-line work, is to get a quick individual start on the opponents in front, and leave the players behind to follow as best they can. Yale had some very good close formations last year, which will be developed further. Simple plays well executed are best for steady playing, and though there may be more mass play this fall, counteracted by the open kicking game, there will be few complicated formations among the leading teams.

West Point and Annapolis will respond to the stimulus of playing each other again, and the big teams are likely to have difficult games with both of them. The smaller college teams, taken as a whole, will be better than ever, for as the game grows the best knowledge of it spreads; and soon the only difference between the large and small teams will be in amount of material to select from. The West is developing rapidly. The University of Chicago is to meet during the season most of the good teams in the West; and her games with Brown at Chicago, October 20, and with Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, October 27, will give a fair basis for comparison of the mid-season form of the West and the East. There has never yet been an opportunity to compare East and West at the end of the season, when the big colleges are at their best.

The season opens with a curious change of trainers. Robinson, formerly a Prince-

ty such men as Dibblee for the offence and Lewis for the defence, the season should again show the strong combination of machinelike team-work and individual play which has characterized the Cambridge teams for two seasons. Harvard is to-day setting the standard in football. She will have to develop a kicker, as Reid has graduated. Ellis is simply a plunging full-back, and it will be hardly practicable to use Hallowell again in that capacity, as it interferes greatly with his end play. The backs are good, and the ends, Campbell and Hallowell, are the best in the field this year. But the outlook for Harvard to win from Yale and Pennsylvania is not so good as might be supposed from her good showing in form.

Yale has fine material and plenty of it for all emergencies. The plan of playing as many men, good, bad, or indifferent, in the daily practice, as is possible is really a fundamental one in building up a championship eleven. Like all steps forward this was a lesson ground into the consciousness of the "powers that be" at New Haven by bitter experience. The winning university of the future will be the one which first takes the further step of organizing her entire able-bodied student community into class and other teams practising and playing daily.

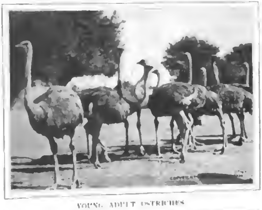
Yale's schedule is her time-honored one of light practice games with second-class teams during October. The November schedule contains four games, West Point, Carlisle, Princeton, and Harvard. Looking over Yale's material it is hard to find a weak place. To develop a punter and line-plunger for McBride's position at full-back will be the one serious problem, and a centre rush will have to be found if Hale is moved out to tackle. The line from end to end will be strong. For half-backs the competition is sure to be keen among Sharpe, Keane, Chadwick, Adams, and Dupee. There should be a very pretty run

The danger of getting that varsity form too soon, and going stale, is thus lessened. Moffat will take control, as Lea is to act as the coach of the University of Michigan.

It seems probable that Pennsylvania will vary her style of game this year, retaining the guards-back formation and the various plays which start therefrom, but paying greater attention to other departments of the game. Consciously or unconsciously, Woodruff the coach has learned something from the terrible reverses which the Quakers suffered last year before their final effort in defeating Cornell. Nothing has been so evident as Pennsylvania's deficiency in the kicking game. It is not likely that Hare will be called upon to punt this year. Great player as Hare is, he cannot captain a team and play half-back, guard, and full-back all at once. The early practice has been much lighter than formerly, the lesson of last year's cripples having been well learned.

Of all the Eastern teams outside of the "Big Four" Columbia and Cornell will be watched with the greatest interest, although their erratic form of last season places them both below Carlisle. The taint of professionalism which attached to the Blue and White was happily removed by the sportsmanlike conduct of the university's athletic authorities, and Columbia now stands on a strict amateur footing. Ex-Captain Wilson's place at quarter-back will be the most troublesome one to fill. There may also be difficulty in finding a man to stand in the shoes of Captain Simons at full-back, if the latter's injured knee prevents him from playing. For the rest, there are the veterans—Simmons, Weekes, Morley, backs; Wright, centre; Knapp and Smith, tackles. Columbia has already a large number of new men who for two weeks past have been training at Branford Point, Connecticut.

Ostrich-Farming in California



YOUNG ADULT OSTRICHES

THREE-MONTHS-OLD OSTRICHES.

FOURTEEN years ago I left California, taking steamer by New York and London to Cape Colony, Africa, with the object of purchasing a herd of ostriches. Already had the industry been started in California several years by the importation of some dozen birds from Buenos Ayres, part of a large shipment that had previously been obtained from the Cape. Arriving at Cape Colony, I found that the local government had just imposed an export tax of $500 per ostrich on every live bird taken from the country; to avoid a similar imposition by other coast-line governments in Africa I hastened to the Natal district on the west coast, and while the policy of imposing a similar duty was being actually considered at the time by the Natal government, I lost no time in purchasing fifty-two large ostriches and hurrying them with all speed to the seacoast for shipment to the United States. Having rounded up this flock by purchase from native and foreign owners, I encountered another difficulty, which somewhat endangered the progress already made. No freight was sent from Natal to any other but English ports. I was obliged therefore to charter a sailing vessel, and the *Kroon*, a Swedish bark of some 350 tons burden, I engaged to take the creatures over the broad Atlantic to the port of Galveston, Texas. To fit up the vessel for the accommodation of the fifty-two strange passengers required lumber and skill, together with some quantity of hardware, all these were scarce at that time in Natal; finally, after strenuous efforts, and at some considerable expense, the *Kroon* was rigged up suitably, the ostriches placed on board, provisions stored, and we started upon the long and solitary voyage. The birds were placed in pens in two rows running the entire length of the ship's hold, while upon the outer sides long paths covered with sand were arranged for their daily exercise. A hundred tons of sand were part of the shipment, to be used for bedding for the birds and also to cater an innocent deception upon their mental gaze, reminding them of the desert sands of their tropical home. Charcoal, carbolic acid, disinfectants, and whitewash were purchased in abundance, as well as vast quantities of corn, sweet potatoes, turnips, carrots, and other vegetables. The bark ran before the gale soon after a hurricane struck the vessel near Cape Town, and in due time arrived off St. Helena, where the provisions were replenished.

Nothing disturbed the perpetual misery and monotony of the voyage except several deaths among the passengers: one ostrich from a cold, and another from overeating passed away in consequence of a too liberal diet upon a sack of sweet-potatoes that happened to have been left exposed. Three of the creatures died from rolling around in their pens helplessly; these had probably become so weak from "mal de mer" that when the vessel rocked they fell on their own necks and thus were strangled. On through Barbadoes, by Jamaica and Cuba, came this collection of plumed giants, until Galveston was reached, and terra firma, so welcome to all after a tedious voyage lasting seventy-seven days, was once more approached. Two birds died, perhaps of extreme joy, upon landing, and the rest were loaded into freight cars and taken direct by passenger train to Los Angeles, California.

Since this interesting event I have been constantly engaged raising ostriches in California. One by one the imports faded away, not probably able to overcome the difficulties of acclimatization, but before their exit they hatched numerous young, and these young, with those few birds referred to at the beginning of this article that existed in California before my importation, are the ancestors of the present large and increasing ostrich population, numbering at the present time about one thousand, whose descendants will in time to come in multiplied thousands thrive in the Southern States of America. At the present stage of ostrich culture in California some compensation to the proprietary interests is derived from the admission fees of the thousands of tourists who annually visit the Golden State. In February and March generally there are some thirty thousand wealthy tourists present in Los Angeles, attracted here by the genial winter climate of California.

This climate has been found to be peculiarly appropriate to the native Californian ostrich. In Africa a disease called "yellow liver" takes away thousands of the little ostrich chicks annually, but in California, in all my experience, no trace of an epidemic or disease fatal to the os-

A Journal of Civilization
NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 29 : 1900

Drawn by William Nicholson

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possessing all the attributes
of a sparkling and exhilarating
beverage, combined with medicinal
qualities whose action is mild but most
effective, it has no equal.
At all leading Hotels, Clubs and Cafés.
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LARGE PACKAGE 15 CENTS.
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Healthiest food on earth.
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Follow directions.
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are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

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Seven Year Old

Malt Rye Whiskey

Four Full Quarts **$3.00**

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N. B.—We prepay express charges on one gallon or more to the following States: Conn., Del., Ills., Ind., Ky., Me., Md., N. H., N. J., N. Y., Ohio, Pa., Tenn., Va., and W. Va. On two gallons or more to Ala., D. C., Ga., Iowa, Mass., Mich., Miss., Mo., N. C., R. I., S. C., Vt., and Wis. We ship by freight and pay the charges on all orders of five gallons or more to Ark., Colo., Cal., Fla., La., Kan., La., Minn., Mont., Neb., N. D., Ore., S. D., and Texas.

Why... OLD CROW RYE

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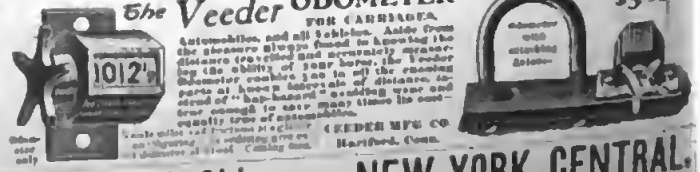

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The Strike Situation

AS to the general merits of the strike among the coal-miners, which at this writing has assumed formidable proportions, there is much perplexity. As will be seen from a reference to an article upon the subject printed in another column of this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, prepared for us after a special investigation of the situation by a reliable correspondent, there are beyond all question grievances upon which a large number of the miners are justified in taking a firm stand against their principals. The story as it is told is not altogether pleasant reading, and it is inevitable that the facts presented must arouse in the breast of any compassionate man a deep feeling of sympathy, if not of actual resentment against those who are responsible, for those who suffer. On the other hand, however deeply we may feel for those who for reasons beyond their control are in adversity, we must be careful before approving the course of the organization in ordering a general strike at this time, or indeed at any other, which must result in awful distress in the immediate future. Apart from the political aspect of the situation, which has served to give a taint of insincerity to the movement, and to place certain of the leaders under grave suspicion of playing fast and loose with great human interests for the benefit of designing politicians, there comes in the question of comparative suffering. Can any organization find justification for spreading misery and suffering throughout the whole land, in compelling the withdrawal from well-rewarded occupation of thousands of wage-earners who have no grievances against their employers, and upon whose daily efforts the welfare and health of thousands of others, women and children, vitally depend? We sometimes wonder if the men to whose hands are intrusted the interests of labor in this country realize the gravity of their responsibility—whether or not they count the cost which their acts inflict not only upon themselves, but upon thousands of others with whose lives and happiness superficially they appear to have no concern. We have in the coal strike a precise case in point. Mr. MITCHELL'S insistence upon making the strike general instead of dealing directly with the real oppressors of the real sufferers is something for which he will find little justification. It is but a reiteration of Mr. POWDERLY'S "axiom" that the "injury of one is the concern of all," an aphorism that cannot appeal with any degree of convincing force to the mind that thinks for itself. We should like to see the reception Mr. MITCHELL would receive, for instance, at the hands of a wage-earner supporting a wife and a child and daily growing more and more hopeful of some day bettering his condition in life, if in an unofficial capacity, unsupported by a powerful organization, he were to say to him that the wife and the child must go hungry, and the hopes for the future must be dashed forever to the ground, because it would seem that the granting of a power so great to a single man, or to a small committee, that he, or they, can arbitrarily order contented and prosperous men to throw away their content and to destroy their prosperity, and, furthermore, to break faith with employers who have always treated them fairly and squarely, is a mistake involving a slavery worse than any that lies in the power of any trust to inflict upon a free and independent human being.

We are not prepared at this moment to take sides with either of the parties in this present conflict. Wrongs there are which should be righted. It is no crime for the representatives of the sufferers to insist upon their rectification, but in advising a general strike, in compelling contented and well-paid men to face a winter of idleness and poverty, in requiring satisfied laborers to break faith with employers who have never broken faith with them and who have treated them even generously, Mr. MITCHELL and those behind him have taken upon their shoulders an appalling responsibility which no ordinary man would care to assume unless he were absolutely convinced of the justice of his cause.

Mr. Bryan's Letter

MR. BRYAN'S letter of acceptance is now before the public, and an interesting bit of expansion it is. As a diffuse reiteration of the extraordinary principles of the Kansas City platform it is a conspicuous success. What the platform says in few words, Mr. BRYAN repeats in many, and as an instrument for the promotion of Republican success at the polls in November his letter is second only, in importance, to the letter of President MCKINLEY, referred to in the columns of this periodical last week. As we have already shown, the Democratic platform, the essence of the party faith, when presented in its most compact form, was of a peculiarly thin quality. Diluted by Mr. BRYAN it is not by any manner of means strengthened, although long years of experience as a newspaper reporter and stump speaker have made Mr. BRYAN most adroit in the gentle art of padding. Granting, however, that the principles enunciated at Kansas City needed to be presented with a greater display of verbal fireworks, no one can complain of the results of Mr. BRYAN'S labors.

Of course, the letter is not a convincing document. Its author with his pen is not a convincing man, and if he really hopes to be elected President of the United States he would have been wiser not to have written it. Spoken in the presence of ten or twenty thousand people, upon whose passing emotions he could play with the fire of his eloquence, whose enthusiasms would respond to the magnetic quality of his own personality, the letter might have been far more effective. It requires a surcharged atmosphere to change vain utterance into pregnant argument. Lying cold and bare before the eye of the reader, in the uncompromising, uninspiring type of the daily newspaper, it is weak and colorless, unmoving, unconvincing, and, unfortunately for the hopes of the candidate, but makes more apparent than ever the insincerity, the sham, the hypocrisy of his cause.

Mr. MCKINLEY'S letter was an achievement in statesmanship.

Mr. BRYAN'S is not even a success in politics.

The Populistic candidate may be able to hypnotize a large number of the American people. That he will ever be able to appeal to the sober judgment of the country seems impossible to believe.

"Some Features of the Letter"

IN his treatment of the silver question the best that can be said of Mr. BRYAN is that he has the courage of his convictions. He stands precisely where he stood in 1896, as the advocate of a debased currency, in spite of the fact that he was buried beneath an avalanche of contempt four years ago. He brings to the question no new argument, contenting himself with a reiteration of the old shallow and specious reasons for free coinage that were worn threadbare in the last Presidential campaign. The punishment he received in as a supplicant might in support of his policy involving the destruction of the law's integrity. This is an achievement in a way. We do not believe that any other than WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN could have done such a thing.

For their doses of Anti-Imperialism Mr. BRYAN refers the readers of his letter back to his notification speech. Events have not changed his mind in respect to this. Precise knowledge of the situation, which he now has—or ought to have, for it is readily available—has failed to show him how foolish and shallow is this bogie of his own building! He insists upon Militarism; he insists upon Imperialism; he remains loyal to the cause of the enemies of his country, who are now shooting down American soldiers in the Philippine Islands. He rises superior to facts, and, like the modest, unassuming private citizen he is, he cries aloud from the housetops that because WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN says Imperialism exists, therefore Imperialism is, be the facts what they may. A Czar himself could take no higher stand.

Altogether the letter is curious. It proves nothing that Mr. BRYAN set out to prove, but it is convincing in an important particular:

It demonstrates that Mr. BRYAN belongs to the order of the Unteachable, and it is sadly true, as one of his semi-supporters, the *Evening Post*, has said, that his language "is not the language of statesmanship, but rather that of a candidate who is not very particular what he says, if it will bring him the support of unthinking voters."

The Treatment of Heroes

FOR their own sake as well as for the sake of the public, it would be well if all heroes could be sent into retirement for at least a year following the achievements which place the laurel upon their brow. What peculiar quality of the American climate it is that makes it impossible for a hero to last very long in this country we are not aware. That few who remain alive are sufficiently hardy to brave the fierce storm of adulation which breaks upon them at first, and is so often followed by the bitter blast of envy, hatred, and malice, to which they are by the very loftiness of their altitude exposed, has been made more than ever clear in the past twelve months. When we think of the DEWEY of a year ago and the DEWEY of to-day, our hearts go out to him in sympathy for the sudden and summary lowering of the pedestal upon which he once stood. When we hark back two years and think upon a gallant act at the entrance to Santiago Harbor, greeted by an outburst of popular acclaim which has hardly ever before greeted a mere lad, and then consider the present estate of the hero of the *Merrimac*, we must confess that we are much saddened thereby. It would not be fitting to paraphrase the famous remark of SHERMAN apropos of the Indian, to meet the situation. We do not believe that the only good hero is the dead hero, but we do believe, as we have already stated, that the hero for his own sake should be sequestrated for a period of time, away from public acclaim, where in solitary reflection he can think upon his deed, estimate its real value, and, upon emerging into the light of the world once more, comport himself with a modesty or an exhibition of pride precisely commensurate to the greatness of his act. Both Admiral DEWEY and Lieutenant HOBSON deserve well of their countrymen. Neither was entitled to the adulation originally lavished upon him. Neither has deserved the contemptible flings and jeers which have lately come to be the fashion. History will place them lower than they were; history will place them higher than they are.

Had both these favored sons of the republic gone immediately into retirement after the achievements of Manila Bay and Santiago Harbor, spent a year in communing with nature and with self, and remained silent always, their position in the public eye to-day would have been more gratifying to their friends and more comfortable for themselves.

Even now it is not too late for Mr. HOBSON to stop talking.

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WHEN Mr. Bryan wrote into his platform a defiant threat against the financial integrity of the country and the prosperity of the people, his candidacy became a menace of destruction, and his election a disaster to be dreaded.

There were cooler heads than his at Kansas City, however. And these felt the necessity strong upon them of providing some sort of mask behind which to hide the destructive purpose embodied in the platform from the eyes of the nation. With that end in view, they put forward two other "issues" carefully constructed to frighten and mislead voters. One was the issue of Imperialism, manufactured out of a tenuous fog of unfounded assumption. The other was the so-called Trust Issue, composed of the thinnest of thin air, untouched even by a mist of misconception.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already and conclusively shown that the issue of Imperialism has no foundation whatever, except in excited imaginings, and no substance of fact anywhere to justify its existence. The Trust Issue is even worse provided with foundations. It has not so much as a difference of opinion to rest upon; for there is no party in this country which does not antagonize all of evil that the word Trust is commonly understood to mean. There is no party which sustains or looks with tolerance upon any conspiracy to monopolize trade, to destroy competition, or artificially to fix the prices of raw materials on the one hand, and finished products on the other. There is no party that has aught but antagonism to conspiracies of Greed against Need—conspiracies which, as the Democratic platform truly enough declares, "rob both producers and consumers." Certainly the Republican party holds no brief for any such clients as these. If this were all that the Kansas City platform meant by its denunciation of Trusts, there could be no issue on that subject between it and Republicanism. For it takes two to make an issue, as well as two to make a quarrel, and so far as such conspiracies are concerned, the Republican platform is as unspoken as that adopted at Kansas City. The only difference is that the Republican utterance calmly, discreetly, and conservatively points out a real evil and promises to combat it, while the plank on this subject in the Kansas City platform is a barbaric cry of indiscriminate hostility, not only to hurtful combinations, but, by irresistible inference, to all those business enterprises that must be carried on by large aggregations of capital in corporate form—enterprises the destruction or the embarrassment of which would strike down all prosperity, and plunge the country into a chaos and black night of confusion.

The Republican platform specifically condemns "all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production, or to control prices." It further declares that its supporters "favor such legislation as will effectively restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition, and secure the rights of producers, laborers, and all who are engaged in industry and commerce."

The Democratic declaration is certainly not more emphatic or more explicit than this in its condemnation of conspiracies in restraint of trade. So far as such conspiracies are concerned—so far indeed as the Trust evil in any form is concerned—there can be no issue between the two parties for the reason that there is no difference of opinion between them. But the Republican platform is at pains to discriminate between those hurtful conspiracies on the one hand and the legitimate combination of capital with industry for the conduct of great enterprises on the other. It says, frankly, "We recognize the necessity and propriety of the honest cooperation of capital to meet new business conditions, and especially to extend our rapidly increasing foreign trade." Surely, this is the sentiment of all men of sense, all men whose thinking is inspired by an intelligent desire for the country's prosperity. The Kansas City platform employs a larger number of words in denouncing Trust conspiracies, but the utterance is none the stronger for its verbal affluence. On the other hand, it contains no recognition whatever of modern business conditions. It suggests no appreciation, no understanding even, of the incalculable and indispensable services which aggregated capital, whether employed in great or small enterprises, renders daily and hourly to the country and to all its people. It goes on instead to reveal in further utterance the untempered, unthinking, and grossly ignorant Populistic purpose concealed behind the platitudes before put forward in denunciation of Trust conspiracies. It discloses the fact that the plank was put into the Democratic platform for the distinct purpose of winning the support of those Populists whose nomination Mr. Bryan accepted the other day without one word of criticism upon their avowedly destructive intentions. It reveals the vitally important truth that the proclaimed Democratic hostility to Trust conspiracies is in fact hostility to capital itself, to accumulation, to thrift, and to all those enterprises, great and small, in which thrift employs its savings, under the name of capital, in wealth-producing, wage-paying work. The utterance reveals, on the part of those who inspired it, an utter incapacity to discriminate between conspiracies in restraint of trade on the one hand, and those corporations which render services that would otherwise be lacking, employ in production or distribution vast aggregates of small savings that must otherwise remain idle, and carry forward the world's work in ways impossible to private enterprise. Against all these servitors of the public welfare the Kansas City platform discloses a blind, ignorant, and destructive hostility. For it employs the word "corporations" as a perfect synonym for Trust conspiracies, and in specific terms proposes the enactment of laws imposing upon all corporations restrictions which, as has already been shown in these columns, would drive the greater part of them out of business, to the public's immeasurable detriment.

Here at last we find an actual though misnamed "Trust Issue" between the two parties. So far as "all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production, or to control prices" are concerned, the Republican platform is as explicit in its condemnation as words well chosen for their strength and simplicity can make it. The Republican pledge is equally emphatic in behalf of "such legislation as will effectively restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition, and secure the rights of producers, laborers, and all who are engaged in industry and commerce." But when the Democratic party, under inspiration of the Populists, proposes an indiscriminate statutory crusade against all corporations, all capital, all thrift, and all intelligent enterprise, there arises indeed a well-defined and vital issue between them. Upon that issue there can be no two opinions among men who intelligently interest themselves in the public welfare, or men who look about them and see the abundant and all-pervading prosperity, which the Kansas City programme threatens with a destruction as wanton and as senseless as any that barbarism has ever evoked upon the creations of civilization.

The Populist-Democratic platform charges the Republicans with "dishonest paltering with the Trust evil," and Populist Democratic orators and writers never tire of declaring that the present Administration has done nothing to enforce the anti-Trust laws enacted by Congress. They forget that history goes further back than March 4, 1897. They are at pains not to remember that the Administration preceding the present one was Democratic, and that it was elected upon a pledge of hostility to Trusts, and of the enforcement of the laws against them, quite as emphatic and much more explicit than that put forward at Kansas City. They conveniently forget that the Democratic Administration thus elected completely and utterly failed to do anything, even the least, toward the fulfilment of those promises.

Still more important, they forget that the Democratic Attorney-General, Richard Olney—one of the very ablest constitutional lawyers this country has ever produced—declared, after an exhaustive examination of the subject, and after securing Supreme Court rulings upon it, that the anti-Trust law in the national statute books is void for unconstitutionality, and cannot be enforced. He further declared that the law in question, if it were valid at all, would make all corporations, all partnerships, and indeed all agreements to carry on business criminal conspiracies, punishable by enormous fines and long terms of imprisonment. Still further, this Democratic Attorney-General declared his judgment as a lawyer to be that while the several States have power to deal adequately with the subject, there is no power whatever in Congress to enact an anti-Trust law which shall be at once constitutional and effective.

Yet in face of this carefully formed and deliberately uttered judgment of an eminent Democratic Attorney-General, the Democratic platform now accuses the existing Republican Administration of "dishonest paltering" because it has not found means of enforcing unconstitutional statutes, and because a Republican Congress has not enacted laws which according to this highest Democratic legal and official authority it has no constitutional power to enact.

Manifestly there is no sincerity in the Kansas City deliverance on this subject, no conviction behind it, no honesty inspiring it. It is an attempt to raise a national issue on a subject with which national authority, administrative and legislative alike, has no power whatever to deal. It is simply a device to blind the eyes of the ignorant and the unthinking to the menace of national dishonor and popular impoverishment through coinage debasement which is the very narrow and substance of Mr. Bryan's candidacy, and would be the wellnigh inevitable consequence of his election.

In so far as there is any authority in the national government to deal with this matter, the Republican party and its candidate are pledged to deal with it discreetly and with due recognition of those conditions of modern life and business which render necessary the employment of elaborate, complex, and exceedingly sensitive financial machinery in the conduct of practical affairs. The Democratic-Populist programme is to play the bull in a china shop and to break all the crockery in sight, with no reck whatever of consequences.

In so far, therefore, as the Trust issue exists at all in national politics it is simply a question between discretion and indiscretion, between judicious repair and sledge-hammer destruction.

But as Mr. Olney showed when he was Mr. Cleveland's Attorney-General this matter of Trust monopoly belonged scarcely at all within the domain of national legislation and administration, and almost wholly to the several States. The power of the States to legislate concerning it is complete, subject only to those constitutional restraints which forbid the impairment of contract obligations, the confiscation of property, and the invasion of natural human rights. Under these restrictions every State is free to impose whatever conditions it may please upon the acquirement and exercise of corporate powers, and whatever penalties it may see fit upon the abuse of such privileges as it chooses to grant. There is not a Trust in all this land which is not organized under the laws of some individual State, holding its very existence by grace of a State grant, and subject absolutely to State control. It is to State and not to national authority, therefore, that we must look for the restraint of such abuses as may exist in the exercise of corporate power; to State legislatures, State executives, and State courts, and not to Congress or the President, that appeal should be made for such action as may be necessary to prevent and punish conspiracies in restraint of trade. It is a fundamental principle in our federal system that the national government has power to deal only with such matters as the Constitution commits to its charge, while the governments and legislatures of the several States are free to deal with all matters except such as the Constitution forbids to them. In this Trust matter, according to the high legal and Democratic authority of Mr. Olney, the national government has practically no power to act, while the States can effectively act.

Indeed, it was long ago established by court decisions that without enacting any statutes at all on the subject a State may restrain and punish attempts to create monopolies to forestall or otherwise control markets or arbitrarily to fix prices.

New York State did precisely this nearly twenty years ago. Before any anti-Trust statute had been anywhere written into a law book, proceedings were instituted in the New York courts against the Sugar Trust on the ground that it was a conspiracy to create monopoly and control prices, and that such a conspiracy was criminal at common law, whether forbidden by express statute or not. The Sugar Trust employed the ablest lawyers anywhere to be found, to combat this contention, but the courts unhesitatingly upheld the doctrine, annulled the charter of the particular sugar refining company against which the proceeding was brought, and compelled the Sugar Trust to dissolve. The Trust was afterwards reorganized as a corporation, under and by virtue of New Jersey statutory law. Thus one State, without any statutory enactment on the subject, destroyed a Trust and drove it out of its borders; another State, by express statute, authorized the recreation of the Trust.

Is it not clear that the subject belongs almost wholly to State regulation? Is it not manifest that the very structure and constitution of the republic forbid Congress and the President to deal with it at all, except in very limited and necessarily ineffective ways? Is it not manifest that any attempt on the part of the national authorities to assume the functions of the several States in such a matter would be a revolutionary act of usurpation distinctly and very dangerously imperialistic in character?

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THE MALLORY LINE WHARF

MARKET STREET
Photo by T. K. Collins

THE "ALAMO" HIGH AND DRY.

THE SHOPS IN TREMONT STREET

DISTRIBUTING SUPPLIES AT THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

A TYPICAL SCENE OF DEVASTATION IN THE RESIDENCE DISTRICT.

A WRECKED LOCOMOTIVE.

THE ONLY STREET NOT BADLY DAMAGED.

THE HURRICANE AT GALVESTON.

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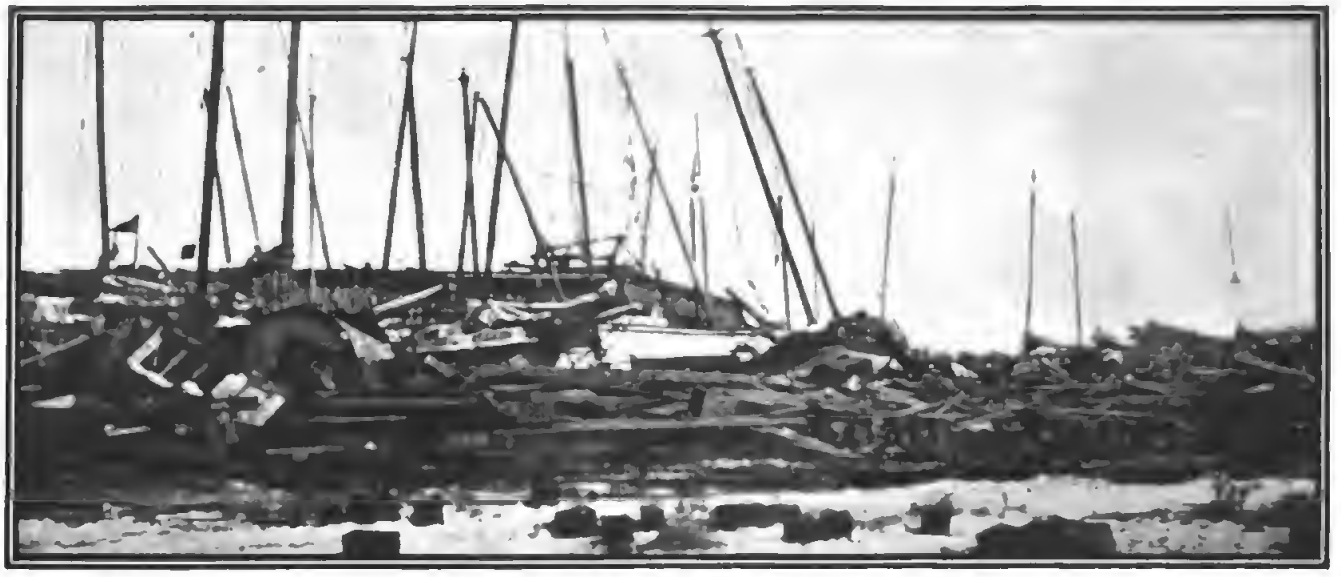
WRECKED TELEGRAPH POLES. A TREMONT STREET SHOP BIRCH WHARF

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THE GRESHAM RESIDENCE, WHICH WITHSTOOD THE GALE



OYSTER-BOATS PILED UP ON THE EIGHTEENTH-STREET WHARF.

THE ONLY BODY BURIED IN A COFFIN.

BURNING THE DEAD.

THE HURRICANE AT GALVESTON.

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The Strike of the Pennsylvania Coal-Miners

To put the yardstick to the condition of the anthracite miners who are on strike in Pennsylvania is impossible. No man may say whether or not they were warranted in going out a week ago last Monday. That they will better their condition is extremely improbable. That there is room for betterment is unfortunately true.

It is equally true, however, that the bulk of the men are better off to-day than they have been at any time since the years following the civil war. The miners themselves will admit as much. With all other classes in the United States their condition has steadily improved in the last two years. Few trades have felt the touch of prosperity more sharply. Instead of working one hundred days or one hundred and fifty days, as they did previous to 1898, most of the miners have had practically full time, from twenty to twenty-two days a month.

It seems strange, therefore, that the men should have chosen this particular time to strike. Several explanations have been offered. It has been suggested on many sides that politics has to do with it. The strike leaders deny this vehemently, but the rumor persists. That Mr. Bryan's managers have looked about anxiously for something to offset the cry of the "full dinner pail," every one knows. The anthracite miners certainly offered a fine opportunity. For years they have chafed under a system of compensation that is singularly crude. It left an opening for a series of almost endless abuses. In too many cases this opening was taken advantage of by operators and their superintendents and foremen. The result was that the whole mass of mine employees have been disaffected, notwithstanding their steadily increasing prosperity, and the fact that little more than 20 per cent. of the men were directly abused.

Instead of having a fixed scale the miners for the past thirty or forty years have worked under a system that leaves their earning practically at the mercy of their immediate superior. A miner never knows at the end of a day what he has earned. He may have worked like a slave for ten hours and made only one dollar. He may have put in only five hours and made a dollar for each hour. It depends largely upon the caprice of his "boss"—*i. e.*, the mine foreman. It is this system that is undoubtedly at the root of all the trouble.

Every miner is practically an independent business man. He works on contract—so much pay for so much material delivered to the breaker. He furnishes, or is supposed to furnish, his own helper or laborer. The latter loads into the car the coal that the miner has taken out with drill, pick, and powder. For this work the laborer receives one-third of the gross earnings. The miner gets the other two thirds; but out of his share he is compelled to pay for the powder used, for the oil burned by himself and his laborer, for the sharpening of his tools, and for such other incidental expenses as may happen.

Under normal conditions this system would work well enough. But the anthracite miner must take all the business risks that any other contractor takes without having the least control over his work. In many mines he has not even the privilege of hiring his own laborer. The mine foreman does this, and uses his power to exact tribute.

The miner must take the particular breast or chamber assigned to him by the foreman. If the foreman is unscrupulous or tyrannical he sees to it that the "soft" places, where coal is plenty and the rock is light, is given to the man who pays for the privilege or plays the favorite. The miner who does not "stand in" gets hard places where he may sometimes drill and blast all day and bring down only enough coal to fill one or two cars. Nor is this the end of the foreman's power. He has the right to "dock" the miner for impurities found in the coal. The amount of this dockage is fixed arbitrarily by the foreman or superintendent. The miner has no voice in the matter. His coal is shovelled into a car bearing his number down in the mine and carted off by the company's mule. It is hoisted to the top of the "breaker," the huge structure at the mouth of the shaft, where the coal is broken into sizes, sorted, and sent through chutes to the railroad cars below. At the top of the "breaker" is the "docking boss," a checking clerk employed by the foreman. He takes the number of the miner's car as its contents are emptied into the breaker, credits it to the miner by number, and docks for rock, dirt, and other impurities. The amount of this dockage is entirely at the discretion of the "docking boss." He may make it one per cent. or thirty. The miner, who never sees his coal again after the mule-drivers have carried it away, must abide by the judgment of the "docking boss," and what this judgment is the miner does not know until the end of the day, sometimes not until the end of the month. He could not dispute the amount of the dockage if he would, for the impurities with which he is charged have been thrown away in the great "culm" pile that lowers like a mountain in the shadow of the breaker. I have seen due-bill after due-bill where the miner was docked 20 and 25 per cent. The outrage of this is shown by the accounts of the honest companies, where the average dockage is less than 3 per cent. It is only fair to say that fully 80 or 85 per cent. of the companies are honest in their dockage, but this does not alter the fact that the system is general, that it gives practically unlimited opportunities to rob the miner, and that there are many collieries where these opportunities are employed to the full.

One of the demands of the strikers is that they shall be allowed to hire at their own expense a "checking weighman," who will be at the head of the breaker jointly with the company's "docking boss." This is a most reasonable request, and that the system has not been adopted long ago is one of the many evidences of the unbusinesslike conditions that exist in the anthracite region.

The "allowance" regulation, and the fact that coal is credited to the miner not by weight, but by car, offer further opportunities for the oppression and robbing of the miner by the operators and their foremen.

When a new vein is opened the price to be paid per car to the miner is fixed between the men and the operator according to the general formation. If it be a high vein with lots of clean coal and plenty of working-room, the miner is allowed about eighty-five or ninety cents per car. If it be a low vein, where the miner must work in a stooping position or where he must perhaps lie prone on his abdomen to pick and drill, and if the formation be rocky, the price may be as high as $1 10. There is no fixed system of determining the price. It is largely haphazard guess-work. The operator and his men have the final say in determining the amount to be paid, and as they are of necessity shrewder than the miner it invariably works out that the workman gets the worst of the decision in the collieries where the miners are not over nice.

Fortunately most of the operators, especially the big companies, are fair. But the smaller men are often grasping, and it is not infrequently the case that the miner is driven to the only remedy—a strike against the operator's decision. Only recently there was a prolonged strike in one of the Scranton collieries, where the men refused point blank to accept the operator's valuation. It so happened that the men in this colliery were organized, and after a sharp struggle they gained their point.

The main hardship of the flexible "allowance" system, however, comes after the general price has been determined. The vein may run clear and easy for some time after it has been opened, and then the miner meets a large deposit of rock and other hard matter in which there is little or no coal. He must blast through this and clear it out. Manifestly he can make nothing out of the little coal he gets, and he is entitled to a special "allowance" or "yardage" for the rock removed. In the big collieries that are run by honest foremen it sometimes happens that a miner makes more out of rock work than he does in a clear chamber. These foremen allow for the fact that it is much harder work drilling rock than it is drilling coal. They also allow for the fact that the miner to make any headway must work longer hours, perhaps twice as long as he would in coal, and he must use a great deal more powder, which he buys from the company. Therefore the foremen are liberal, or rather just, and pay according to the work done. In one such colliery I saw due-bills giving the men on "hard" work an average of $4 a day. But generally it is the other way. I came across scores of cases where men worked from eight to twelve hours a day in hard places to earn $20 to $30 a month of twenty to twenty-two working days. And it was work the hardship of which no one can appreciate who has not been down in the anthracite catacombs.

The car system of payment would also seem to work hardships which might be ameliorated. There is supposed to be a standard, the "Diamond" car, which holds in the neighborhood of 3000 pounds. The legal ton is 2240. The difference between this and the 3000 pounds is supposed to allow for the impurities, for which the men are charged a second time by the "docking boss." But the standard is entirely suppositious. In the entire mining region there are probably not two companies where cars are of the same size, and some of the tricks resorted to by the dishonest operators are deplorable. For example, there are thousands of cars in the Lackawanna, Wyoming, and Lehigh valleys that are built without braces, so that they spread under the load. It is as though a man were required to fill a flexible rubber bag with all it could hold. Some of these cars spread so that they hold 15 per cent. more coal than their normal dimensions will permit. Almost without exception in the smaller collieries the cars are topped from time to time until their sides are from four inches to a foot higher than they were when built. The cars in other collieries are built deliberately so as to deceive the eye, on the reversed principle of the "Bowery" schooner that appears to the uninitiated to hold twice as much beer as the thin glassware served on Broadway. There are any number of cars in the anthracite region that hold over 4000 pounds. And their irregularity is glaring. On one occasion I saw four cars at a repair shop that varied in size from 10 to 25 per cent.

But the most curious situation of all is found in the powder question. It is almost inconceivable that in these times of clean cut, modern business methods great corporations should share with small firms in the administration of a system that would shock the business sense of a Chowtaw Indian. It is about as sensible as would be the action of a grocer who in order to arrive at the weight of a barrel of sugar would weigh it with a bag of flour, a side of bacon, and a tierce of lard, and then deduct the weight of the foreign articles, or such of them as happened to strike him.

When the civil war drove powder up to $6 and $7 a keg the coal-operators attempted to fasten the increased cost on the miners. At that time, however, the miners were comparatively few, their wages were high, running frequently to $50 and $60 a week, and they controlled the situation. They declined to stand the increase, and the operators had to submit, furnishing the powder as they had in the past at $3 a keg. After the war, powder fell steadily, until to-day it sells at about $1 10 a keg delivered at the mines. The price to the miners was reduced years ago to $2 75 in some parts of the anthracite fields, and elsewhere to $2, and in other localities to $1 50. It is claimed by the operators that where the higher prices prevail, the miners receive higher wages in the complicated system known as the sliding scale. The men are not allowed to supply their own powder.

The other abuses of which the miners complain are confined practically to less than 25 per cent. of the collieries. The other 75 per cent. treat their men fairly, and, as such labor goes, the miners and the mine workers are very fairly paid. I examined the pay-rolls of a number of the large mines and found the average pay about $2 25 for miners and $1 20 for laborers. Some of the men ran as high as $95 net for a month's work. The general scale of wages, too, is very good. For example, in the D., L., & W. mines engineers are paid $2 31 a day, firemen $1 56, outside laborers $1 45, and breaker boys 55 cents to $1. For work inside the mines the company pays its door-boys 60 to 90 cents a day; driver boys, $1 05 to $1 37; miners, $1 52 to $1 61; mine laborers (old men of the pension class), $1 61; regular laborers, $1 93; timbermen, $2 23; track-layers, $2 23.

The other big companies do almost as well by their men, and within the past two years, since prosperity was restored, there has been plenty of work.

The smaller companies, however, have not always treated their men well. In spite of the law some have maintained "company" stores; docked excessively; and they have taken advantage of the mine-workers in other ways. To this they in turn have been largely driven by the big companies. These latter are the railroad companies. They control absolutely the marketing of every ton of coal mined. Since they formed a combination the small operators have been absolutely at their mercy. Freight rates have been fixed on the principle of "all that the traffic will bear." The result is that many of the independent operators deliver their coal to the railroad companies practically at what it costs them to mine it. It must be remembered that if the "company" store did not exist in a score of mining patches, miles removed from any village, the miners and their families would suffer great inconvenience.

Altogether the situation is peculiar. Only one thing seems clear. The men have a rather poor prospect for success. The railway companies that control the bulk of the talent say their men are well paid, and that none of the abuses like the company store and company doctor exist. They have millions to spend to keep up the fight.

The small operators could not exist if they did not practise the schemes the men complain of. Hence they won't give in even if the big fellows would let them. Hence the hopelessness of the situation.

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TYPES OF MINERS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL-FIELDS

A MASS-MEETING OF MINERS AT SCRANTON.

A MINER'S COTTAGE.

SAM MORGANS,
One of the Strike Leaders.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE AT SCRANTON.

THE STRIKE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL-MINERS

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LOOTING.

A BATTERY OF MACHINE-GUNS.

UNLOADING.

FORAGE-CARTS.

FIELD-OVENS.

WASHING CLOTHES.

THE RUSSIANS AT TIENTSIN.

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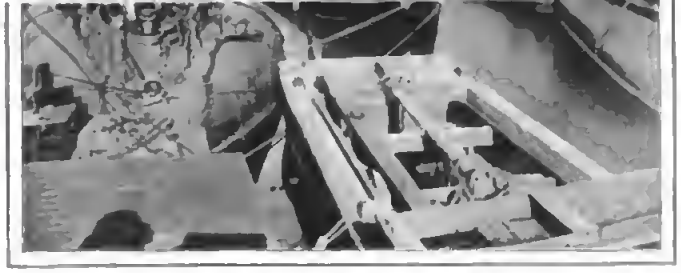

WHALEBACKS USED TO CARRY ORE.

ONE OF THE LARGEST STEAMERS ON THE LAKES.

The Most Remarkable Year in the History of the Great Lakes

IT is not often that the designation of a superlative may be applied to the record of two successive years, but no exception is afforded by the history of the navigation and commerce of the Great Lakes during the two closing years of the century. The year 1899, which witnessed the advent of the Rockefellers, Carnegies, and other great money powers into the field of fresh-water transportation on an extensive scale, saw the evolution of larger vessels than it had heretofore been supposed were practicable for service on the inland seas. It witnessed also the moving of millions of tons of freight in excess of what had been handled in any single year before, and thus it was an entirely natural concession that it should be accounted the most extraordinary year since vessels began to ply this unique chain of waterways, aggregating more than a thousand miles in length.

But the triumph of the year just past is to be at best a fleeting one, for there is already the assurance that 1900 will unfold far more surprising tales of wonders. The twelvemonth dawning will, for one thing, introduce to their field of usefulness the first 500-foot vessels ever constructed on the Lakes—vessels fully as large as the transatlantic liners of a few years ago, and which when the project of their construction was first broached were the object of quite as many expressions of incredulity as is the 1000-foot vessel today. Fully as important is the invention of new machinery which will enable a reduction of almost fifty per cent. in the time required for the unloading of the huge freight-carrying boats. Then there is proposed an engineering scheme for raising the levels of the Lakes two or three feet, and finally there are the possibilities unfolded by the opening in the spring of a waterway of moderate depth connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean.

A considerable portion of the citizens of the United States have for some time taken a particular pride in the shipping interests of the Great Lakes. There have been years within the past decade when the aggregate tonnage of the new vessels built at the ports on the Lakes exceeded that of all the other ship-yards in the country combined, and the last report of the Bureau of Navigation of the Treasury Department, issued a few weeks since, showed that of good-sized steam-vessels—that is, craft of 1000 tons burden or more—the Lakes have almost four hundred, while in all other parts of the United States there are only two hundred and fifty such vessels. Naturally, therefore, there was a great hue-and-cry a few months ago when it appeared as if the independent vessel-owner of moderate means was being crowded out of the field of Lake transportation.

It is a question, however, whether the wealth and influence of the great corporations of the iron and steel producing world are not just what is needed to develop the untold resources of these five huge pools, which contain upwards of one-half of the fresh water on the globe. When, some years ago, John D. Rockefeller came into possession of a number of iron-mines in the Lake Superior district and the railroads which connected them with the ports at the head of the Lakes, he speedily realized that if he were to be in a position to meet competition he must be in possession of his own fleet of vessels for the purpose of carrying his ore to the iron-furnaces in the vicinity of Pittsburg, which constitute the chief consumers. The dozen vessels which were then contracted for marked the commencement of the new era in Lake shipping. Not only did they signal the entrance of the mine-operator into the transportation field on a greater scale than ever before, but they introduced larger and stronger vessels than had been contemplated in the wildest dreams of the old-time navigators.

The magnate of the Standard Oil Company was, however, somewhat more advanced in his ideas than many of his competitors in business. Save for constant additions to the Rockefeller fleet, matters ran along very much as before for several years. Then came 1899 with the purchases of vessels, which may be characterized as nothing more nor less than a grand scramble for tonnage. Mr. Rockefeller offered to sell to the Carnegie Steel Company his entire holdings of mines, ore-carrying railroads and vessels, at a price reported to be $50,000,000. The Carnegie officials declined the proposition. The richest man in the world sought to maintain his supremacy by a series of rapidly executed manœuvres. He contracted for the construction of new vessels, chartered others for the entire year 1900, and purchased still others outright, among the latter the entire fleet of a score and a half of those unique vessels known as "whalebacks," and for which he paid something like $3,000,000. Altogether there will be operated under Mr. Rockefeller's direction, on the Lakes during the coming summer, fully seventy vessels, and they comprise what is unquestionably the most remarkable single fleet which has ever been in service under the American flag.

Meanwhile the great iron and steel producing combinations or "trusts," which came into existence during 1899, had not been idle by any means. It was no fever which came to them by contagion, but a fight for existence. They secured vessels when and where they might, and seldom did the matter of price stand as a barrier to a transfer. Almost one hundred and fifty vessels changed hands during the last six months of the year. In some cases old vessels which had earned for their owners their cost several times over were sold at original cost price, and in others premiums ranging anywhere from $30,000 to $50,000 were paid for vessels simply contracted for—merely the purchase of an option, as it were—because the ship-building companies could took no new orders. If the independent vessel-owner was being crowded out, it was apparent that he was reaping a golden harvest in passing.

The American Steel and Wire Company purchased a fleet of the largest vessels on the Lakes, and contracted for the construction of half a dozen new vessels—among them the 500-foot steamers previously mentioned. The National Steel Company, another one of the new combinations, purchased from M. A. Hanna & Co. mines capable of producing about a million and a quarter tons of ore per year, and vessels capable of transporting almost that much. A remarkable feature of the transaction was found in the fact that Mr. L. C. Hanna, a brother of the Senator, managed to effect this transfer of property—not merely as to control, but practically the entire stock of the four corporations embraced—without the necessity of calling a single meeting of directors.

The Carnegie Steel Company might have been worsted in this struggle between giants had it not been for an unexpected little coup. They purchased all the suitable vessels they could find, but these represented but a drop in the bucket beside their requirements. It had been announced that none of the Lake ship-yards could undertake any more work for delivery in 1900. However, the Carnegie people found that it was a case not of incapacity but of inability to secure ship-plates. They made a proposal to themselves furnish the material for half a dozen extra vessels, and before many people were fully aware of the status of the affairs the contracts for these additional ships had been closed.

While these events were transpiring the Lake shipbuilders themselves had been planning for new conditions. The seven principal steel-ship building plants on the inland seas were amalgamated into a combination with a capital of $14,000,000, and plans were made for the extension and improvement of several of the yards. In conformity with the other extraordinary conditions it may be said that there has never been a period in the history of vessel-construction on the Lakes to compare with the era which was inaugurated six months ago, and which will continue through this year. There are now under construction, to come out during 1900, more than two dozen steel vessels, many of them of the largest size—that is, capable of carrying a cargo of from 8000 to 9000 net tons. Indeed, the general increase in the size of Lake ships is well illustrated by the fact that the total tonnage under construction at this time a year ago, when there were almost as many vessels building, was only about half what it is to-day.

It will thus be seen that all the transportation interests of our fresh-water seas stand, like a laborer with bared arms, ready for the task of maximum proportions which is to come this year, and no one at all conversant with conditions can doubt that it will prove an achievement worthy of the workers. The Lake vessels brought down from the Lake Superior country last year in the neighborhood of eighteen million tons of ore—fully as much as was moved in the thirty years previous to 1892, or in any two seasons between 1890 and 1895. This year they will, in all probability, carry as food for the furnaces very nearly twenty million tons of ore. The increase in the other commodities, for the transportation of which the Lakes constitute a highway, will be almost as great. There will be more grain than ever before to be carried on the first stage of its journey abroad, and there will be larger shipments of coal destined for the growing cities of the Northwest.

If more difficult transportation problems are to be imposed, however, those who are to wrestle with their solution will have the assistance of new products of man's ingenuity. At the ports at the head of Lake Superior hundreds of thousands of dollars are being expended in the construction of new "pockets," huge bins from which the iron ore slides so rapidly that it is possible to place a cargo of seven or eight thousand tons aboard a vessel in three or four hours. At Chicago new elevators aggregating millions of bushels in capacity are well along toward completion. At several of the ports on Lake Erie there have recently been constructed ponderous machines which will pick up a railroad car loaded with coal, overturn it, dumping its contents into the hold of a ship and return the empty car to the track, all within the space of a minute. Finally, best of all, the opening of navigation in the spring will witness the first successful operation of a mechanical ore-unloader. For years the vesselmen have been chafing under the rather tedious system of unloading the ore-boats by means of immense gangs of men. Now comes this interesting new machine with its massive walking-beam and clam-shell bucket, scooping up ten tons of ore at a time, and with several of these employed on a vessel it will be possible to remove the largest cargo in half a day.

The Lake vesselmen find two causes for congratulation in the prospect of a long season of navigation and in the small number of vessels lost during 1899. Oftentimes the vessels which disappear from the inland seas in a single year will aggregate $1,000,000 in value, but last year they footed up scarcely a third of that sum. Then, too, the high freight rates assured for this season mean large profits for the vesselmen. With luck fortune the smaller-size vessels will be able to make a net profit of from $40,000 to $60,000 each on the season, and the larger craft will prove correspondingly more remunerative.

Several new projects there are on the horizon which appear like harbingers of greater prosperity for all the Lake interests. Chief among those are the enlarged St. Lawrence canals, to be opened in the spring, and which will permit of the free passage between Lakes and ocean of vessels not exceeding 260 feet in length. Then there is the plan of the United States engineers for raising the level of the Lakes by the construction of a million-dollar dam above Niagara Falls, the proposed improvement of the Erie Canal, and the possibility that the recently opened Chicago drainage canal may ultimately prove another link in a transportation chain between the Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, via the Mississippi.

WALDON FAWCETT.

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WILLIA

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE BY THE GREA

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

WILLIAM TELL	Mr. BRYAN
HIS SON	Mr. CROKER
GRAND TOOTLER	Mr. Debs
VILLAGE POET	Mr. Garrison

GROUND-AND-LOFTY TUMBLERS: Mr. Sch, Mr. Cod

BELATED OLD GENTLEMAN: Mr. Olne

HIS GUIDE: Mr. Alg

M TELL

CROKER-BRYAN-ALTGELD-OLNEY COMBINATION

BOOK AGENT ..... Mr. Richardson
AXE MAN ..... Mr. Stevenson
PITCH FORKER ..... Mr. Tillman
GUIDE OUT OF A JOB ..... Mr. Hill

GESSLER THE TYRANT ..... Uncle Sam
(Who kindly obliged the Management.)

JAMES K. JONES,
General Manager.

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CHAPTER IV

"MR. SMITH" CHEZ LUI

TO-DAY is Tuesday, the 26th of June, and having left London at nine o'clock by the day express, we are due in Paris at five. Through the windows of the second-class carriage I can see that the country is rapidly taking on the familiar features that characterize the suburbs of great cities; in half an hour I shall be in the French capital.

So far, so good, for I had been able to make a satisfactory bargain with the Consolidated Amusement Company of London, and the interesting roll of celluloid film is safely stowed away in my Gladstone bag. Now that I have my evidence, I feel certain that my business with "Mr. Smith" will be quickly despatched. I shall tell my story as simply as I can, and then produce the cinematographic roll as ocular demonstration of my good faith. "Mr. Smith" can believe or not, as he pleases, but he can hardly doubt the sincerity of my friendly offices, and he should be properly grateful for them. He may even invite me to stay to dinner, but I shall refuse; my services up to this point have been so purely disinterested that it would be a pity to color them even by a shade of self-seeking. Having placed "Mr. Smith" under a crushing sense of obligation, I shall bow and retire. A couple of days in which to glance at Paris, and then to Scotland and St. Andrews, always remembering that I must be at Liverpool by Saturday, July 7, in time to claim my berth on the *Lucrania*.

Speaking of vacations brings up the shameful remembrance that I have still neglected to write to Marchison; in decency I ought to send him a cable. But apologies at twenty-five cents a word are an expensive luxury, and I shall be back in New York almost as soon as a letter can reach him. After all, Marchison is a good fellow, and he will forgive me for keeping him waiting for so long at the Grand Central Station. Now that I think of it, there is literally nobody who is acquainted with my present whereabouts. I did not think it necessary to make a confidant of any one at the office, and I have no immediate family, with the exception of a married sister, who happens to be travelling in California. I have simply dropped out of sight for three or four weeks, and it will be time enough to explain when I choose to reappear. So long as I am at my desk by Monday, July 16, it is nobody's business where I am or what I may be doing. But, of course, I do owe Marchison an apology, and it shall be a handsome one—the best travelling bag that money can buy in London.

More brick and mortar, and finally an interminable railway yard shut in by lofty buildings. The train slackens speed, and sways in and out over innumerable points, the guards fling open the doors of the carriages, and a uniformed porter appears at the step. We have arrived—this is the Gare du Nord, and Paris.

I installed myself at a small hotel not far away from the fashionable quarter, and having hastily removed the obvious stains of travel, I looked at my watch and considered. It was half after six, and the Rue d'Alger was but a few minutes' walk. Would it not be wise to stroll down there immediately and endeavor to see "Mr. Smith," or at least arrange for an interview to-morrow? The sooner the business is over with the better, and at this hour of the day I should be pretty sure of finding him at home. Yes; I will go.

I have decided that it will be imprudent to take along the cinematographic record upon this my preliminary visit to "Mr. Smith" *chez lui*. The Rue d'Alger is a quiet street, running from the Rivoli to the Rue St.-Honoré, and it is more than likely that my "Mr. Smith" is a member of the most respectable society. For all that my mission is a delicate one, and it will be only discreet to know with whom I have to deal. If this preliminary interview is satisfactory nothing can be easier than to arrange for a subsequent meeting, when I can acquit myself of my self-imposed trust by placing the evidence in the proper hands. I hardly like, however, to leave the previous record at my room, nor do I care to commit it to the keeping of mine host of the Hôtel Marengo. A better plan will be to step in at the office of the New York *Herald* and ask to have the little parcel put in the safe and kept until I can call for it.

The clerk at the *Herald* office was quite willing to oblige a fellow-countryman in so trifling a request, and I made my way to the Rue d'Alger with a lightened heart.

As I had expected, number *dix-huit* turned out to be a small hotel, but it is certainly all that can be desired in the matter of appointments. It is presumably affected by wealthy people of quiet tastes, who give it a regular and profitable patronage, and the proprietor is not obliged to worry himself over the coming and going of tourists and transient custom.

I entered and inquired if a gentleman by the name of Smith was among the guests of the house. The good-looking young woman in the tiny office shook her head, doubtfully.

"Perhaps, then, 'Mister Smith,'" I made this amendment with some hesitation, but the effect was immediate.

"Mistaire Smeeth! Ah, yes; I remember now. You wish to see him?"

I offered my card, upon which I had scribbled a few words explaining that I had called in reference to an advertisement in the London *Times*. With some difficulty a servant was finally summoned and commissioned to deliver my message, and mademoiselle was good enough to provide me with a chair while I waited.

Ridiculous as it may seem, I am feeling just a trifle on edge. Is the game about to begin at last? Hitherto my *rôle* has been that of the solitaire player; am I now to be invited to take a seat at the table, or have the tricks been long ago played out and counted up? Well, I shall soon know; there comes the man at last.

"Will m'sieu be good enough to follow?" "Mr. Smith's" apartments are an *premier*, and comprise an extensive suite with a private hallway. I am received at the private door by a lackey and ushered into a room fitted up as a library. But I have hardly time to glance about me before a door at the farther end opens and an elderly gentleman enters. I rise, bow, and for a moment or two we face each other in silence. It is the salute, the preliminary courteous to the actual assault.

In one thing I have the advantage, for I identify "Mr. Smith" without hesitation. The thin face with white mustache and imperial, the keen eyes with their heavy brows, the missing left arm: it is he without a doubt, the old man of the little drama on Dover pier. But it is not my place to speak.

"Mr. Nicholas Cary—of London, may I ask?" This in excellent English.

"No; of New York."

"Ah, yes; an American. It is always a pleasure to meet a citizen of the Great Republic. You—ahem—have called—"

I take from my pocket-book my copy of the *Times* advertisement and hand it over. "Am I addressing Mr. Smith?"

"You may assume that I am acting for him. But pray be seated."

"Mr. Smith" adjusts his *pince-nez*, and reads the slip of paper with great attention. But I can see that he is taking the opportunity of studying me as well. He looks up suddenly.

"What is your interest in this affair, Mr—er—Cary?"

"Merely that of a stranger who desires to render a service. As a matter of fact, I know but little, and that indirectly, of the transaction."

"Transaction! Hum! That is a curious term to apply in this connection. It is a simple loss of which this advertisement speaks."

"As you please," I answer, indifferently. "The incident, then, occurred on March 25, the scene being the lower pier of the mail route between London and Paris. You were a passenger, and just before the steamer sailed you lost a small packet from your despatch-box."

"Ah, it was *before* the departure of the boat—that is very interesting."

The old gentleman is assuredly an expert in the art of extracting useful information, but this is not the time to show my hand. I owe it to myself to go no further until I can back up what I have to say by the evidence of the photographic record. And so I explain rather lamely that I am ready at some subsequent interview to give all the information that I may possess on the subject. At any hour, then, in the morning that may be convenient to "Mr. Smith."

"You were an eye-witness of the—er—incident?" continues my inquisitor, with imperturbable serenity.

"No; and, in another sense, yes." I make this ambiguous statement with an embarrassing sense of its inadequacy, but what am I to do? I can't explain myself without telling the whole story, and when I do that I want the proof at hand. I half rise; I am anxious now to get away.

"Mr. Smith" put out his hand with a gesture that somehow compelled obedience, and I sank back into my chair.

"Of course, Mr. Cary, you are acquainted with the contents of this package?"

"No." I made the assertion confidently, as I had the right to do.

"You surprise me. You do not know, then, that the 'small parcel enclosed in a chamois-leather bag' contained the 'Cardinal's Rose'?"

"The 'Cardinal's Rose'?"

"Precisely. The great ruby belonging to the crown-jewels of Aelolia. It is the finest ruby in the world, and familiar to all connoisseurs in precious stones."

I explained that my acquaintance with the subject was very limited. A working newspaper man, on $1800 a year, can have but little occasion to deal in such luxuries as crown jewels. And as for this particular "Cardinal's Rose," I had never even heard of it.

"Mr. Smith" listened with an amused smile. "Then you are equally ignorant of its value?" he inquired, abruptly.

"Absolutely so."

"The Rajah of Buddapore sold it to his Majesty Basil I. for a sum equivalent to a million of your dollars. But that was far below its real value, and it was only because the Rajah had to have the money that he sold it at all. It may be worth four or five times that amount, but, of course, a jewel like this is not quoted in the open market—it is not supposed to get there," he added, significantly.

Well, but this was a larger business than I had bargained for, and I instantly recognized that my position was a delicate one. Persons who pretend to know something about the disappearance of portable property that is valued in the millions ought to keep their credentials at hand. As it was, I had absolutely nothing to show that I was really Nicholas Cary, sub-editor of the *New World* Review, and a reputable citizen of Greater New York. I had neither passport nor letter of credit, and there was no one at the American Embassy who knew me. Only by cabling could I establish my identity, and in the mean time "Mr. Smith" was waiting for his explanation.

There was but one thing to do. I would tell the story just as it was, and then ask "Mr. Smith" to accompany me to the *Herald* office for the proof. I looked up and met his eye squarely.

"I am willing to tell what I know of the affair," I said, as quietly as I could.

"Mr. Smith" smiled, and begged that I would begin at once. But before I could do so, a door opened and a third person entered the room. "Mr. Smith" turned, impatiently, and then rose and advanced rapidly towards the new-comer. A few words passed between them in an undertone. Evidently they were on the closest terms of intimacy, and I myself had some title to look upon the gentleman as an old acquaintance, none other than "Fur Coat" in person. Here was a pretty coil indeed! But I took my resolution quickly.

"Mr. Nicholas Cary, of New York," explained "Mr. Smith," with a polite inclination in my direction. And then in French: "You speak French, do you not? My friend understands little or no English."

I bowed. "Yes; but my communication was to be absolutely confidential."

"Precisely, my dear Mr. Cary; but when I inform you that this gentleman is the Chevalier du Midi, you will perceive that he is fully entitled with myself to any information that you may feel inclined to give."

Now I have not the slightest idea of who the Chevalier du Midi may be, but I do know that he is the last person in the world who should hear what I have to say. Of what use to make an open accusation, even though the photographic record might be adduced to prove my charge?

The only chance is to persist in my refusal to tell anything except to "Mr. Smith" alone. But I am afraid that it will be difficult to persuade him that I am the better judge of what is vital to his interests. No matter; I will put a bold face upon the issue thus joined.

"I must decline to speak except in private," I answered, steadily.

The General, as the young man has once or twice addressed him, frowned, and then beckoned to the embrasure of a window in the far corner of the room, where they continued for some minutes talking earnestly.

Oddly enough, I rather like the face of this young Chevalier du Midi, now that I see it in the flesh. He was to have been the villain in my melodrama, but he is not at all the sort of person that I should have cast for the part. Tall and slight, there is just the suggestion of weakness in the lines around the mouth and in the indecisively moulded chin. But a thief! a traitor! the thought is impossible. The General turned around.

"Once more, Mr. Cary, I must ask you to proceed with what you have to say."

There is the thin edge of a threat in the tones of his voice, and it irritates me. I can be stubborn too, and I am not here to see justice thwarted so egregiously.

"Impossible, General. I will speak to you in private—or not at all." I rise, and look for my hat and stick; the situation has become intolerable.

"But, my dear sir, I cannot permit you to leave until you have complied with my very reasonable request."

"I shall be in Paris until Thursday; I will give you my address."

"I should much prefer your company, my dear Mr. Cary, and—well, if you must have it—I shall insist."

There is menace, open and unmistakable, in these last words. I measure my distance to the door—one hasty stride—

Two stout fellows in livery have suddenly presented themselves from an inner apartment and are barring my way to liberty. But my blood is up now, and I lead savagely with my left at the nearest of the flunkies. The blow catches him squarely on the point of the chin, and he is flat aback against the wall. Had he gone down, I might have had a chance, but before I can turn to deal with number two, they are both upon me. Straining and tripping, the three of

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extra sore knock, that was all. Somebody had struck me, or I had fallen—ah, now it all comes back, the struggle and my ignominious defeat. It was plain that I had not succeeded in getting clear. I must have

I tried the knobless door, but there was no possible way of opening it from the inside. I knocked gently, and then furiously, but there was no response. Ah, there is the bell-pull! I will try that.

have been searched while I was unconscious. The bare thought makes me furious, but it is ten o'clock, and the General is awaiting me. So much the better; he shall answer personally for this unforgivable affront.

THE THREE WENT DOWN TOGETHER IN A MIGHTY CRASH.

even now enjoying the enforced hospitality of the persistent "Mr. Smith."

The room itself was in semi-darkness, but there was a gleam of yellow light bordering the heavy window-curtains. The sun was shining outside; could it be possible that the night had passed? My watch was lying upon a stand set at the head of the bed. I looked at it and saw that it was a little after eight o'clock. Surely I had not been unconscious all this time from the effects of a blow received at seven o'clock the night before. I must have slept, and soundly, too, for twelve hours at least. It was very odd; perhaps some opiate had been administered to keep me quiet. The thought startled me, and I determined to push my investigations a little further.

The room was rather small, but handsomely appointed in every way, and every possible provision had been made for my comfort. There were my clothes, neatly pressed and folded; "Mr. Smith's" valet was certainly a competent person. "Curious! but there is something familiar in the look of that portmanteau—yes, it is my own, and there is my

I heard footsteps and the turning of a key, and just managed to get back into bed as a servant entered, carrying a coffee-tray. I recognized in the fellow one of my adversaries of the night before. He had a big piece of black plaster on his chin, and there was the semblance of a grin lurking at the corners of his mouth as he advanced to the bedside and respectfully wished me a good morning.

"Well?" I said, impatiently.

"The General presents his compliments, and desires the pleasure of Mr. Cary's company in the library at his earliest convenience. How will m'sieu have his bath?"

Plainly there was nothing else to be done, and I should not get very far upon any road if I stuck to my high horse. Vital proved himself an excellent valet, and the transfer of a five-franc piece quickly obliterated the unpleasant recollections of our first meeting, and placed us on the best of terms. For all that he was a singularly uncommunicative person, and although I tried hard to pump him, I got but little for my pains. The General was M. le Comte

Vital appeared at the door, in response to my ring, and indicated that I was to follow him. I found the General in the library, where I had been received the night before. He advanced to meet me, but I cut short his polite inquiries as to my health by abruptly demanding the reason for my extraordinary treatment.

"I must leave this place immediately," I concluded, staring hard at him.

"You forget, Mr. Cary, that you were to give me a certain piece of information."

"And you insisted," I retorted, "upon the admission of a third person to what was to be a strictly private conference."

"At the time—yes. Perhaps I was wrong, and at any rate that difficulty does not present itself at present. We are alone, and we shall not be interrupted."

This made me angry, but I tried to speak coolly: "Under the circumstances I shall refuse to say anything. I came here to render you a service, and you have taken an unjustifiable advantage of my confidence in your honor. Until I receive an apology, and

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have been removed from all the doors opening out into the corridor and private halls. I shall merely be exposing myself to another humiliating contest with menials, and to the consequent loss of whatever personal dignity I may still possess. I must deal with this madman in another way.

"You are aware, General Czaresko, that in forcibly detaining me you are laying yourself open to serious consequences?"

"Perfectly, sir; but I am prepared to encounter them."

"I am an American citizen, and one word to the Ambassador of the United States—"

"Precisely; but that word will not be spoken."

Well, really—but the effrontery is so exquisite that I cannot help smiling. The General seizes the opening.

"My dear Mr. Cary, let us be open with each other. It is plain that you possess some information relative to the—er—disappearance of the 'Cardinal's Rose,' and the recovery of the jewel has for me an importance that is totally incommensurate with its intrinsic value, large as that may be. You are a gentleman, and I will not do you the discourtesy of asking

we enter an adjoining apartment where the *déjeuner à la fourchette* is being served, and the General gives me the honor of a presentation to Mrs. Verriker, who is already seated. She is unmistakably British in appearance, but still a fine-looking woman. I instinctively dislike her, but I don't trouble myself to find a reason; I have mentally classed her with the celebrated Doctor Fell, and that is reason enough. Curious eyes she has; they seem to be everywhere in general and nowhere in particular. I can feel that she is studying me, even though her attention is apparently bestowed upon the contents of her soup-plate. The Chevalier is not present, and Mlle. Czaresko only appears after we have been seated for a few minutes.

It is indeed the girl of Dover pier, like and yet how unlike! That first picture is still always present to my mind—the slender, sunying form, the troubled, wistful face. Quite another person is this tailor-made young woman who sweeps me over with an indifferent glance, and then applies herself to lorgnettes and letters. I think grimly that I am likely to have plenty of time in which to improve the acquaintance.

The meal is hardly a success from the social point

host. I fall to wondering how my enemies had discovered my whereabouts at the Hôtel Marengo, and how old Bernud had been cajoled into the surrender of my luggage. But, then, money will do anything.

The thought occurs to me that I may possibly succeed in getting a message to Mr. Benton, our ambassador. If I can once gain his ear my troubles will soon be over. It is useless, any attempt at suborning the Czaresko servants; they are incorruptible and devoted to their master's interest. But there is the chance of a letter addressed to the American ambassador and thrown at a venture into the street below.

I write my letter and approach the half-open window. Nobody is in sight, so here goes my bid for liberty. It falls safely to the pavement, and I then experience the mortification of seeing it carefully picked up by Achille, who emerges, as though quite by accident, from the concierge's of the house across the street. A few moments later he presents it to me upon a salver, with the respectful admonition that the throwing of papers into the street is forbidden under the municipal code.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMON MISCONCEPTIONS OF CHINA

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL

NO one knows what the population of China is, but I think I am safe in saying that no one who has lived in that country and who has given the matter intelligent consideration believes that there are four hundred millions of people inhabiting the one million four hundred thousand square miles of area comprised in the nineteen provinces of China proper. After a residence of five years in China, and having been in six provinces, I would not estimate the population at more than two hundred millions; and my inclination is to place it much below that figure.

The expressions "teeming millions," "yellow hordes," and the like are certainly beyond the mark if not absurd, for the people of China do not teem, if by that is meant that they are so prolific that they overrun the country. I know of no other country in the world where wild game is as plentiful as in China, and I think no argument is required to prove that that country is not overpopulated in which, without protective laws, boar, deer, pheasants, duck, snipe, and other game are so abundant that, excepting fish, they constitute the cheapest form of animal food.

The truth is that the Chinese share with us the seemingly human fondness for mere bigness. They are at once ignorant of any facts in relation to population, and have no such education as to enable them to even comprehend the numbers they use. For example, history records an earthquake in Peking whereby four hundred thousand persons were destroyed. Whatever the population might have been, that would be unlikely, and when it is considered that the population could hardly have been over half a million, the story simply becomes a case in point. Within the walls of the two cities of Peking—the Tartar and Chinese cities—there is not an area of more than fifteen square miles covered with habitable and inhabited houses; and by law houses are restricted to one story in height. It is easy to imagine how densely crowded the houses would be with even half a million people in them, yet the present estimated population of Peking is one million, and a generation ago it was said to be four millions.

When I was in Canton in 1874 that section of the country was visited by a terrible typhoon. It certainly was a fearful storm, and the water of the river so flooded the country that a small British gunboat was left by the receding waters fully two miles from the banks of the river. A great many persons must have perished; I do not believe any effort was ever made to learn how many. The day following the storm, however, the story was told and accepted that twenty thousand persons had been drowned. I went up and down the river and did not count the dead even by hundreds.

Chili, the province in which Peking is situated, is about a quarter larger than New York State, and in the estimation of population is credited with about five times as great a number as New York. The utter absurdity of this must be apparent to any one who has travelled in the province and noted the great uncultivated wastes, the long stretches of sparsely settled country, the soil that could not by any possibility of tenderest, most careful culture yield food for even so temperate a people as the Chinese if they were as numerous as stated.

It is a knowledge of the exaggerations in regard to population that makes it impossible to believe the stories of the armies now in existence in China. Then, too, the stories of the massacre of native Christians. It must surely be glorious and gratifying news to the missionary body that there are so many converts in China. Their work has been nobly crowned if it be true that there is such a thing as a city of ten thousand native Christians—or was, for the newspapers of a few days ago contained telegraphic information of the massacre of them all.

It has always seemed to me that the difficulty in understanding the Chinaman was chiefly the difficulty in obtaining a correct point of view. The mental processes of the average Chinese are those of a child. He is not taught to reason, and his education is a mere exercise in memory. He lacks background and perspective. If one would comprehend the attitude of the Chinese toward Western ideas, let him select the most ignorant person he can find and try to discuss a subtle ethical question with him. That question will be as comprehensible to him as an ordinary Western idea to the Chinaman.

With such a people "yellow danger" has nothing in common. There may be great possibilities as the Chinese people, but the conclusions that have been arrived at in regard to them are mostly founded on false premises. Because the Japanese have accomplished so much in so short a time, it does not follow that the Chinese are capable of the same achievements. The Japanese are and were a people in love with life, characterized by an intense feeling of nationality, and absolutely homogeneous.

To the Chinese life is a dull, hard fact, death a mere release; he has no idea of nationality, no common interest with even the dwellers in the next province, not so much as a common language, for the man of one province speaks a dialect so different from his of the next that they cannot converse together, unless they be educated, in which case they resort to the mandarin dialect, as the scholars of Europe formerly did to Latin.

It may almost be said that ancestral worship is the only idea which the people of China have in common, unless, perhaps, it be hatred of the government. They do not dislike Christianity as such, since religious belief is a matter of indifference to them. Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, are really but names to the Chinese, so much more real and essential is ancestral worship. If the missionaries would but tack ancestral worship on to Christianity there would be no religious difficulty to contend against. The Chinaman is not at all intolerant, because he is too indifferent.

The ordinary Chinaman in his every-day walk is a mild, peace loving, good-tempered creature, especially kind to children. He makes the tenderest of nurses, and is frequently employed in that capacity by foreigners, who know that their children will be kindly treated by him. And yet we hear stories of the awful brutality and cruelty of the Chinese mobs. Was there ever a mob that was not brutal and cruel? A mob will probably always do the worst it knows, and the Chinaman has been taught by the commonest legal processes of his country to know more forms of cruelty than the ordinary human being. Torture is employed freely and openly, so that the infliction of suffering becomes a mere spectacle in China. I have often seen parents amusing their little children by helping them to torture rats, cats, or dogs. Then, too, there is no doubt that the Chinese are less sensitive to pain than we are, which must be taken into account in considering their cruelty.

I have read and I have heard it stated that because of his perfect indifference to death the Chinaman will, when properly led, make a formidable soldier. It is an unconvincing statement. He is indifferent to death, and cases are common enough of his selling himself to die in the place of a convicted criminal, and then dying stoically. A criminal able to pay fifty dollars for a substitute and something more to bribe the law can usually escape. But it surely would be a sorry army that was composed of men to whom life was a hopeless, dull, almost intolerable thing. And life to the average Chinaman is that. He is not aggressive, not warlike, not courageous. He is willing to die, provided that the whole of his body shall be buried with suitable rites by his family; but he fears nothing so much as death without those rites; and dismemberment is more than disgraceful and shameful, since it places him at a marked disadvantage in that world to come in which he has been taught he will find indemnification for his troubles in this.

Patriotism is not even a visionary thing to the Chinaman; it is non-existent. He has a burial place to fight for, perhaps, but as our sense go country. His government is corrupt beyond belief, and is alien. It does not protect, but plunders him. The Tartar ostentatiously despises the Chinaman, and flouts him by words and deed and law. The Tartar soldiery is in evidence in every large city, and is notable for its arrogant, insolent attitude toward the subjugated native. In Peking the Tartars have a walled city of their own, to which none of the despised Chinese may reside, but out of which they must go at night into their own adjoining city.

Why, then, should these "yellow hordes" arise in aggressive spirit? What common impulse is there to animate those who have nothing in common? That all over China to-day there are threatened uprisings is only because that is the normal condition of the country, the people being so oppressed that rebellion is always latent. It is the crushed worm that is turning. I could never see that the foreigner, as such, was hated; but the literary class, with an education that is worse than none, and which is more narrowing than ignorance, sees in the foreigner the iconoclast, the barbarian who respects none of the most sacred traditions of China, and it is a mere instinct with the literati to raise feeling against the invader. The superstition of the people is appealed to; the missionaries, with their subversive theories of religion and ethics, are pointed at; the most childish and improbable stories are told and repeated over the empire. If a riot takes place the literati are always at hand to take advantage of it, and if possible turn the mob against the foreigners. And to a mob, one object is usually as good as another, particularly if there be a promise of plunder. These uprisings are sporadic, however, even if almost tumultuous, and I think there is no doubt that the cause of them is always hatred of the government, even if the occasional result is the destruction of foreigners.

I find myself sceptical of the existence of the well-organized armies of which we read in cable despatches. There has been too little time since the Japanese war for well-organized armies to be made of the unpromising material at hand in China, but if that were not so, conditions must be considered. Enormous sums of money are required to get together and equip an army of a million men. Suppose the money obtained, it must pass through the hands of officials of incredible corruption, who do not ignore, but who do not comprehend any higher motive than self-interest. To suppose that no more than three-quarters of the money would be stolen before its destined end was reached would be to be guilty of childish credulity. Dishonesty in China has reached very nearly the high water mark of the complete absence of honesty. Just about enough honesty remains to be available for purpose of contrast. And untruth is normal, truth abnormal. There is no oath sacred enough to compel truth; hence the universal application of torture in the courts.

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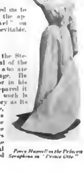
has its fashions, which constantly change. The vogue of the dramatized novel has never before been so great here. In the middle eighties, when fiction was transferred promptly to the stage, theatrical enterprise was not nearly so extended. But comparatively there was no such demand then to see the figures of popular romance incarnated. The present use of fiction in the theatre, however, indicates something more than the direction of public taste. The number of plays supplied yearly is far below the demand. Dramatists of tried ability as well as the aspiring novice furnish ample material; but only a small part of it is capable of attaining the success necessary to commercial prosperity. As a result of this deficiency, managers are always seeking plays to satisfy the public demand for good ones, for that has been proved practically inexhaustible. Public support of such successful works as *Secret Service*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and *The Little Minister* is sufficient to ensure a fortune to the Entrepreneur who succeeds in acquiring such a property. The search for such a work exhausts many plays, but the manager is always seeking, in the hope that one may come out of the long list of dramas that yearly meet failure or moderate prosperity. Our own writers for the stage have proved unequal to producing the supply. The foreign dramatists cannot contribute now to the American stage with the same success they did a score of years ago. Thus, with the constant demand for new plays from the managers and no response from the dramatists, the chances for the authors of fiction could not have been better. The professional writer for the stage might not be able to conceive intrigue, picture character, or invent humor, but he could utilize the technical side of his craft to put qualities existing in a novel into the form that the rules of the theatre demand. This might indeed be done by men who claim no more than the skill of the stage manager. The number of plays made possible by using all the books that had become in any degree popular was sufficient to satisfy the demand this year. So the greater share of the dramatic supply for the American stage has come from the book-shelves; and if the contemporary drama succeeds in absorbing permanently some of the freshness, literary finish, and originality characteristic of the best fiction of the day, the vogue of the novel on the stage may in the future be looked upon as a blessing. Perhaps its advantages just at present are not so striking.

Grace Filkins as the Countess Von Rosen in "Prince Otto."

THREE plays that came from this prevailing source have been given in New York this winter. Robert Louis Stevenson's *Prince Otto*, Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*, and F. Hopkinson Smith's *Caleb West* were the varied originals that inspired three dramatists. The Stevenson novel, which it was the author's first intention to write as a comedy in blank verse, had escaped the playwright hitherto, and "Caleb West" might never have been seen in dramatic form had not the call for the novel on the stage been so loud. Certainly "Richard Carvel" was entirely the result of the second cause. The dramatic phases of the romance would never have appealed to the playwright at any other time. More than either of the other two plays, it satisfied the most important of the conditions demanded for the novel on the stage. A great public already exists for it. Of the thousands who read a book, a certain number can always be counted on to make up its audiences. So the appearance of "Richard Carvel" on the stage at this time was inevitable.



Percy Haswell as the Princess Seraphina in "Prince Otto."

OTIS SKINNER'S use of the Stevenson romance is typical of the methods of the playwrights who are preparing books for the stage. He is not only the leading actor in his version of the story, but prepared it himself. Nothing about the work is so much like the original story as its name. There are, to be sure, suggestions of Stevenson's satirical romance in the story, and occasionally in the relations that the characters bear to one another. But the whole intent of the original work appears so perverted

it happens seldom that he does not take enough to distress admirers of such a novel as *Prince Otto*. Nearly all of the characters familiar to its readers appear in one form or another. The *Princess Seraphina* is devoted to the highest interests of her country, and a model sovereign indignant at her husband for his neglect of duties, rather than the half serious, wholly charming plotter of the novel. She is a shrewish blue-stocking, and the *Countess Von Rosen*, illusive, piquant, and tantalizing in the story, is a conventional melodrama adventuress sprinkling her conversations with German and French. The character of the vacillating weak prince is made to conform to the standards demanded by romantic melodrama, and that explains sufficiently the base use to which this delightful but unheroic figure has been put. It seems strange that the character of *Gondremark*, which conforms more closely than any other in the story to merely theatrical requirements, should not have tempted the dramatist to emphasize his qualities. But Mr. Skinner was writing the play for himself, and *Otto* was kept in mind. His own sound, expert, and intelligent, if not brilliant, acting, and the generally capable performance of his associates, made the play on its own merits a fairly interesting specimen of romantic melodrama. Its scenes have picturesqueness and some novelty, and its mild dramatic elements occasionally throb with some intensity. It is only viewed as a dramatic use of the Stevenson play that it is scarcely to be tolerated with patience. As Mr. Skinner has denied that he puts the play forward with that claim, his work may be accepted as an agreeable feature of the new season, even if it is impossible to agree in his contention that he has used only two episodes in *Prince Otto*. He would deserve gratitude from most of Stevenson's admirers if he had helped himself so sparingly.

Otis Skinner in the title part of "Prince Otto."

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S *Richard Carvel* lacks even the dramatic elements that lie in *Prince Otto*, and only by the most episodic treatment would it be possible to transfer the characters of that long story to the stage with any pretence of presenting the widely read romance. Edward Rose has taken scenes that show the hero in his Maryland home, in London opposing the marriage of the beloved *Dorothy* to her titled lover, in the moment of his escape from a conspiracy to murder him, and finally united to *Dorothy* at Carvel Hall. The opening act in its lack of directness is almost enough to make the audiences at the Empire despair of deriving from the number of characters and the confusion which obscures them any straightforward impression of the story. But the first act is luckily the weakest that the play contains, and a dramatist may usually be pardoned for that, even if his task is less difficult than the condensation of a long novel into the limits of a theatre evening. There are a few agreeable incidents in the second act, and the general impression it leaves on the spectators is agreeable. A bit of crude and sudden melodrama ends the third act effectively. These two acts are probably enough to insure the play prosperity, since they are united to the great popularity of the novel. Without that element no drama could be expected to have even a brief career with the few intrinsic merits that "Richard Carvel" possesses on the stage. Here is unmistakably a play that would never have been accepted on its own merits by the public, if indeed it had ever reached the stage. Every circumstance is favorable, however, to its present success, and not the least potent of these is John Drew's performance of the leading rôle. Mr. Drew's admirers would never prefer to see him in a romantic atmosphere, and as an impassioned hero of youthful adventure he is certainly not at his best. But his easy grace and distinction of bearing, his agreeable diction and his obvious command of all the resources of his art, are especially welcome now when the task of representing the qualities of romantic heroes has been so largely intrusted to young men of the requisite physical appearance, whatever their artistic qualifications may be. Mr. Drew's return to a line of acting in which he won some recognition in the earlier days of his career, only proves his superiority to those who would be his successors, even when he is not at the thing he can do best. Ida Conquest, who appears with him for the first time in a leading rôle, would have introduced herself more advantageously in the kind of play recently associated with Mr. Drew's name. But

importance for the American dramatist to return to creative work; freed from the limitations that a novel imposes, however lightly they may be regarded, any return to that field will be welcomed.

May Buckley as Betty in "Caleb West."

WHEN Michael Morton set out to make a play out of *Caleb West* he struggled against none of the problems that made their task so difficult for Messrs. Skinner and Rose. The intrigue in F. Hopkinson Smith's story of New London life is compact enough, and has long been the property of the stage—and a valued property, moreover, that has proved its effectiveness in many plays. The young wife of a husband who seems to think more of his work than he does of her listens to the words of a lover. For a moment she falters in her loyalty and leaves her husband's home, only to be brought back willingly by one of his friends. She is forgiven, of course, and after a while even the neighbors who eyed her askance welcome her back into their rather disagreeable society. The difficulty with "Caleb West" was to find incident enough for a four-act play, rather than to eliminate sufficient to condense a work within existing stage limits. Much of Mr. Smith's novel was not available for the stage, but it was not an essential part of the story, and could be spared without damage to intelligibility. "Caleb West," the play, makes no such pretentious appeal as either of the two works discussed above. But it pleased its first audience at the Manhattan, and seems certain to please many more. It has the popular quality that a sympathetic story imparts. Probably its "heart interest," as the jargon of the profession has it, will always be found its strongest feature, and that is an element of advantage to every play from a material view point, however it may affect its artistic quality. There are agreeable embellishments to the central theme that are also in favor of the piece's success. These qualities have won success for plays of less powerful central motives than "Caleb West" possesses. It is in a class distinctly different from "Richard Carvel" and "Prince Otto"; so is "Ib and Little Christina," which is seen at the Madison Square in advance of "The Husbands of Leontine."

THE dramatist's work in this play was slight. Basil Hood has just put into dialogue three scenes from Hans Andersen's fairy tale, which are quite undramatic, and, as they are presented now, ineffective in every way. It is possible to conceive that a poetic atmosphere might have provided some excuse for the performance of these three scenes, which create no dramatic illusion, and are presented in very literal and unimaginative fashion. Here they are quite futile. The merriment of Alfred Capus's "The Husbands of Leontine" needs no such dreary prelude. Parisian humor really can have a novel flavor. French dramatists are expert in making new and piquant combinations out of familiar ingredients. None of their plays has ever shown that more strikingly than "The Husbands of Leontine." It deals of course with the customary situations of French farce. But there are novelty and ingenuity in the fun that make this latest specimen of Palais Royal farce the best of its kind seen in many a day. Its author is comparatively a new-comer in this field. He is already the equal of his predecessors in technical ingenuity, and has a decided freshness of treatment. Else it would never have been possible to squeeze so much humor out of the threadbare idea of "The Husbands of Leontine." If the translation retained any of the wit that seasoned the original text, this brisk farce would be more amusing than the unimaginative and commonplace language of the version admits. In spite of the baldness of its speech and the changes in situation made to render the play possible here, there is enough humor to indicate M. Capus as a worthy associate of MM. Bisson and Feydeau, if he is not, indeed, their superior in the qualities that give vitality and spirit to these farces.

Violet Haskins as Mrs. Leroy in "Caleb West."

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[illegible] as a thing due to his credit that he had long been a stanch ally and supporter of the man whom the *World* sees fit to designate as "Brute Brockway."

Mr. Brockway is the man who made the Elmira Reformatory one of the most famous prison schools known throughout the world. In America and Europe his methods for reforming young criminals have long been studied, approved, and imitated. The work which they were designed to accomplish has been exceedingly difficult, and in many cases impossible; yet the percentage of success has been remarkably high. Some years ago the *World* accused Mr. Brockway of excessive severity in punishing inmates of the Reformatory who broke his rules. He was investigated by the State Board of Charities and vindicated, though as a consequence of this investigation a limit was put on his authority to inflict punishment. Governor Roosevelt, when he came into office, made many changes in the board of managers of the Reformatory. Some of the new managers distrusted Mr. Brockway's judgment and were disposed to restrict his powers. Finally, when one after another of his supporters had resigned from the board and been replaced by new men, Mr. Brockway resigned his office of superintendent, and the control of the Reformatory passed out of his hands. This happened about two months ago. Mr. Brockway is an old man, past seventy, and possibly it was as well that he should lay aside the heavy responsibilities that he has borne so long and with such distinction.

The *World*, which has warred against him with such acrimony, has rejoiced, of course, at his retirement. But he is far from being a discredited man. The merits of the remarkable system that he introduced at Elmira are recognized and conceded. Probably his administration was not perfect. Perfection in anything is somewhat rare. But the allegations of wanton cruelty made against him by the *World* rest on a sort of evidence that is exceedingly untrustworthy. It has yet to be proved that his severity was not essentially merciful. It has yet to be demonstrated that the necessary discipline which he enforced can be maintained by milder methods than he used, or that results as good as he obtained can be obtained by better means than he employed. "Wait a bit," says a contemporary, who comments on Brockway and his critics. "Wait a bit. We shall see that the grindstone goes round easily enough, but that nothing is ground thereby." That is the point. The Elmira Reformatory may possibly be made more agreeable to incorrigibles than it has heretofore been, but that will not in itself attest that Mr. Brockway's management has been bettered.

For many years Mr. Brockway has devoted himself to the service of the public. Among those best qualified to judge there has been no question about his great usefulness. The Boston *Transcript* quotes one of the prison-inspectors from the national Department of Justice as saying of him: "Brockway was one of the greatest prison-managers in the United States. I make the prediction that the Elmira Reformatory will never be the same thing it was under him." It is to be hoped that this prediction won't come true, but it is the present management of the Reformatory that is on trial, rather than Mr. Brockway. His record is made.

AN exceedingly popular form of amusement, which has no close season, though it falls off very much in midsummer, is surging up again now into a mighty tide of activity. The great game of shopping is again in full swing. On the whole, there is no sort of entertainment that has so great a vogue or costs so much money. Golf doesn't compare with it as a popular sport. Not many persons realize how much fun it is to buy things, or how much pleasurable excitement they get out of it. Women, of course, are most devoted to it, but there are pretty good buyers among the men too.

Women buy clothes and household effects chiefly, letting themselves run over into such other delights of purchase as their purses and their consciences permit. It is hard work, and they often exhaust themselves in the labor of it, and make most of that when they discourse about it. They seldom recognize that it is a labor they delight in, or admit its importance to their happiness. Chicago laments the retirement from active participation in this great pursuit of one of its most notable ornaments. She is Mrs. O'Neill, the wife of O'Neill the Barley King, who lately sustained reverses. The gentlemen who chronicle the wonderful things that happen in Chicago speak of Mrs. O'Neill with admiration as a woman who believed in the lauded economy of getting the best, and whose bill in a single shop, run up in a short time, was $25,000. She bought anything that was good—books, jewels, furs, silks, laces—whatever attracted her. Sad to say, her gowns, or some of them, were lately sold at auction, and at last accounts there was a deputy sheriff in charge of herself and the residue of her effects at her rooms in the Grand Pacific Hotel. Harvest-time seems to have been cut somewhat short in her case, but she gathered in what she could.

THE present paragrapher noticed with interest the other day in an important newspaper published [illegible] piece and a prominent place, and an excessive heading in big type, such as is given to important telegraphic news, but from peculiarities of type and other marks it was suspected that it was a paid advertisement. So it was, as was ascertained by inquiry of the manager of the newspaper. This is the first instance the present writer has noticed of the employment by Eddyites of patent-medicine methods. It is a natural development. There is a great deal of money now invested in Eddyism, and a good many persons get their living by it. No doubt skilful advertisement of its founder's triumphs is worth to some one whatever it costs.

THE loosening of the purse-strings of New York is always an interesting process. There is a deal of money in that purse, and on occasion it can come out, but the occasion must be out of common. New York has not much local pride, and extorting money from it for local objects has often been found to be very hard work. It is cosmopolitan and metropolitan, and the appeals to which it responds most freely are those which come home to it as a centre having close relations with every other commercial centre in the world. Galveston's distresses evidently touched it deeply, and its response has been quick and very generous.

No wonder! The Galveston story has been enough to move a far more self-centred community than ours. Its horrors grew steadily for a week. The tale of its losses of life and property steadily lengthened day after day, till one wondered not so much what was gone as what was left. The response of the whole country has been generous, yet at this writing Governor Sayers says that not nearly so much money has come in as has been reported, and that the relief fund is not yet as big as it must be to do the work that is to be done. Two million dollars the Governor calls for to clear up the ruined city and give it a chance to find its legs, and to take care of orphans, and give survivors who lost everything the necessaries that are indispensable to beginning life again. The story of desolation has been terrible. Let us hope that the story of relief and restoration may be notable also, and fit to be recorded and remembered with the other.

MR. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE has been going to church during the past year in several towns near Boston, and has made observation of church attendance in that part of the country. He notices that about three women go to church to every man that goes, and, curiously enough, that the more liberal the doctrinal teaching, the smaller is the proportion of men in church. Thus in the Unitarian churches which he has been to he has found about four women to one man; in Baptist churches three women to one man; in Universalist churches about two women to one man. But he says where the preacher is a radical thinker, who keeps fully abreast of modern opinion, men go to hear him as readily as women, or more so. He thinks that not more than one-eighth of the population keeps away from church altogether, and that not more than one-half the population is identified with any church. He believes that the falling off in church-going is due, not to bicycles, nor golf, nor Sunday newspapers, but to the fact that the questions which men are really concerned to have answered receive almost no attention in the churches. Men are indifferent to what they hear. It is not that they reject, but that they are apathetic. It is not that there is less interest in religious questions, but that the religious questions of the day and the hour are not answered in church. "The trouble seems to be that the preachers are living in a world that no longer has an existence. The men of to-day are not thinking the thoughts that are uttered in the pulpits." Personal interest in religious questions was never so great, Mr. Cooke thinks, as it is now, and the real preacher has an opportunity such as no other age has ever presented. Very likely his opinion is well founded, but real preachers, like real poets, are born and not made, and not very many of them are, or ever have been, born. Maybe we ought to wonder not that great teachers of religion are scarce, but that there are so many fair preachers who do so much good work.

DR. LORIMER, a well-known and very successful minister in Boston, has lately excited the commentators of the press by declining to accept an addition of a thousand dollars to his salary. He said that the seven thousand dollars which his congregation was already paying him sufficed for his simple needs. That, of course, is credible, for Judge Robert Grant has demonstrated in books that it is possible to live modestly in Boston on $7000 a year. Yet it is not certain that Dr. Lorimer has done well to discourage the liberality of his flock. It is good for congregations to pay large salaries to their ministers. It is a good precedent for ministers to receive considerable salaries. It helps to make the profession attractive to able men. Moreover, some very admirable ministers have liked big salaries. Bishop Brooks was one. He did not want to concern himself about money, and did not object to having plenty enough, so that he could bestow his mind elsewhere. In New York there are many ministers who do not shrink from receiving considerably

A CONTEMPORARY newspaper suggests that the wholesale use of cremation in ridding Galveston of the bodies of its dead affords an object-lesson which will be useful in promoting the more general acceptance of cremation as a substitute for burial. Perhaps so. As it is, there is very little prejudice against cremation, though a preference for it is still regarded as a token of advanced opinions. The late Bishop Coxe objected to it on religious grounds, and considered it unchristian, but his feelings about it were never very widely shared. Most of us prefer interment because we are used to it. There is a sentiment in favor of interment which does not reason, but which is natural and very strong. But cremation is convenient, economical, and satisfactory. The bigger our great cities grow, the more it will recommend itself to thoughtful persons who live in them.

THE New Woman has been offered to Japan and declined with thanks. So says the Marquis Ito, who, more than any one else, is responsible for the transformation that has come over Japan. He is, and has long been, Japan's prime minister. A correspondent of the London *Mail*, who lately talked with him, represents him as saying that Japan is not so entirely pleased with the Western civilization as is generally supposed. The lives of the representatives of Western morals whom the Japanese have had a chance to observe have not impressed the observers as being more exemplary than their own. European Christianity, armed to the teeth, seems to the Japanese to have conspicuous defects, and the marquis says there is in Japan to-day a strong reactionary party that is working to bring back old Japan in its highest and best aspects. The rising generation in Japan is much less influenced, the marquis says, by European ideas than the generation to which he himself belongs. That generation went to school twenty-five years ago to foreign teachers, but to-day the Japanese youth have Japanese teachers, and foreign teachers are rare. The old religion of Japan has pretty much passed away, but Christianity has not yet superseded it, and the marquis does not think it necessary that it should. He did think at one time that it was expedient that it should be adopted as a state religion, but now, he says, he is inclined to sympathize with thoughtful Japanese who hold that no "country can be benefited by playing fast and loose with religion and the deeper matters of what they call the soul." Still he sees the need of religion, especially for the training of the young, who are no longer trained to be dutiful and reverent to their parents and seniors, according to the precepts of Confucius, and are growing up rough and ungentle in consequence.

As for the New Woman, the marquis says he wished to raise the status of Japanese women, and to that end established schools for girls with foreign teachers. But the result was not satisfactory. The girls grew rough and noisy like their brothers, learned foreign dances, and shocked the Japanese ideas of modesty. So the girls' schools were not approved. "I soon found," says the marquis, "that if a woman lost her old conventions there was no telling when or where she would stop."

FOR our country there seem to be no serious misgivings about the expediency of giving girls all the education that they want. The University of Rochester has just become a coeducational college, being assisted in that advancement by the sum of $50,000 which was raised by women who wanted the change made. Still more significant is the opening this fall of Trinity College in Washington, a Roman Catholic institution, said to be the first college for the higher education of girls that the Catholics have started. It is the only one in the world. Cardinal Gibbons is president of its advisory board. It is under the control of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, who hope, we are told, to make it rank with Vassar, Wellesley, and other colleges of that class. Twenty-seven acres of land in the northwestern part of Washington, near the Catholic University and the Soldiers' Home, have been bought for its site, and it stands with one building large enough for fifty students and the corps of teachers. Catholic women and sisterhoods throughout the country are interested in it, and there is a prospect that it will receive abundant support.

THE great company of novel-readers have taken a lively and solicitous interest in the marriage, on September 19, of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford and Miss Grace Kidder, of Brooklyn. Mr. Ford's services to the reading public have been so important and so much appreciated, and the expectation of further entertainment from him is so confident, that everything that promises to increase the scope of his human experiences is of importance to a great number of his fellows. Moreover, there are thousands of us to whom Mr. Ford has given pleasure, and who naturally and with good reason rejoice at whatever promises to make and keep him happy. The folks in Mr. Ford's stories marry in due time and live happily ever afterwards. So be it with the author of their beings.

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… ne young mink play,
Black bear has heard and hurried away,
Splashed through a pool and leaped to a spruce—
'Tis hush and hide when the hounds are loose!
Far back in the spruce a pond lies brown
And by it a deer had lain her down,
A slender deer who wakes to hear
The cry that crazed the bear with fear,

… must tire and her throbbing side
Must tell of a long race bravely run
If she be alive at set of sun.
In brush-filled valley, on beechy hill,
The life of the forest is strangely still,
And waits to hark with straining ear
Till fades afar the hunt of the deer,
And the wood, unvexed by hounds and men,
Takes heart and breathes and smiles again.

Mr. Dooley*

NO. XXXIX.—ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

"I 'VE niver been much iv a hand f'r th' theaytre," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I was a young man an' Crosby's Opry House was r-runnin' I used to go down waunst in a while an' see Jawn Dillon throwin' things around f'r th' amusemint iv th' popylace, an' whin Shakspere was played I often had a seat in th' gal'ry, not because I liked th' actin', d'ye mind, but because I'd heerd me frind Hogan speak iv Shakspere. He was a good man, that Shakspere, but his pieces is full iv th' ol' gags that I heerd whin I was a boy. Th' throuble with me about goin' to plays is that no matther where I set I could see some hired man in his shirt-sleeves argyin' with wan iv his frinds about a dog fight while *Romeo* was makin' th' kind iv love ye wuddent want ye'er daughter to hear to *Juliet* in th' little bur-rd-cage they calls a balcony. It must 've been because I wanst knowed a man be th' name iv Gallagher that was a scene-painter, that I cud niver get mesilf to th' point iv concedin' that th' mountains that other people agreed was manny miles in th' distance, was in no danger iv bein' rubbed off th' map be th' coat-tails iv wan iv th' principal char-ackters. An' I always had me watch out to time th' moon whin 'twas shoved acrost th' sky an' th' record break in' iv day in th' robbers' cave, where th' robbers don't dare f'r to shtep on a rock f'r fear they'll stave it in. If day iver broke on th' level th' way it does on th' stage 'twud tear th' bustin'-threads out iv what Hogan calls th' firmymint. Hogan says I haven't got th' dhramatic delusion, an' he must be r-right, f'r ye can't make me believe that twinty years has elapsed, whin I know that I've on'y had time to pass th' time iv day with th' bartinder nex' dure.

"Plays is upside down, Hinnissy, an' inside out. They begin with a full statement iv what's goin' to happen an' how it's goin' to come out, an' thin ye're asked to forget what ye heerd an' be surprised be th' outcome. I always feel like goin' to th' office an' gettin' me money or me lithograph pass back afther th' first act.

"Th' way to write a play is f'r to take a book an' write it over hind end foremost. They're puttin' all books on th' stage nowadays. Fox's 'Book iv Martyrs' has been done into a three-act farce comedy, an'll be projooced be Della Fox, th' author, nex' summer. Webster's 'Onabridge Dictionry' will be brought out as a society dhrama with eight hundherd thousan' char-ackters. Th' 'Constitution iv th' United States' in farce be Willum McKinley is runnin' to packed houses, with th' cillybrated thradeejan Aggynaldoo as th' villain. In th' sixteenth scene iv th' last act they'se a maygur lynchin'. James H. Wilson, th' author iv 'Silo an' Ensilage, a story f'r boys,' is dhramatizin' his cillybrated wurruk an' will follow it with a dhramatic version iv 'Sugar Beet Culture, a farm play.' 'Th' Familiar Lies iv Li Hung Chang' is expicted to do well in th' provinces, an' Hostetter's Almanac has all dates filled. I undherstand th' Bible'll be r-ready f'r th' stage undher th' direction iv Einstein an' Opperman befure th' first iv th' year. Some changes have been nicisa'ry f'r to adapt it to stage purposes, I see be th' pa-apers. Th' authors has become convinced that Adam an' Eve must be carrid through th' whole play, so they have considerably lessened th' time between th' creation an' th' flood an' have made Adam an English nobleman with a shady past, an' th' Divvle a Frinch count in love with Eve. They're rescued be Noah, th' faithful boatman, who has a comic maygur son."

"I see be th' pa-aper th' stage is goin' to th' dogs, what with its Sappho's an' th' like iv that," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, it isn't what it used to be," said Mr. Dooley, "in th' days whin 'twas th' purpose iv th' hero to save th' honest girl fr'm th' clutches iv th' villain in time to go out with him an' have a shell iv beer at th' Dutchman's downstairs. In th' plays nowadays th' hero is more iv a villain thin th' villain himsilf. He's th' sort iv a man that we used to heave pavin'-shtones at whin he come out iv th' stage-dure iv th' Halstead Sthreet Opry House. To be a hero ye've first got to be an Englishman, an' as if that wasn't bad enough ye've got to have committed as manny crimes as th' late H. H. Holmes. If he'd been bor-rn in Engiand he'd be a hero. Ye marry a woman who swears an' dhrinks an' bets on th' races an' ye quarrel with her. Th' r-rest iv th' play is made up iv har-rd cracks be all th' char-ackters at each other's morals. This is called repartee be th' larned an' Hogan. Repartee is where I say, 'Ye stole a horse,' an' ye say, 'But think iv ye'er wife!' In Archy R-road 'tis called disordherly conduct. They'se another play on where a man r-runs off with a woman that's no betther thin she ought to be. He bates her an' she marries a burglar. Another wan is about a lady that ates dinner with a German. He bites her an' she hits him with a cabbage. Thin they'se a play about an English gintleman iv th' old school who thries to make a girl write a letther f'r him, an' if she don't he'll tell on her. He doesn't tell an' so he's rewarded with th' love iv th' heroine, an honest English girl out f'r th' money.

"Nobody's marrid in th' modern play, Hinnissy, an' that's a good thing, too, f'r anny wan that got marrid wud have th' worst iv it. In th' ol' times th' hands that announces what's goin' to happen in th' first act, always promised ye a happy marredge in th' end, an' as ivrybody's lookin' f'r a happy marredge, that held th' aujeence. Now ye know that the hero with th' wretched past is goin' to elope with th' dhrunken lady an' th' play is goin' to end with th' couples prettily divorced in th' centher iv th' stage. 'Tis called real life, an' mebbe that's what it is, but f'r me I don't want to see real life on th' stage. I can see that anny day. What I want is f'r th' spotless gintleman to saw th' head with th' cigarett into two-be-fours an' marry th' lady that doesn't dhrink much while th' aujeence is puttin' on their coats."

"Why don't they play Shakspere anny more?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"I undherstand," said Mr. Dooley, "that they're goin' to dhramatize Shakspere whin th' dhramatizer gets through with th' 'Report iv th' Census Department f'r 1899-1900.'" F. P. DUNNE.

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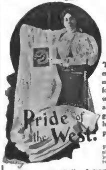

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Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan have done much towards stirring up enthusiasm among the voters. Practically the last of the preliminary stages of campaign work has been accomplished. Letters of acceptance by Mr. Bryan and Governor Roosevelt have appeared, and there remains now only the letter of Mr. Stevenson to finish up that branch of campaign work.

Mr. Bryan's letter formally accepting the Democratic nomination appeared on Tuesday, September 18. It was a much shorter letter than was expected, and was confined chiefly to a discussion of the Trust question, and to a reiteration of the candidate's well-known views regarding Free Silver coinage. There was practically no discussion of the "paramount issue," Imperialism. Mr. Bryan put that topic aside with the remark that he had devoted so much of his Indianapolis speech of acceptance to it that it was unnecessary to go into it further. His political enemies, however, charged that he subordinated Imperialism and brought Free Silver and Trusts to the front because the exigencies of the campaign demanded such a change. Mr. Bryan's friends asserted that the prominence given to these issues, which had been in the background during the campaign thus far, was due to a well-conceived plan of discussing every issue of importance in the Democratic platform.

Governor Roosevelt's letter, which appeared a day or two before Mr. Bryan's, was characterized by the rugged English and earnest style that are usually displayed in his writings. He asserted that the principles of the Kansas City platform meant reaction and disorder, financial chaos, the dishonor of the flag, and an unworthy surrender of national rights. He drew a parallel between expansion under Jefferson and McKinley, and declared that similar conditions prevailed in each case. He said it was absurd to talk of Imperialism as an issue, and insisted that Militarism was a bogey.

THE activity of Mr. Bryan on the stump bids fair to rival his activity in 1896. Since his excursion to West Virginia, early in September, he has been speaking in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, and Missouri. Now he is taking a short rest at home. He has spoken on a variety of topics, ranging from the familiar speech on Imperialism and Militarism to a talk in St. Louis before commercial travellers on the pernicious influence of Trusts and their effect upon the young man's chances in business. Mr. Bryan has been greeted by enormous audiences, and has spoken as early as five o'clock in the morning. He has travelled all hours of the day and night, and has been deprived of the ordinary comfort of sleep at regular hours. His wonderful physique, however, seems equal to the demands made upon it, and he is reported to be in good physical condition. His opponents assert that he has been using the arts of the demagogue in many of his addresses, and point to one speech last week in Kansas in which he said that the Republican party made it possible for aristocrats to spend their summers at the sea-shore at the expense of farmers and laboring men.

Mr. Bryan's opponents also objected to some of his statements and insinuations in his St. Louis speech on September 15 before the commercial travellers. Mr. Bryan took for a text the inquiry of David, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" He asked if a young man of this country was safe "when national banks control the volume of money with which he does business," "when he is liable to be deprived of a trial by jury through the system known as government by injunction," "when he is denied the protection of arbitration, and compelled to submit to such hours and terms as a corporate employer may propose," "when the bond-holding class determines the size of the national debt upon which he must help to pay interest," and "when by means of taxes laid almost entirely upon consumption he is compelled to contribute according to his wants rather than according to his possessions."

Mr. Bryan is to invade the "enemy's country" again about the middle of October, and is billed for a speech in Madison Square Garden under the direct patronage of Tammany Hall. It is an open secret that the national patronage has been promised to Tammany Hall in case of Mr. Bryan's success in November, and it is asserted that Tammany Hall will see that he obtains an appreciative audience this time, one that will not leave the building, as was the case in 1896, when, owing to the intense heat and the technical character of his address, the larger part of Mr. Bryan's audience in Madison Square Garden did not remain to hear him finish.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT seems to be having a fine old time in the far West in his campaign. Of course, enormous crowds have greeted him, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which he is a candidate, and owing to his former relations with the open-hearted, wide-awake, and rugged men of the cattle and mountain countries in the Northwest. Gov-

this and Tom that—and between the stations he has refreshed himself mentally by reading profound essays on various topics, such as the campaigns of Hannibal, and questions of metaphysical and psychological importance. His voice broke on Saturday, September 15, but he gave it a rest over Sunday, and it was soon restored to its normal vigor. Governor Roosevelt has made what politicians call a "dead set" for Mr. Bryan and his theories regarding Imperialism and Militarism. The Republican managers assert with a good deal of confidence that Governor Roosevelt is winning votes by the thousands, and they are hopeful of carrying practically every State in the Northwest, with the possible exception of Utah, into which he has gone.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY continues to play the consistent part which every President who has been a candidate for re-election has acted during the campaign, and has refused to assume an active share in the election matters. The President was indisposed for two days at his home in Canton, but the absolute rest he secured there brought him around promptly, and he left for a brief trip to Washington to clear away the accumulated business resulting from the complications in China principally. He will return to Canton again, and will probably remain there in dignified retirement during the rest of the campaign.

IN New York State Mr. Croker continues to add to the entertainment of the campaign. Senator Platt, who sometimes has been suspected of being something of a "sly old dog" recently gave out an interview to the effect that the large campaign fund which Tammany Hall has secured, and with which Mr. Croker is decorating the streets of the metropolis with scores of Bryan and Stevenson banners, was raised by assessments from brothels, gambling houses, and saloons. Mr. Croker rose to the fly at once, and made this statement:

"If Senator Platt made the charge which he is quoted as making he is an old liar. I bend him as a liar if he said that. He knows, too, that he is a liar, and cannot prove a word of what he has said. I defy him to prove that Tammany Hall has assessed any saloon or any resort of any kind."

Meantime the Republicans smile and point to the wide-open town of New York, and declare that it could not exist unless it paid the money to Tammany Hall for protection.

Mr. Croker has also felt himself called upon to make some explanatory remarks regarding the so-called Tammany Ice Trust. He has declared that Tammany Hall is not responsible for that trust, and that a wicked Republican is the president of the organization. He has asserted that all trusts are a menace to the country, and, possibly to explain why so many Tammany men are interested in the Ice Trust, he has said:

"A man can be in a trust and not approve of trusts. Look at Andrew Carnegie. He is the head of one of the biggest trusts, but he knows they are wrong, and he is against them."

Mr. Croker said that he had sold his Ice Trust stock, but when it got down to 25 he thought he might buy again, if it was a good investment. He closed the interview, however, by insisting that all trusts were a bad thing.

The Ice Trust, however, continues to be a lively topic in the political campaign, especially in New York State. At the recent Democratic State Convention in Saratoga Professor Duncan C. Lee, of Cornell, introduced a resolution condemning the Ice Trust, and demanding that the Republican Attorney-General of the State, John C. Davies, proceed with all despatch against it in a legal way to crush it. That resolution was modified in the convention, but it stirred up Attorney-General Davies, and he has written a letter to Professor Lee, showing every step that he has taken thus far in the Ice Trust litigation, and proving beyond any possibility of dispute that he has acted with the utmost urgency, and that the interference in Professor Lee's resolution that he was dilatory was entirely unfounded.

Mr. Croker seems to have accepted the theory that he is responsible for the success of his Democratic ticket in New York State this year. On September 15 he made his first visit to the Democratic State headquarters in New York city, and it was given out that he would practically abandon his own headquarters at the Hoffman House. It was also announced that he would place at the disposal of the State Committee a large proportion of the Tammany campaign fund. Mr. Croker also had a long talk with Senator Jones, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and it was announced that harmony would reign in the Democratic party in New York State, with the possible exception that Mr. Croker could not and would not forgive David B. Hill.

batches. It is not known definitely whether he was betting his own money, but the presumption is that it was his own. Mr. Croker has become very prosperous since the return of Tammany Hall to power.

In some quarters there is a disposition to question the sincerity of Mr. Croker's bets, and there is a hint that there is something of a book-maker's trick in this series of wagers. It is even hinted that the whole game is simply a book-maker's gamble, and that, inasmuch as many of Mr. Croker's intimate friends are supposed to have close relations with various wealthy book-makers, it was not difficult to arrange this betting with very small risk to Mr Croker himself, while at the same time he could receive whatever benefit public notoriety in the matter might bring to him and to Tammany Hall. It has been pointed out that if the odds should fall, as they generally do just before the election, Mr. Croker and his friends could quietly turn around and bet the other way, and make money no matter how the election might go. Mr. Croker's enemies say that the temptation to make money for himself would be too strong for the ordinary man to resist, and they wink mysteriously when mention is made of Mr. Croker's $80,000 bets.

There is no question but that the betting has some influence in a national campaign. Both political parties from time to time have indulged in a game of sending out enormous bunches to bet a day or two before election, but this is probably the first time that it has been given out that so large a sum as $80,000 against $225,000 has been wagered more than six weeks ahead of the actual voting. This extended lapse of time before election has served to cast suspicion upon the whole transaction in many minds. The prevailing odds in betting at the time of this writing seem to be about two and a half to one upon McKinley. That they will come down to about eight to five just before the election seems also to be the general opinion. If they do drop to those figures, and the betting is lively, and Mr. Croker seems disposed to take advantage of it, Mr. Croker can make a handsome profit of his wagers by obtaining a "sure thing" no matter how the election may go.

THE national campaign assumed somewhat of a lively aspect in New York city on September 14, when the Republicans held four monster meetings at one time in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. There was an enormous attendance at each meeting, and plenty of enthusiasm. Among the speakers were Senator Lodge, Postmaster-General Smith, President Schurman of Cornell, former Minister to Spain Stewart L. Woodford, John S. Wise, Congressman Payne, and others. The undertaking of holding four meetings at one time by the Republicans in New York city was regarded as one of doubtful expediency. But the result justified the work, and the Republican managers asserted that they left very much encouraged.

The campaign in other States, outside of those which are being visited by Colonel Bryan and Governor Roosevelt, has not seemed to be especially lively, with the possible exception of Missouri, where the Republican candidate, Joseph Shry, is making an exceedingly lively campaign. He has been railroad commissioner of the State for some time, and is campaigning on a hand-car, and is dressed in a red shirt and high top-boots. Mr. Shury, whenever he has been on the stump in Missouri and has run for office, has always reduced the Democratic majority noticeably, and the Republicans assert with some confidence that they hope to carry the State of Missouri. There is more confidence, however, by the Republicans that they will carry most of the far Western States, and they even assert that all their returns from Nebraska are to the effect that Mr. Bryan will have great difficulty in carrying his own State. The Republican managers say that certainly Kansas, Wyoming, Idaho, and the Dakotas will go Republican, and that they are hopeful of Montana and Colorado. That would leave Utah and Nebraska as practically the only States for Mr. Bryan in the far West. In the East the Republicans are asserting with a good deal of confidence that they will carry Maryland and Delaware and West Virginia. On the other hand, Mr. Croker, in whose ante-election statements many people place implicable confidence, has asserted that he really believes that Mr. Bryan will carry New York State. Mr. Croker's statements regarding elections have usually turned out to be correct, and his assertion that Bryan had a fighting chance in New York State has alarmed many Republicans. Chairman Hanna, of the Republican National Committee, has said in his speech in Chicago that the Republicans must not be too sure of carrying New York State. To offset this it is asserted that well-known Democrats from about fifteen States met Chairman Jones, of the Democratic National Committee, in New York on September 14, for a protracted conference on the situation, and that it was acknowledged at that meeting that New York State, West Virginia, Kansas, and Washington would be carried by McKinley, and that the only fighting ground available for the Democrats was in the middle West, in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky.

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high-schools of the eastern part of the State, at the Kansas State University, the State Agricultural College, State Normal School, and other institutions of learning. Clerks and mechanics there were also, and young lawyers and farmers' sons; not a single one of them who did not sign his own name to the muster and pay rolls, while the majority, we are assured, would not sign anything blindly, so well instructed were they, as constant readers of the periodicals and newspapers, on all those topics which an American citizen takes pride in studying—and a very wide range of subjects it is! "There was hardly a man in the regiment who had not, for example, clear and intelligent ideas about the Spanish-American war and the Philippine Islands and their people, and the relations and duties of the United States in it all; hardly a man in the regiment but could express his ideas clearly and forcibly and intelligently either on paper or by word of mouth." We draw back a little at this statement, not realizing for an instant that the Philippine question has grown vast and complex during the last two years. It was a comparatively simple matter at the time referred to, when young men in Kansas mastered the rudiments of the subject so easily, like the science of astronomy before the invention of the telescope; but does not the fact that such an assertion may be made suggest a high average of intelligence in the rank and file? Fancy a whole army composed of men who knew what they were fighting for! Of these exceptional soldiers it was said, too, that they submitted themselves voluntarily to discipline, and enlisted themselves in the service not for livelihood, not for glory, but for pure love of country, to fight for a principle. If their motives were less noble than this, then Colonel Metcalf's observation was at fault; it is quite impossible to question his sincerity.

At Manila this regiment's quality was shown the moment it was put to the test. When the alarm came, on the evening of February 4, 1899, the officers who hurried to reach their companies found that the men were up, dressed, provided with rifle, ammunition, and canteen of water, and ready to fall in without an instant's delay. "There were not more than four or five officers or men who had ever been under fire before, nevertheless the entire regiment rose up as one man and marched quietly and cheerfully to their posts. The sick got up from their beds to go along; those ordered to stay in barracks to guard and protect government property begged and implored to be sent to the front." Lest this should seem the courage which, born of ignorance, so seldom outlives its parent, my correspondent adds: "In all the hard, continuous fighting, when for five long months hardly six consecutive hours were passed without the regiment being under fire, when every sense was on the alert, when every nerve was held at high tension for every moment of the day and night, till muscles and nerves began to give way under the constant strain—in it all and through it all the regiment developed but two or three cowards."

Six days after the outbreak our soldiers took the town of Caloocan, north of Manila, and this forward movement was so much to the taste of the Twentieth Kansas that, as John Bass says, "I believe they would still be going if orders had not come to stop." But the fate that held them in or near Caloocan for so long a time can hardly be called altogether cruel, for at least two of the happenings during that period pleasantly relieve monotonous accounts of the capture and defence of trenches. I see no reason why they should not always be given a place in Philippine history.

In Caloocan are located the shops of the Manila and Dagupan Railroad Company, and although the insurgents, on leaving the town, took away with them the best of the rolling-stock, six disabled engines were left in the shops. Here, accordingly, the mechanical talent in the regiment found its opportunity. As the Twentieth Kansas, shouting "On to Malolos!" dashed by, about half past five or six o'clock in the afternoon of February 10, Corporal John Habsch, of A Company, in accordance with a prearranged plan, fell out of his place, and so did a dozen others. All were and on the trains, were largely drawn from the Twentieth Kansas.

The second episode referred to has a quality that is quite priceless in historical narration, for, however simple the language you may use, with no design beyond that of stating the mere fact, a picture—and a rare one—will rise in the imagination. Colonel Metcalf describes the wide semicircle that our lines formed about Manila after the battle of Caloocan, and the irksomeness of their position to the men of the Second Division, which included his regiment—held on these lines, without important movement of any kind, from February 11 until March 24. "During all this time the division was subjected to a very severe fire from the insurgents along their entire front, distant from three hundred to fifteen or eighteen hundred yards." Under both infantry and artillery fire by night as well as by day, the Twentieth Kansas was losing many men. All therefore welcomed the diversion when the band was ordered from Manila. The musicians, taking up their quarters at a convenient point half a mile back of the line, would "come down to the trenches each evening and play several pieces, to the great delight of the boys of the regiment and to the evident enjoyment of our friends, the enemy, in our front. The last piece on the programme was always 'The Star-spangled Banner,' during which our regiment was accustomed to stand and uncover. We expected, when we first attempted this, that the insurgents would shoot, but they finally became as patriotic as ourselves, and would also rise and uncover during the playing of the national hymn. One beautiful moonlight evening, when our trumpets were sounding tattoo and taps from one end of the line to the other, an insurgent trumpeter equipped with a keyed instrument rendered most magnificent music, to the great delight of both armies. After indulging in all sorts of trills and runs, he finally struck into several tunes with Filipino trumpeter had ended their concerts, members of this regiment took their full share in stirring events that are more familiar to my readers. Here Corporal Ferguson crawled and climbed across the long dismantled railroad bridge, in the endeavor to find a way for the troops to reach the opposite bank, when a misstep would have made him the target for a thousand rifles. Here Edward White and William Trembly, of B Company, swam the river, carrying a rope which was to enable Funston and forty-five other Kansans to cross on bamboo rafts—the two naked and unarmed men attaching this ferry-rope to the supports of the insurgent trenches, as no more convenient object was found, and throwing mud balls at the amazed enemy.

Colonel Metcalf thinks it worthy of mention that men so young as those of his command imposed restraint upon themselves when their officers thought the time had arrived for relaxing discipline. The transport *Tartar*, taking them back to San Francisco, reached Hong-kong September 6. There "the entire regiment was given shore leave with almost no restrictions, and, owing to various complications, nearly eight days were spent in Hong-kong Harbor, the regiment being ashore almost all that time. Very much to the surprise of the city of Hong-kong, the men of the regiment showed themselves to be gentlemen as well as soldiers, and, so far as known, no member of the regiment was spoken to reprovingly by a policeman during our stay." And he adds significantly that, at the time of sailing from Manila, every officer and man had just received two months' pay in good United States gold.

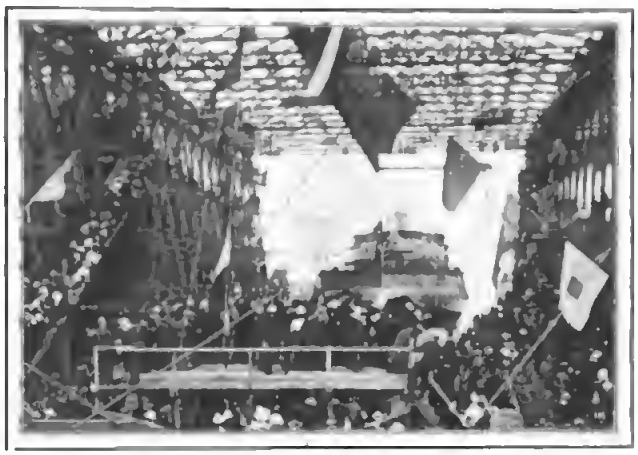
Finally, at the end of an experience which we should call wonderful if it were not of our own day, "the boys returned to their school-books, to the stores and offices, to the shops and the farms of the State. They have taken up the duties of citizenship and the ways of peace as quiet-

ing through and into the ocean, rather than over it. These were the mountaineers who roared with laughter at sight of some of their comrades floundering through a muddy stream, though they were at the moment advancing by rushes in the brilliant charge that won the day in their first battle—the men who could not hear the bugler sound "Halt!"—the men who rose to an emergency with such an old-fashioned sense of personal responsibility that, as even the Idaho's junior major writes me, "Each one became a host." There was the gallant Nebraska regiment, so ready to take upon itself the hardest of the fighting that the mere appearance of their colonel on the field was the signal for a charge. In Minnesota's ranks and in Oregon's were men like our old favorite characters in Cooper's novels, such as the silent, fearless Harrington, who fell near San Isidro. California, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Iowa, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Washington—each of these States was represented in the volunteer forces serving under General Otis. I cannot say that each one of these organizations was wholly fortunate in its Philippine experiences; one or two of them showed unsteadiness at critical moments, especially during the first month or so after landing at Manila—a fault which is commonly associated with inexperience, and which, by-the-way, the Thirteenth Regular Infantry exemplified much more strikingly in the campaign of June, 1899. Nevertheless the characterization that has been given of the Twentieth Kansas is offered as that of a representative or typical body of American volunteer soldiers in the Philippines at the beginning of the insurrection.

We know the creditable record of these men, among whom were so many who entered the service "not for livelihood, not for glory, but for pure love of country," and who, when their task was finished, "took up the duties of citizenship quietly and earnestly"; but have we as yet looked closely enough at the excellent membership of the volunteer organizations? When seeking the true explanation of their success, have we found it in the character and education of privates as well as officers, and do we fully realize the bearing of this consideration upon the problem of recruiting for that larger force which now seems indispensable? If its mission to the world is to be accomplished with credit—if the nation which sends it out is to win honor, and not to incur disgrace, through its deeds—our army must not only be an effective force in the field, but in all relations of life it must be held to conformity with a high standard of conduct. The plain lesson of the volunteers' experience is that the character of the men selected is of the utmost importance.

Finally, a word may be addressed to those who have recently been engaged in an attempt which I hope is not altogether congenial—that of despoiling the volunteers of their laurels on the ground that they desecrated Filipino churches. It is impossible to assume that such critics have taken pains to familiarize themselves with the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the archipelago. From the end of the sixteenth century until the present day, through all the cruel warfare of Mohammedan against Christian, southern islands against central and northern islands, the Moros against the Spaniards and native Christians, priests, taking the field in person, have been the most aggressive leaders of the northern forces, while their churches have been centres of attack and defence. During three centuries there has never been a time when these edifices did not bear the double character of churches and forts. The use to which they were to be put by the insurgents was revealed in the most startling fashion when hostilities began; more or less reluctantly the local view was adopted by our troops, to the extent that was obviously and imperatively necessary. I have written of this more fully in another place; my object at present is, of course, not to condone any act of vandalism, but to suggest that a definition of terms should precede discussions which take us into a field where "church" and "priest, or friar," have not quite the meaning that we usually attach to these words.

MARION WILCOX.



Launching of the Monitor "Wyoming"

THE first event in the jubilee celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the admission of California to the Union (of which there are some additional illustrations on page 926) was the launching of the United States monitor *Wyoming* at the Union Iron Works, September 7, in the presence of thousands. The ship was simply a huge steel hulk, painted red, and gayly trimmed with flags, but the launching was impressive. Miss Frances H. Warren, of Wyoming, broke the traditional bottle over her bow, and named this last addition to Uncle Sam's navy. As the revolving iron machine, called the trip shore, cut away the last block, the huge steel craft, weighing more than two and a half million pounds, slid down the ways, and with a mighty splash entered the water, while the band from the U. S. S. *Iowa* played the national anthem, and the great crowd cheered.

The *Wyoming* has some novelties in construction which make her noteworthy. She is one of four steel monitors authorized by Congress in 1898 for coast defence. She is 252 feet on the water line, and maximum beam of 50 feet. Great pains have been taken to make the hull invulnerable. The chief novelty is that the surface of the turret is inclined, and that the crew will be berthed on deck in a superstructure. Every device has been used to secure good air below. The armor is twelve inches abreast of the boilers. Her engines are of 2400 horse-power, and she is expected to make twelve knots.

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THE SPANISH AMERICAN CABALLEROS

ILLUMINATION OF MARKET STREET

THE SAN JOSÉ FLOAT

THE PARADE IN MARKET STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO'S JUBILEE CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA INTO THE UNION.

New York University and Practical Economics

THE cause of higher commercial education may be said to have been first taken seriously throughout the United States upon the appearance, almost seven years ago, of a report of Professor Edmund James, who, at the invitation of the American Bankers' Association, had visited the leading European schools of commerce and made a personal investigation of their organization and work, having been chosen for this mission as the principal authority on the subject in this country and the exponent of a comprehensive course of commercial study already pursued in the Wharton School of Finance and Economy under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. This report, which was reprinted by our general government, showed that while for years our popular notion of a commercial or business college had been represented by almost any institution in which a boy or girl might take a few lessons in bookkeeping, stenography, or typewriting, all the great nations of Europe, except England, and with Germany far in their lead, had been raising up and sending abroad into all the commercial world generations of young men fundamentally and thoroughly instructed in financial and mercantile science. Owing to the surprised interest awakened by this revelation, we now have, besides the Wharton foundation, departments of commercial education in the University of Chicago, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of California. Moreover, it is remarked that some of the studies embraced in their curriculum are represented in Harvard, Yale, and other universities; and of these institutions, Columbia recently offered to set off or to originate a special department of commercial instruction on condition of a subvention by the New York Chamber of Commerce. Meanwhile the interest in Europe, now partly reflex, increases; Great Britain begins to realize her deficiency, the Continent is more and more thickly dotted with secondary and higher schools of commerce, and Germany, still in the van, has opened, in Leipsic, the first commercial university.

In connection with this movement, and technically a step in advance of any action as yet taken by these great educational bodies, at least by those on this side of the Atlantic, the establishment of a strictly professional college, to be known as the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance, is now announced by New York University. Pedagogically, a college of accountancy and economic administration, considered as a centre of professional education, will stand one remove in advance of the schools or departments already mentioned; but Chancellor MacCracken, with a modesty becoming the sponsor of so important a pioneer undertaking, says merely that it differs. "This school," he writes in his announcement, "differs from the several schools of finance or commerce recently established by prominent universities in America in that its entire instruction is intended to be professional in character." Further emphasizing the place of the new school in the modern system of education, he explained, in a recent interview: "In various institutions there are departments that teach subjects similar to those we plan to have in the new school; but in every case these departments are parts of the collegiate course. We propose to make ours a professional school, separate and distinct, just as are the courses in law and medicine."

Two distinct yet correlated professions, evolved in the development of modern business conditions, and already as such familiar to the public apprehension, are described in the Chancellor's announcement, that of accountancy and that of administration. And it was to meet the twofold demand for the education, professional in the academic sense, of those who are to be our future public accountants, and of those who shall be in various degrees our administrators of affairs, that "the council of the university decided to establish the school on a broad basis of advanced instruction in accounting, commercial law, and economic science, and to name the institution the New York University School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance."

Accountancy has been for some years a recognized calling of great and growing importance, both in Great Britain and in the United States, and the complicated responsibilities of its position. The vast issues at stake in the discharge of these responsibilities, and other, worthy considerations, have long indicated its true plane in the commercial and financial world as that of a learned profession. Unaided by university, parliament, or legislature, it has achieved a creditable record on both sides of the water; but its educational ventures have demonstrated the necessity of university supervision, while at the same time its peculiar relation to the equipoise of business confidence has clearly shown that for its own and the public good the profession itself ought to be under State regulation. Under the legislative act of 1896 "to regulate the profession of public accountants," in which New York took the initiative in the safeguarding of this important calling, the regents founded, for applicants of twenty-five years of age, of good moral character, and who have had three years' experience in the practice of accounting, including one year in the office of an expert accountant, an examination in the theory of accounts, in practical accounting, in auditing, and in commercial law; upon passing which examination a certificate is issued of qualification to practise as a certified public accountant, with exclusive right to use the professional initials C.P.A. This legal action, taken at the request of the profession itself, raised the standard of qualification and necessitated more imperatively the establishment of a college of accountancy under the auspices of one or another of our great administrative educational faculties; and Charles Waldo Haskins, as president of the board of examiners and of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants, and in close friendly touch with the entire profession at home and abroad, was requested to confer with leading educators with a

CHARLES WALDO HASKINS

HENRY MITCHELL MACCRACKEN

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very significant sense that they had been looking for each other. Our daily papers have called attention to the seven existing schools of the university—the college, the graduate, medical and law schools, the schools of pedagogy and of applied science, and the veterinary college—as together roughly representing the seven decades of its corporate life, and have prettily remarked that this eighth foundation fitly represents the new decade and the beginning of the new century. The proposition was canvassed in all its bearings, and, when laid before the council, was reconsidered for some months within ever-widening circles of definition, until the plan included the studies professionally indicated in the title School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance.

Of the calling correlative to accountancy, and recognized as a profession in the organization of the new department of the university, the printed announcement says: "Coincident with the imperative and increasingly urgent demand for adequate education in all branches of the higher accountancy there is being developed, by the multiplying exigencies of modern business, an important calling coming to be known as the profession of administration; a profession represented by men of affairs whose bent of mind and whose studies and experience fit them to grasp, in all its fulness and in all its parts and ramifications, any enterprise, of whatsoever kind, in the world of trade and commerce, and to take full charge of the venture and carry it forward to a successful issue. The administrator, the man of signal executive ability, handles the reins of a multifarious business on comprehensive principles; principles which are to him of more importance than the knowledge of technical details possessed by his subordinates, however valuable this knowledge may also be to him as accessory to his administrative capacity. From these leaders of affairs in the world of commerce and finance—for themselves as proprietors and managers, and for their assistants who are to succeed them in control of business—has come the present universal appeal to professional educators for university instruction in the sciences immediately connected with practical life." And again: "Not only administrators of affairs, but, in due proportion, their assistants, ought each to understand the philosophy as well as the art of his calling, and be able intelligently to adapt himself and his work to the exigencies of the commercial and financial world."

The school will be located in the new University Building on Washington Square, and will open October 1, 1900. The hours of study, to permit the attendance of young men engaged in financial and commercial houses or at work in other departments of education during the day, will be from eight to ten in the evening; and the course, which is intended to lead to the C.P.A. certificate or to the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science—B.C.S.—or both, will be of two years' duration. The faculty consists of Chancellor MacCracken, President Haskins as dean of the school, Dean Ashley of the law school, President Sprague of the Union Dime Savings Bank, Comptroller Lafrentz of the American Surety Company, Editor Kittredge of *Accountics*, Secretary Brummer of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants, and Auditor Cook of the New York Board of Education, as professors of various branches of accountancy, Registrar Tompkins and Professors Kenneson, Erwin, Rounds, and Opdyke in law; Professor Bogart in public finance and banking; Professor Aymar as lecturer on insurance; and four others, in administration, economic geography and statistics, domestic commerce, and foreign commerce, not yet announced. The method of instruction will at first be largely by lectures, especially in accountancy, owing to the paucity of text-books in the English language and adapted to American use. It is hoped, however, that the demand for educational authorship caused by this deficiency will create its own supply; and it is confidently predicted that the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance of New York University will demonstrate in the character of efficiency of its alumni that business is a science and that the higher accountancy is worthy of the position accorded to it as one of the learned professions.

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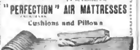

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for drawing gold, as was the allotment recently of a part of the British Exchequer three-per-cents. It signifies that the accumulation of capital here and the consequent low rates for money have reached a point at which we are able to lend to European governments or to large corporations abroad under present conditions to better advantage than their own capitalists.

For many years the United States was a borrowing nation, and not only were government bonds sold abroad, but American corporate securities were held there in large volume, and foreign capital sought investment here in many industrial enterprises which were developing and yielding large profits. This went on while rates of interest were high and we were short of working capital, until there was a vast accumulation of American indebtedness in Europe, which absorbed in payments of interest and dividends the proceeds of our excess of exports over imports. It used up what was known as the balance of trade in our favor, which in fact it also created.

The balance of trade has increased to enormous proportions in the last three years, averaging considerably more than $500,000,000 a year, and with that we have been paying our debts and buying back our securities. At the same time we have been accumulating capital at home until interest rates on absolute security are down to three per cent. or less, and steady five-per-cent. profits in business are regarded as good. How much we still have to pay on the other side cannot be approximately estimated, but events are showing that out of our excess of exports we can now buy the best foreign securities and loan money to the governments of Europe, for no gold went abroad on the German notes, but the settlements are made through the commercial exchanges. If gold is drawn to Berlin it will go from London, not New York.

One result was to absorb a considerable volume of foreign exchange, created by shipments of cotton, wheat, and other merchandise, and to produce a distinct hardening of the rates. A Swedish loan of $10,000,000 has also been seeking a market here, and such incidents account for the fact that we are not importing gold. The movement at this season is usually in this direction, but we are not in need of gold while we have surplus capital seeking investment.

Money has begun to move in considerable volume from the New York banks to the South and West, to be used in "moving the crops." This movement began later than usual this year and is somewhat lighter, which is accounted for in part by the increased volume of bank currency in other parts of the country, which in some measure meets the local needs in the exchanges produced by the crop movement. Though the bank reserves have been drawn down considerably, the surplus of about $20,000,000 above the legal requirement is the largest in five years. For two or three years prior to the present it was very low, but the demands of the interior for currency were then much heavier and bank funds were also in more active use at home.

The rates for money are but slightly affected by the drain. Rates have hardened a little and the demand for discounts has increased to a small extent, but the expected awakening is slow to come. For this politics may be somewhat accountable, for people are disposed to wait while there is any uncertainty in the future affecting the finances of the country.

There is still some agitation in the cotton-market, and some difficulty in so adjusting the meagre supply of available material to the demand as to steady the price. The prices of finished goods do not respond readily to the advance in raw material, and mills are shutting down in Manchester and Fall River, while brokers speculate in ten-cent cotton. The iron and steel situation is still unsettled, and a new cause of disquietude appears in the strike of coal-miners throughout the anthracite region.

No significant incident is to be chronicled at the European money centres. London still works along laboriously under the draft of war expenses and treasury borrowings and payings, looking for the reopening of the Rand mines for a new gold supply now that the South-African war is practically over.

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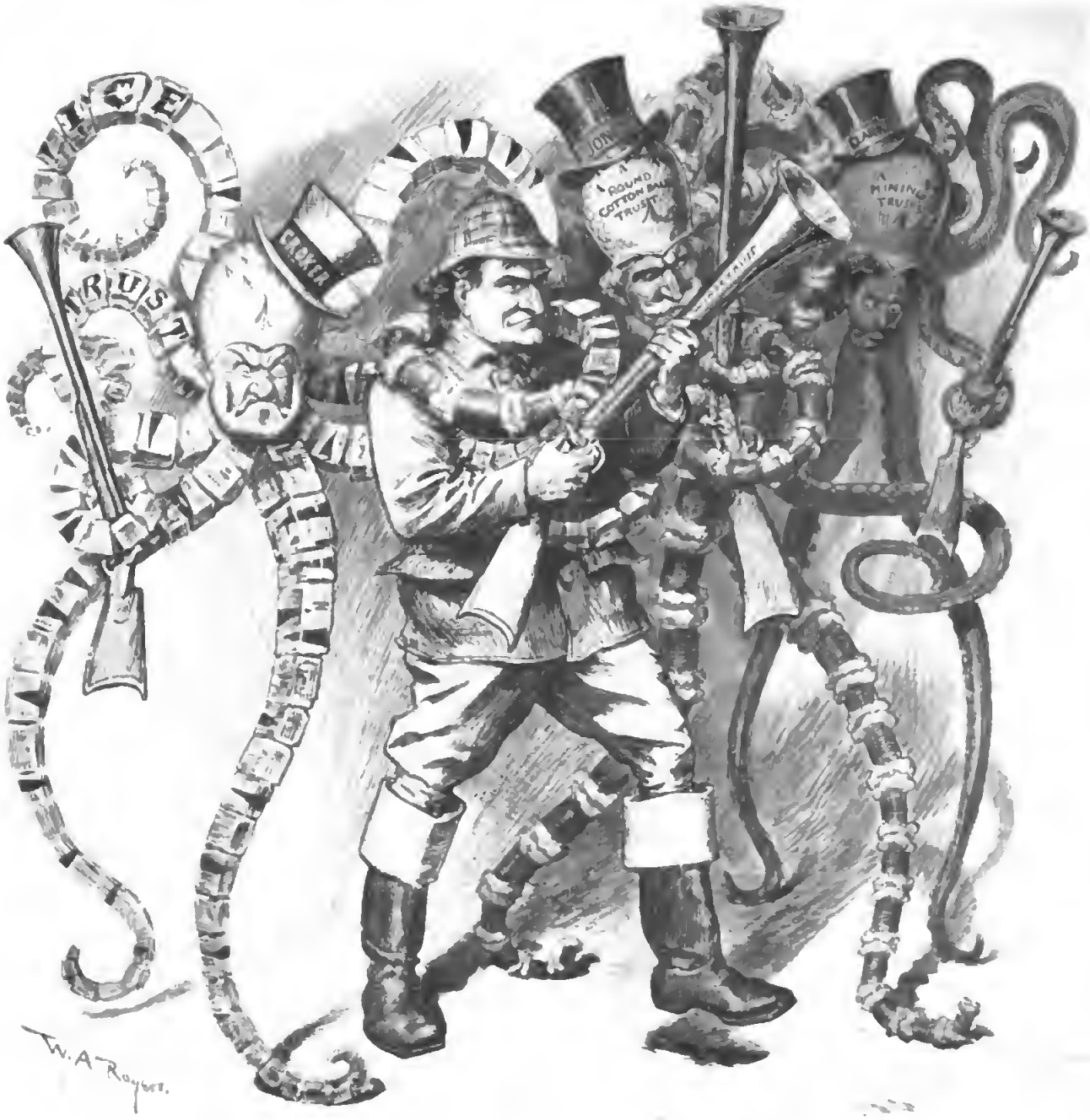

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A Suggestion for Mr. Bryan

IT is astonishing that so intelligent a person as Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, while inciting the country into a condition of discontent because of trusts and the Imperial tendencies of this republic, should prefer to base his arguments upon figments of his own imagination rather than upon concrete examples, which exist in the plain sight of man. The fact that advocates of one side or the other of an abstract question frequently employ the expedient of first building up a man of straw to be subsequently demolished by the torrential force of their eloquence is no excuse for Mr. BRYAN or his imitators. Indeed it is undeniable that this method of argument is a confession of weakness. The real thing not being available, it becomes necessary to construct an imaginary thing, later to be pulled to pieces; and it almost invariably happens that while the imitation is very easy to destroy, it is, merely because it is purely imaginary, far more horrible than the thing itself could possibly be. Men who illustrate stories of mystery know this to be true, and that is why the real artist who is called upon to elucidate with his pictures certain situations in a narrative of ghostly adventure rarely attempts to place upon canvas the visitant who is the more horrible when left to the imagination. When, however, there is a tangible reality which surpasses in horror that which is introduced to try the nerves of the reader or convince the conscience of the juror, neither the artist nor the advocate hesitates to limn it in all its horrid details, to present the fact which is more awful than the fiction. Viewed in this light, Mr. BRYAN'S recent efforts, together with those of Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN and the timid souls of the Liberty Convention, are neither artistic, nor calculated to appeal with any degree of convincing force to those who regard controversy as a science, to whom a debate should be governed by rules as hard and fast as those which prevail in a well-regulated prize-ring.

It is inconceivably strange that Mr. BRYAN and his orators, if they are really sincere in their denunciation of Imperialism and the trusts, should spend their time and waste their eloquence upon the imaginary despot McKINLEY, when in the very centre of their camp is enshrined in autocratic power the most Imperial figure of modern political life, Mr RICHARD CROKER; should grow breathless with their fulminations against the trust, when the most vitally important factor of their party organization is the trust which traffics not in oil, in sugar, in iron, in bread, butter, or strong drink, but in the bodies and souls and consciences of human beings. There may be certain hard conditions brought upon the public by the magnates who by reason of large aggregations of capital are able to control the markets of the world: and it is quite possible that restrictions of one kind or another upon these may some day appear to be advisable; but in the working of sheer iniquity, in the promotion of corruption, in the oppression would suggest to Mr. BRYAN that in his crusade against Imperialism and the trusts he would be far more convincing in his arguments if he could induce Mr. RICHARD CROKER to join him on tour. As a dreadful example perhaps Mr. CROKER would not do, for he is neither broken nor besotted. But as the shining exponent of American Imperialism, and as the very embodiment of the iniquity of the trust, he would prove the conspicuous "success" that he has always been; and if he could be persuaded to stand before the vast audiences which invariably greet Mr. BRYAN when he appears in public, and state as plainly and as simply as he knows how his code of morals, we have no doubt that the Antagonist of Imperialism and Trusts would win a victory far beyond his most cherished dreams.

In RICHARD CROKER are embodied the supreme of Imperialism and the acme of trusts.

The Affair at Victor

IF Mr. CROKER should be inclined to demur to this suggestion because of the treatment accorded to Governor ROOSEVELT in certain quarters of the State of Colorado, we sincerely hope that he may be brought to view the regrettable episode at Victor in its true light. We should be sorry if Mr. CROKER, or anybody else in this land of ours, was deterred from the performance of his plain duty by the behavior of a few irresponsible thugs who, acting without doubt solely upon their own "responsibility," have for the moment cast discredit upon the community which is afflicted with their presence. The mobbing of a Governor of a great State, and a candidate for a high public office, by a set of ignorant ruffians simply because he ventures among them to set forth his political principles, is so untoward a performance that it cannot be too strongly reprehended, but we should think twice before attributing responsibility for the outrage to any but the offenders themselves. We cannot believe, and we do not believe, that there rests in the Democratic or Populistic managers any conscious responsibility for the cowardly exhibition at Victor. Mr. BRYAN and Mr. JONES are probably far more unhappy over the incident than Governor ROOSEVELT, and there is little doubt in our mind that if any really responsible committee-man or politician in Colorado could be convicted of having arranged the somewhat dramatic climax to the Governor's visit, the displeasure of headquarters would be manifested in no uncertain way, and in short order. The fact probably is that the whole fracas was but a drunken ebullition which is as liable to break out in one part of the country as in another at any time when feelings are wrought up to a point so tense, and liquor is so free, that something which the respectable element of the community is powerless to prevent is bound to happen. So, when we come to place the blame for the outbreak, we should be careful to wreak no injustice by a hasty conclusion that the Populistic and Democratic managers consciously arranged the whole matter beforehand. It is far more comfortable to believe otherwise, and the conductors of Mr. BRYAN'S campaign in Colorado not being absolute fools politically, to believe otherwise is probably in strict accord with the exact facts.

The Real Responsibility

AS a matter of fact, the real responsibility for the incident is to be found in the principles of Populism rather than upon the shoulders of the individuals who represent Mr. BRYAN in the State of Colorado. The outbreak of which THEODORE ROOSEVELT was the target, happily not the victim, is the natural result of the Anarchic doctrines enunciated by the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, now advocated, as of yore, by JOHN P. ALTGELD, of Illinois, and BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN, of South Carolina, and recently swallowed by the Hon. RICHARD OLNEY, of Massachusetts, and the Hon. CARL SCHURZ, of Lake George. We have already proven in the columns of this periodical that the principles of the nondescript party of which Mr. BRYAN is the leader are subject as much for surprise as for congratulation. That it was met successfully and suppressed promptly by the elements of decency in the community in which it occurred is a hopeful indication of the real temper of the American people. Bryanism in the abstract may appeal strongly to many otherwise intelligent minds. The concrete exhibition thereof they hold in contempt, and, as occasion arises, quell with commendable promptness and despatch.

Deplorable as the incident may be, it is perhaps not without value as an object-lesson. If it shall serve to show the voters of this nation the true nature of Bryanism it will have served a purpose far and away beyond the most sanguine dreams of its instigators.

The Corruption Fund

THE astute gentlemen who are running Mr. BRYAN'S campaign have unearthed the startling fact that the Republicans are in possession of a corruption fund of $25,000,000, with which they propose to purchase votes which otherwise would be cast for WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. In a few days we shall expect to see an itemized statement of the sources of this vast sum, as well as a list of the advantages to be derived by subscribers from having contributed so liberally to the cause of the party in power.

Meanwhile we cannot but be impressed with the curious fact that the chief solicitude of the Democratic managers seems to be the purchasable quality of their followers. We had supposed the unholy alliance, which but for the Republican party would by this time have worked up a corner in parties—a sort of political trust—was made up of incorruptibles. We have been told many a time and oft that Populism and Bryanism are not so much politics as religion; that the followers of these are so thoroughly imbued with faith in their principles that they are admittedly fanatics. It has been openly asserted that the shouting and the enthusiasm and the intensity of the Kansas City Convention lifted that body from the plane of politics to the level of an evangelical conference. We have, of course, not more than half believed that this was true, but the Bryanites have believed it; the McGuires and the McCarrens, the Stones and the Richardsons, the Olneys and the Schurzes, have believed it, else long before this they would have come down out of the clouds and prated less of their "faith" than of the real principles by which honorable and law-abiding communities are governed. To discover at this late hour of the campaign that by means of money the wicked heretics who question Bryanism, and who subject its teachings to the higher criticism, may convert the true believers to the cause of heresy and schism is a revelation too awful to contemplate.

Is it possible that gold is, after all, so tempting to the silverite that he will barter his conscience to get it!

The Galveston Sufferers

THERE was never a time in the history of our country when the kindly offices and tender sympathies of a generous-hearted people were more worthily enlisted than at the present, when the piteous cry for succor of homeless and orphaned children has come up to us out of the South. Now that the first shock of the awful visitation by which Galveston was overwhelmed has passed away, our chiefest care and tenderest solicitude should be for the living. The dead are gone. The living remain to suffer the privations of hunger, cold, and other hardships of their dread condition, which it is our duty to relieve to the fullest measure in our power. The unhappy little ones stand in especial and immediate need. Much has been done for them. More yet remains to be done. Every man, woman, and child in this broad and bountiful land of ours is confronted not only by a duty, but by a blessed opportunity for the performance of a generous deed, a like privilege to which has rarely if ever before been accorded. The response should be large and immediate, and, unless we very much misjudge the temper of the American people, it surely will be.

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A great Election is in the air. Of all the dissolutions of Parliament that have taken place since Queen Victoria reigned, the coming appeal to the people is the most important, because for the first time the party system has broken down. After William of Orange gave his Dutch hand to Queen Mary the British ship of state has required twin screws to work it properly. Two parties are indispensable. It is for this reason that the House of Commons has two lobbies and two only. If the House of Commons had only been semicircular in form, so as to allow of shades of opinion and the group system, it is probable that the history of England during the last two hundred years would have presented an interesting contrast to the records which are actually contained in the Annual Register. The influence of party on public affairs is too well understood in the United States to render any comment necessary as to its effects on administrative efficiency. The party system, however, which has roughly done its work for rather more than two centuries, has now entirely broken down so far as regards its power for good, while its power for evil has remained untouched. The party system in England has broken down so far as regards its good side because the pivot theory of party is that an incapable or unpopular ministry can always be replaced by vigilant and capable rivals who are prepared to undertake the responsibility of administering the affairs of state. Her Majesty's Opposition at the present time is composed of warring and vociferous groups of politicians who hate one another more than they hate the government; they are divided on every conceivable subject under the sun, and are, therefore, unable to unite even for the purpose of forming a government. At one of the latest divisions on a critical question of foreign policy in the House of Commons one-third of the Opposition voted for the government, one-third voted against the government, and the remaining third abstained from voting at all, ostentatiously walking out of the House of Commons in order to avoid the expression of a definite opinion. Never was the necessity for recording a categorical expression of opinion on the policy of the ministry more inconvenient to an Opposition. The leader of the Opposition, being unable to walk in opposite directions at the same time, is torn by conflicting emotions. Fortunately for himself he has a double-barrelled name, and while Campbell has a sneaking admiration for the government, Bannerman is resolutely opposed to their South African policy. The whole of him — Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman — finding himself pulled in opposite directions by equal forces, remains, like Mahomet's coffin, in mid-air, and thence appeals to the loyalty of his followers through the vocabulary of the great Liberal party, the principles of which, for the time being, are mislaid.

Since the functions of the Opposition are suspended, the man in the street is puzzled. Distrusting Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman and his quarrelsome supporters, he is by no means enamoured with the policy of drift and inaction which has inspired Lord Salisbury's ministry. He thinks that a war which has already cost 40,000 lives and £71,000,000 sterling might have been done for less, and he thinks it quite on the cards that a few more wars are waiting round the corner. He has not even a choice between a party ed. There is only one way out of the difficulty, and an exceedingly interesting situation will be created before that difficulty is solved. The cleverest electioneer in England is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, irreverently described as "Joe" not only by Mr. Labouchere, but universally referred to in the House of Commons by that familiar cognomen. Now Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is as well acquainted with the number of beans that make five as any human being now alive. He has, accordingly, contrived, with extraordinary skill and apparently with perfect success, that the appeal to the people shall be taken on South Africa—an issue which is not only already decided by Lord Roberts's proclamation, but is one upon which there is practically no substantial difference of opinion. The real issue of the General Election is one upon which the nation is split irrevocably in two—namely, the question as to the inefficiency of the public service and whether it shall be remedied by drastic democratic measures. The ostensible issue of the General Election is whether Krugerism is to be squelched by the annexation of the two republics. That is, as I said, already decided. When Mr. Kruger found it convenient to invade Natal he plumped for his country's annexation to Great Britain. This question of annexation does not depend on Mr. Chamberlain. It is part of a world-movement. The invasion of Natal crystallized the Empire, brought the colonials' Greater Britain into the field, and the united Empire demands the suppression of the republics. Not only is Mr. Chamberlain not the author of annexation, but if he endeavored to prevent it he could not do so. It is settled by forces beyond his control. He is the instrument of the annexation policy, and adroitly makes it the issue of the General Election. This is wise, since the real issue is one that will rive parties asunder and divide households, because it is nothing less than a social revolution if efficiency were to be made the first condition of public employment. If it is not, the British party system is doomed along with the Empire. Lord Salisbury, in one of those melancholy monologues in which he confides to his fellow-subjects his gloomy anticipations as to the future of our island and our race, declared that "the British Constitution as at present worked was not a good fighting machine." He might have said that it was not a good diplomatic machine, or a good letter-distributing machine, or a good machine for controlling the finances of an Empire, or for defending its shores by naval and military organization, or a good administrative machine of any kind. Every one knows this. The man in the new Twopenny Tube talks to his neighbor of government inefficiency. It is the only thing that is seriously discussed in politics, since there are no two policies in regard to Africa, and yet we are going to fight a General Election upon an issue on which nobody except professors and professional agitators are at variance with the main body of the people; while the one question that concerns the bread and cheese and kisses of fifty million people, namely, administrative efficiency, is left untouched—thanks to the party system.

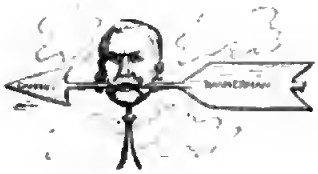
The way in which candidates for Parliament are chosen by no means tallies with the virtuous theory that is supposed to govern popular representation. At the headquarters of the political associations belonging to the Conservative, Liberal Unionist, and Liberal parties are lists of people who desire seats in Parliament. When a borough or county constituency is unable to find a fond candidate the general custom is to apply to the London headquarters of the party for the missing man. If the seat is a desirable one —that is to say, if there is a reasonable chance of winning it — it is as a rule given either to the relation or friend of a minister or political personage, or to a rich man willing to subscribe largely to the funds. For instance, it is considered highly desirable, both by the Conservative and Liberal Unionist wings of the ministerial party, to attack Mr. Labouchere's seat at Northampton, and it possible secure the defeat of the apostle of Little Englandism at the polls. Mr. Labouchere's colleague in the representation of Northampton is, however, a Tory, and accordingly the Tory party claim the nomination of the candidate for the second Northampton seat. Their candidate is a man unsuited for the task of grappling with the clever and witty editor of *Truth*, who fears neither God nor man. I understand, therefore, that negotiations are proceeding in order to enable a qualified champion of the government to fight Mr. Labouchere on his own ground.

The party system is responsible for curious anomalies at the General Election. At Newcastle, for example, the home of the Newcastle Programme, one of the Radical candidates is Captain the Honorable Hedworth Lambton, brother of the Earl of Durham. Captain Lambton was the man who brought the naval guns into Ladysmith, and practically saved Sir George White from repeating Cornwallis's experience at Yorktown. Captain Lambton is not a Home Ruler. He is in favor of the Crimes Act remaining on the Statute Book, and he is in favor of the annexation of the Dutch republics. His colleague, Mr. Samuel Story, is bitterly hostile to these principles. Nevertheless, Captain Lambton, whose political views are indistinguishable from Unionism, declares that the issue of the coming General Election is whether the present government, who drifted unpreparedly into war, are fit to be trusted with the management of the affairs of the British Empire.

Lord Rosebery's position is a curious one. He is understood to meditate a return to political life by intervening in the discussion of foreign affairs. If Lord Rosebery carries out his intention there is reason to believe that his criticism of Lord Salisbury's surrender of British interests in China will successfully rattle the dry bones of party. Wars are no longer made for dynastic or religious reasons. Material interests, which is only another name for roast meat and bread and butter, are the objective of all future wars in which England takes part. We have had an object-lesson in the loss of the Madagascar trade notwithstanding solemn treaties with France. Lord Salisbury was forgiven because, after all, the Madagascar trade was only a little one. But the China trade forms a considerable fraction of British interests abroad, and supports many thousands of English working men and their families. The question of struggling for this trade, therefore, is not a political question in the sense that it does not depend upon any politician as to whether or not we shall fight for it. England will be compelled to fight for the China trade rather than lose it for the simple reason that human nature refuses to starve until it has struck a blow for bread and butter. Our agriculture supplies only one loaf in six. To buy the other five loaves we need the trade of which China contributes a considerable fraction. Lord Salisbury's passion for peace is sincere enough, but he is too little in contact with his fellow subjects to understand the intense bitterness with which they watch the evaporation of British influence in the Far East. Our action in China to-day is that of the inquiring person who presents his thumb to the circular saw to see if it is going round. The man in the street dislikes seeing his rulers lose every game played with Russia, and accordingly the General Election is more likely to be followed by a disruption inside the Unionist ranks than by a defeat of the government at the polls. Lord Rosebery perceives these facts more clearly than any other English statesman, and it is not improbable that his foresight will restore him to office and power, a conjunction of which he has hitherto enjoyed no experience.

The Policy of Inaction.

Loser every Game played with Russia.



The Leader of the Opposition.

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THE TWELFTH REGIMENT N. G. P. AT SHENANDOAH.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GOBIN, N. G. P.,
In Command of the Troops at Shenandoah.

PRESIDENT MITCHELL, OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS, AND HIS STAFF AT HAZLETON.

A PARADE OF TWO THOUSAND STRIKERS AT MAHANOY CITY.

A MEETING OF STRIKERS AT LATIMER.

THE STRIKE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL-MINERS.

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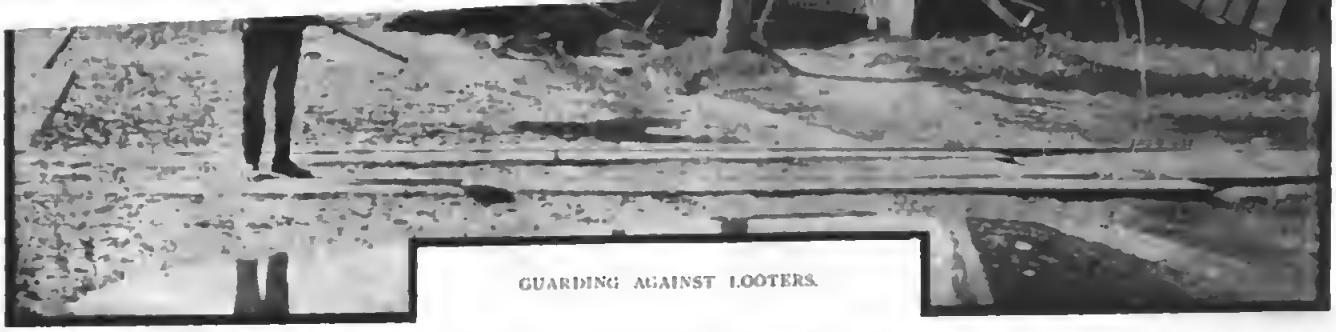

GUARDING AGAINST LOOTERS.

Galveston—What It Was, and What It Will Be

THE storm which ravaged Galveston, decimating its population and destroying its homes and business houses, was in all respects the most severe that ever swept American shores. For several days after the disaster the people were dazed and dumfounded, knowing not which way to turn nor what to do. Everything was in a chaotic condition. It was heard on the shattered streets of the city and echoed throughout the country that the destruction of Galveston was complete and permanent. The island had been isolated by the destruction of all means of wire and railroad communication, and the very atmosphere seemed weighted down with despair. No American city had ever recovered from such a disaster, because no American city had ever suffered such a disaster. It was not long, however, before the stricken people learned how profoundly their misfortune had stirred the heart of humanity, and they felt that, after all, it might be possible to retrieve at least their property losses and rebuild the city. A number of citizens with indomitable spirit and hearts of gold met and canvassed the situation. They agreed that the disaster had been appalling and that the city had reached a crisis in its career, but they believed that after the first shock of the calamity had passed and order had been restored, the spirit of the people would be manifested in no uncertain way, and that their unanimous sentiment would be to stand by the city and rebuild it upon a more substantial basis. Words of good cheer came from all parts of the State of Texas and from all parts of the Union. The great financial and commercial organizations of the business centres, the press, the pulpit, and investors without exception spoke for a new and greater Galveston. The encouragement offered was in many instances substantial.

The great corporations which control the wharves, railroads, telegraph, and other public utilities were heard from, and it was stated that they intended to restore their properties on a more enduring basis. Then it was that the citizens determined to do their part in the work of restoration. Their sentiment, so aptly expressed in the editorial columns of the Galveston *News*, was, "Galveston will rise again."

With zeal undaunted, the work of burying the dead, removing débris, and disinfecting the city was undertaken; thousands were engaged in repairing wharves, railroads, street railway, telegraph, and telephone lines, water-works, and electric-light plants. Before many days had elapsed, wire communication with the mainland was restored, temporary repairs were made at the water-works, railroads were bringing freight across the bay to the island, banks announced ready for business, merchants notified their customers in the interior that they were ready to fill orders, ships were loading grain from the elevators and cotton from barges in mid-stream. On every side there was apparent a determination to resume business, and this determination was accompanied by quickened energies and coherent efforts.

Galveston cannot die, because its existence is a logical commercial necessity. It is a natural outlet for trade, and has tributary to it a vast area of the most productive section of the Union. The State of Texas, of which Galveston is the chief seaport, has an area of 274,000 square miles, and produces one-third of the cotton crop of the United States. Besides cotton, grain, lumber, wool, live-stock, cotton by-products, petroleum, hides, and other exportable products are produced in large quantities. When the first census of Texas was taken in 1850, its population was 250,000, and its rank was twenty-seventh among the States. It is believed that at present the population of the State is 3,600,000, and that it ranks fifth. All of the industries of the State are in a highly prosperous condition, the population is increasing rapidly, and the almost unlimited resources are being constantly and actively developed. It is conceded that Texas is still in its infancy, considering the vast amount of latent natural wealth within its borders. It has been estimated that the resources of the State are sufficient to support in comfort a population of 50,000,000 people. The future of Galveston is just as secure as the future of the State of Texas, and as the State develops Galveston will grow and prosper, for it is through Galveston that the products of the State must pass to reach the markets of the world. But Galveston draws traffic from a much larger territory than Texas. The great grain belt of the trans Mississippi region finds its nearest port at Galveston, and it is a fact that when the disastrous storm came Galveston was the second grain-shipping port of the country. Her exports for the commercial year ending August 31 were valued at $80,376,086, and the total foreign and coastwise business was $210,646,142.

This vast volume of traffic cannot profitably seek another outlet. Galveston still has the railroad facilities, harbor accommodations, and shipping that she had before, and the traffic will continue seaward through her gates as before. This traffic, constantly increasing, will require, as heretofore, thousands of men, and men will not be found wanting to accept the lucrative employment thus offered. These men will build homes and make the city as fair and beautiful as it was before the destructive storm of September 8. The economic causes that made Galveston the fourth general export port of the country still exist, and will work steadily towards rehabilitation and the restoration of her commerce. More than this, there seems to be scarcely a limit to Galveston's development as a port. A civil engineer of the highest reputation, who has devoted twenty-five years to engineering work on the waterways of Texas, shows the entire linear front of the Galveston channel available for wharfage purposes to be 50,150 feet, or about nine and a half miles, exclusive of 16,000 feet of Pelican flats. The aggregate of all wharf frontage at Galveston exceeds that of New York.

According to Captain Riche, United States engineer in charge of the Texas coast district, the unimproved area between harbor lines and mean low tide shore line, Galveston harbor, exclusive of government reservations, aggregates nearly 5000 acres.

The great storm proved that the island is permanent. Water has frequently flowed across it from the Gulf to the bay, but this last tidal wave was a test that easily sets at rest all doubts as to the stability of the island itself. It proved that it is not wise to build a certain class of houses, that buildings of all characters should be substantial in construction, and upon strong foundations. The stronger business houses were practically uninjured by either wind or water, and hundreds of the best residences withstood the shock of the storm without material damage. The erosion of the beach on the east end amounted to less than one hundred acres. With proper buildings a repetition of the destruction of the night of September 8 is hardly possible. Nevertheless, it may be necessary, in order to reassure many people, for the government to undertake other improvements, such, for instance, as a sea-wall running from the end of the south jetty for several miles west. Colonel Roberts, Chief United States Corps of Engineers, says that a sea wall thirteen miles long will give absolute protection against tidal waves. If it is deemed too expensive (it is estimated that such a wall will cost approximately $12,000,000), then Representative Hawley believes that a breakwater, seven miles long, sufficient for protective purposes, can be constructed at a cost of about $1,000,000. That Congress will be disposed to do whatever is necessary to protect the lives and property of Galveston against a recurrence of the recent disaster, and at the same time conserve the vast commercial interests of the great West and Southwest, there can be no doubt. The matter will be laid before Congress at the approaching session, and if prompt action be taken, which is expected, capital will feel secure in making whatever investments the constantly expanding commerce of Galveston may invite.

With the assurance, therefore, of Congressional action to fortify Galveston Island against tidal waves and to develop the harbor facilities in a manner commensurate with the demands of commerce, with the certainty that the great Southern Pacific company will carry to completion the great improvements projected by Collis P. Huntington a year before his death, making Galveston the eastern terminus of that system, as well as the Gulf terminus, which it now is, of the great Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe system of over 9000 miles, which has its Southern Division headquarters and general offices at Galveston; the Gould Southwestern system of Trunk Lines, comprising the Missouri Pacific, St. Louis and Southwestern, International and Great Northern, and the Texas and Pacific railways; the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas system, reaching all Southwestern territory from St. Louis, Hannibal, and Kansas City at the north; the Gulf and Inter-State, draining the pineries and rice sections of eastern Texas and western Louisiana; the principal rivers and waterways of Texas flowing into Galveston Bay—all connecting with the following steamship lines, which served Galveston during the past year in the foreign trade, not to mention several lines, such as the Mallory Line and others, engaged exclusively in coastwise shipping:

Harrison Line, to Liverpool twice monthly all the year round; Booth Line, to Liverpool every twenty days all the year round; Serra Line, to Liverpool; Austro-American Line, to Trieste, Vienna, etc.; Texas Line, to Antwerp, Havre, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Bremen, and all European ports; La Flecha Line, to Europe; Gulf Ports Line, to Liverpool; Castle Line, to Antwerp; Hall Steamship Line, to Antwerp; Manchester Line, to Manchester; Larrinaga Line, to Havre, Bremen; Glynn Line, to Hamburg; Texas Mexican Line, to Liverpool and Manchester; Anchor Line, to Genoa; Palatine Line, to Hamburg; United States and China-Japan Line of Indra steamers, to Japan and China; Munson Line, to Cuba; Watts, Watts, & Co., to Copenhagen; T. B. Boyden steamers; Benemelis Line, to Cuba every two weeks; North German Lloyd Line, to Bremen every two weeks; Ehler, Dempster, & Co.'s steamers, to Liverpool and Havre; West India and Pacific Line, to Liverpool; Houston Line, to Liverpool; Magnolia Line, to Bremen, Liverpool, and Havre; Black Star Line, to Liverpool; Serra Line, to Liverpool; Texas Mutual Line, to Europe, Tyzack-Branfoot steamers, to Europe; Forenede Gulf and Baltic Line, to Copenhagen, etc.; Gulf Ports Line, to Liverpool and European ports; Head Line, to Belfast; Texas Transport and Terminal Company, to Liverpool, Havre, Bremen, and Hamburg, Galveston and West Indies Line, to Cuba, West Indies, and South America.

In addition to the above, a great many tramp steamers are chartered every season, and serve the port with facilities for carrying goods to all parts of the world.

With the corporate interests of Galveston restoring their properties, with all the commercial activities of the city engaged in the great work of recuperation, with the people themselves determined to rebuild their homes and make their city great, Galveston's future is assured. During the next few years millions of dollars will be expended in buildings and this money, expended largely for labor, will bring thousands of people to Galveston. It will give a stimulus to all branches of trade and industry and at the same time conserve the general prosperity. Long before the end of the decade all the scars of the great storm will have been erased and a new and stronger Galveston will replace that so ruthlessly destroyed by the recent storm. Indeed, Galveston is beginning the greatest period of her career, and the clouds of the gloomy present will soon disappear to reveal a future full of hope and promise.

A. H. BELO.

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A FILIPINO THEATRE, MANILA.

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A TRAIN-LOAD OF EAST-INDIAN TROOPS.

TIENTSIN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

ON THE ROAD TO PEKING.

NATIVES LEAVING TIENTSIN.

SCENES OF RECENT EVENTS IN CHINA.

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A PATHAN SENTRY

A SQUAD OF COSSACKS

NATIVES WITH LOOT.

BRITISH GUARDS ARRESTING A CIVILIAN.
This Man had a Wheelbarrow loaded with nearly 10,000 Mexican Dollars.

THE JAPANESE GUARD AT THE CITY GATE.

GERMANS LANDING A BIG GUN.

A PILE OF SEIZED LOOT.

TIENTSIN, AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE ALLIED EUROPEAN FORCES.

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CAPTURED CHINESE AND BOXER FLAGS DISPLAYED AT THE MILITARY CEREMONY IN HONOR OF THE JAPANESE DEAD, TIENTSIN, JULY 23, 1900.

A JAPANESE MEMORIAL SERVICE

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

TIENTSIN, CHINA, *July 23.*

LATE this afternoon the Japanese held a military ceremony for their dead lost in this war. All the officers of rank now here, and all the troops that have taken part in any of the engagements, joined in the honors to the patriotic little men who have made the last sacrifice for the glory of the Nippon of which they are all so proud.

In a large unoccupied lot in the extra British concession a little wooden temple had been erected. At the proper distance in front the tauri were set up, and from tauri to temple both sides of the way were lined with flags and banners captured from the Chinese. There were many Boxer banners, and some of the Imperial troops, as well as a few smaller flags of the soldiers of the Viceroy and the Salt Commissioner, who took such an active part in the defence of Tientsin. About the temple there were several stands of captured rifles also. Some little trees and flowering bushes stood in front of the temple, and lying about were the various articles of food for the departed spirits—a bullock and some sheep and chickens, bags of rice and baskets of melons, cucumbers, and fresh vegetables.

The troops came out in light marching order, spick and span in clean uniforms. They were massed in close column in the open space in front of the temple, and their officers, except one to a company, joined the group standing with the generals near the temple. It was a clear afternoon, and the bright uniforms with the gay colors of the banners and streamers made a showy scene. Three priests, in the conventional black of the European, but partly hidden with gaudy, tinsel-like kimonos, stood with the generals, of whom there were four—Baron Yamaguchi, the lieutenant-general who has just arrived to take chief command, Major-General Fukushima, who has been in command up to now, and two other major-generals.

When the troops were all formed up, General Fukashima stepped out in front of the temple, made a profound salute to it, and read an address. It was not on the plane of the Gettysburg address, but it was after the same conception. He was doing honor to those who had died for their country, men who conducted themselves bravely and met death heroically. They had served him, as the general commanding well, but in that they had merely served the empire and the Emperor. That was the loyal duty of every Japanese. Against the need of the empire life was nothing. To do one's duty well, to serve the Emperor faithfully and fully, that was all. For himself, he was sorry such men had to die, but, after all, it was the common lot, and what was finer than to die nobly in a great cause and in the service of the empire? He was proud to have commanded such men. They were an inspiration to the army, which would now go forward to the work before it mindful of their memory, and the better for their example.

When he had finished the address, General Fukashima made another profound salute to the temple and stepped back. One of the priests took his place and began a droning chant. Presently the other two priests joined in. This part of the ceremony did not seem to be especially interesting to the officers. The priests chanted and droned and told their beads, and the officers talked and moved about restlessly, and finally Baron Yamaguchi stepped up beside the priests and made his salute to the dead. The other generals followed and then the crowd of officers. They walked up very gravely to where the long strips of paper with prayers printed on them were fluttering in the breeze from their fastenings among the blossom-tipped bushes. There they stopped and saluted, with eyes fixed for a few seconds intently on the temple. Then they withdrew slowly, and those not of the staff corps rejoined their troops.

Then company by company the men marched up in front of the tauri and presented arms, standing like automatons while their bugles sounded the Japanese taps—a long, jerky call, but still not unmusical. They marched away with perfect precision, and the generals stood about with the other officers and talked until the last of the whole two thousand had gone. All the men who had taken part in the fighting, except guards and fatigues, including even the baggage and ammunition coolies, the stolid little chaps who lead the horses under fire and carry no guns of their own—all these marched by, and the formal ceremony was ended. Then came the fun.

At one side of the field a ring had been built for wrestling. Chairs were brought from headquarters for the four generals. All the rest stood about or sat on the ground. Any soldier or coolie who thought himself a good man stripped into wrestling rig, and in a few minutes the bout was on. It was curious wrestling to a Westerner. All the winner had to do to get his prize was to push the other fellow out of the ring, or get some part of his body to touch the ground. If, in shifting position, one of the wrestlers slipped and touched the earth with his shin, he lost. Instantly on our man being put out another jumped into his place and grappled the winner. It was all catch-as-catch-can. The Japanese enjoyed it immensely, and the generals laughed and applauded as heartily as the baggage coolies in the crowd of spectators. A soldier in a fantastic rig of huge blue print trousers and coat did duty as judge and awarded the prizes. If a man won an individual contest he got a package of cigarettes. If he won in a series, taking all comers for a certain time, he got more cigarettes and a bunch of papers which seemed to be highly prized.

This part of the ceremony attracted as much attention from the men of other nationalities as the formal part at the temple. Especially interested were "them Sikes," as most of the English-speaking men call the big Pathans of the Royal Asiatic Artillery. Several of these men stood looking on near where half a dozen of the Welsh Fusileers were commenting sagely on the foolishness of such wrestling.

"Ill!" said one of the Fusileers to another; "git a Paten, 'e'll give 'em wot for. Come on, let's git a Paten."

They picked out one of the smaller Pathans, but an exceedingly well built young fellow, and urged him to go into the ring. He was very reluctant, but the Japanese caught the notion, and in two minutes soldiers of half a dozen tongues were at him to go in and wrestle the Japs. At last he stripped. He was a magnificent man, tall, broad across the shoulders, and deep of chest, with legs like the columns of an old bronze statue. The Japanese are short, but they are fine men physically, solidly put together, and well muscled. It was one of the sturdiest of them who chose to be the first antagonist of the Pathan. The Indian was accustomed to wrestling in the style of the West, three points down to make a fall. As the Jap came on he dropped on one knee to receive him. The puzzled Jap turned and left the ring, apparently thinking the Indian did not want to try him. But another took his place and instantly they were at it. The Jap was good, but the Pathan was better. One after another four Japanese went down, and then the stoic faced Pathan stretched himself out to the full of his long length, and with his right hand and left toes only touching the ground, held himself up, looking around at the Japanese as if in challenge. But none cared to try. For once the Japanese were beaten.

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A MUTUAL'S

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SURPRISE

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SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. This, in turn, he transfers to a third person, who wears his hair *à la Pompadour*. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London Times publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He has learned that the rendezvous appointed is "the yellow house," situated in the Rue de Rennes.

CHAPTER VI

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

It is just ten days since I became General Czareska's guest, to use his own pleasant euphemism. To-morrow is Saturday, July 7, and I should be at Liverpool, ready to go aboard the *Lucania*, the ship being scheduled to sail at ten o'clock in the morning. But I shall not be there, and in consequence I will not be able to report at my desk on Monday, July 10. My chief of the *New World* Review will wonder at my delinquency, and then, after waiting upon me for a reasonable length of time, he will proceed to fill my place. This is what I get for meddling with other people's business.

It may seem incredible that this strange captivity should exist outside of a dream, but, unfortunately, its reality is not to be questioned. I have absolutely no means of communication with the outside world. None of the ordinary hotel servants ever enters our apartments; we are served entirely by the General's own people, and they are incorruptible. Telepathy is a sealed science to me, and Vital or Achille is always at hand to intercept my material messages. I have been offered a certain amount of outside liberty upon the condition of giving my parole, but I do not choose to avail myself of the empty privilege.

And yet, despite the occasional pressure of the steel hand within the velvet glove, my position is not an unpleasant one. The General and I are on excellent terms, especially since it has come out that during our civil war he served for a few months with my dear father, as a volunteer aid on McClellan's staff. He knew Major Cary quite well, and esteemed him highly. As the son of my father I am to command him in everything—that is, in all but one thing.

I have also become quite intimate with the young Chevalier du Midi. He has his own apartments in the hotel, but he dines with us almost every evening; and in the daytime we play billiards; he is also giving me fencing lessons. It is a fine exercise, and, under his tuition, I have already acquired a tolerable degree of proficiency. Upon my word, I do not know what to make of him. It is not easy to forget a certain thing and yet—well, it is inexplicable!

Of the two ladies I have seen comparatively little. Mrs. Verriker is distantly polite, for she seems to resent my presence here. Can she know that it is involuntary on my part?

Mademoiselle I meet at dinner, and occasionally she so far unbends as to give us a little music in the evenings. She plays the harp beautifully, and sings strange little ballads in some extraordinary foreign tongue whose very name is unknown to me. And now and then we all have a round game at "race-course," with real printed cards of the various events, and accompanied by the most spirited of book-making.

Not once, though, had I caught even a glimpse of the real Irma de Czareska, if, indeed, she be the same woman who on a certain gray day in March turned her back on all the world and looked at me. I wonder if I shall ever know; and then, again, I say to myself that it is better as it is. When my time does come, it will be that much the easier to slip quietly away, and so be done with it all.

For two or three days I have seen hardly anything of either the General or of du Midi. They seem to have important business on hand, and receive many visitors, foreign looking men, who gesticulate with much vehemence, and smoke vast quantities of Egyptian tobacco. Of course I am not invited to join their conferences, and the arrival of a visitor is the signal for my departure to the billiard-room.

Among these gentlemen (of fortune, perhaps) there is one man whom I have run across several times, and whose appearance interests me. I have learned that his name is Coventry—Mr. Arthur Coventry, to be precise—and he is supposed to have some indefinite connection with the French Foreign Office. But, even apart from his name, I am sure that he is English, Mr. Coventry is a fine-looking man of five-and-forty, or thereabouts, and oddly enough I never see him without my mind harking back to "Monsieur Pompadour," of Dover pier. And yet the resemblance is so very general in character as to give me no ground for active speculation; above all, it is lacking in the distinguishing mark of the hair dressed *à la Pompadour*.

Monday, July 9.—The General made an extraordinary proposal to me to-day. It seems that there is to be a ball at the Russian Embassy, and Mlle. Czareska wishes to attend it. Of course, Mrs. Verriker will be on duty as a chaperon, but a male escort is also desirable, and both the General and du Midi will be otherwise engaged—perhaps another one of those mysterious conferences. Possibly they will feel more at ease to know that I am unmistakably out of the way; at any rate, the General has asked me if I will oblige him by assuming his place at mademoiselle's side. I will have to give my parole, and it is a necessity that I dislike; in doing so I virtually admit the legitimacy of the duress under which I chafe.

For all that, I have resolved to accept, and I shall not try to analyze my reasons too closely. Fortunately I have with me my evening clothes; I am not sure that I could submit to the horrors of a Parisian dress-coat, even for the pleasure of a *deux-temps* with Irma de Czareska.

The carriage was already in line at the embassy, when I remembered that, after all, the General had omitted to take my formal parole. I said as much to mademoiselle, and asked her to accept my assurance of good faith to cover the period of our absence. She inclined her head, without speaking, and a moment later we had passed the portals of his Excellency Baron Zapkoff.

I dare say that the ball was nothing out of the common, as such functions go in Paris, but to my eyes the spectacle was an enchanting one. Here was the real thing at last, a genuine echo of Paris the magnificent—these Russians, at least, still live to show us how the great world once moved. Mademoiselle was graciously pleased to point out several of the more exalted personages, and I am bound to say that I looked them over with a frank curiosity. But, then, that is the attitude always expected of a born democrat, and I said as much. She smiled:

"Let us go on into the world of finance. You see the little round man standing near our host; that is Baron Kerker."

Of course I knew all about Baron Kerker, money-leader to half Europe, a man who in the mere mass of his millions possesses the Archimedian lever that can move the world.

"I can admire him honestly enough," I said, smiling back at her. "His is a power that appeals to every true New-Yorker."

"Then study him attentively, Mr. Cary; the knowledge may prove useful."

Mademoiselle went off for a turn on the floor with a young English diplomatic sprig, and I was obliged to pay some perfunctory attentions to Mrs. Verriker. As usual, we did not get on at all, and I was more than relieved when mademoiselle returned and asked me to take her into the adjoining conservatory; the heat of the ball-room—it had become really oppressive!

From where we were sitting in the cool semi obscurity, we could see into the great salon. Suddenly mademoiselle's fan touched my arm.

"Straight in front of you—the elderly man without any decorations—that is Mr. Benton, the American ambassador."

I looked at her in questioning silence, and she went on rapidly:

"Allow me to return your parole, Mr. Cary. You have only to take me back to madame, and you are free to act as you think best. But if you will accept a word of advice from me, you will not trust too implicitly even in your country's protecting arm. You must leave Paris at the earliest possible moment, and take the first steamer for New York."

"You forget, mademoiselle," I said, quietly, "that it was only through an oversight that I did not give my word to your father. And, as I look at it, only he can release me from my promise."

"That is nonsense, Mr. Cary. As my father's representative, I accepted your parole, and I am still acting for him in returning it. I take upon myself the entire responsibility; I, too, am Czareska," she concluded, proudly.

So here at last the road had forked once and for all. Half a dozen steps, and I should be in a position to claim my country's powerful protection. I could take the night mail to London; Saturday would see me on the steamer, and in a week later I could report at the office of the *New World*. I could cable my coming, and the chief would certainly hold my place open until I could make my explanations in person. I was a fool to even hesitate—for me there was but the one road.

We had risen to our feet, and the light from the doorway fell full upon my companion's face. She had dropped her inevitable lorgnette, and her eyes were misty with the soft indecision, the questioning helplessness, peculiar to near sighted people when suddenly deprived of their mechanical aids to vision. Now, short-sightedness in a man is merely a defect that accentuates his natural awkwardness; with a woman, it may become the last, the supremest trick of coquetry, for never is she so essentially feminine as at the moment in which an unsuspected weakness has been betrayed.

And so it happened that in a breath all my fine resolutions had been blown away, and I had committed the greatest folly of which a man can be guilty, the assumption that it has been given to him to read in a woman's face a secret of which she herself is still unconscious. A twofold error, for not only is a man the worst guesser in the world, but no woman ever allows an emotion to escape her until she is satisfied in her own mind as to its true character. And then she does not care if all the world knows it. This is good philosophy, but I learned it later on.

By this time we had half crossed the salon, and I must do one thing or the other. I stopped and took the plunge handsomely.

"Mrs. Verriker will not object if we keep her waiting a few minutes longer. May I have the honor of this *valse*, mademoiselle?"

"But the ambassador may not wait for the end of the number. You are quite sure that you will not regret your decision?"

"Quite sure."

Her hand rested in mine, and a tendril of fine-spun hair was blown for an instant across my lips. The music grew louder, the lights flared higher and higher. Half-way down the side of the room we cannoned violently into an elderly gentleman who was picking his way in short, spasmodic rushes across the polished parquetry. One—two, and we had caught the swing again. I glanced over my shoulder at the open door—the American ambassador had left the ball-room.

IRMA CZARESKA

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tic semi-independent kingdom tucked away in a far corner of the great Soulian empire. This is interesting, and having summoned Achille, I send him in quest of a gazetteer and of Volume I. of the Encyclopædia.

Yes: Artolia is nominally a tributary dependency of Soulia, but in reality it has its own king and autonomous government, and ranks as one of the fourth-class powers of Europe. Twenty years ago the Soulians succeeded in reducing these fierce mountaineers to partial subjection. Basil Agricola, the fifth of that name, was deposed and exiled, and his cousin, Johan Varosf, was elevated to the throne. Of course the affair is only an unimportant phase in the vast complexity of the Eastern question, but there are wheels within wheels, and I wonder mightily how these things can concern my friend the General.

Mr. Coventry dined with us, and immediately after coffee was served he carried the Chevalier away with him. The General applied himself to a mass of neglected correspondence, and Mrs. Verriker retired to her room, pleading the excuse of a sick headache. I took the opportunity of challenging mademoiselle to a match at billiards. She looked surprised, but assented, and we made our way to the billiard-room, it being the last apartment in the suite, and situated at the extreme end of the private hall.

Once we were alone, I told her the whole story of what I knew about the disappearance of the "Cardinal's Rose."

"The proof," I concluded, "is locked up in the safe at the office of the New York *Herald*, and awaits your disposal."

She looked at me with just the ripple of a smile on her lips.

"Then you do not know that there was a robbery at the *Herald* office only last night. Mr. Coventry was telling us about it just before dinner. It seems that the thieves made a clean sweep of what was in the safe—money, books, papers—everything."

"Well, mademoiselle, if I am a liar, I am a stupidly clumsy one, and deserve to be tripped up. I have made an incredible charge against the honor of the Chevalier du Midi, and I have not one iota of evidence with which to back it up. My blunder is unpardonable."

"One moment, Mr. Cary. Can you believe that there are circumstances, certain circumstances, under which the Chevalier du Midi might do such a thing and yet be within his rights? But perhaps I should speak more definitely."

"It is not necessary, mademoiselle. If you can give him the benefit of the doubt, I am only too glad to acquiesce."

"Thank you, Mr. Cary." And then, with a sharper ring in her voice, "Assuming that the jewel was taken, it did not remain in the Chevalier's possession?"

"No."

"What possible chance is there for its recovery?"

I considered: "The clew is a slight one, and the police—"

"It is not a matter for the police—better, indeed, that it should be lost forever."

"And yet its recovery means something to you?"

It was a full half-minute before she answered. Then she said, very quietly,

"It means everything."

Well, if I had understood the full measure of her words, would there have been another ending to the story? Perhaps so, and perhaps not; I am rather inclined to think that the long, even strides of Fate are not materially affected by the pebbles that we may cast upon her path, or laboriously seek to remove from it. If in due time we arrive at our destination, it does not greatly matter what has happened on the way. The next instant we had started apart at the sound of that creaking board in the passage outside.

I had the door open as quickly as I could get to it from around the billiard table. The corridor was empty and silent, but far down its dimly lighted length it seemed to me that a darker shadow crept for a little space along the wall. But I could not be sure, and now there was nothing to be seen.

I stepped back into the billiard room and walked straight up to Mademoiselle Czareska.

"To-morrow, mademoiselle, I shall ask the General to accept my parole. I am going house-hunting."

She was very pale, except that a great spot of scarlet glowed on either cheek.

"But remember that my father must know nothing of what you have told me. True or not, he must be the last person in the world to hear of anything that touches the honor of the Chevalier du Midi. You promise me this?"

Of course I assented. Mademoiselle picked up her cue and chalked it thoughtfully.

"So you are going house-hunting. Will you be difficult to suit?"

"Oh, I fancy not. Something quiet and respectable in—say the Rue de Rennes."

"And, preferably—a yellow house?"

"Assuredly, mademoiselle; and, preferably again—*the* yellow house."

RIDING FOR HOURS ON THE TOP OF A GREEN OMNIBUS.

CHAPTER VIII

THE YELLOW HOUSE

THE Rue de Rennes runs from the Place St. Germain to the Gare du Montparnasse. It is commonplace enough as streets go on the left bank, and I, who have been looking for something of more than ordinary interest, am correspondingly disappointed. For two hours I have been riding to and fro on the tops of the green omnibuses that ply between the Western Station and Père Lachaise, and I have examined both sides of the Rue de Rennes with the most scrupulous attention. But I have discovered nothing. There are dozens of houses covered with the familiar cream-colored stucco that might pass for yellow, and there are four or five others whose prevailing tint is fairly akin to saffron. But there is no house that can be called positively yellow, and I am balked.

It was getting on towards five o'clock, and I had alighted at the corner of the Rue Coëtlogon, intending to walk the few blocks to St. Germain des Prés. I wanted to smoke, but I had used up all my matches, and I was consequently looking out for a tobacconist's shop. I walked on slowly, and had nearly reached the Rue du Vieux Colombier, when I saw the long-desired tobacco-shop on the other side of the street. I was about to cross over, when I happened to notice the number of the house that I was passing. It was 82. Now the numeral 82 was that of my college class, and I never see it in any connection without giving it at least momentary attention. I glanced up at the windows; what gorgeous geraniums! There was a box of the flowers in every one of the first and second story windows, and, being in full bloom, they made a magnificent blaze of color. I have a barbaric sort of fondness for red, it is so full of warmth and life, and I pulled up to feast my eyes on the show.

Something fluttered through the air and fell on the pavement at my feet. Ah! he must have accidentally snapped off a stem, and the flower was treasure-trove for my button-hole. I stepped forward and picked it up. It was not a geranium at all, but an artificial affair of colored paper and cloth, such as are made by the thousand in Paris for use in millinery.

I looked up once again, and my gaze fell upon a portion of the wall partially concealed by the overhanging balcony. Strange that I had not noticed that the building had been recently stuccoed over, or at least repainted. Here was a little piece that the brush of the workman had failed to reach—the original color stood out vividly, an unmistakable yellow.

M. Philippe Ribot, the proprietor of the tobacco-shop, was a most urbane personage, and he seemed to take an unaffected pleasure in supplying me with a sou's worth of vestas. It was not difficult to engage him in conversation, and of course he knew everything about the neighborhood.

"The house opposite, at No. 82? Why, yes; Maître Vaudol lives there. You can see his name in full on the silver plate underneath the bell-pull—'Maître Etienne Vaudol, Ecrivain Public.'"

"Ecrivain Public?"

"Precisely, m'sieu. Business transacted, petitions drawn up, accounts audited, letters written—what you will. And all with secrecy and despatch."

The door opened, and a woman literally flung herself into the shop. I tried to follow what she was saying, but her clipped and rapid vocables were too much for my unaccustomed ear. And M. Ribot's answer was equally unintelligible.

The woman threw up her hands, a tragic gesture of disappointment, and rushed out as precipitately as she had entered. A rapidly growing crowd of sympathizing friends and lookers-on awaited her, and the procession passed on to the next shop.

M. Ribot looked perplexed, even worried. He removed his ridiculous fez, which he probably wore out of respect to the fragrant Egyptian weed that he did not sell, and rubbed his shiny forehead with an equally shiny cuff.

"It is too bad," he said, gently. "A most excellent woman is Mlle. Agathe, and she adores her rascal of a nephew."

"An accident?"

"Who can tell, m'sieu. You see he is at service over there—the *cire droit*, you comprehend. Regularly every Saturday afternoon he comes to see his aunt; she has always been like a mother to him, and her house is his home."

"Well?"

"It is now five o'clock, and he is never later than three at the outside—the sun itself is not more punctual. Besides, he was seen some two hours ago standing at the corner of the Rue du Vieux Colombier. And that makes the fourth within a month," he concluded, staring at me with frightened, wide-opened eyes.

"The fourth?"

"Assuredly, m'sieu. There was Victor Berger, of the War Office, Gilliaulet the perfumer, and old Madame Meitel. Three, m'sieu, since the first of the month, and that fine young man makes the fourth."

"Nonsense! They will return."

"Ah, but they do not. But pardon; if m'sieu will be kind enough to observe—Monsieur Vaudol is standing at the door."

I looked, and saw two men at the entrance of the "yellow house." The old man, with his white hair tucked under a silk skull cap must be Maître Vaudol. And the other? It was the "Pompadour" at last.

The two men stood talking for a few moments, and then the elder retired into the house, while my man started briskly down the street. I was after him instantly: the scoundrel! I would unmask him on the spot. A dozen more steps, and I was at his side, and touched his arm. He confronted me.

"Mr. Coventry, I believe?" speaking as coolly as I could.

"Monsieur is mistaken," he said, calmly.

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tained, and yet I had surely some justification for my mistake. Strange, how every trick of eye and manner irresistibly recalled the image of his double of the Rue de Rennes! But the embarrassment was all on my side. Never had Coventry been in so brilliant a humor, and his flashes of wit were so incessant as to suggest to mademoiselle the propriety of having the wax candles removed. And insensibly the memory of my recent humiliation faded away, and we were all merry together.

Some one suggested fencing, and we adjourned to the billiard-room for coffee. At the far end there was enough of clear space for the use of the foils, and the high divans that lined the walls made comfortable vantage points for the spectators. The General did me the honor of crossing swords for a brief assault, and I acquitted myself remarkably well for a novice. Indeed, the Chevalier was so proud of his pupil that he insisted upon backing me for an encounter with Coventry.

me to hold my ground in the first few minutes. I knew that he was playing with me, but it was only little by little that I realized the deadly purpose behind that cool deliberation of thrust and parry. I did not have to look at the rack of foils to be assured that he had only pretended to exchange his weapon, and that at any moment his naked point might be opposed to my unprotected breast.

The mind works with infinite rapidity at times of great stress, and all that I have written down here had been consciously thought out during the last second or two in which he had been steadily forcing me back to the side wall. My parries were growing weaker as his thrusts grew stronger. I could feel that the loosened button had been finally stripped from the point of my adversary's foil; he was only waiting to be certain of his aim before giving the final lunge.

It was coming now, sure and strong, and my feeble parry would be twisted aside as though it were a wisp of straw. And yet I must attempt it, for since a man

time, and with that he actually held out his hand. And I took it—there was really nothing else to do.

As we went out to the drawing-room for a cigar at whist, Coventry pressed something into my hand. "For a souvenir," he whispered. It was the button from off his foil. So it seems that we understand each other; well, so much the better.

Postscript.—It was Vital who attended me to-night instead of Achille, who had originally been assigned to my personal service. In answer to my inquiry, Vital informed me that Achille had left the house about noon for his free half day, but had failed to return at the usual hour. Odd! for he had given no hint that he wanted to leave his place, and he had taken away none of his belongings. The General was much annoyed, and had notified the police department of his disappearance.

"Disappearance, eh! According to M. Ribot, that makes No. 5," I said to myself, as I jumped into bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ARMY CANTEEN. *By Lieut. G. W. Bunnell, Jr., U.S.A.*

THE army canteen, or, as it is officially styled, the "post exchange," has of late been much discussed by all sorts of papers and by many different writers. However, little has been said that is strictly true, and as the subject seems to be of considerable interest to a large class of people, most of whom have no definite idea of what the word "canteen" really means and what it actually stands for, the writer believes that an article showing the true guardiness of things will be of more than passing interest. And since a certain element is trying to make this matter a party issue at the coming Presidential election, it is proper that no one should have to go to the polls any the less able to form for himself a correct opinion on this subject than upon any other subject of importance to the nation at large.

The canteen, as called by most people who speak of it, made its appearance at military posts about 1889, and succeeded what at that time was known as the "post trader." The post trader in turn had taken the place of the "sutler" of war times, who was the person that followed, in his wagons, the movements of the armies from place to place, and found a ready market for his goods at prices far above their real values. The post trader, unlike his wandering predecessor, established his store on the regular military reservations, and laid in a stock of such articles as the desires of the enlisted men prompted them to buy, and as the needs of the officers at remote posts required. He was, of course, subject to certain rules and regulations, but no rule prevented him from charging whatever he saw fit to charge for his wares, and no regulation prevented him from selling whiskey or rum to such as wished to buy. The system was so entirely unsatisfactory that something different was required, and to meet this requirement the post exchange was established. It came into being on account of, and has followed since its establishment, the universal principle of supply and demand. And throughout the whole discussion of this subject it would be well to bear this principle clearly in mind: wherever and whenever there is a demand for anything, no matter what it is, there and then there will be found a source of supply, and if the demand is not met by a legitimate supply of the article called for, sooner or later there will be found an illegitimate supply.

The post exchange has been called the "enlisted man's club," and let us see what claims it has to such a dignified designation.

Every military reservation is allowed to have a post exchange, which is established at the discretion of the commanding officer, and carried on in accordance with certain regulations of the War Department, under the direct supervision of an officer of the United States army and a board of officers known as the post-exchange council.

The officer intrusted with the active conduct of the exchange is called the "exchange officer," and upon him rests largely the responsibility of its success. He decides what articles and lines of goods are required for sale, does all the buying, pays the bills, and sees that the exchange steward obeys his rules and the regulations in the active conduct of business. He is responsible for the success of the exchange, just as any business man is responsible for the success of his business.

But in the exchange, just as in any other business undertaking, the wants of the patrons determine the kinds of stock carried. So that if the enlisted men show a demand for a certain article or class of articles, they are offered for sale, provided, of course, that the sale of them does not conflict with regulations. So as find a prosperous exchange comprising the following departments: an amusement-room, a lunch-room, a general store, and a bar-room, or canteen.

The amusement-room is supplied with card tables, billiard and pool tables, and various games, such as checkers and chess. Here a man can come when off duty, and, for a few cents, enjoy a game of billiards, or sit down and play whist or hearts. Gambling games are absolutely prohibited. At all times the amusement-room will be found to be orderly and quiet.

The lunch-room is fitted to supply sandwiches, pies, milk, tea, and coffee, and various other things suitable for a light lunch.

The general store sells such articles as are not for sale at the post commissary, and for which there is any demand. Among them may be mentioned various articles of clothing, such as handkerchiefs, under-clothes, neck ties, certain toilet requisites, groceries, fruits, and candies.

The last branch of the exchange is, strictly speaking, the canteen or bar. Here are sold beer, light wines by the glass, soft drinks, cigars, and tobacco. No ardent spirits are carried in stock or sold, and nothing can be taken from the premises. The most rigid regulations govern. No person is allowed to get drunk here, and absolutely no liquor will be sold to any one who is intoxicated. A man can get a glass of beer, but he cannot get whiskey. What other place in this country can say as much? Is there a single saloon-keeper in the world that will refuse to sell a drink of any kind, and thus shut himself off from his handsome profit of anywhere from fifty to two hundred per cent.?

And this brings us to one of the strongest arguments in favor of the whole canteen question, the one of profit. The exchange is run as a paying business, but the profits all go to the purchaser to provide certain articles of food—really luxuries—that are not furnished by the government, which necessarily furnishes only the staples.

Everything is sold at a fair profit, say from five to twenty per cent., but the profit on beer, wines, and tobacco is the largest of all—from fifty to one hundred per cent. This is as it should be, for these last three articles are sold at the same price for which they can be purchased elsewhere, and so no one is encouraged to buy on account of cheapness. We all love a bargain, but no bargains can be found in liquor or tobacco. The profits, after paying the running expenses, are divided proportionally among the companies serving at the post, and go into what is known as the company fund, a fund expended under the direction of the company commander for the benefit of the enlisted men's mess. No one makes any profit except the purchaser; not even the officer who expends his time, thought, and energy on the exchange is paid anything in addition to his regular army pay.

Here it should be remarked that the canteen proper, or the section of the exchange that sells tobacco and beer, is entirely different from the popular idea of a bar-room. There is no imposing array of bottles before polished mirrors to tempt in all sorts of mixed drinks, concoctions that ruin the stomach and very soon fossilize. There is no skilled barkeeper to mix and dispense at the whim of the drinker. But the room is fitted up plainly with tables and chairs, a small counter, an ice-box, and a case for tobacco. Everything is clean but homely.

The rules in regard to paying for all purchases at the exchange are very clear. No man can get credit directly, but he can purchase on credit a limited number of checks, which will be received at the exchange in lieu of money. However, he can also purchase for cash the same checks at a reduced rate, an excellent rule to encourage men to pay for what they get.

Now that we have seen just what the exchange is and how it is conducted, let us consider some of the arguments in favor of the continuance of the canteen. It is only fair to say at the outset that practically all the criticism of the army canteen has come from those who know nothing about the question, while in the opinions of those who have known and watched the workings of the system there is nothing but unstinted praise for it. All the officers in the regular army, with a very few exceptions, have stated officially that to do away with the canteen means to encourage those evils that are subversive of discipline, that go to weaken and undermine the one fundamental principle of everything military—absolute and unquestioning obedience. Officers (and who is better able to judge of the subject, either on account of personal qualifications or position?) say that the canteen lessens the number of courts-martial for such offenses as absence without leave, drunkenness, and disobedience of orders, increases discipline among the men, increases their self-respect, and improves their morals, makes them better qualified to do their duties as soldiers, and to fight for their country when called upon, and, in a word, lessens the amount of liquor consumed, and promotes temperance—the very object sought by the people who so bitterly and unreasonably oppose the canteen.

Does any one believe that the class of men that compose the rank and file of the army can ever be forcibly made to abstain totally from liquor? Has not prohibition been tried and proved an absolute failure, a measure which instead of preventing the sale of liquor causes men to break the laws and to obtain illegally that which they *will* have, and which they feel, as men, it is their right to have if they so desire? As long as there is any liquor in this world the man who wants it will have it, and the only rational way to promote temperance seems to be to lessen the desire for strong drink, and to gradually cause less liquor to be consumed. This is what the canteen does. And how does it do it? By selling no strong drink, and no drink in quantities large enough to produce intoxication; by selling beer, light wines, and non-alcoholic drinks in a wholesome, law abiding, moral atmosphere, without any incentive to intoxication, or to indulgence in other excesses of the possessor; in other words, by supplying the demand for a certain article in a legitimate and lawful manner without any effort to *increase the demand*, while at the same time giving back the profits that accrue to better the condition of the purchasers. Has any opponent of the canteen ever stopped to consider that perhaps there is less demand for ardent spirits among men whose stomachs are supplied with many of the delicacies that serve to make us all contented? And when we have caused these very men to stop strong drink, and to indulge only in drinks with a very small percentage of alcohol, have we not done inestimable good?

But what will the shutting up of the canteen mean? It will mean that these very men will go back again to drinking whiskey and rum, to breaking regulations that are necessary to military discipline, to spending their small pay to line the pockets of some grasping saloon keeper, whose one object is gain at any price—the price of manhood, honor, and even life.

To condemn the canteen without having seen its practical workings is an injustice, of which no thinking man will be guilty. In this, as in most other matters in life, the majority of us must accept the opinion of those qualified to judge. If we are sick we do not go to a merchant to be told what is the matter and to obtain treatment. So in this canteen question why should we accept the perhaps sincere but misguided opinions of those who really know nothing about it, when we can get the judgment of those who have every means of knowing the truth about the matter, and who are perfectly capable of forming and expressing professional or expert opinion? No army officer derives the least benefit from the canteen, except indirectly as it aids discipline. And the majority of our nation are to-day ready to admit that the discipline which means efficiency, the welfare and the well-being of the men, is the first thought of all regular army officers. It is these very officers who say that to abolish the canteen means to encourage drinking and the breaking of regulations, and is a direct blow at the efficiency of the whole army—an efficiency which has been tried and proved not wanting.

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moved, but its predicaments were recalled last week by a despatch in a Boston newspaper which recorded the resignation of the Rev. Edward Chandler from the pastorate of a church in Wellesley, Massachusetts. Some members of Mr. Chandler's church, it seems, were doubtful about his doctrines. "Like nearly every minister who comes out of the Andover Seminary nowadays," says the despatch, "he was accused of being not 'sound.' No direct charges were made against him, but there was constant discussion as to the soundness of his doctrine, and rather than foster dissension in his church Mr. Chandler resigned."

One might suppose that a pastor who was the means of awakening such keen interest in church doctrines would have been a man whom his church would cleave to, but it seems not. Mr. Chandler's case, if it has been correctly reported, seems to throw some light on the causes of the decline of the prosperity of the Andover Seminary, for if the suspicion of unsoundness is enough to weaken a minister's hold on his charge, and if "nearly every minister that comes out of Andover Seminary nowadays" is suspected of being unsound, what wonder that Andover Seminary languishes? It seems to be a good deal with the ministers as it is with horses. Looks, action, vigor, all go for little unless soundness can be guaranteed. The Andover Seminary seems to be out of touch with its market, though whether it is the market or the seminary that is at fault does not appear.

THE best advertised minister in the country for the moment is young Mr. Stokes of New York, who was lately admitted to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and became assistant to the rector of a church in New Haven. There is nothing remarkable about his being a clergyman except that he is a member of a well-known family, which is respected on many accounts, and, among others, for its wealth. It is true that Mr. Stokes is a rich young man, and some of the newspapers have been making a nine days' wonder of the fact that a young man of his pecuniary resources should have chosen to be a preacher. They accord him as much notice as though he had webbed fingers or blue hair, or differed from other folks in some striking particular that could not be overlooked. His picture has frequently been published, his sermons have been quoted, and various details of his professional labors have been chronicled with almost as much care as though he was a prize-fighter or a candidate for high office on a stumping tour in the West. It probably annoys Mr. Stokes to get so much attention, and, of course, it is no advantage to him in his profession to be treated like a curiosity and dogged by reporters. It is unusual in this country for rich men to become clergymen—much more so than in England—but it is not unknown. There are some very opulent gentlemen with large inherited estates among the clergy of New York. To men who like it and are suited to it the ministerial profession may well have great attractions and great rewards, and to able men it offers excellent opportunities for usefulness and influence. If the attention—doubtless unwelcome—which Mr. Stokes's choice of a profession has drawn to him, shall be the means of bringing the attentions of the clerical calling home to other worthy young men who are undecided what to do, it may prove to have been worth while. There are more satisfactions to be got of the ministry than out of yachting, or golf, or even horses. If a young man who enjoys the blessing known as "private means" devotes himself to golf it excites no wonder. That such a person should excite surprise by becoming a minister simply illustrates the traditional foolishness of a large part of mankind.

THERE is a certain distinction about the impudence of the whiskey seller who has adopted the seals of various colleges for trade-marks on his wares. The colleges naturally object—as doubtless he expected—and some of them have taken active measures to thwart his scheme. It seems uncertain whether the law will afford them protection. If not, the whiskey man's audacity may be the means of our getting a new law about trade-marks, which will impose reasonable restrictions upon the enterprise of manufacturers whose sense of propriety is deficient. Of course the use of the college seals to advertise whiskey is outrageous, but so are various other wiles of manufacturers and advertisers in whom "enterprise" is unchecked by decency. Cigar-makers name brands of cigars after deceased citizens of note, and paper the hill-boards with portraits of the persons so honored. There seems to be no help for it, and efforts to restrain such use of the names and visages of the departed have failed in court. But the more flagrant and conspicuous the abuse, the better the chance of stating it, and this misuse of the college seals may lead to timely and adequate relief.

The consumption of whiskey in American colleges is comparatively small. The average college boy in this country is an abstemious person, but when he does

OUR Governor seems to be having the time of his life. He is easily the star performer in the present campaign, and his performances have, so far, been very fully and generally reported. His itinerary takes him from Detroit through Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, West Virginia, and Maryland. His tour began at Detroit on September 6, and will end, if he keeps to his schedule, on October 19 at Baltimore. It was reported the other day that his voice had failed him, but he seems to have got it back. At any rate, he can shake hands. He had a wonderfully cordial reception in the cowboy districts of Montana, where he knew the folks, and where his engaging qualities are fully appreciated. At present writing he has just been mobbed by sundry of the unruly in the Cripple Creek mining district of Colorado. To be mobbed, and hit with a club, must have given him immeasurable satisfaction. Any good man, even a less ardent one than our Governor, would be glad to be mobbed for a change after a month's experience of boisterous unmodified popularity. Certainly our Governor, who enjoys everything, enjoyed being joked with a club, especially as it didn't hurt him. It is not known that any citizen of the United States, Coal Oil Johnny not excepted, ever had as much fun in a given space of time as Theodore Roosevelt has had in the last four years.

IT seems that the Richmond negroes earnestly deprecated the proposal of Miss Jewett, the anti-lynching agitator of Boston, to attend their big Baptist convention last month and make an anti-lynching address. They showed excellent judgment, for of course nothing but mischief could come of Miss Jewett's speeches to negroes in Richmond. Where she might possibly relieve her mind, without doing harm, is here in New York. If she could be invited to address the New York police on the negro question, she would at least have a safe audience, and one that might profit by her persuasions.

ITALY is called upon by her wise men and the wise men of the neighboring countries to undertake a new war—a war of the most vital importance, and already too long delayed; not against men, however, but against mosquitoes. Italy has malaria, and is very ill with it, and is getting worse. She has always had it more or less, but the railroad building and forest devastation which have been the early fruits of her new national aspirations have made it worse. Directly and indirectly, the result of the railroad building in the peninsula south of Rome has been to increase the seriousness of the malaria problem. The new roads have interfered with watercourses and drainage; they have brought about the deforestment of great tracts of country, and they have brought new ideas to the resident people. The southern Italians have discovered that the malaria is worse than it was, and that they cannot overcome it, but that they can get out of the country and perhaps do better elsewhere. So they have been emigrating in large numbers, as we in this country very well know. It begins to look as if the Italian government must either overcome the malaria or prepare to see southern Italy depopulated. Science has discovered that the great breeder and carrier of malarial poisons is the mosquito. Mosquitoes being impervious to argument and not susceptible of extermination, the proposition is to cut down their supply of poison by compelling the use of quinine as a preventive of malarial disease, and by forcibly removing malarial patients from their homes to mountain sanitariums.

It is obviously an enormous undertaking, but in Italy's situation it doubtless offers a better field for investment than war-ships or a standing army.

THE *Haberdasher* sighs at the amount of time that is spent annually by the world of letter-writers in prefixing "Dear sir" to their epistles, and putting "Yours very truly" at the end. The paper estimates that the expense of these literary formalities is something more than three million dollars a year, and it believes that from business letters at least they might be dropped to the advantage of commerce. The American people, it says, prides itself on saving time, and has filled the earth with inventions to that effect. Here's a chance, it thinks, to save a mite of time without loss to any one.

Maybe so, but what would the *Haberdasher* have us do with the time we save by leaving out "Dear sirs" and "Yours truly"? Shall we devote it to the selection of neck-ties, or to the consideration of shirt patterns? Is there any probability that we would make better use of it than we do in keeping up these forms of courtesy? The American people are getting very, very rich. Does it become a nation so

be wasted altogether or even misspent if we managed to save them. Does any one else beside the *Haberdasher* think we Americans are making such extraordinary good use of our spare seconds that it would pay us to save the time it takes to write "Dear sir"?

NOW that school has begun there are symptoms of a widespread and active demand for some sort of automobile caddie able to go round a links with a bag, and indifferent to truant-catchers. In most States where golf prevails the ordinary human caddie is now constrained by statute to go to school, and officers are sent out to see that he does. Unless he is above school age—fourteen in some States, sixteen in others—he cannot caddie during school hours. When the truant-officer learns that the schools are not as well attended as they should be, he proceeds to the nearest links, and usually returns with his net bursting with reluctant urchins. The rule in Massachusetts golf clubs is not to employ lads under sixteen after the schools open. In Connecticut it seems that boys over fourteen are presumed to have had sufficient schooling, and may be employed.

THE Boers have made a good many mistakes in the last four years, and though they have accomplished marvels, they have left undone too much—far too much—that they should have attended to. It wasn't their fault. It was their misfortune that they didn't know how to go to work to save their country. One thing that every one who has a kindness for them must regret is that they did not long ago engage Richard Harding Davis to write pieces about them for the magazines. Somehow the Boers have taken hold of Mr. Davis. His recent articles about them in *Scribner's* are the most effective pro-Boer literature that has got into type. It is effective partly because it is good writing, and because Mr. Davis has an audience that reads whatever he writes, but it has also the attraction of being unexpected. Mr. Davis likes the English, likes good clothes and pleasant gentlemen, and other things that abound in the English army. The natural thing for him to do seemed to be to take up with his British friends and clamor skilfully and ardently on the British side, as Julian Ralph has done. But it did not happen so. By choice or accident it fell to him to become an observer of Boers from within the Boer lines. What he saw made him pro-Boer, heart and pen. He does not revile the British, but he does revile the war the British have waged. Grieving over its inevitable end he calls his Boer comrades the last of the Crusaders. "As I see it," he says, "It has been a Holy War, this war of the burgher-crusader, and his motives are as fine as ever called a 'minute-man' from his farm, or sent a knight of the Cross to die for it in Palestine. When he falls he will not fall alone; with him will end a great principle, the principle for which our forefathers fought—the right of self-government, the principle of independence."

Let us hope it is not so bad as that. The Boer has gone down, but he has gone down with a crash that is mighty significant. What England has done to him seems clear enough. What he has done to England is yet to be discerned, appreciated, and reckoned up. That he has left her military prestige a wreck is of less consequence than the extraordinary mess he has made of her moral prestige as a nation devoted to liberty. He has not only tousled her hair and blackened her eyes, but he has broken the back of her hymn-book, and cracked the voice in which she gives thanks that she is good, and strewed thorns on the hassock on which she kneels in church. Oom Paul has doubtless been blind, but he has been a blind Samson. What wonder if men like Mr. Davis think that it was the pillars of the temple of liberty that he was chained to?

THE missionaries in China have been criticised for many things. It has been questioned whether they had lawful business in China at all. They have been accused of meddling in Chinese politics, of thwarting the operations of Chinese law, of shielding evil-doers from punishment, and of making hypocrisy profitable to insincere converts. No doubt there is some truth in most of these allegations. No doubt the missionaries have leaned hard on the secular arm, and relied perhaps too much on consuls, ministers, and war-ships to promote the ends to which they have been devoted and their personal safety. But no one has charged that at the pinch they have not lived up to the best traditions of their perilous calling. At least, those who have suffered have suffered with fortitude and constancy, and those who have died have died as well as any group of Christian martyrs that we know of. A good many have died; how many we do not know yet; nor have we any but meagre accounts of their end. But so far as we have learned, the Christians in China—native and foreign—have shown stout hearts and a sure faith, and have faced whatever peril met them with an unflinching spirit.

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Martinez Campos

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS, who died in Spain on September 23, was best known and most respected in this country as the Spanish general who preceded Weyler as Captain-General in Cuba. He was superseded by Weyler because the Spanish government considered his methods of warfare too humane to be effective, and hoped that the more violent severities that Weyler was willing to introduce would save Cuba to Spain. Throughout his life General Campos was a friend to Cuba, and the wisest adviser on Cuban matters that Spain had. His life was exceedingly active and crowded with change and peril. He was born in 1834, the son of a Spanish general, received a military education, and served in Morocco in 1859. In 1864 he went to Cuba as colonel, and staid six years. Returning to Spain, he served against the Carlists. He opposed the republic which followed the abdication of Amadeo, and was imprisoned for a time, but was out again against the Carlists in 1874, and soon after took the leading part in bringing Alfonso XII. to the Spanish throne. Then he soon ended the civil war, and was made Captain-General in the Spanish army. In 1877 he went to Cuba as Commander-in-Chief of the army, and ended the war, partly by victories, partly by concessions. When on his return to Spain he could not secure the fulfillment of the promises he had made to the Cubans he resigned his places of Minister of War and President of the Council. He continued, however, high in influence and often in office until 1895, when he went to Cuba to put down the new insurrection, but favoring concessions and pacific measures, he was recalled in January, 1896. Though his advice was not trusted in Cuban concerns, he continued to be Governor of Madrid and chief adviser to the Queen. He was a remarkable soldier, and for forty years was one of the great men of Spain, a statesman and a patriot, who withheld nothing that he could offer from the service of his country.

Female Suffrage in the United States

FOUR States have given to women unlimited political freedom, these States being Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho. The women of all these States, except Idaho, have already had the privilege of voting in a Presidential election. The women of Idaho voted in the State election of 1898, but this year will be their first chance to vote for a Presidential ticket. There is considerable difference of opinion among those who have kept close watch upon this feature of American political life as to the value of the female vote to public institutions and as to the real appreciation in which it is held by those who exercise it.

In the Presidential election of 1896 a large proportion of the women of Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming went to the polls and cast a ballot. A much smaller number exercised this right in 1898, and there is a decided apathy among the women of these States as to the outcome of the election this year; in fact, this apathy is so marked that it is not believed over fifty per cent. of the women will vote at all. If the question of female suffrage was resubmitted to a vote of the people of these States in which it now prevails, it would probably carry by a considerable majority again, but this would be due to the fact that the women themselves would have a vote in this resubmission, which they did not have when the question was originally passed upon.

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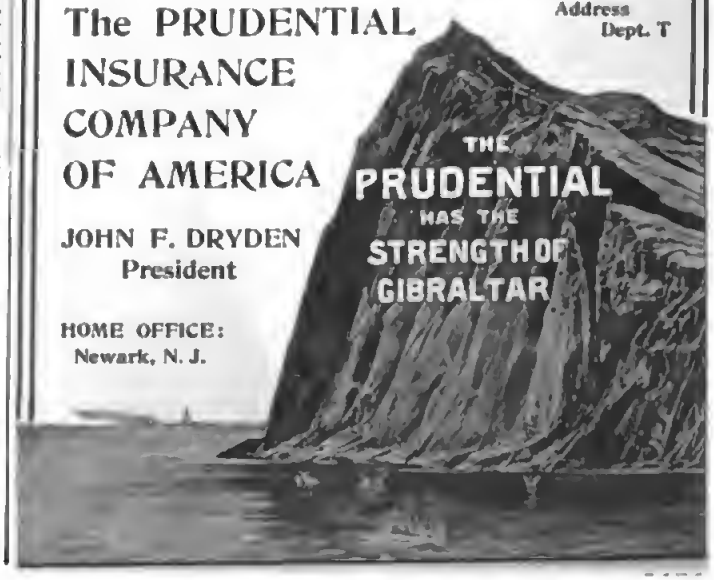

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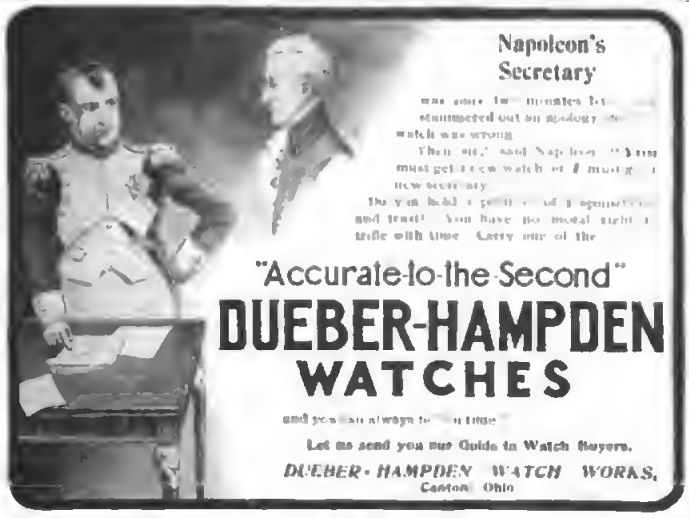

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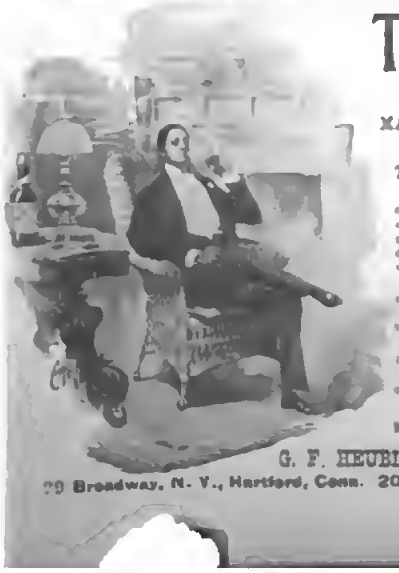

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der is preserved at the primaries, in the conventions, and at the polling-booths owing to the presence of women. It is also unquestionably true that all political parties in selecting candidates for their tickets are governed by a desire to appeal to the best moral sense of the community in the matter of the personal character of their nominee. It has been the experience of practical politicians who have endeavored to benefit by the female vote that the latter is governed more by sentiment than by reason. It has also been demonstrated that the addition of the female to the male vote merely increases the various party totals in a proportionate degree.

There has always been a certain element among the women strongly opposed to female suffrage. This element is composed of those who find a fully rounded life in the exercise of domestic duties. These women did not take advantage of the ballot even when it was first given to them. There is another large percentage of the female vote which went to the polls the first time they were opened to them and cast a ballot in full enjoyment of the novelty of the occasion. The novelty has now worn off, and the greater number of these women have abandoned all pretence of interest in politics to such an extent that few of them have registered this year. The active female politicians are those who naturally take an interest in public affairs and who in years gone by have been the leaders of clubs and associations so plentiful in all cities. It is found also that there are just as eager office-seekers among the women as there are among the men, and the bestowal of the suffrage upon their sex has led to increased recognition of their services and consequently increased activity on their part in public affairs.

In 1896 the women of Colorado voted for Mr. Bryan's electoral ticket, following the lead of their male advisers, and deeply affected by the sentimental interest in the silver cause and its leader, which was widespread throughout the mining States four years ago. In Wyoming the female vote was largely Republican, as nearly all of the women of the rural districts were more or less interested in the prosperity of the sheep industry, and hence in favor of protection. In Utah, in 1896, the women voted the Democratic ticket, under the leadership of the Mormon Church, for it is found in that State that the women constitute the strongest bulwark of Church institutions, and, strange as it may appear, many of them have been the most obstinate defenders of the institution of polygamy.

It is in the local and school elections where the women take the keenest interest and where their influence is most marked in determining results. When an election is a neighborhood affair, or where the welfare of the children is concerned, the women voters of these Western States are determined, aggressive, and strongly partisan. It has been noticed, however, that with them the personality of the candidate is generally the issue, and not his supposed ability or lack of ability in the administration of public affairs.

Female suffrage owes its establishment to the Populist party, assisted in a lesser degree by the Republican party. As a rule the straight Democrats have been opposed to allowing the women to vote. A study of the election returns throughout these States when the question was submitted shows that Populist communities gave a majority for female suffrage, about one-half of the Republican communities voted in favor of it, and scarcely a single Democratic community gave it a majority.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

BOTH the financial and the political equilibrium has been somewhat disturbed by the widespread strike of miners in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, and both financial and political influence has been exerted to bring it to an end. The peculiarity of this strike has been that it was ordered by an organization made up chiefly of bituminous coal miners, whose field of labor is in several States farther west, and that its nominal purpose was to secure the redress

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WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization
NEW YORK OCTOBER 13: 1900

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IT IS impossible to enumerate here the manifold attractions provided for the 1901 volume of The Youth's Companion. The paper will be crowded with contributions from Diplomatists, Explorers, Sailors, Trappers, Indian Fighters, Story-Writers, and Self-Made Men and Women in many vocations. Noteworthy among them are Theodore Roosevelt, who will write on the inspiring theme, "The Essence of Heroism;" Lyman J. Gage and John D. Long, of President McKinley's Cabinet; Dorothy Tennant, wife of Sir Henry Stanley; Gen. Charles King; Frank Bullen, spinner of sailors' yarns; and W. T. Hornaday, hunter of big game; while the most popular writers of fiction will contribute nearly 250 stories to the 52 issues of the new year.

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Crokerism

IN his brilliant oratorical flights from one end of the country to the other Mr. BRYAN discourses eloquently of many issues now before the people, the paramountcy of each of which in his treatment of them depends rather upon geographical conditions than upon considerations of the highest welfare of the nation as a unit. In the West and South there is a distinct sound as of silver in the clarion tones of this new Moses who shall lead the debtors of the nation out of the intolerable bondage into which by some inscrutable provision of Mammon they are plunged. In the Middle States, where under the beneficent influences of Altgeldism anarchy has dared most conspicuously to rear its head, and where, therefore, Mr. BRYAN is moderately safe in assuming that appeals to envy, hatred, and malice, to the passions which prompt pillage, riot, and murder, will not be resented, the Trust issue is discussed with a fervor which would lead the Octopus to hug himself with joy at the paramountcy of his position. And in the East, in New England, where dwells the idealist, the high-minded lover of republican institutions, there does Mr. BRYAN bring forth his wondrous bogey of Imperialism with which to frighten the timid into an alliance with himself, hiding behind its ample skirts his vicious advocacy of a scuttled Supreme Court, of a scuttled dollar, of a scuttled anything which may sufficiently appeal to the discontented to enable the Populist candidate to gratify an ambition which is the most creditable feature of his career up to the present time. From the various degrees of fervor, then, with which under different skies Mr. BRYAN discusses different questions we may fairly conclude that he does not consider any one of the problems involved big enough to reach from Maine to Texas, or from New York to California. They appear to him doubtless to be, just as the tariff question appeared to General HANCOCK, local issues. We therefore take pleasure in inviting Mr. BRYAN to consider an issue now before the American people which vitally affects the welfare of every State, of every city, of every village, of every hamlet, of every man, of every woman, and of every child in this country. That issue is Crokerism.

It is a mistake to suppose, as many worthy souls do, including Mr. CROKER himself, we believe, that Crokerism is a local issue, and once fairly embarked upon a consideration of its intricacies Mr. BRYAN will find himself following a lead which will bring him into every home in this land. He will find at last a question large enough to cover every inch of territory in the United States, with a sufficient surplus to reach to the Philippine Islands on the one side, to Cuba and to Porto Rico on the other. As the issue unfolds itself to him, as it surely must if he will study it intelligently, and with a mind the principles underlying Crokerism ... emphatically they may be manifesting themselves at one special point. They are everywhere, and an Octopus with more deadly tentacles has yet to appear on land or sea. Once having mastered the subject in its every phase, the distinguished candidate for the Presidency will not have to flit like a butterfly from one paramount question to another, will not be compelled to transform himself into an oratorical chameleon merely to live up to certain exigencies of a situation which he must by this time have found excessively embarrassing. He will discover in Crokerism an issue big enough to cover every corner of the country he professes to love, and significant enough to consume every moment of his speaking-time from now until the 6th of November. Properly to set it forth will tax his vocabulary. Properly to take his stand for or against it will test his sincerity. In any event we advise him to study it closely, for, successful or not in his quest for the Presidential office, it is bound sooner or later to obtrude itself upon him, and he should be prepared either to give to it the outstretched hand of fellowship, or to administer that stinging rebuke to which it is so richly entitled.

Concerning Mr. Schurz

THE Hon. CARL SCHURZ has delivered himself of a ten-column philippic against Perfidious Imperialism, in which he flays alive everybody who has had anything to do with the situation in the Philippine Islands, excepting, of course, AGUINALDO and his followers, Mr. BRYAN and his aides, and the Spaniards, who are primarily responsible for the whole trouble. He admits in the course of his argument that his blood boils, and it is unquestionably true that his eloquence seethes. It is a pity that when Mr. SCHURZ's blood begins to boil he draws himself away from that good-tempered method of debate in which he has often shown himself a master, and that as a result of this departure he places himself in a position which in the eyes of his friends and well-wishers is a deplorable one. In days gone by, despite certain peculiarities of temperament over which Mr. SCHURZ no more than any other man similarly constructed can exercise control, he has been a power in argumentation. We know of no man to whose words we should prefer to listen rather than to those of Mr. SCHURZ when engaged in making an address upon a purely academic question. There is a fine quality to all his utterances of this nature. There is a subtle humor suggesting the rapier rather than the bludgeon running through most of his periods, and when listening to the sound of his pleasant voice it becomes wellnigh impossible to doubt his sincerity. But when it comes to the discussion of existing conditions Mr. SCHURZ is a dreamer. He cannot quite see things as they are, and he is so wedded to his visions that he is a hard man to wake up. It is our honest conviction that Mr. SCHURZ was designed by nature to write poetry. He has in his soul that feeling of divine discontent which has carried many a less gifted man to the fore, and which has resulted in the enrichment of our Anthologies. By some unkind provision of the powers, however—possibly because of his own resentment of a preconceived ideal of the life he should lead—Mr. SCHURZ has spent most of his days in politics, and in American politics at that, than which there is probably nowhere in the world to be found a kind more calculated to keep the blood of the poet simmering at least, if not actually boiling, and as a result he has been in a perpetual state of fermentation as long as we can remember. Discontent with conditions in the father-land gave to us the benefit and the distinction of his citizenship. Discontent with conditions during the civil-war period secured for him a stinging rebuke from no less a personage than ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Discontent with conditions led him into an alliance with the Democratic party when President GRANT, for the second time, ran for the Presidential office. Discontent with his new associates made of him a stanch supporter of RUTHERFORD B. HAYES and SCHURZ by going over to Bryanism can make Bryanism intelligent, his present attitude is not quite so deplorable as at first sight it seems to be. Ardent supporters of the Administration as we are in this campaign, we recognize the fact that a sincere and intelligent opposition is a thing it has conspicuously lacked, and we are wholly willing to express our astonishment that it should have got along so well without it. If Mr. SCHURZ is used by the people he supports, or by the people he opposes, in the right way, there can be no question that he will remain, as he has been in the past, a type of citizen which a strong and growing country really needs to have during its formative period. He can at least call attention to what he considers to be our mistakes, and if the people can only perceive wherein Mr. SCHURZ is right and wherein he is wrong, much good may ultimately come from his fermentations.

Perfidious Imperialism

MR. SCHURZ'S address on Perfidious Imperialism, as printed in full by the flirtatious but not yet completely Bryanized organ of the Populist candidate, the *Evening Post*, as a piece of literature is really worth reading. As a serious offset to the comprehensive treatment of the Philippine question by President McKINLEY in his letter of acceptance, it is not to be reckoned with, and for a precise reason. Mr. SCHURZ in its preparation has been influenced rather by the ideal surroundings of the beautiful northern lake upon whose borders he has passed the summer, than by the salient facts of the situation. There all is peace. The placid waters speak not of war. The rustling breezes blowing through the trees speak only of idleness and of dreams. The hills hide their heads in the clouds, and the poetic side of man, with its license and its independence of the sordid realities of life, willy-nilly obtains control. Had Mr. SCHURZ gone to Washington, with its brutal heat and the awful anxieties of the past summer, to study the question from the "hidden sources of information" which Mr. McKINLEY has so nefariously used, instead of dreaming of things as they might be beneath the soft spell of Lake George, we think he would have spoken differently. He would not have forgotten, as he seems to have done, that we went into the Philippines as an act of formal and declared war—a war which for many years we had been striving to avoid. He would not have forgotten the fact that in a conflict we did not seek, but which we could not honorably escape, we effected the conquest of the Philippine Islands. He would not have forgotten, as he appears to have done, that by the formal and legal and inevitable ceding and relinquishment to us of the Philippine Islands by their only properly constituted sovereign power we assumed a responsibility to shirk which would have made us worthy of the pillory into which Mr. BRYAN and his followers, and even Mr. SCHURZ himself, would doubtless have been the first to place the Administration. He would not have forgotten that there rests upon the shoulders of the American people in this matter a duty the proper performance of which is to be the test of our honor, of our strength, and of our right to take part in the councils of the nations of earth, by which alone we may hope to be influential in the spreading of the principles of civilization.

Had the essential facts of Mr. SCHURZ's arraignment of the Administration been these, his argument would have been unassailable. Lacking the solid foundation of truth, the address falls to the ground, and in so far as criticism is required comes more properly into the realm of literature than into that of politics. As literature we cannot deny its excellence. We know of no more interesting list of fiction published this fall. As a statesmanlike utterance we think it will find little commendation outside of the exclusive circle represented by JOHN P. ALTGELD, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, RICHARD OLNEY, ERVING WINSLOW, RICHARD CROKER, and E. L. GODKIN.

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IN FLESH AND BLOOD

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

TAMMANY HALL has become supreme in the Democratic party of New York State. Never before has it dominated completely the State management of its party. How did it succeed? Bluntly, it had the money, and its opponents in the State, not having any office-holders to assess, not having any share in "ground-floor" stock speculations, not having power to levy tribute from public treasuries through the increase of salaries, through the partial fulfilment of public contracts and the like, not having opportunities for certain kinds of political blackmail, had no money, and the side with the fat purse and the power to punish treachery won. Every one who knows politics in New York State knows how it was done. The "wide-open" town, the plunder from contracts and stock-market "grafts," have given Tammany Hall its supremacy in State politics, have made its leaders rich men, and now in the great game of politics they are looking toward Washington. Take away its blackmail tribute, many of its leaders would be poor, its power would be crippled, and common decency would not be the loser.

Every few months some newspaper in New York city discovers that the town is wide open. There have been two such discoveries within a year. In each case there has been a tremendous agitation. In each case, Bernard J. York, president of the Police Board, has been a most surprised man. This town bad? Why, such a thing must not be. And forthwith the order has gone to Devery, the notorious man who is Chief of Police, to be good and to have the town made good. And Devery has bustled around. During the last agitation, when it was discovered that a "Gamblers' Syndicate" ran the town, as it practically does in certain lines, Devery began to raid the dining-rooms of first class hotels, because they had music in them, forsooth. It raised a storm, but it did the trick. Gambling went on, pool-rooms that had been closed opened again under police protection, blackmail of people in certain houses and of others who walked the streets went on, petty extortion thrived, and the money rolled in again to the pockets of Tammany Hall men. Devery took a long breath and quit wiping his brow, Police-Commissioner York went into his shell and played politics, Tammany leaders said the people wanted a wide-open town, and Mayor Van Wyck said, "*Look at London or Paris.*" Meanwhile the assessment of gamblers in hundreds of places continued, the police collected the weekly and monthly tribute from places that were protected, the woman that walked the streets at night gave up her money before and after midnight, saloon-keepers paid to sell openly in prohibitive hours, dens of infamy flaunted their signs brazenly before all men, decent people were stopped on the streets and asked if they didn't want to gamble, and Tammany was happy. Every dollar that rolled in made her stronger in the politics of the city, of the State, of the nation. Her leaders were rolling up their wealth, and when they went to other commonwealths they were looked upon as profound politicians, almost as statesmen, men of great ability, men whose example was worth following, men who were worth cultivating, men who really couldn't be so very bad, men who wouldn't look out of place, for example, at a dinner in the White House, even if their influence and supremacy were practically due to skill in levying blackmail tribute and to playing the great game of emptying a public treasury with the smallest possible return.

The wide-open town, as all New York knows, is Tammany Hall's visible means of support. The person who lives in New York and doesn't know that lacks ordinary intelligence. It isn't a debatable proposition. Every one knows that the town is wide open; the real question is who is paying the bill? What does it cost? Upon whom does the real burden fall? Can Tammany Hall stop it, if it would? Is the Tammany Hall policy, of which former Mayor Gilroy complained indirectly in a public interview several months ago, making New York city, as he said, a most expensive place for the poor to live in? Is the poor man paying part of the wide-open-town bill in rents that are unnecessarily high? Are the sick suffering because ice bills are doubled? Is this policy costing the lives of the young and old? Is the system of filth and corruption, visible at every hand, eating up flesh and blood? Are young men and young women being ruined in greater numbers than before Tammany came back into power? Is crime increasing? Are the Potter's Field interments growing out of proper proportion? Are the crimes against children on the increase? Is human life as safe as before? Is the death-rate, especially on the East Side, any higher? Are homes for the unfortunate and fallen, the absolute weary of this world, overcrowded?

All these are proper questions, especially as Tammany Hall has become supreme in State as well as local politics, and because its leaders are ambitious. The questions demand fair and truthful answers. Let these answers be set forth here.

EAST-SIDE DEATH-RATE INCREASING

Take the death-rate first. Ever since the beginning of Mayor Strong's administration the New York city death-rate has been going down, swiftly in the days of the Strong régime, very slowly in the days of resumed Tammany rule. Good pavements and fair street-cleaning have done it. But that is the condition for the entire city, or rather the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, the "old city." But how about the East Side? How about the Seventh, Tenth, and Seventeenth wards, where the great tenement-house population lives? Here are some figures from the Health Board records, records now under the complete control of Tammany Hall. The total tenement-house population in the Seventh Ward, according to the census of the sanitary squad of police, in 1898, the first year of the Van Wyck administration, was 82,256. The number of deaths in that ward during the year was 1388. The death-rate on the basis of the tenement-house population was 16.87 in a thousand.

Now let us be fair in this matter. This was not the death-rate in the ward. What that was no one can tell. The number of deaths in each ward is known for every year, of course, but the census of the entire population in every ward is not. However, the Seventh, Tenth, and Seventeenth wards are made up almost entirely of tenement-houses. The population in other buildings is a mere drop in the bucket, and a death-rate based upon the figures of the yearly census of the sanitary squad is practically the death-rate of the ward. Now look at the death-rate for 1899 in the same ward. In 1899 the tenement-house population in the Seventh Ward was 70,633, and the deaths numbered 1348. The death-rate in a thousand was 19.08. Look at the Tenth Ward. In 1898 the tenement-house population was 82,175. The deaths numbered 1071, the death-rate being 13.03. In the next year the population was returned at 61,061, the deaths at 999, the percentage being 15.38. Look now at the Seventeenth Ward. In 1898 the Health Board records placed the tenement-house population at 111,477 and the deaths at 2238, the death-rate on that basis being 20.17. In 1899 the tenement-house population is returned as 107,804, the deaths at 2313, and the rate is 21.46.

What do we *see* here? An increase in the death-rate of the Seventh Ward, on the only available figures under public control, of 2.21 per cent.; an increase in the Tenth Ward of 2.35 per cent.; an increase in the Seventeenth Ward of 1.38 per cent. Is Tammany rule costing flesh and blood? The death-rate has gone down in the entire city in the last five years, and these Health Board figures based on estimates from the police census establish it: 1895, 23.11; 1896, 21.52; 1897, 19.53; 1898, 19.73; 1899, 18.85. The actual death-rate in these years, as based upon the recent Federal census returns, was: 1895, 23.10; 1896, 21.81; 1897, 20.63; 1898, 20.16; 1899, 19.81. Nearly one per cent. difference exists between the Tammany estimates for 1899 and the actual result. A difference of one per cent. in the death-rate in a population of 1,000,000 means 1000 deaths. In a population of 2,000,000, that of Manhattan and the Bronx, it means 2000 deaths. Such is the jugglery with the city's health returns, and such is the record of Tammany rule—namely, a very small reduction in the death-rate of the city as a whole, compared with the Strong administration, and a very decided increase in the death-rate in the thickly crowded districts of the East Side. Notice, if you will, that the population of the three wards on the East Side, according to these official figures, is falling off. Is it because, as Mayor Gilroy, who is no longer a power in Tammany Hall, complained, the city administration is making New York city, particularly the East Side, the home of the poor, a most expensive place in which to live?

When the returns for 1900 are in and the deaths in these East Side wards can be studied, especially the deaths of infants, perhaps some strong light may be thrown on the extortion of the Ice Trust of Tammany Hall. If there is the slightest increase out of the normal proportion it will call to mind the warning of an eminent physician of New York, Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin, who in a paper which he read before the Medical Society of the County of New York on May 28, 1900, said:

"It is estimated that there are 140,000 children under the age of three years in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, or 6.72 per cent. of the whole population. Recent studies show that if cow's milk can be properly cooled it will keep a considerable time, and is much better than relying too largely upon superheating. *Any difficulty in the free procuring of ice by the poor during the heated months, whether from a scarcity of this article or from a cornering of this staple by commercial greed, is a public calamity.*"

If the Ice Trust shall have raised the death-rate of the children of the East Side the chambers of Tammany Hall surely should be haunted by childlike spectres for many a day to come.

The only possible excuse the Tammany men can make about this East Side death-rate is that the sanitary police didn't make accurate census returns. Well, the census was taken by Tammany men. The Strong administration men were turned out, and if Tammany chooses to declare her own men inefficient she brings another indictment against herself. She may take either horn of the dilemma. These records are the only ones the Health Department has, and there you are.

INCREASE IN JUVENILE CRIME

Take another phase of Tammany rule. There has been an increase in juvenile crime. This can be proved. Statistics on this subject are difficult to obtain, but they can be reached. When the new city charter went into effect provision was made for a bureau of statistics to cover all such data as would be suggested by death-rate inquiries, by speculations as to the increase or decrease of crime, or the increase or decrease in burdens of any kind for the municipality. Never has Mayor Van Wyck consented to equip the bureau properly. Schedules of inquiries into city affairs must be approved by him. Every time when approached about it he has put the matter off. The consequence is that the bureau has to publish statistics of port commerce and the like. It can get no money to make a thorough study of the city's affairs, such as is done in many of the cities of the Old World.

Now it is a matter of common gossip that there are more trials for embezzlement and robbery in the courts than ever before. Accurate statistics regarding the matter, in the present crude conditions of city record keeping, would require a tremendous amount of searching. Still I know of a private record that will show that the number of arrests of youths in this city for robbery has increased enormously. In the Strong administration it was rare to find more than four or five boys—that is to say, youths—under twenty one, in the Tombs at one time awaiting trial for burglary or grand larceny. Recently almost two-thirds of the boys awaiting trial in the city prison are charged with those crimes. I looked over the record of which I have spoken and found that not long ago the cells of boys in that prison charged with grand larceny was about fifteen out of twenty-five. I was allowed to take the entry for one week haphazard from this record. It was the record for the week of September 5-11, 1899, that my finger touched. In that week there were in the Tombs thirty-six boys awaiting trial. Twenty-two of them were charged with burglary, seven with grand larceny, and only five with misdemeanors. Examination showed that the week I selected was not exceptional. The rate of increase in thievery among juveniles since the Tammany Hall régime was resumed is simply appalling. I can produce that record fully if I am challenged to do so and it becomes necessary. It is advisable for certain reasons for me to protect my authority or I should go into the subject exhaustively. Tammany wrath would likely fall on an innocent person. But let no Tammany man dare to challenge the accuracy of what I declare. I warn him that he will be overwhelmed if he does. Tammany Hall, two years ago, it may be remembered, through the notorious Devery challenged me to prove that the town was "wide open." It may be recalled that I offered to prove what I said in HARPER'S WEEKLY, to Devery, or to any other man, and Devery sneaked away like the moral coward he is.

This increase in crime is mostly on the East Side, and it exists notwithstanding the pull of politicians which is exerted to keep it down. Let me give an illustration or two. I know of one case on the East Side where a boy stole an overcoat. Twice was complaint made to Police-Captain Berlitz about it, and twice was he told where he could get the boy. Nothing was done. The owner of the coat got it back, but not

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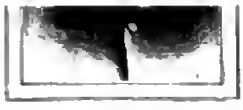
JOHN B. SEXTON,
Police Commissioner.

GEORGE F. SCANNELL,
Leader of the Twenty-fifth District.

MARTIN ENGEL,
Leader of the Eighth District.



BERNARD F. MARTIN,
State Senator.

PATRICK DIVVER,
Formerly a Police Justice.

until money was paid for it. I know of a boy on the East Side arrested six times in eight months for stealing. In each case sentence was suspended through Tammany Hall influence. I know of a block where a man has started a sort of settlement-house, out of motives of pure philanthropy. He had his place crowded; he had a wonderful influence with the boys. Tammany came along and, under protest, allowed a pool room to flourish directly opposite that man's house, with a sign of "Steaks and Chops" over the front door, and a dozen boys whom that man had under his influence slipped away from him, and some of them developed into thieves.

Would you see the effect of Tammany upon the children of the East Side? Go past scores of the "cider saloons" and see the inmates, wretched creatures, swarming to the doors on a warm night to solicit trade or to get a breath of fresh air, and then watch the children stare at them in sullen wonder. I know of a public school within 150 feet of which there were four of these places recently. Do you want your children exposed to such influences? Does even the average Tammany man want his children exposed to these influences? No. Why, then, do they exist? Some one is making money out of it. Tammany dare not shut down on this kind of tribute and allow other kinds to exist. Well do I remember going into a "cider saloon" just off the upper end of the Bowery, in gathering material for this article. Its name was "The Maine." A dozen "waitresses" were there. A relative of the proprietor of the place brought in a three-year-old little girl, gorgeously arrayed. They put her on a table.

"Do as they do on Allen Street, Rosa," was the request. The little child kissed through her tiny teeth, winked her eye, tossed her head backward, while the inmates and habitués of the place went into shrieks of laughter. No more pitiful exhibition of unconscious child depravity was ever given. The police protect that place as they do scores of others on the East Side. One man could stop it all, if he would.

CHILDREN ARE HEAVY SUFFERERS

Take another phase of the terrible penalty children are paying for the wide-open town. On the authority of a man closely associated with work in dispensaries and the like I am able to say that there is scarcely an institution of this kind in town, especially on the East Side, whose officers have not been shocked within the last year by an enormous increase in crimes against children, of the most inhuman and depraved character. One can only hint at matters of this kind, and yet I can state it as a fact that so grave, so shocking, so overwhelming had this matter become, that one of the best-known philanthropists of this city, a man whose name is known in business circles the world over, a man whose wealth is measured by millions, and the kindness of whose heart is limited only by his ability to do good deeds in a sensible way, a man whose name stands for the highest probity in New York city, had to go to Police Headquarters and solemnly protest against this matter. He did it without ostentation. His heart was wrung with the knowledge of what had been revealed in the dispensaries, especially Jewish dispensaries, and with indignation his voice rang out, not for mercy, not for pity, but for justice in the innocent sufferers from a wide-open town. Some of the Tammany Hall leaders know who that man was. They can give his name if they will. Devery and York know it. What a scene in a civilized community! A millionaire, a business man known on two continents, a philanthropist, whose spare time is given up to doing all the good he can, begging the Tammany Hall police to see that at least the children are spared in the money gleaning from the harvest of crime!

Nor does end of this money harvest stop here. I went up to the out-door poor department of New York city's charities, and an official there, whose name I do not give because it would get him into trouble and who gave me the information unsuspectingly, said to me frankly that within two years there had been a great increase in abhorrent diseases among children, especially those relating to the skin, that there had been fully a twenty-per cent. increase in what are known as a peculiar kind of abandonment cases; that the number of arranged young women, especially from the Bohemians and Russians on the East Side, was reaching alarming proportions. This official—he was one high in authority—gave me these figures as samples: For the six months ending September 30, 1899, the city paid out $16,191.65 in a certain kind of abandonment cases. For the six months ending March 31, 1900, the amount paid in the same cases was $17,994.83. I went to Randalls Island to investigate the report that there had been a great increase in children's cases that would be the direct result of alarming moral conditions on the East Side. The books up there, like the books of most of the city's institutions, do not present summaries. They are what might be called mere day book entries. An enormous amount of searching would be necessary to discover what the books really show, and, therefore, I was compelled to fall back upon what the Tammany official also gave the figures I have just quoted told me. Another official in the great dispensary at Bellevue Hospital, where the poor are treated free, told me that certain public officials had sent up there asking if it were true that there had been an increase in cases of young women who have suffered the most unfortunate penalty of indiscretion that can come to any one. The clerks were willing to hunt up the data. The request was sent to the higher officials, so this one told me, and there was a conference about it. The result was that the men who were seeking that kind of information were told that they had better look for some other kind of statistics.

POTTER'S-FIELD INTERMENTS

It may be a far cry from moral depravity in a great city, aided and abetted by politicians and police, to burials in Potter's Field, but there is a remarkable increase in this city in the interments of the unfortunates whose last resting place is one about which no human affection centres. The keeper of the City Morgue at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street gave me these figures of the burials of adults in Potter's Field for the last three years: 1897 (last year of the Strong administration), 1043; 1898, 2031; 1899, 1980. Practically the Potter's Field interments have doubled since Tammany came into power again, and this in times of great business prosperity. What does it mean? There can be no doubt that the machine that thrives on vice must have new victims, a fresh supply of raw material constantly. Is it not possible that when the old supply is worn out a large number of its victims have nowhere to lay their heads for the long sleep that knows no waking in this world? It is worthy of note that the interments of infants in Potter's Field show no marked change, the figures being: 1897, 3189; 1898, 3095; 1899, 3154. In the parlance of the day, it is up to Tammany Hall to explain these figures.

POLICE COURTS REVEAL TAMMANY'S GUILT

Come now to the police courts for proof of the degeneracy of the town and what it costs. Here are definite figures—figures that Devery, York, Van Wyck, or any other man, cannot dispute or pretend to controvert. The report of the city magistrates for 1899 published recently is eloquent with facts that show Tammany's alliance with crime and the easy conscience with which crime is allowed to exist. The arrests for the year 1899 were 2294 fewer than in the year 1898, the total for 1898 being 98,017. The number of males arrested was 77,127, and the number of females was 21,590. Compared with the previous year, there was a decrease in the number of males of 5322, and an increase—here's what tells the story—in the number of females of 3028. Devery's friend Nelson and the other professional boodletown can probably explain why there was a large increase in the number of women arrested. A profit of $5 an arrest goes with many of these cases and represents some of the police blackmail on the traffic of the streets. A singular thing is revealed in these arrests of women. There was an increase of 2830 cases in the Jefferson Market court and of 2436 in the Yorkville court, where cases of a well-known character involving profit to Devery's friend and others are heard. But in the Essex Market court there was a decrease of 2055 in the number of women arrested. What does it mean? The great number of "cider saloons" on the East Side explains it all. Vice can be blackmailed from certain dwellings on the East Side easier than from the streets, and the statistics given here prove it. East Side streets are vastly different from Tenderloin streets, and the coffers of Tammany Hall can show it. The total number of arrests of women for disorderly conduct for five years was: 1896, 13,075; 1897, 12,415; 1898, 14,512; 1899, 17,255.

Go further into the Tammany control of crime in New York. The report of the magistrates shows that in 1899 there was an increase of felonies over 1898 of 1244, and that in 1899 there was an increase in grand-larceny cases over the previous year of 610. Now look at these facts: The excise arrests fell off 326, and were the smallest in number since 1884. Is Tammany good to liquor sellers who break the laws? And why, do you suppose? The number of arrests for keeping gambling houses was smaller than in any year since 1885. Is Tammany good to the gamblers? And why? Ask the policy game-keepers who put up $100,000 to secure the election of Mayor Van Wyck. The number of arrests for the violation of the sanitary code in 1899 was 284, compared with 519 in 1898, and less than in any year since 1885. Does this explain the increase in the death rate in the East Side wards? Then look for the arrests for keeping disorderly houses in recent years: 1895, 488; 1896, 474; 1897, 506; 1898 (Tammany rule), 237; 1899, 180. And yet town is wide open, notoriously wide open, compared with the days of the Strong administration.

HOMICIDES INCREASE THIRTEFOLD IN TEN YEARS

Now take another grade of police statistics and see whether Tammany Hall is really costing actual flesh and blood. Here is the record of arrests for homicides for ten years back: 1889, 91; 1890, 91; 1891, 96; 1892, 94; 1893, 139; 1894, 134; 1895, 164; 1896, 178; 1897, 213; 1898, 261; 1899, 277. In ten years there has been a threefold increase in this grade of crime. Will any one say that Tammany rule does not call for human victims to an undue excess? Is human life as safe as it was? The Mazet investigation showed that property was not as safe as formerly, and the suppressed reports of robberies would go to prove it. Isn't all this low standard, as revealed in police court records, costing flesh and blood? Couldn't some of it be averted by a decent enforcement of the laws? Would such enforcement of the laws interfere with the income of Tammany men? Ask a certain State Senator whose name is heard all over town as the collector for the pool-room blackmail. Ask any of the "ward men" who may be seen going into the office of Adams, the policy king, what they go there for. Ask a certain police commissioner who was annoyed as he looked out of his back windows at home by seeing directly into a policy-shop, and who asked if they couldn't move it off some distance, not so much because a church near by objected as because he didn't like to be reminded in so pointed a way of certain sources of his income.

WOMEN DRAWN TO NEW YORK

Nor is this the end of the indictment against Tammany Hall as a destroyer of human lives for personal greed. I will take any one worthy of consideration in the matter to a man whose business it is to send out agents to scour the country for girls who, under promises of good situations, are brought to this city for hellish purposes. Never was that business more flourishing than at present. In June, 1899, one of these cases got into print. Fifteen young women were brought to this city from the neighborhood of Allentown, Pennsylvania. Most of them were sent home, their presence having been detected through agencies seeking to stop this work. Those cases got into the courts; hundreds do not. The details of this commerce are the most shocking of all that flourish under Tammany rule. It is a traffic that invades the sanctity of the home hundreds of miles away. It tugs at the heartstrings of mothers. Does Tammany stop it? Nay, somebody is making money out of it. Nor is it confined to the white race. I know a good woman in whose veins there runs negro blood, who was the friend of the great Frederick Douglass, and in whom such a man as the late C. P. Huntington trusted; who is the friend of Booker T. Washington; who is known far and wide in her race as a person of unusual literary talent; a woman refined and delicate as any of her sex—who gives up most of her time in working against the designs of the trappers of negro women shipped here in the scow from the South. I have the authority of this woman for saying that pictures of girls who have gone on the stage are shown to the comely light-colored women of the South and big wages are promised to others. Scores are brought here. When they arrive they must work a certain time in pay for their transportation here. They are placed in houses of shame, held prisoners there, and when they emerge they go into what are known as "camps," of which there are about 200 in the city of New York alone. The women do the robbing for these camps, have to go to jail when caught, while the man head of the camp swaggers around the Tenderloin in fine clothes and idleness. Tammany Hall's police know all about these negro camps. Their attention has been called to them time and again. I can

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MICHAEL C. MURPHY,	JOHN F. CARROLL,	THOMAS F. GRADY,	JOHN WHALEN,	ROBERT A. VAN WYCK,
President of the Board of Health.	Deputy Leader of Tammany Hall.	State Senator,	Corporation Counsel of New York	Mayor of New York

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produce the persons who have asked for relief, who have asked that these negro and white girls brought here for wrong purposes be turned back by the police when they arrive by steamship and train, who have met with a stony stare by the police, and have had to fight the vile agents unaided. I could fill page after page with the most distressing stories taken from the records of this terrible traffic. And why is it not stopped? Ask the men who profit by it. Ask them what political organization they belong to. Ask them to whom they pay money for protection.

If you would wish to know how this traffic is carried on here is a letter, one of many, the names omitted, now in possession of the New York branch of the Rescue Army, an organization worthy of the warmest commendation, having men and women of the highest grade on its board of directors and on its advisory committee:

"——, *Pa., June 14, 1899.*

"*Mrs.* ——

"I expected to hear from you before this time I thought it very strange that you left the way you did you promised to come back at 7. o'clock in the evening and I had two young Ladies there to see you and have tree now ready to go if you want them Let me know as soon as you receive this letter by Telegrahm for if I do not hear from you by tomorrow evening I will take them to some other place you can come yourself or Telegraph me the Tickets and I will bring them down myself Now if I do not hear from you by Telegrahm tomorrow they will be gone so you can do as you like for I want to use you right.

Yours truly

—— Hotel, ——, Pa."

This letter was followed by a telegram on June 16, which read:

" ——, *Pa., June 16, 1899.*

"*To Mrs.* ——

"Why did you not come? When will you come? All right, tight.

(Signed) ——————"

Will anybody dare to assert that this traffic, openly permitted and encouraged by Tammany Hall, is not costing flesh and blood?

INCREASE IN POLICY-PLAYING

Take the matter of policy-playing. I am informed by one who is close to the ring of backers that flourish by permission and actual co-operation of the police, that when the Strong administration went out of power there were not a dozen of these places in existence in New York. This is all the more remarkable when John McCullagh, the former chief of police, who was removed by the Van Wyck administration so that gambling might be resumed, has told me more than once that it was next to impossible to root out policy-playing. Now there are fully 300 such shops in town, and new ones are being fitted out at the rate of about two a week. Children are allowed to frequent these places.

Turn to another phase of this toleration of gambling and vice. I asked a man who is known far and wide for his work in uplifting the social conditions on the East Side if Tammany rule had increased the difficulties of his work. He said unhesitatingly that there was a lowering of civic ideas all around. He intimated that there might be a better milk inspection. He said that there was not the same care as formerly in keeping the halls of tenements lighted, that there was a distinct lowering in the standard of street-cleaning, that ashes and garbage were allowed to accumulate as never before, that child depravity was on the increase. He said that the Jewish and Italian people were the chief sufferers by this lowering of official standards, and then he gave me an illustration of his own experience. He had complained to the police of the inmates of a certain house whose actions were bold and shocking. His way and that of scores whom he knew led daily directly past it. His sense of decency was constantly outraged. The police did nothing. Why? The assistant captain of the Tammany Hall Election District Committee owned the place and profited by it. If any of the Tammany Hall people wish to know names in this matter I can furnish them forthwith.

Then there is the degeneracy of the juvenile league in the street-cleaning work. The man whom Colonel Waring selected to organize this work was discharged by Tammany, and a man nearly blind now superintends it. The organization has developed into a set of boys' clubs, about thirty-five in number, which meet once in so often and pay the Tammany man rent for their meeting-place. He says that he just clears expenses, and he will point to the books of the various clubs to show how carefully they are kept. These societies now concentrate their energies, not on watching the streets, but on giving outings and "grand demonstrations." The unfortunate blind man concerned may be honest enough. The work of Waring in this respect is not what it was, and the blind man in charge of this branch of it was a Tammany spellbinder for whom a place had to be found. He gets the salary of an "assistant to foreman."

CLERGYMAN CALLED A LIAR

Now for a brief story to illustrate the insolence of Tammany Hall in the open protection of the vice and corruption that are costing human life. I know a clergyman on the East Side who complained because he himself was openly approached by vile creatures day after day within 200 feet of one of the biggest public schools on the East Side. He complained to police headquarters. A police guard was sent to the corner. The policemen turned their backs and the work went on within fifty feet of them. Again the clergyman complained, to the police captain of the district. The captain intimated that the clergyman was untruthful in the matter, and when the clergyman appealed to the police-inspector of that district, in the presence of the captain, the inspector turned on the clergyman brutally and told him in so many words that he was a liar. That captain and that inspector are still high in the confidence of Tammany Hall. I do not know their politics, but if Tammany Hall desires their names and the name of the clergyman insulted and bullied, right in police headquarters, too, I can give them. The preacher is one of the best-known men in the city, and he has suffered these insults in silence.

TAMMANY HALL CAPTAIN INVADES A VESTRY

Take another case. There was an establishment on the East Side whose frightful character brought the blush of shame to every decent woman who had to pass it to reach a certain church's doors. Young people of the church were under its pernicious influence. I know a clergyman who asked, not that the place be closed or raided, but simply that its traffic be kept hidden. Sneers greeted his request, but it was granted for a time. He had occasion to say something to the detriment of the Tammany leader in that district. It reached that leader's ears. One Sunday morning directly after church, almost before the preacher had divested himself of the robes of his holy office, that Tammany leader invaded the sacred precincts of the vestry-room and demanded that the preacher eat his words then and there or take the consequences. Astounded at first, the preacher soon recovered his power of speech, and he sent that miserable specimen and the man who accompanied him out of the door sneaking like whipped dogs, and after a promise made that a certain street would be cleaned up partly. That Tammany leader made good his promise about the street. It was Allen Street, and the way that conditions were improved showed that Tammany could move in such matters if it was necessary. It isn't necessary to mention names in this matter, but if the reader should apply to one Engel, the Tammany Hall man of influence in the well-known "Ate" district, he might and he might not obtain fuller particulars. If that gentleman is disinclined to go into the matter fully I know a man who can tell all that occurred on that Sunday morning.

If one would obtain a vivid idea of the cost in flesh and blood of the Tammany idea in politics, namely, make money anyhow and anywhere you can so long as you cover up your tracks, let him visit any of the half dozen refuges for unfortunate women and children in New York city and hear the stories that their managers can tell of their experiences in the last two years. Every one of these places has been overrun with applications for shelter and help. Women who go there usually wait until every other avenue is closed to them before they apply to that kind of charity. The most pitiful of all tales of human depravity and suffering are unfolded there. The managers of every one of these institutions, with one exception, told me that they have had to turn applicants aside, that there never was such a demand for their help, that never have they heard such shocking tales of misery. These managers attribute this condition of affairs to the toleration and open alliance of politicians with vice. The worn-out creatures that have outlived their usefulness as a source of revenue turn to certain homes before they go to Potter's Field, and the stories they tell would make a blackmailing politician or police official wince if they were known fully. Go to the Salvation Army's home of this kind. Its situation in town is kept secret, no name is on the door, its work is hidden from the sight of the curious, but its rooms are crowded, and the victims that come there in the shelter of darkness are flaming signs of the results of a wide-open town. There are stories inside the walls of that home—and a beautiful home it is and in a fine location—that would melt the heart of the most scornful. The babies that are there, and the children of twelve and thirteen, victims to worse than brutality, that may be found there sometimes, are eloquent witnesses to the policy of infamy that enjoys a money profit out of toleration of vice. I cannot go into further particulars regarding these homes, partly because of the revolting character of the subject and partly because I am under pledge to bring no embarrassment through political hostility to the work in which the managers are engaged.

The poor on the East Side are the greatest sufferers in this scheme of profit-sharing in vice. The Italians and the Russian Jews are the chief victims. The Rev. Dr. Arrighi, an Italian who for twenty years has been engaged in religious work in the Italian colony of New York, told me the other day that he had never seen such "a pernicious condition" of affairs among the Italians here. He said that ten years ago it was almost impossible to find a place among the abodes of his countrymen in this city where there was a traffic in vice. Year by year the means of income of the *padroni* have been cut off in this country. Five years ago there were signs that the *padroni* were importing persons for the purpose of open traffic in vice. Within two years this traffic has grown to enormous proportions. Dr. Arrighi has had complaint after complaint sent to the police authorities, he says, and there has been no response. The politicians and the *padroni* have formed a union. "I was thinking," said Dr. Arrighi to me the other day, "of writing a letter to Chief Devery, but I have not done so. It would probably receive the same consideration that is given to hundreds of other letters. There is nothing to be done, I fear, but to endure. How I wish some one would arise to reveal the enormity of the terrible conditions among the people of my native country and at least save the children and some of the young women!"

A CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE AT WORK QUIETLY

But the situation is not without hope. A committee of about fifty public-spirited citizens is working quietly to secure a change. It is making no show of its work. Last fall it gave evidence of its existence. Fifty "plain-clothes men" descended on the East Side one week to pretend to clean it up. A committee had been to police headquarters. This committee of citizens will continue its work. It will present "legal proofs" to headquarters. It will watch the increase of crime through subcommittees. It will make definite complaints and see what the result will be. In some cases it has already run the gamut of various stages of complaints. These complaints have gone from captain to inspector, to superintendent, to police commissioners, and there is a great probability that the Mayor will soon be called to sit in judgment in certain cases. If the result is the same after he is through with the cases as before, the appeal will lie directly to the Governor, which is what this committee wants, and it will be backed with overwhelming proof of a character that will startle us all. At least that is the promise that is made to me by the clergymen, lawyers, philanthropists, settlement workers, and the like that are in it. They ask especially that as little as possible be printed about their work until they are ready to act. Then they promise revelations from which it will be impossible for Tammany Hall to escape. Heaven speed the day, if that is to come, for children and the youth of both sexes are being transformed into money at every hand to satisfy the greed of Tammany Hall followers! "Work for our own pockets all the time," is the avowed motto of Tammany Hall. Those high in its authority may get "let in on the ground floor" on enterprises that will bring them money. There seem to be no more street-car systems to wreck, but there are scores of business opportunities dependent upon political favor. Those who cannot enjoy this grade of income must get money in some other way. Salaries may be increased for some. Others must be allowed to traffic in vice, to blackmail those who break the laws, and to give the right to break the laws for money. Meanwhile the children and the youths pay the bill and the town becomes a more and more expensive place in which to

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THE KANSAS CITY FIREMEN IN PARIS.

Chief Hale and fourteen men with an American engine and three trained horses took part in the fire men's tournament held at the Paris Exposition in August. There were 8000 fire fighters present from all parts of the world, but none excelled the Americans in skill, quickness, and efficiency. The Kansas City company won a silver tea pot fifteen inches high, and money prizes to the amount of 800 francs. The photographs represent the Kansas City engine throwing one-and-a-quarter-inch streams 180 feet vertically and 300 feet horizontally. No foreign engine was able to throw water so far.

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live. Truly the poor man has his burdens, and not the least of these is Tammany Hall.

POLICE-COMMISSIONER YORK'S RESPONSIBILITY

I know of no figure more to be despised in this matter than that of Bernard J. York, president of the Police Board of New York city. Everywhere you go you will hear this remark: "No matter what others may do York is honest. He will never take money." So far as I know this tribute to the man's honesty is deserved. Personally he seems to be clean, and, what is more, his money seems to be clean. Would that that might be said of other police officials and of Tammany Hall men! But Mr. York permits a most atrocious condition of affairs to exist. He is too intelligent to pretend not to know what is going on. Why does he not lift his voice and summon the assistance of the press, if his hands are tied? Why does not this honest man, this man who is associated with one of the great churches by ties of peculiar affection and devotion, cry out against the terrible traffic? The answer is whispered that he is playing politics, that some day he would like to be judge, that he cannot afford to rebuff the political men who derive their revenue from these sources. If Mr. York is ambitious to become a judge, what a terrible price he is paying for a man of conscience! I know personally that he does not approve these vicious things. A year ago I ran, by accident entirely, upon an alleged gambling establishment right under the nose of every visitor to Coney Island. It was really the meanest kind of a robbery game. I went to Mr. York personally about it, and he stopped it at once. What he did not do was to stop exactly seventeen other games of the same kind that were in existence, according to the fully informed newspaper reporters from whom I obtained my information. This has been Mr. York's game: shut up every place about which a specific complaint comes from any one worth considering; let the others go on. Mr. York, honest man that he may be so far as touching filthy money goes, knows the town is wide open, and, although sworn to enforce the laws, goes about blindfolded. Shall he be made a judge on this account? The bench has had to suffer much, but Heaven spare it this infliction!

And now who wants a wide-open town? Everywhere you will hear it said that the people want it, and that is why Tammany permits it to exist. The people, indeed! Certainly not the hundreds of thousands of parents on the East Side whose children are exposed to terrible things. Certainly not the vast body of good and sensible men and women who are the mainstay of every community, the "plain people." Certainly not the vast business interests that really count, the commercial interests of manufacture and trade. The politicians who profit by it, the liquor-dealers to some extent, the shameless traffickers in vice, the gamblers, and the criminals—all these want a wide-open town. And Mayor Van Wyck also apparently wants it, for he is willing that the laws shall be violated because New York is not so bad in certain phases of shameless vice as London or Paris.

Now, this is not a question of the suppression or even regulation of the social evil. If it pertains to that it is merely a question as to whether that evil shall be hidden from sight. It is a question, however, whether police, or other public officials, or politicians shall profit by it pecuniarily, and whether on the strength of it they shall have an undue influence in the affairs of the nation? Upon a foundation of a traffic in shame and vice, upon blackmail and open corruption, Tammany Hall's foundations are seen to rest nowadays. Upon its counterfeit in the stain of an increased death-rate, the debauchery of the young, the ruin of children, the lowering of the conditions of decency on all sides. And on the strength of this condition its leaders are enabled to demand a foremost place in national affairs. If Mr. Bryan is elected he must deal with these men. They must have a voice in the selection of ambassadors and ministers to other countries that come from New York State. It is an open secret that the national patronage has already been promised to Tammany Hall. Witness the great activity of Tammany Hall nowadays compared with 1896, and ask what it means. The question for the people of this country to face and answer is whether these men whose pockets are fat with the drippings of vice and whose garments are spotted shall sit in the high councils of party or nation. What a spectacle it would be to see that State Senator who collects the tribute from pool-rooms, or that police official who revels in the tolls wrung from the brothels—one man in every ten in New York can name them both off-hand—sitting as honored guests at the White House table! If Mr. Bryan is elected will he repudiate this alliance with filth that his party has made? It is a matter far deeper than that of politics. It involves the good name of the nation. It is a question whether those who thrive on the flesh and blood of the helpless or innocent shall have standing in national affairs.

I know of no more eloquent description of the evils of such a condition of affairs than was given a year ago by General P. Wat Hardin, who in his wrath against political trusts, or, in another word, "bossism," said publicly:

"This system is the reeking cesspool of corruption in the city, the mildew of party politics in the country. It destroys morality, creates vice, and encourages crime. It thrives and fattens upon blackmail, levied upon the first elements of society as a license for wrong-doing, and thereby strengthens its powers. Leprous by nature, its slush is infamy, from which it crawls forth during the darkness of the night, sliming all that it touches, withering all that it passes, and contaminating all that it approaches. It openly rewards its guilty followers for fidelity to its cause in utter contempt of public disapproval, and blackguards all decency that is opposed to it until respectability shrinks from all association with it and its triumph is complete."

Is Tammany rule eating up human lives in its greed for money? Who is the man that could stop it all, or do the most toward stopping it?

Since the foregoing was written, the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York city has been held, and this resolution, offered by the Rev. Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, was passed:

"*Resolved*, That the Bishop of this diocese, as head of the cathedral body, be requested to investigate the indignities alleged to have been offered to the clergy of the Pro-Cathedral by the police authorities of the district in which the said Pro-Cathedral is situated, and if any cause be found, to make formal protest, in the name of the Church, to the Mayor of New York."

It was made public at the time that the resolution was passed that the Rev. R. L. Paddock, Canon of the Pro-Cathedral on Stanton Street, had been insulted by Police-Captain Herlihy and Police-Inspector Cross. It is only fair to say that those are the two police officials referred to in the foregoing article, and that Dr. Paddock is the clergyman to whom reference was made as having been insulted in Police Headquarters. Dr. Paddock told the story to me several months ago, but placed a prohibition on the use of names, and desired only guarded mention of the subject. Inasmuch as the matter has become practically public through the action of the Diocesan Convention, there can be no objection, it seems to me, to making this fuller explanation of what I have already written. There will be no impropriety, it seems to me, in further saying that the clergyman who was insulted in his own vestry room, just after he had come from his pulpit, by a Tammany Hall district leader, was Dr. Paddock of the Pro-Cathedral.

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I.

THE man of whom I write was not
Cast in the mould of Walter
Scott.
Van Hattan Jones O'Rorke
Sighs never for his native loam;
Where'er his feet may chance to roam
He feels about as much at home
As in his own New York.

III.

In Switzerland 'tis his delight
To sit upon an Alp at night;
"Because"—as he explains—
"The avalanches I adore.
As down the mountain-side they pour
They call to mind the fitful roar
Of Elevated trains."

II.

Says he, "No matter where I
go,
From Baffin's Bay to Borneo,
From Kandahar to Cork,
From Pole to Pole—from sea
to sea—
No matter where on earth I
be,
Something I find reminding me
Of little old New York."

IV.

The Indian jungle dank and dim
A fascination has for him.
He is not scared at all
To see a fearful Tiger spring,
But claps his hands like anything,
And makes the silent jungle
ring
With cheers for Tammany
Hall.

V.

In Hong-kong—in Jerusalem—
He weeps with joy, for each of them
So fraught with memories sweet,
The one with almond eyes and queues,
So, too, the other with its Jews
The recollection fond renews
Of Mott and Baxter Street.

VI.

On Nicaragua's riven rocks,
Furrowed and rent by earth-
quake shocks,
He'll gaze the livelong day;
For in those chasms deep and
wide,
With earth torn up on either
side,
He cannot but recall with
pride
His own dear old Broad-
way.

VII.

E'en as I write there comes
to me
A letter—dated Ashantee—
Telling of his decease.
"A savage tribe," the letter
saith,
"With cruel clubs beat him
to death,
Exclaiming with his latest
breath,
'How like our brave Po-
lice!'"

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A CAMERA SHOT AT A BULL MOOSE.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE BY J. MOTT HALLOWELL.

THE MOOSE SEASON IN MAINE

ON October 15 the sound of the rifle will reverberate through the Maine forests. The moose season then opens, and lasts to December 1. It is a short season, but experience has shown it to be necessary in order to prevent the king of the deer family from becoming extinct.

No one shall use jacks, torches, lanterns, or artificial fires to attract the game. No one shall use a dog to hunt them, and every citizen is authorized to kill a dog found chasing a moose, or one that is known to be guilty of chasing a moose. As the dog usually reflects his master's mind, the grim statute prescribes that any person owning or having in his possession any dog for the purpose of hunting or chasing moose, or permits a dog to hunt or chase, shall be punished by a fine of $100 and costs for each offence. The law is observed up there in the north. The number of dogs that one encounters is almost nil. There are probably a hundred moose and a thousand deer for every dog in that part of the commonwealth.

There are many ways of reaching the moose country both by rail and water. Coast steamers run to Portland; a line connects Boston with Bangor; and venturesome Westerners often sail down the St. Lawrence and cross over through the Quebec wilderness on the Canadian Pacific Railway. A little army enters the Rangeley district from New Hampshire every year. The easiest and best course is to start from Bangor, which may be called the gateway of the North Woods. From here the traveller should go northward to Oldtown, where he encounters his first cross-roads. He can go northwest to Milo, or northeast to Enfield and Mattawamkeag. The latter route terminates in the picturesque Schoodic or Grand Lake country, which lies on the New Brunswick border. This country, though wonderfully beautiful and beautiful, is not as rich in game as the territory further north.

On the northwestern route, from Oldtown to Milo, the sportsman finds at the latter place the beginning of the moose country. No less than three routes are open to him at this delightful town upon the Piscataquis River. One route runs west and north to Greenville, at the end of Moosehead Lake. The second runs northwest to the Katahdin Iron Works, where the thrifty New Englanders had a thriving blast furnace in the beginning of the century; while the third runs north east through a maze of lakes, streams, bogs, hills, and rivers to Caribou, famous for its salmon pool, and Van Buren, on the St. John River—the most northerly town of importance in the Pine Tree State.

The centre of the moose country is Mount Katahdin, which lies about forty miles southeast of the Iron-works. The "Great Moose-Run," about which hunters tell so many stories, starts at Chesuncook Lake and terminates at Millinocket, corresponding to or following the west branch of the Penobscot River. It must not be supposed that the "Great Moose Run" is superior to other moose runs in various parts of the commonwealth. According to sportsmen there are equally good runs along the St. John River and the Allegash River on the north, along the Rangeley and Dead rivers in the west, the Eagle lakes and the Aroostook River in the northeast, and the Schoodic Lake and Schoodic River in the centre of the moose country. It would be futile to compare the value of these different runways. They vary from season to season and are governed by no law. The moose is a migrating animal, and one year will confine his movements to one district, and the next select another fifty or a hundred miles away. Last year the best districts were those of Moosehead, Square Lake, Millinocket, the Schoodic, and upper Aroostook.

A sportsman takes many risks. He cannot kill a cow moose, nor may he destroy in the open season more than one bull moose.

In most lands the game laws are easily evaded or violated. The poacher is a familiar character in every civilized country. But it is not so in Maine. The natives know the immense pecuniary value of hunting, and assist the game constables with as much zeal as if they themselves were officers of the law. For were the game of Maine to be destroyed, or even decimated, the thousands of sportsmen who annually visit the State, and bring to it more than a hundred dollars apiece, would soon be an idle memory, and the small army of guides, camp-cooks, hotel-keepers, boatmen, taxidermists, and stablemen would find their occupation gone.

For visitors whose time is limited, or who are not in good physical condition, the matter of accessibility is often of importance. The Maine railroads are excellent and well managed, and offer the best mode of travel to the districts described. Greenville, at the end of Moosehead Lake, is a railway terminus, as are Katahdin Iron Works, Patten, and Ashland. Milo, Millinocket, Sherman, Oakfield, Masardis, and Caribou are railway stations. To reach Square Lake one must go to Jemtland by rail, and thence ten miles by buckboard to the lake. To reach Mount Katahdin involves much harder labor. After one leaves the railroad he must depend upon canoes and thereafter upon good locomotor muscles. Every guide has his favorite route, but all may be reduced to three. The first from the west branch of the Penobscot along the Moll trail; the second from Katahdin Lake up the Appalachian trail, and the third is from the Wissataquoik River. Some of the Indian guides recommend a trail from the Sourdnahunk River.

The moose is about the last of the big game animals living in civilized lands. He is a huge creature, standing a trifle higher than a horse, and weighing about the same. His horns, wide, cumbrous, and heavy have a certain rough beauty suggestive of the trunks and branches in a forest after a fire has swept by. They are often five feet from tip to tip, and, large or small, may become very formidable weapons. The head is large, and looks like that of a cow with a slight dash of deer. His appetite may be compared to that of the familiar goat. He eats twigs and bark, as well as leaves, and prefers the maple, ash, birch, and poplar. His dainties are moss, lily-pads, flowers, and roots. These in summer he seeks in pools and streams, and when undisturbed will spend hours knee-deep in water extracting his favorite food. When the weather turns cold in Maine, which is about the middle of September, he gives up aquatic pursuits and goes to the ridges and higher valleys, where he can obtain twigs and bark. Yet even here his old pleasures are not forgotten. Until the streams are thickly frozen he will frequently leave his grazing-ground and go to the nearest body of water, and there, if necessary, break the thin ice in order to have a cheering splash or an exhilarating wade.

Though the moose is a large animal, making an excellent target, it requires considerable skill to kill him at a single shot. He has very heavy bones, which deflect the bullet whenever the latter strikes obliquely. The hunters recommend first the front shot, which is directed at the very centre of the chest; the next in efficiency is the shoulder-shot, fired at a point about two-thirds of the distance from the line of the back to the line of the chest, just above the fore leg. Then come the head shots, which are fired so as to strike the brain. If in front, they should be at a point just above the level of the eye and midway between them. If on the side, back of the ear at its base; and just above or below the eye, if the head is turned obliquely. Each of these shots causes the animal to fall dead in his tracks. Nearly all others cause the luckless creature great suffering, and only one in ten secures the coveted prize.

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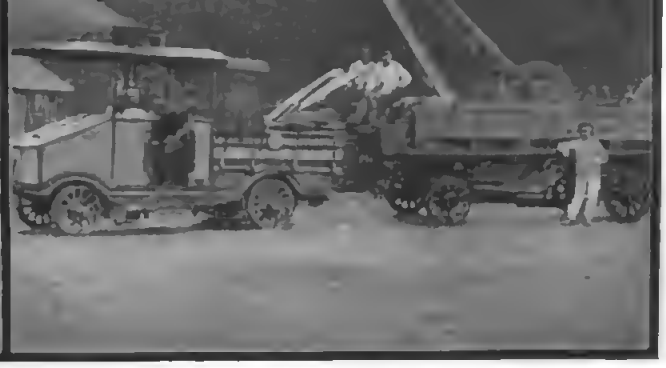
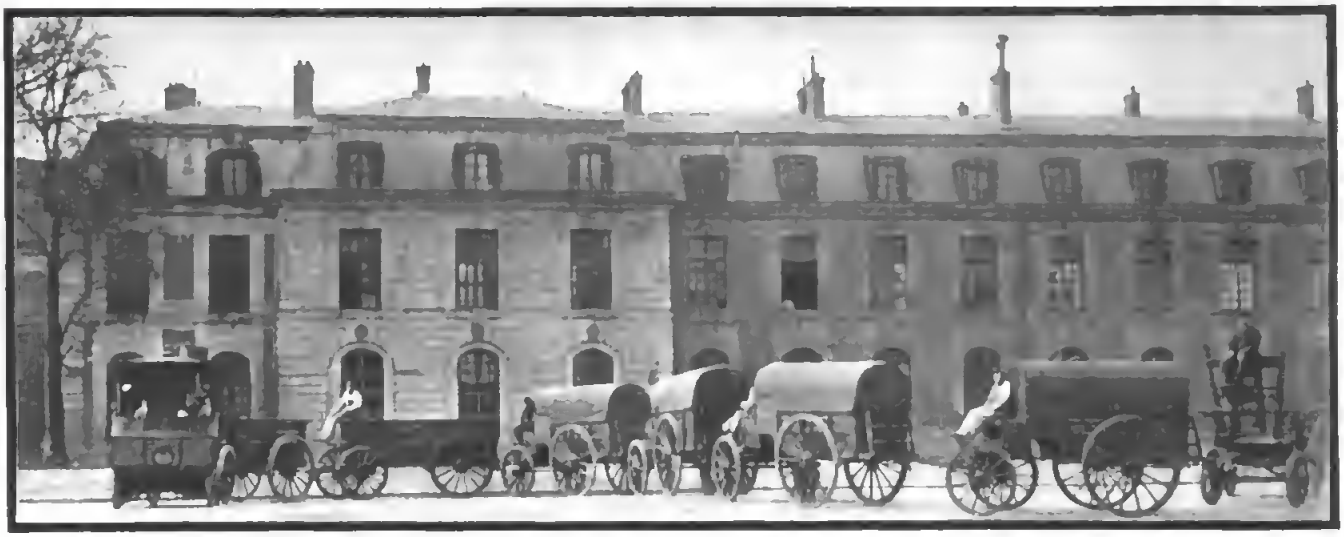
AN AMMUNITION AND PROVISION TRAIN.



MOVING AN AMMUNITION-HOIST.



PRACTICE EVOLUTIONS WITH A TRAIN MADE UP OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF WAGONS.

MOVING A 24-TON GUN.

MOVING A NAVAL-GUN CARRIAGE.

TRACTION-ENGINES IN USE IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

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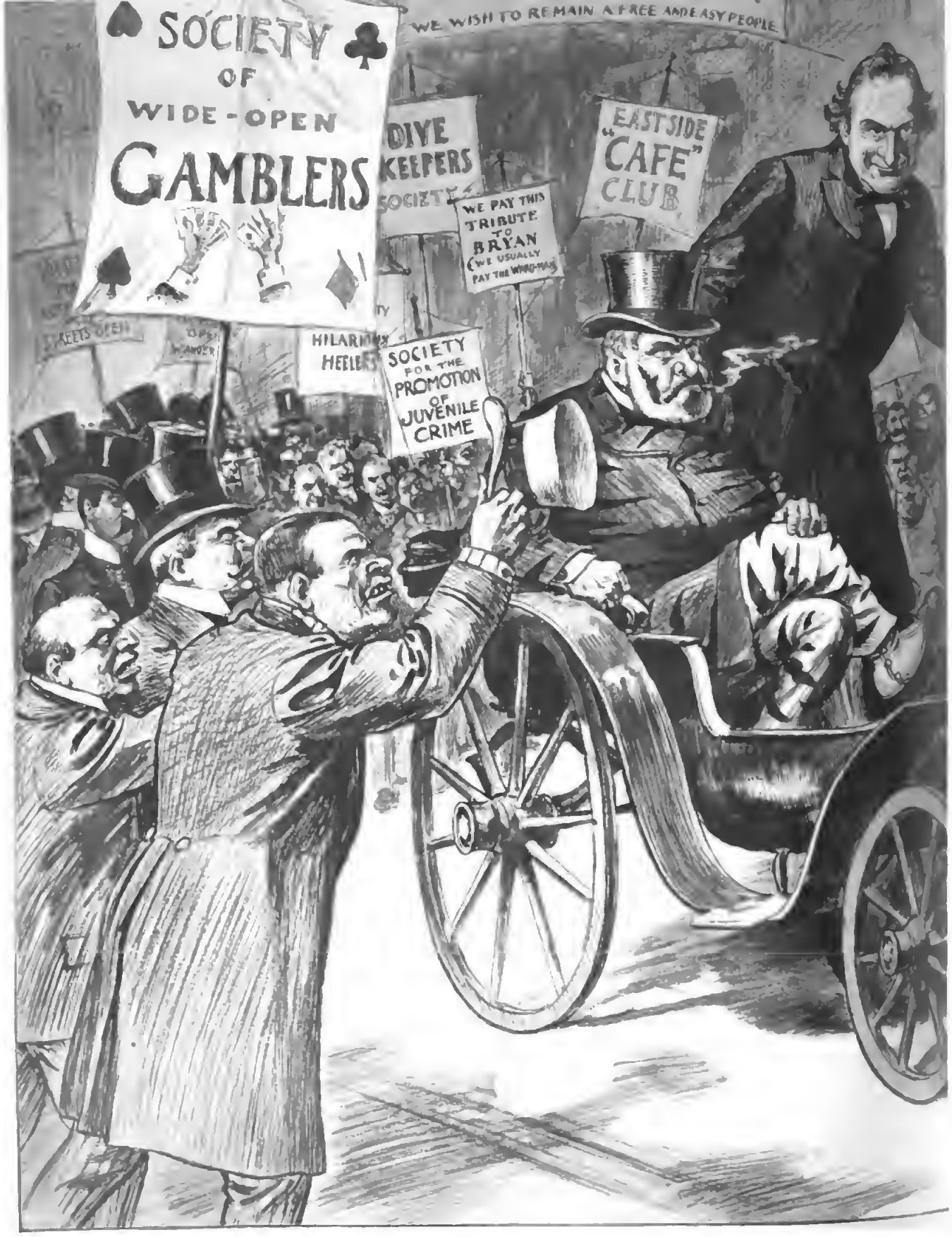

WIDE-OPEN NEW YORK

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WELCOMES MR. BRYAN

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Her hand still on her sword-hilt—the spur was still on her heel—
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel:
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful bold and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the young Queen rode to be crowned.

And she came to the old Queen's presence, in the hall of our thousand years,
In the hall of the five free nations that are peers among their peers:
Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,
Crying:—"Crown me, my mother!" and the old Queen stood and said:—

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose standard flies
Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the notched Kaikouras rise.
Blood of our foes on thy bridle and speech of our friends in thy mouth—
How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign South?

"Let the five free nations witness!" But the young Queen answered swift:—
"It shall be crown of our crowning to hold our crown for a gift.
In the days when our folk were feeble thy sword made sure our lands—
Wherefore we come in power to beg our crown at thy hands."

And the old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest,
Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the gold of the West
Lit with her land's own opals, lion-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of the nations five.

So it was done in the presence—in the hall of our thousand years
In the face of the five free nations that have no peer but their peers;
And the young Queen out of the Southland kneeled down at the old Queen's knee
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

And the old Queen stooped in the stillness where the jewelled head drooped low:
"Daughter no more but sister, and doubly daughter so—
Mother of many princes—and child of the child I bore,
What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not wished before?

"Shall I give thee delight in dominion—rash pride of thy setting forth?
Nay, we be women together—we know what that lust is worth.
Peace on thy utmost borders and strength on a road untrod?
These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of God.

"I have swayed troublous councils—(I am wise in terrible things)
Father and son and grandson I have known the heart of the kings.
Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift all wisdom above?
Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love;

"Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or vows,
Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house,—
God requite thee, my daughter, through the strenuous years to be,
And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved me!"

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ment. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cory goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cory goes to the private hotel where General Czaranka lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Voelker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Mihl, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cory is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czarankas, and determines to solve the mystery. He has learned that the rendezvous appointed is "the yellow house," situated in the Rue de Rennes. He locates this house, and determines to make a visit to it.

CHAPTER IX

THE MAHOGANY CLOTHES-PRESS

IT was four o'clock on the following afternoon when I found myself again in the Rue de Rennes. I had been able to secure a few minutes' private conversation with mademoiselle during the morning, and had told her of my discoveries—of everything, indeed, except my blunder in trying to identify the "Pompadour" with Mr. Arthur Coventry. If that mistake were to do any harm, we should know of it soon enough, and otherwise there was no use in discussing it.

"And now, mademoiselle," I concluded, "I am going to make an attempt this afternoon to learn the secret of the 'yellow house.' I have no particular plan, but somehow I shall get inside its doors. After that I shall be lucky or unlucky, as Fate may dispose the lot. Finally, if I do not return by ten o'clock of to-morrow, Monday morning, you may take such action as may seem best."

"I understand," she said, simply, and held out her hand. And so we parted, and I went on my way to the "yellow house." If only Chance himself might be waiting for me on the threshold!

Arrived at the neighborhood of No. 82, I made a careful examination of its exterior. The building was one of four stories in height, and had an ell at the back that ran to the side street, there being but one house between No. 82 and the corner. The ground floor had once been used as a shop, but the doors and windows had been boarded up, and it had

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2283

A VIOLENT SHOVE, FULL IN THE CHEST

once inside—but that would take care of itself. I crossed the street, and stood before the door of No. 82. Once, twice, and then three times I wrenched at the rusty bell-pull before the summons was answered. Then the door opened part way (for the chain had been kept on), and a man's face looked out at me.

The man's eyes were extraordinarily bright and piercing, and he kept them unwinkingly upon me as I explained my errand. Was M. Vauclot at home?

For an answer the door was deliberately slammed in my face, and I made up my mind that the acting of a part was not one of my accomplishments. It was only, however, for the purpose of unfastening the chain, for a moment later the door was reopened, and the adventure had begun. The servant did not speak, but he gave a guttural croak that I interpreted into an invitation to enter.

It was a vaulted passage, some thirty feet in length, through which we passed, and it led to an interior court-yard of perhaps fifty feet long by thirty wide.

On three sides it was bordered by the dead walls of neighboring houses, while on the fourth was the real entrance to No. 82. Pale, unwholesome-looking weeds grew between the cracks of the paving-stones, and in a far corner stood half a dozen lemon trees and rubber-plants, all dead and withered in their painted boxes. Outside, the sun was still high in the sky, but not a ray reached to the bottom of this gloomy well-hole.

Through a heavy oak door and up a flight of stairs, and I was ushered into a large first-floor room. There the servant left me, still without saying a word, and I had a chance to study my surroundings.

The apartment was a spacious one, and it occupied the entire front of the house. Consequently, it was built above the vaulted entrance passage, and in addition to its windows that looked on the street, it had one that opened upon the court-yard. The ceiling was high, and the walls, wainscoted in stained oak, were lined with book-shelves.

He had entered so quietly that I had not been aware of his presence until I found him standing at my side, and regarding me intently. It gave me a dislike to the man at once; it is a good general principle to be distrustful of people whose boots never creak.

I stated my request, and he assented with a curt nod, and seated himself at the big table. Now, I had carefully composed the few sentences of my mythical letter, even putting in a few blunders by way of artistic effect. I had only to stammer and hesitate a little in the delivery, and the part would be perfectly played. Unfortunately, I made one blunder too many. I began, in clear and well-modulated tones, "My dear sister—" and then stopped in genuine confusion. I had spoken in English.

Vauclot looked up sharply at me. With presence of mind I might still have carried off the slip, but my wits went scattering like a cloud of feathers. There I sat, flushing up to the eyes.

The man sitting opposite to me crumpled up in his hand the sheet of note-paper, and tossed it contemptuously into the waste-basket.

"Go," he said, harshly.

Out of very shame at being entrapped so easily, I tried to explain, to protest. He cut me short, curtly. "It would be poor policy for me to spoil so clumsy a tool. Perroquet, the door."

There was nothing else to do, and I left the room in bitterness of spirit. I had had my chance, and I had failed at the first throw. In another minute I should be in the street, and the "yellow house" would keep its secrets. Ah, what a wretched bungler I had proved myself!

The servant stood back as I passed into the hall, and followed close upon me as I descended the stairs. My mind was working rapidly now, and when the inspiration came I was ready to seize it.

We had crossed the court-yard, and were about to enter the tunnel, when I turned and gave my attendant a violent shove full in the chest. Taken by surprise, he lost his footing upon the greasy flagstones, and fell flat on his back, while I raced down the passage at top speed.

As I had hoped, the key was in the door. I unlocked and swung it wide open, at the same time slipping between the door and the wall upon which it backed. Fortunately the masonry was recessed so that the door might stand flush with the surface of the wall, and being of slight build, I could squeeze myself into a comparatively narrow space.

I heard the servant give an astonished kind of gasp as he went down, and for an instant he lay half stunned. Then, recovering himself, he found his feet, and came stumbling and stumping down the passage to find the outer door wide open and no one in sight. Through the crack I could see his face as he stepped out cautiously upon the threshold, and

THE YELLOW HOUSE.

it expressed both fear and amazement. He looked up and down the street for at least a dozen times to assure himself that I was really not in sight, and it was a full two minutes before he stepped back into the passage and began to close the door.

It was the critical moment as the door swung inward, and, of course, it had to come—a sneeze. I did my best to stifle it, but the dust that I had stirred up hung in an irritating cloud about my head, and the sneeze would not be denied. Like murder, it was out; I stood convicted out of my own mouth.

I waited shamefacedly for the man to turn around, but he was still fumbling at the fastenings of the door, and there was not the slightest indication in his manner that he was aware of my proximity. Could it be possible? and my mind harked back to the incident of our brief interview at the door. I recalled how intently his eyes had been fixed upon my face as I talked with him; nay, it was upon my lips that he had hung! Now I understood—the man was deaf and dumb! No wonder that I had sneezed with impunity; for that matter, I might have fired off a pistol at his ear without gaining the honor of his attention. And then I realized sharply that he could still see, if he could not hear, and I pressed back into the farthest corner of my hiding-place. Would he look up? I shut my own eyes, remembering how subtly the thought-waves travel between the watcher and the watched. It was great effort of will, but it had its reward; in another moment he had turned, and was retracing his steps along the passage. The ruse had succeeded, and now I had only to wait as patiently as might be for the friendly darkness that should cover my advance movement.

At half after six I considered that I might venture, and, taking off my boots, I went cautiously through the passage and across the court-yard. The entrance door of the "yellow house" was unfastened, and I had no difficulty in mounting the staircase and in gaining the first landing. My first care must be to familiarize myself with the internal arrangements of the building, and if—as I had reason to suppose—it was inhabited only by Vauclot and his deaf and dumb servant, I ought not to have much difficulty in keeping myself under cover.

As has been said, the office occupied the entire front width of the building. Back of this was an apartment whose door yielded easily to my touch. I entered, and found that it was a dark room, and half filled with a lumber of old furniture. At both ends of the apartment were sliding doors, whose glass panels had been veiled by silk curtains. As these curtains were on my side of the door, I found no dif-

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angles and faced upon the side street. This all probably contained the kitchen and offices, and, indeed, Perroquet entered a moment later with a couple of bottles in his hand. He dusted them off tenderly, and, going to the sideboard, proceeded to decant them.

Letting myself out of the dark room, I went up to the second landing of the staircase, and tried the handle of the door leading to the front room. It turned, and I looked in: it was not necessary to enter, for the room was absolutely bare of furnishing, except for the heavy curtains at the windows. And yet it was from these windows that I had first seen Maître Vanelot pottering genially among his cloth and paper geraniums. False flowers to cheer an empty room! Well, at least there was consistency in the idea. Back of this was another dark and empty closet-room, but the third, *en suite*, corresponding to the dining-room below, was fitted up as a sleeping apartment. It contained only the indispensable articles of bed-room furniture, and these were of the cheapest and commonest manufacture. In all probability this was Vanelot's own bed-room, but there was nothing about it to call for a more than cursory examination.

The ell extension opened off of this room, but here again the flickering light of a wax match showed only bare and tenantless walls. There was plainly nothing more of interest on this floor, and I went on up to the third story.

As before, I looked first into the front room. It was empty, like the others, save for an immense mahogany clothes-press, or wardrobe, that stood against the wall, dividing this room from the one immediately back of it. While I stood looking at it, and wondering at its possible use, I heard a noise in the hall below—some one was coming up stairs. I stepped into the hall and listened attentively. I knew that shuffling walk by this time—it was Perroquet. He must not see me; but where could I conceal myself if he should happen to come up to this floor?

There was still another story, but the stairs leading to it had been boarded up, and the door at the bottom was locked. Leaning over the stair-rail, I saw that Perroquet, carrying a lighted candle, was already at the foot of the stairs leading to this, the third floor; beyond a doubt he was coming up.

Stepping back into the empty room, I looked about despairingly. I had a presentiment that the man's errand on this floor had to do with the clothes-press, and if so I certainly could not hide there. Besides, I had tried the door, and found it locked. Ah, the balcony! I could step out on that and wait. Throwing up the hasp window, I sprang out on the balcony, and crouched down on the slatted floor. Hardly had I drawn the window into place, when Perroquet entered the room, carrying a tray covered with a white cloth. In one corner of it a candle had been wedged, so as to stand upright, and allow him the use of both hands in the management of his unwieldy burden.

Placing the tray upon the *floor*, the old fellow took a key from his pocket, and inserted it into the lock of the clothes-press. There was nothing extraordinary in this, but I was certainly unprepared for what followed. Taking up the tray, Perroquet deliberately hoisted himself through the wardrobe door, and closed it behind him.

Ten, fifteen, and then twenty minutes I mounted guard on the balcony, with my face pressed against the pane, and my eyes glued on that extraordinary clothes-press. And then at last the door swung open, and my man reappeared, quite as though it were the most natural thing in the world for one to step out of a clothes-press with a lighted candle in one hand and an empty tea tray in the other. The lock was a spring one, and so he merely pushed the door into place, and stumped out into the passageway. I was in the room as soon as he had left it, and my pulse ran up a beat or two as I saw that by some oversight he had left the key sticking in the lock. And then, as I put out my hand to take it, I became aware that Perroquet was coming back; of course, he had missed the key, and was returning to get it.

There was no time for me to get to my balcony, for already the light of his candle was upon the threshold. I turned the knob, and, as the door opened, I slipped inside the clothes-press, taking the key with me. Perhaps he would conclude that he had taken the key out after all, and that it was mislaid in a corner of one of his pockets. I listened, as the footsteps paused in front of the wardrobe, and clumsy fingers fumbled impatiently with the lock. Then I could hear him clattering down the passage and descending the stairs. For once Chance had been over-kind to me.

The suspense of those waiting moments had been so intense that I had received no impression whatever from my surroundings. I now realized that there was no back to the wardrobe—it simply served to screen the entrance of the room behind it. Cautiously I felt for the door-knob. It yielded. I edged back, then down a step and knew that I was standing in the secret chamber.

The room was pitch dark, but I had plenty of wax vestas. I lit one and looked about me. A cutting-box of vestas. I drop half a dozen, and scratch another at the wrong end. Then the little flame sputters up to a temporary brilliancy; I force myself to look.

The bundle of rags has resolved itself into a human form, and, as we stare wildly at each other, I recognize Achille, my valet, missing, as you remember, since Friday night. Then the match goes out with a little hiss, and we are in darkness again.

CHAPTER X

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

You who know your Balzac will remember Madame Nourisson—that terrible old woman who dressed in a purple-red gown, and whose broad feet seemed to

PERROQUET ENTERED, CARRYING A TRAY.

overflow her satin shoes. Her profession? Well, in her own words, it was the part of Fate that she played—an arbiter of Destiny, with particular attention paid to the "family business." Her specialty, indeed, was that delicate field of operation which we may call the removal of the superfluous: a suspicious consort, an inscrutable will, an importunate creditor—it was all one to Madame Nourisson, and although her fees were high, satisfaction was guaranteed, and invariably given.

Now business is business, and a profitable one is not to be lightly abandoned. Madame Nourisson had her successors, trained in her own school, and some of them capable of giving points to the mistress herself. Her profession has become a science—a development of her genius that would have delighted her heart, and which is a veritable monument to her memory. Here in Paris, and in the closing year of the nineteenth century! Why not, if you please? Has human nature changed? Are the husbands all faithful nowadays, and are there no dead men's shoes to be filled? Under the thin black crust of the asphalt the lava fires still burn—the safety-valve must be provided if one would not run the risk of an explosion.

Madame Meibel? Yes; Achille had often heard of her—a rich old woman who made a fool of herself by marrying a boy thirty years her junior. An ill-assorted union, and naturally an unhappy one. It was common report that madame quarrelled frightfully with her boy husband, to whom she had made over the bulk of her property. The height of folly indeed!

"Gillandet, the perfumer!" continued Achille, meditatively. "It seems to me that I know the name, that I have seen it somewhere, but just now it escapes

devastated it, the old man happened to unearth some frauds in the commissary department, and there were several handsome names mixed up in it. Old Berger was scrupulously honest, and he deemed it his duty—well, he got more than one weighty hint, but he was Breton, you know, and a perfect mule for stubbornness. Ask yourself if anything can be done with such a man. One fine day there is a vacant stool in his office, and, after waiting a reasonable length of time, the incident is declared closed, and some lucky under-clerk gets a rise in the world."

Now as to Achille's own share in this business. He had received a letter from Maître Vanelot—whom he knew slightly—asking him to call at the house in the Rue de Rennes on a matter of business, something in connection with the lease of his aunt's apartments. At noon on Saturday he had stopped at No. 82, on his way to his aunt's house, and had had a long interview with Vanelot. The pretended business had been quickly despatched, and then Vanelot had attempted to sound him in regard to his confidential relations in the Czareska household.

"Ah, m'sieu, it may seem incredible, but under those eyes—you do not comprehend, but I could do nothing but sit there—a block of stone."

I nodded back at the poor fellow. Such hallucinations are not uncommon, and by pretending to understand, the story would not be interrupted.

"And so at last they brought me up here. At least, m'sieu, the eyes had not made me betray my master. Maître Vanelot might steal away my legs, but he could not unlock my lips. This morning another two hours' interview, and it ended in precisely the same way. And that is all."

"Then you have been confined here since the early afternoon of Saturday?"

"That is it, m'sieu. And I have seen no one but that abominable Perroquet, who brings me my meals. An empty room, as you see; nothing to be afraid of in that, one would think. And yet every now and then the cold sweat comes out all over me. What do they do here in this room? What becomes of the people who once enter it? I have asked myself these questions a thousand times, but I get no answer. I am afraid, m'sieu, and that is the truth."

I made another careful survey of the room, but the flank walls told nothing. There was one peculiar feature, however, about the *floor*. It was of metal, like the walls and ceiling, and it was apparently divided into four triangular sections by diagonal lines running from the corners to the centre. What could be the object of this peculiar construction? Let us suppose that these four triangular sections are hinged at their bases to the wall. Now withdraw the support, whatever it may be, that holds up the centre, and what happens? The four wings drop, and the victim slowly slides down their sloping surfaces to finally disappear into—What? The room below? Perhaps into a chute running through those dark middle apartments into the cellars. And after that—an acid bath, a bed of quicklime, the sewers? I knelt down and scrutinized more closely this infamous trap. I fancied that I could see scratches upon the floor—the marks of finger-nails.

"This way, if m'sieu will be so kind." Achille was standing in a far corner of the room, and pointing to what seemed to be writing done upon the metal surface of the wall. It could only be seen at a certain angle of the light thrown by my dark-lantern—the words looked as though they might have been traced with the wetted head of a match. But once seen, the writing was plain enough to read: "*J. Gillandet, June 27. Mon pitié!*"

It was only after a determined effort of will that I again got the best of my jangling nerves. But there was work to be done, and the exigency itself helped at last to steady me. Achille could be of no use; the man was in a state of nervous collapse, and could not even walk without my assistance. Finally we compromised on the balcony of the room outside, where I myself had found a temporary refuge not long ago. The night was warm, and he would suffer no discomfort from being in the open air.

All was quiet in the house, and I made my way without difficulty to the middle room on the first floor, which, it will be remembered, communicated with both the office in the front and with the dining-room in the rear. The dinner was still waiting to be served, so I took my post at the glass doors commanding the front room.

It was a little after eight o'clock when the first of Maître Vanelot's guests arrived, and I almost betrayed myself as he entered the room, ushered by Perroquet. It was the Chevalier du Midi, and, by the character of the greetings exchanged, it was plain that he was on intimate terms with his host. The Chevalier's manner was excited, and he seemed annoyed that the other guest had not arrived. He walked impatiently up and down the room, and then stood abruptly at his host's chair.

"It is nearly three months since the 'Cardinal's Rose' was placed in your keeping," he said, petulantly, "and yet nothing has been done. Where is the ruby? Let me see it."

"By all means," said Vanelot, turning to the cabinet-secretary.

There was a false panel back of a drawer that he

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... ... self-possession, and with admirable coolness he proceeded to put the younger man completely in the wrong. Such a delicate piece of

... and bowing as he passed.

The night was warm, and as Coventry turned he drew his handkerchief with a careless hand across his

take leave forever of Mattra Vauclui and of the "yellow house." *L'homme propose.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PROGRESS *of the* CAMPAIGN

THE national campaign has entered what might be called its final stage. Less than a month remains in which to appeal to the voters, to stir up enthusiasm, and to perfect party machinery toward securing the fullest possible vote. Mass-meetings are being held throughout the length and breadth of the northern part of the United States—in many places nightly, and in almost every hamlet and village at least two times a week. Polls are being made to test the popular pulse, vast quantities of campaign literature are being sent out, preparations are being made for "grand demonstrations" in the leading cities of the country for their impressive effect from a spectacular stand-point, and from this time on all apathy in the Presidential contest will probably be dispelled. There are indications not only that the professional politicians and their immediate followers are being worked up to a high pitch of excitement, but that also the vast commercial interests of the country, and the interests centring about the laboring man, as well as the great mass of rank and file of citizens, are becoming intensely interested. There has been no marked change in dealing with the issues of the day, except, as was noted last week, that the Imperialism issue seems to have lost strength, and still seems to be slipping swiftly into obscurity. The Democratic campaign now seems to be aimed at Trusts chiefly. The Republicans assert that this is causing embarrassment to the Democrats, because of the Ice Trust disclosures in New York, and because of the alleged connection of National Chairman Jones with the Round Cotton-Bale Trust. The assertion is also made that the labor unions themselves are among the most complete trusts in existence, and that an appeal to the labor vote on that ground must have little effect among working-men who think. The great coal strike in Pennsylvania has not yet begun to play any marked prominence in the campaign, and the Republican managers assert that the laboring men will not favor the Democratic party for fear of a return of the non-productive days of the Cleveland administration. The Republicans are clinging with persistence to the Prosperity and Expansion issues, and are asserting that on the question of Trusts they have presented the only reasonable legislation and reasonable attempts at legislation in both State and national law-making bodies.

ON the oratorical side of the campaign, Mr. Bryan and Governor Roosevelt, of course, continue practically to monopolize public attention. Governor Roosevelt has ended his tour in Kansas and Nebraska, and has finished his trip in the Far West. His immediate work hereafter will be done in the Central West, following which he will return to New York State to finish the campaign. Mr. Bryan has spoken in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Indiana, and has started East for his trip of several days in New York State. It seems to be recognized generally that Mr. Bryan needs to have New York State in order to ensure Democratic success. Mr. Croker has practically promised the State to Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Bryan's trip through the Empire State will mark the turning point of the Democratic campaign. It is agreed generally that if Mr. Bryan should carry New York, there need be little doubt of his election.

Governor Roosevelt has not varied the tone of his speeches much. He has attacked Mr. Bryan vigorously, especially so in Lincoln, Nebraska, Mr. Bryan's home, where he was greeted by an audience estimated at fully 40,000. In no State of the West has Mr. Roosevelt been the recipient of more enthusiasm than in Nebraska. There has been no repetition of an attempt to mob him. Colonel Bryan in his speeches has varied the burden of his remarks according to the audience concerned, and has made some statements which have excited surprise. One of these was a question which he asked of South Dakota farmers. He wanted to know how it was that a country that could lend money to other countries could be considered in a prosperous condition. He asked the farmers if that was a real sign of prosperity. In another speech Mr. Bryan said that no "broken-down prince" should ever marry his daughter. In still another address he said that the hymn "My Country, 'tis of Thee" should read, under Republican rule, "My Country, Land of Hypocrisy." In still another speech he said that Republicans, instead of desiring to haul down the statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, ought to put up another statue of Liberty in Manila Harbor, proclaiming freedom to the Filipinos. Colonel Bryan, like Governor Roosevelt, has been greeted with enormous crowds, and demonstrations of enthusiasm have marked the progress of his campaign. Mr. Bryan will be accompanied on his Eastern trip by "Golden Rule" Jones, the well-known Mayor of Toledo, Ohio.

WHEN Colonel Bryan reaches Madison Square Garden on the night of October 16, probably what will be the most enthusiastic and greatest political demonstration ever seen in this country of a single evening will be in full swing. It will be peculiarly a night of triumph for Mr. Bryan. Four years ago, Mr. Croker, the Tammany Hall leader, went away to Europe to sulk during the national campaign. When Mr. Bryan spoke in Madison Square Garden, two-thirds of the audience got up and went out, and the next week Bourke Cockran answered Mr. Bryan in the same place before an audience that filled the big hall and remained to the very end of the evening's exercises. This time Mr. Croker is managing the entire reception of Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Bryan will also have the extreme satisfaction of having Bourke Cockran stand beside him on the platform as a willing captive and as an advocate of matchless eloquence for his election. The tower of Madison Square Garden is to be turned into a veritable volcano, spouting fireworks high into the air, and for the mile between Madison Square Garden and Cooper Union, fireworks, banners, music, and crowds are to make memorable a trip in an open carriage by the Democratic candidate for President. The demonstration will cost the Tammany Hall followers tens upon tens of thousands of dollars, and it is not at all unlikely that the Republican managers will ask where this money comes from, and some will be so bold as to assert that the gamblers, brothel-house keepers, saloons, swindling games promoters, and all others who have been permitted to break the laws for the personal profit of Tammany Hall heelers, have been assessed specially to promote the demonstration in favor of Mr. Bryan. Whether the Republicans can produce positive evidence to this effect, and whether the Democrats will take notice of the matter, are affairs which need no comment here. What the effect of this Tammany Hall welcome to Bryan will be upon the country is problematic. It will probably draw renewed attention to Tammany Hall as a national political factor, and the Republicans assert will arouse intense hostility to the Democratic management, and thus increase the Republican vote.

CHAIRMAN HANNA of the National Republican Committee has returned to Chicago from New York, and is probably the busiest man in the so-called Windy City. There can be no question but that Mr. Hanna has been a success this year as a campaign speaker. He addressed several meetings in New York city just before he left for the West, and no sooner had he reached Chicago than there was a demand for his services in that city. It is announced that he will probably speak in the Northwest, in addition to giving up his time as completely as possible to the management of the Republican campaign.

Just before he went West Senator Hanna said at the noon meeting in New York of the Wholesale Dry Goods Republican Club, where 3500 business men had crowded to meet him:

"I don't think it necessary to waste a moment on Imperialism. It was merely an attempt to draw attention from the real issue, and was wiped out by President McKinley's letter of acceptance. I challenge any man to point out one single act of President McKinley that has not been for our national prosperity."

The next day, at the noon meeting of the Commercial Travellers' McKinley and Roosevelt Club in New York, Mr. Hanna said:

"The real significance of the campaign is our fight for home and bread, and for the continuation of the prosperous conditions we have known during the present administration. Any man who seeks to divide the interests of capital and the working man, which are identical, is asserting a doctrine injurious to his country."

In Chicago, on October 2, before the Commercial Travellers' McKinley Club, Mr. Hanna said:

"It is an impossibility, a humbug, to talk about a man like William McKinley becoming an emperor."

In an interview on the same day Mr. Hanna said, in reference to the coal strike in the East:

"The man who could do something to end the strike and failed, or who would put a straw in the way of a settlement of the strike, should be strung up to a lamp-post."

Next to Colonel Bryan and Governor Roosevelt, Mr. Hanna undoubtedly has been the most vigorous and interesting personality in the campaign.

THE time has arrived when the political outlook in the various States is being canvassed thoroughly. The national political managers are preparing, from time to time, tables as to the way the national result is expected to turn out. The Republicans have given out an estimate of the electoral strength of both parties. This estimate gives to Mr. Bryan 112 sure electoral votes, and to Mr. McKinley 260 sure electoral votes. It gives 54 electoral votes as doubtful, and leaves Indiana out of the reckoning entirely. The Republican national managers say that with Indiana they will have 281 electoral votes, 224 being the number necessary to elect. They add that they will try to give McKinley 312 electoral votes by carrying Colorado, Idaho, Kentucky, Nebraska, and Utah from the list of doubtful States into the list of Republican States. According to this classification the only doubtful States will be Missouri, Montana, and Nevada. The 112 electoral votes assigned to Mr. Bryan are those coming from eleven Southern States.

The Democrats responded to this electoral vote estimate at once. Vice-Chairman Johnson gave out a statement at the national headquarters in Chicago that Bryan would surely have 320 votes, and McKinley would have 86. The doubtful States were given as Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, and Wisconsin. McKinley's States were announced as Connecticut, New Hampshire, Iowa, Massachusetts, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, West Virginia. All the rest were for Bryan. There was no suggestion of a joke in Mr. Johnson's manner when he gave out the list. It was not necessary; the list spoke for itself.

The Republican State Committee of Kansas has issued a formal statement that Kansas will give McKinley at least 25,000 plurality, and the party managers estimate that Governor Roosevelt's trip through the State has been productive of a large amount of this estimated plurality. In Nebraska, both the Republicans and the Democrats say that they are practically certain of winning the fight. The truth of the matter is that probably Nebraska is more of a doubtful State than four years ago, when it was several days before the real result of its decision for Bryan was known. Senator Lodge, who has been campaigning in the West with Governor Roosevelt, has returned, and says that he considers Utah, Wyoming, South Dakota, and Kansas sure for McKinley.

THE Daly faction in Montana has nominated a full State ticket in opposition to the Clark faction, but both factions are supporting the same electors for President. There is a prospect that the Republican State ticket will be elected in Montana, even if Bryan should carry the State. Republican harmony has been secured at last in Delaware, the Addicks and the Higgins-Dupont factions having finally agreed upon one State ticket. What are known as the "Little Town Elections" in Connecticut have been held, and the result was an overwhelming victory for the Republicans, indicating that there is no hope of Democratic success in that State in November. The Massachusetts Democrats have held their State convention, and have nominated Robert Treat Paine, Jr., candidate of last year, for Governor. Senator Foraker says that the Republican majority in Ohio will beat all records. Mr. H. H. Hanna, of Indianapolis, the well-known sound-money champion, declares that Indiana will vote for McKinley, but by a reduced vote from that of four years ago. National Chairman Hanna declares that there is no doubt of New York voting for McKinley.

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Fields as Swatha

that way during the present season; and six actors with the art of combining dispeted members of the German and English language in their speech, as nearly their chief stock in trade, are about the most popular low comedians on the metropolitan stage. Most of these are destined to remain on view during nearly all the winter months, and the two most conspicuous in this class are permanently kept in New York at their little theatre on Broadway. It will be seen from this condition of affairs that the German dialect has not lost its force as a factor in New York's amusement. Nothing seems so permeating, next to the ragtime music, as this dialect, and its exponents are valued as no other entertainers on the burlesque stage. At their own theatre Messrs. Weber and Fields are as popular as ever, while the Rogers Brothers at the Victoria seem likely to spend as much of the present winter in New York as they did last year. At the Casino the Bernard Brothers give a less equal representation of the power of dialect than either of the other two pairs of entertainers. Louis Mann is unique, and his humor in "All on Account of Eliza" was without the aid that a responsive associate gives. None of the sextet of German-American comedians who have the field to themselves to-day could have done so well without this assistance as Mr. Mann did in the slender farce at the Garrick. Experts in dialects of this kind have declared that he stood at the head of such actors, and was much more of a master at breaking the English language than any of his rivals. Mr. Mann sometimes seems funnier than the others occupied in this way, and he always seems to be working much harder than any of the others. So he may be the best in a professional judgment, although it is doubtful if the lay mind could appreciate any difference in the merit of Weber and Fields, the Rogers Brothers, and Sam Bernard so far as the mere fun of their talk goes. Yet it is easy for the untrained ear to realize that a difference does exist in dialects when a beginner like the Mr. Bernard, who is not Sam, enters the field. He is at the Casino now in "The Belle of Bohemia," appearing when his brother is not on the stage and vanishing whenever he is sighted, in order that persons may constantly take one for the other, and create the usual misunderstandings that are bound to come when mistakes through personal resemblance are the elements of a play. Nobody in the audience ever takes one of the Bernards for the other, any more than it would be possible to overlook the fact that there are differences in German dialect. The junior Bernard bears the same relations to virtuosi like his brother, Messrs. Weber and Fields, and the Rogers Brothers that a phonographic reproduction of voice does to the original. Generally all that gives quality, timbre, and character to the organ is lost when it is heard coming from the machine. That is the effect of the younger Bernardine dialect that proclaims so eloquently how great the difference may be in the varieties.

ONLY the best kind could have built the marble-fronted theatre on Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street into one of the most characteristic places of amusement that exist in New York to-day. It is as distinctive a part of city life—in its way—as the Metropolitan Opera House, and holds a more decided place in the city's scheme of amusements than any other theatre. Since Barrigan and Hart knew their

"I like summer—you can always dress so fancy!"

"That is lovely dialected spat this is!"

recover their lost approval, and struggling in vain, as some of their predecessors have often done. But nothing of the kind has happened. This institution built on broken English has never known its prosperity to waver. So it is small wonder that the confidence of managers was directed toward dialect, to the great advantage of actors who had never before been able to make use of that gift outside of the music-halls. They were called to the high places, however, so soon as their ability to talk with the same comical incomprehensibility was established, and New York contentedly takes most of its entertainment from them. Potent as dialect was at the outset in settling the fortunes of Weber & Fields', there has been much else to make the continued success of the theatre easily comprehensible. Travesty of a more amusing and appreciative type than any other theatre has ever shown may always be seen there. There is no particular taste for burlesque among New Yorkers, and travesty for its own sake will never be accepted. But the burlesquers at Weber & Fields' always contrive to retain the humor that comes from parody, while they add enough that is intrinsically amusing to entertain persons who may not be familiar enough with the original to enjoy the burlesque that the actors provide. Travesty of popular plays at Weber & Fields' has always this quality. It is possibly not so evident in "Quo Vass Ias," the current perversion of the widely known "Quo Vadis," for that falls too far below "The Conquerors," "Catharine," and some of the earlier performances to be most characteristic of all the good things that a Weber & Fields' burlesque may contain. "Quo Vadis" was almost burlesque as soon as it got on the stage in any form, and there was not as much left for the Weber & Fields' actors to do with it as they found in previous originals. Plays that are an approach to real life can be more readily made ridiculous than those dealing with such a theme as "Quo Vadis" treats. If their present work in "Quo Vass Ias" is less satisfactory than some others, it is only a comparative disappointment. In any other theatre there would have been no complaint against the quality of the burlesque. But the standard is high at Weber & Fields', and its managers must suffer from the disadvantage of having done so well that only the best is always expected. Since it became evident that the New York public was to cherish the little theatre in which the pervading broken English was first domiciled, there has never been any attempt to lower the standard. Many managers, relying on the vogue they have already acquired, would have concerned themselves less about the character of the performance, so long as it reached a certain level, than about the immediate profit to be made by realizing on their great popularity and making hay while the sun shone. The managers have preferred to keep the sun shining a long time by adding this year, through a certain lack of the accustomed

"You haven't the delicatesse in your nature, as I have"

unity and homogeneity in the fun-making, to include rather too many actors that have been stars. But the singleness of purpose that has always been the best feature of the Weber & Fields' performances will undoubtedly come after the new members of the group have become more accustomed to one another's methods. It would be an unresponsive comedian who did not find himself at home on that stage eventually.

THE Rogers Brothers, who obeyed the Macedonian call to come out of the music-halls and take their places along with the other broken English comedians who have the ear of the public now, have relied so entirely on the value of their own personalities and their dialect. They were always described on the music-hall programmes as merely the Rogers Brothers, and they have been satisfied to cling to that designation since they came to the front with that small army of semi-Teutonic invaders. Only their topographical situation is presumed to interest the public. Last year they were in Wall Street, and this year the title of their musical burlesque locates them in Central Park. Less than one German dialect varies from another are the two farces which the Rogers Brothers have played dissimilar, and John J. McNally, who has written both, followed this time his usual plan of starting with an idea which seemed capable of development into brisk farce. Two Germans, under the impression they are buying Central Park in New York, become the owners of a village in a Missouri town. They come here to take possession of their own, and the beginning of the play finds them in that predicament. Here was an idea that might have been followed for more than ten minutes if the dramatist or the actors cared to. Presumably they thought it

"You have a figure like a glass d water."

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Thos. G. Shearman

NO doubt the thing that has had the most to do with making Brooklyn great has been the fortunate propinquity of Manhattan Island. But there have been men who lived in Brooklyn who have had something to do with it. One of them was Thomas Gaskell Shearman, who died at his home on September 29. He had been a resident of Brooklyn for forty-three years, and during and left school at thirteen to earn his living. Until he was twenty-five he worked in a dry-goods store. Then he studied law in the office of Lyman Abbott, who was at that time a lawyer. In 1857 he moved to Brooklyn, and two years later was admitted to the bar. He soon made his mark as a lawyer, and in 1868 became a partner of David Dudley Field. Later, Mr. John W. Stirling joined the firm, which in 1873 became Shearman & Stirling. Among its more noted clients were Jay Gould and the Erie Railroad.

Mr. Shearman was as active in politics as in other things. He was a Republican from the organization of that party until 1884, when he supported Mr. Cleveland. He was a free-trader, and also a believer in Henry George's theory of the single tax, as well as a friend and supporter of George himself. When the Boer war began to be discussed in this country he took sides strongly with the British, and his latest public utterances were in defence and justification of their policy.

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safer to rely on their wittily tangled and complicated conversation, their political jokes, the pretty women, and their songs. So the story disappears early, and never shows its head again, and it must be admitted that there is not the least loss of merriment for that reason. The Rogers Brothers know their public when they merely call their plays by their own names, with an incidental allusion to their whereabouts. That is sufficient indication of what is to be expected.

DRAMATIC sequence is not extinguished so suddenly at the Casino, where the two Bernards in "The Belle of Bohemia" are engaged in showing how much difference there may be in German dialect humor as the two Dromios of a musical farce produced with the graceful action, unflagging animation, and sparkle of which George Lederer is a master. An expert in dialect would probably be compelled to admit that Sam Bernard, like Louis Mann, had considerably more in his equipment as a comedian than his merely tortuous way of rending the vernacular. That is just at present his stock in trade, because there is nothing else which he possesses that is in such demand. But there are frequent indications in Mr. Bernard's acting of a comic talent that will some day carry him, along with Mr. Mann, beyond the need of broken English. Anybody who saw the latter in "All on Account of Eliza" will admit that he came very near depicting real character. Sometimes there are equally convincing evidences of such a capacity in Mr. Bernard's case, although his opportunities have so far been few, and his broadly comic powers are still too much in demand to allow him time for more ambitious work. In these particulars, more than any others, do these two comedians seem different from their colleagues. Messrs. Weber and Fields and the Rogers Brothers could never have acquired their present popularity if their comicality did not appeal to a large public. The former could never have prosperously made their theatre one of the most distinctive in the city without the power of being amusing themselves, and of understanding what was needed to make an entertainment that could survive so prosperously; nor would the Rogers Brothers have remained long away from music-halls had their whimsicality not deserved their enduring approval. These four comedians have proved themselves the most popular of their kind at present; but there is more promise for the future in the work of Messrs. Mann and Bernard, who seem likely some day to shake off the restraint of dialect as the secret of their chief power to amuse.

UNIQUE among the comedians who are amusing New York now, and not doing violence to the language while he is about it, is Francis Wilson, at the Knickerbocker. "The Monks of Malabar," by Cheever Goodwin and Ludwig Englaender, is a return to the kind of comic opera with which Mr. Wilson's talents have chiefly been identified. He dances and sings, thoughtless of the ambitions that troubled him when "Cyrano de Bergerac" was his medium, and he does both of these things quite as much to his purpose as he ever did. He even shaves a man in the last act, and while disguised as a barber, pays his only deference to the taste of the day for broken English. He mixes it with a French accent, however, and thereby keeps his reputation for being the only funny man not to try the usual formula. Of course De Wolf Hopper, at Weber & Fields' leaves all the dialect to his principal associates, but their theatre is the temple of broken English, and everybody there is more or less consecrated to its preservation. Admirers of Francis Wilson will wonder how he continues to do the same thing so well, after having supplied nearly the same entertainment, so far as his personal share of it goes, in so many different forms. It is a tribute to his natural humor that he has accomplished so much with the conventionality of "The Monks of Malabar." For it is a great deal to be doing as amusingly as he ever did all the things characteristic of his acting at its best.

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dicated by the State Board of Charities. What was left of the committee of the State Board which investigated the charges against him reported that they were amply proved, and found Mr. Brockway guilty of cruelty, and recommended that corporal punishment as practised at the Reformatory should be prohibited by law. The commission that vindicated Mr. Brockway was one appointed by Governor Flower, subsequent to the issue of the State Board's report. It consisted of Judge William L. Learned, of Albany, Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, and Israel T. Deyo, of Binghamton. The State Board of Charities' committee, the report of which was so strongly adverse to Mr. Brockway, was originally made up of Oscar Craig, of Rochester, President of the State Board, Dr. Stephen Smith, of New York, and Mr. Edward H. Litchfield. Of these gentlemen Mr. Craig died while the investigation was going on, Dr. Smith went to Europe, and Mr. Litchfield alone made and signed the report. The withdrawal of two members of the committee impaired the authority of the report. The investigation was called a one-man investigation, and it was objected also that Mr. Brockway and the Reformatory managers should have been permitted, through their counsel, to cross-examine the witnesses against them. The sentiment that Brockway and the Reformatory managers should not be condemned without a further and fairer hearing was strong and general, and amply warranted the relegation of the matter to the new commission. That commission vindicated Mr. Brockway. For better or worse, however, corporal punishment has ceased to be part of the system at the Elmira Reformatory. Flogging is a mighty disagreeable business. This generation of Americans neither likes it nor believes in its reformatory power. Still, in the cases of certain classes of criminals, despair at the bad results of other methods of correction is constantly driving penologists to doubt whether in the long run the disuse of corporal punishment is going to prove wise and merciful or not. Only last week the newspapers reported a large increase of insanity among the convicts at Elmira. It is no more safe to judge the present management at Elmira on the strength of newspaper reports than it was to judge the management that has been superseded, but the maintenance of discipline at such an institution demands some form of punishment for convicts who persistently misbehave. If corporal punishment is ruled out, confinement seems to be the only alternative, and to that it is objected that it tends to drive men mad. Dealing with incorrigibles is a very hard problem.

Corporal punishment was only an incident of Mr. Brockway's work at Elmira, yet his detractors habitually speak as if the only important work he did there was to paddle refractory youths. Resentment on his account, however, does not justify distrust of the new management. It has a hard job ahead of it, and we are bound to hope that it will do well. Without doubt Governor Roosevelt has done his best to put the Elmira Reformatory into competent hands.

MENTION was made in the WEEKLY of September 28 of a paid advertisement which appeared in a New York State newspaper, and which recorded the recent triumphal appearance of Mrs. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, at the Concord, New Hampshire, State fair. It was suggested that this was an instance, the first noticed, of the employment of patent-medicine methods by Christian Scientists. An explanation of this advertisement has since been furnished. It is explained that in Syracuse, where it appeared, the newspapers are somewhat inhospitable to Christian Science news and notices, and that the Christian Scientists of that town find it expedient, in order to get their communications and items that concern their movement before the public, to hire space by the year in the local papers wherein they may publish what they choose. Political parties sometimes do the same thing in towns where they have no organ. Christian Scientists feel that when they advertise their concerns in this way they are calling attention not so much to a method of cure as to a phase of religious belief. Therefore they grieve to have it said that they are using "patent-medicine methods."

SURGEON-GENERAL STERNBERG, who is one of the general officers of the army who have been cited as opponents of the army canteen, has written a letter to General Corbin to say that though he formerly looked with disfavor on the proposition to sell beer to soldiers at army canteens, that view was not based on personal observation. Since then, he says, the unanimity of opinion among line and medical officers that the canteen works well and diminishes drunkenness has constrained him to admit that practically the canteen is a good thing.

The racing against the canteen, which was started with so much vigor as part of the present political campaign, seems not to have panned out well. The W. C. T. U. has generally refused to back up the anti-canteen prayer-chain, and we hear no more of

duly investigated it is found that it diminishes drunkenness and disorder among soldiers. It has been a good thing to have the canteen brought to public notice, for fair-minded people who know how it works are bound to approve it.

IT is told of Mr. John Contee Fairfax, who died on September 28, at Northampton, Maryland, that though he was a baron of the peerage of Scotland and his rank and title were recognized in Great Britain, he never made use of them at home, and never went abroad. It was nothing more than good sense in Mr. Fairfax not to use his title in Maryland, but that he never cared to visit England, where it was good, and where peerages are still very much in fashion, argues a tranquillity of mind and an entire satisfaction with republican plain living which persuades the observer that he must have been a superior man. It was like having a good pair of stilts in one's garret for a whole lifetime and never caring to use them.

Mr. Fairfax was the descendant and successor of that Lord Fairfax who was the early friend and patron of George Washington. He was born seventy years ago in Fairfax County, Virginia, and in early life practised medicine in Washington, but for a long time he had lived a country gentleman's life in Maryland. Two of his sons live in New York, and one of them has inherited the family title, which will probably continue to be stored away in the family garret. No doubt a British title of good quality and in good repair makes pleasing furniture for an American garret.

INFORMATION comes from Denver that a young man from New Haven lately passed through that town bound for Java, where his errand is to find the Pithecanthropus. A German professor is said to be on the point of starting from Jena on the same errand, and the New Haven youth is quoted as expressing confidence that he will outfind his German rival in this quest. The Pithecanthropus, it seems, is the Missing Link, and readers may recall a newspaper story published some time ago about traces of the creature being found in Java. We must all hope that the New Haven man may catch him, but if the Pithecanthropus is half as hard to find in Java as Aguinaldo is in Luzon, the young adventurer's work is cut out for him.

WHEN Secretary Hay reached New Hampshire this summer he took to his bed, and it took him weeks to get over the immediate effects of hard work in superheated Washington. Secretary Root, a little later, had a similar experience at Southampton. The President staid away from Washington as much as possible, in spite of the inconvenience of being absent from the seat of government. It was a very hot summer, and for most of the responsible officers of the national government a very busy one, and the objections to Washington as a place of residence and labor in July and August were unusually serious.

It is possible that sometime when the country feels rich it will build a summer home for the President. If a house were maintained for him at some salubrious place not too far from the seat of government, it is probable that he would be glad to use it when Washington got too hot for comfort, and as soon as it became certain that the President would go to the same place every summer, provision would be made there for all officers of government who ought to be within consulting distance of him. Washington summers waste the strength of our rulers, and it is a serious matter for the country to have the health of too many of its chief executive officers run down at the same time.

IN speaking of ministers' salaries it was remarked the other day in the WEEKLY that some admirable ministers have liked big salaries, and that Bishop Brooks was one, because he did not want to concern himself about money, and did not object to having enough, so that he could bestow his mind elsewhere.

A Boston reader, who fears that these remarks have tended to make Dr. Brooks appear unduly grasping, says that when Dr. Brooks came to Boston in 1869 his salary was $[illegible]. After the Boston fire, in which Trinity Church was destroyed, he asked to have his salary reduced one-half until the church recovered from the disaster, but it was not done. Afterwards his salary was somewhat increased, though not at his request. During a year which he spent abroad he declined to receive any salary from his church. When he became Bishop of Massachusetts, he received a salary about one-half as large as he had had from Trinity Church, and declined to have it supplemented by the church he left. Our informant adds: "As Mr. Brooks might have received from Trinity Church any salary for which he cared to ask, and might have largely increased his income had he been willing to give some of his time to other work than preaching to convey it. Mr. Phillips Brooks was so well known and so universally honored that disparaging deductions would not readily be drawn from any statement concerning him.

ONE of the signs of the times—a sign that grows more and more noticeable as the years increase—is the amount of attention paid in the public prints to very rich young men. There was nothing thirty years ago like the attention paid nowadays to the young Vanderbilts. There are several of them, all under twenty-five, whose movements and intentions and various enterprises are as closely followed as though they were statesmen active in public life. They are all, so far as appears, exemplary young men and modest, and unconcerned with self-advertisement, yet whatever any one of them does that is in the least important to himself is considered to be important to the public also. When William comes from Newport to New York on his racing automobile, his progress is reported from town to town, and diligent narrators tell us not only what time he made, but what he had to eat, and how his servant looked; when Cornelius goes to a convention at Saratoga, his appearance as a delegate is estimated to have more "news" in it and is more impressed on the public mind than any other incident of the convention. So when he hires a big house for the winter, it is recorded in all the papers, and announced in some of them in big letters on the front page. When Alfred comes to town and goes to work at a salary of $100 a month, due note is taken of that also. What is more, the people who read about these young men are interested in what they read. These young men start in life as public characters, not by dint of precocious achievement, but because of inherited position and inherited or expected wealth. So it is with the heirs of a few other American families that have been very widely known for two or three generations. What it all means is that the great fortunes of our time are recognized as power that can be and is transmitted from father to son, and that it makes a difference which concerns the public what sort of hands this power lodges in. The old idea that it was only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves is passing away. The great fortunes of our day seem exceedingly stable, and the families that control them seem stable enough nowadays to be comparable with the more powerful families in Europe.

MARK TWAIN is due in New York this week, and it is reported that he will spend the winter here and give the town a fresh trial before determining where he will settle down. So we learn from a recent cable message, as also that he has written a good part of a new novel which he seems to have doubts about, as he says he may destroy it any day. He is tired of lecturing because he dislikes travel. The story has been revived that he has busied himself with certain reminiscences which are too candid for immediate publication, and are to be locked up for fifty years—or maybe a hundred—and then confided to a world which may by that time have grown wise enough to appreciate them. The natural effect of this rumor is to stir in the breast of the present population of the earth an irrepressible longing to read those memoirs before it goes hence. That may be the intention, but the story as it stands is not incredible, for Mr. Clemens is a large-minded man, and quite capable of a sufficient interest in posterity to wish to set it right as to certain details of history.

THE manner in which busy Americans of the present day do business is surprising to old fogies who have not kept up with the times. Take the law business, for example, in the city of New York. The present paragrapher had an errand the other day with a busy lawyer. He found him after some delay in the farthest off of a suite of six or seven offices occupied by his partners, clerks, office-boys, and type-writers. The lawyer was sitting at a large table in a pleasant corner room, hung about with pictures of British justices in wigs, and other picturesque persons. There were bookcases filled with books, but hardly any of them were calf-bound law books. In the corner was a woman stenographer. On the lawyer's desk was neither book, nor paper, nor ink, nor pen. It was clear of all apparatus except one single article. That was a telephone. That, apparently, was what he practised law with. He talked and listened to it while the writer waited. A young man brought him a telegram to sign. He took a fountain-pen out of his pocket, signed it, and put the pen back. The writer did his errand, and as he went out the lawyer resumed his business with the telephone. That seems to be the usual method now with boss-lawyers in New York. What they talk into their telephones—whether they give orders or take them, give advice, ask questions, or suggest expedients—is their concern; but their end of the business seems to be the telephone end. Their various helpers and coadjutors doubtless do the work.

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*Mr. Dooley: On Colonel Roosevelt's Western Tour**

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "if they're anny wun r-runnin' in this campaign but me frind Tiddy Roosevelt, I'd like to know who it is. It isn't Mack. I'r he wint away three weeks ago, lavin' a note sayin' that he'd accept th' nomnynation if 'twas offered him, an' he 'ain't been heerd fr'm since. If ain't Bryan. I'r he's visitin' th' tombs iv th' anvesthors iv th' party, an' if he likes th' neighborhood he may buy a place there. It nin't Adly. I'r athletic sports ar re far fr'm his line. 'Tis Tiddy alone that's r-runnin', an' he ain't r-runnin', he's galloopin'.

"Th' comp'ny that insures plate-glass windows injoyed him to lave New York an' pike out f'r th' land iv th' prairie an' th' mountain, where ye can use th' lop iv ye'er voice without disturbin' th' scenery. He mounted his thrusty bronco an' made f'r South Dakota. South Dakota tur-rned out as wan man an' exchanged shots iv greetin' with him. A guard iv welcome, two hundherd thousan' sthrong, composed iv veterans iv th' Rough Riders, met him at th' town limits an' escorted him to th' pubblic square, where he shook hands, whiniver hands remained, with th' survivors iv his career on th' plains. 'Ye won't reconize me,' says a man with a rubber leg an' a celluloid ear. 'I seem to raymimber sach iv ye'er linyments as has not gone out iv circylation,' says Tiddy, 'but I don't call ye'er name,' he says. 'I,' says th' la-ad, 'am Horrible Horace, th' Scourg iv th' Wind R-river Valley,' he says. 'Don't ye raymimber th' time ye wur hilt up in Snake Canyon durin' th' har-rd winter iv eighty nine?' says he. 'I have a dim recollection,' says Tiddy. 'If I raymimber r-right I was sthaodin' at th' bar dhrinkin' a pint iv sulphuric acid an' r-readin' a little fav-rite wurruh iv mine called "Locke on th' Human Understandin'," whin ye come in an' objicked to me glasses, sayin' that with th' r-rest iv me features they made me look like a professional diver jost disappearin' into an angry horse,' he says. 'Ye then attacked me with vile language, coarse abuse, excited oaths, a cant hook, a pair iv spurs, a pair iv chaps, a sombrero, a reflection on me gran'father, a brandin' iron, a bowie-knife, a forty-four an' a Winchester rifle,' he says. 'I was loath to strike ye even thin,' but whin,' he says, 'ye passed an insultin' remark about th' value iv th' merit system,' he says, 'me indignation overcome me,' he says. 'I wiped me glasses an' handed thim to th' bartender, buttoned up me rough coat to protect me silk vest, smiled cr'mly, or as cr'mly as I can, waved aside th' bullets with me left hand an' made two motions with me r-right. D'ye raymimber?' 'I raymimber th' first,' says Horrible Horace. 'Well, thim was gr-reat times,' says Tiddy. 'An' I'm not changed in th' laste,' he says. 'Me purpose in comin' to ye'er mist,' he says, 'is to throw down, rope, an' brand th' Dimmycratic party. Ar re ye with me?' he says. 'We ar-re,' says all th' sur-vivors. An' he goes among thim, inspictin' th' places where he hit thim, an' thin visits th' graveyard where he buried his dead, an' so on to th' next town.

"He niver stops. In Wounded Knee he busts a broncho that has hilt almost th' entire male population; busts it so har-rd 'twud dhrive a baby-carriedge without wakin' th' occypant. He finds a poor ranchman whose punchers is off on a dhrunk, an' he goes out an' rounds up thirty thousan' head iv cattle in less thin an hour. Afther that he r-rides off to th' cow town, finds th' cowboys, takes their guns away fr'm thim, lectes thim into subjection, an' swears thim all in as mimbers iv th' Christyan Indeavor S'riety. He discovers an ol' frind, whom he

(Continued on page 974.)

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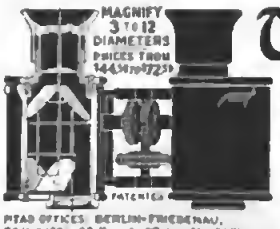

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"'Th' meetin' was called f'r eight o'clock,' says th' pa-aper. 'An' at th' hour th' hall was packed with a seethin' multitood. Afther a few well-chosen remarks, th' chairman, th' Hon. Ed. Woolcott, come down into th' body iv th' hall an' with a well-directed blow put out iv th' business th' Hon. Lim Doocly, former judge iv th' Cirkit Coort an' author iv sev'ral well-known wurruks on tree cienage an' slayer iv Fierce Fred, th' half-breed desperado. At this moment Gov'nor Rosenfelt hit his way through th' throng, an' afther bringin' down with a well-aimed shot th' chairman iv th' Dimmycratic commity, Horace Greeley Ransum, editor iv th' Coloraydo Coyote, he spoke as follows: "Scoundhrels, con'rds, hired ruffyans, I know ye all well, an' if e'er a wan iv ye comes up to this platform I'll show ye how I feel to'rd ye, an' fellow Republicans. This is th' happyest moment iv me life. [A voice: "Kill him."] Niver before have I injyed so much livin' undher a Constitootion that insures equal r-rights an' no more to wan an' all, an'—excuse me, gents, while I get th' r-red headed man in th' gal'ry. Got him! Thanks—an' spreads over th' counthry content an' prosperity an' peace enough f'r anny r-right minded man. An' if that fellow that's heavin' specimens iv th' glacial dhrift fr'm behind you post will—" (Editor's Note: Here our rayporther was sthruck on th' back iv th' head with a piece iv castin' fr'm th' joynt iv Hollyan's Laura's Love Mine. But we undherstand that Gov'nor Rosenfelt completed a delightful speech amid great enthusyasm an' was escorted to th' thrain by a large crowd. Th' list iv kilt an' wounded will be found in another part iv this pa-aper. Th' departure iv th' distinguished visitor was marked be a humorous incident, th' gallant leader hurlin' fr'm th' thrain Mike O'Leary iv shaft eight iv th' B. & G. mine amid th' good-natured laughter iv th' crowd. Our leader made a fav'rable impression an' manny wartime wurruds was heerd about him in th' sthreets las' night. It is to be hoped that he will rayturn again whin th' brick-yard starts up.)"

"An' there he goes, Hinnissy, relievin' th' gloom iv th' campaign with a bit iv rale ol'-fashioned polytics like we had whin we were boys."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "thim fellows out West meant all r-right, an' ye can't blame anny man f'r doin' what he thinks is f'r th' good iv th' party, but I don't think it was r-right to attack him—with a scantlin'. 'Tis a poor weepon at th' best, an' annyhow, says I, give ivry man a chanst to be heerd."

"Niver fear that Tiddy won't be heerd," said Mr. Dooley. "An' don't ye be afraid if anny wan hits him that he won't tag back. He's havin' th' time iv all his life."

"He'll need a r-rest cure whin he's through," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He ixpicts to be illicted," said Mr. Dooley. F. P. Dunne.

The Qualifications of Voters

ALL rules which govern elections are of particular interest at this time. The electoral laws of Belgium provide free transportation to voters who have ceased to live where they are registered;* there they are compelled to

* Athenians who were prompt in attending town meetings in ancient Greece were rewarded by a fee of three obols from the public exchequer.

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question, ... and posted on the gates of the town-hall. The man who without excuse has abstained from voting four times in ten years is considered unworthy of citizenship; his name is stricken from the poll lists, and for ten subsequent years he is debarred from holding any public office. Whoever is convicted of having intentionally absented himself from the polls for the purpose of affecting the result of any election is fined to the extent of five hundred francs and imprisoned for a month, together with the person who may have induced him so to act.

Punishments are inflicted on the sluggish citizens in republican Switzerland and other countries of Europe; similar laws existed here in Georgia and other American colonies before they became States; if they remain on the statute-books, they are no longer enforced. Yet in times when grave questions are to be decided such laws would be useful. Since 1860, when a majority voted for the abolition of slavery by choosing Abraham Lincoln, no election has taken place the result of which will have a greater influence on the destiny of the nation than the present one. For the first time in the history of the country the Administration has acquired territory which lies at a considerable distance from this continent. The November vote must either uphold the government in assuming this power or rebuke it by electing Bryan. When conscientious men like E. M. Shepard vote for the Democratic candidate they act upon the conviction that this assumption may endanger our republican form of government. They consider this peril as more serious than any measure to which Mr. Bryan may or can resort. Such men, if right or wrong, are justified in acting on their opinion. But citizens who at this juncture abstain from voting, because they are indifferent or because both candidates are distasteful to them, neglect a duty which they owe to the common weal. They are not worthy of the privileges which they enjoy under our institutions, because they do not help to perpetuate them. If we had laws as they have in Belgium to punish their neglect, to hold them up to public scorn, eventually to disfranchise them, they probably would exercise their privilege of suffrage. Then we would have a more correct expression of opinion on the burning question whether the authority of the United States shall be confined to the limits of our American territory, or, following the example of England, it may be permitted to spread over the globe.

The English began the practical conquest of India in 1661, when Charles II conferred on the East India Company authority to declare war or peace, and gave it power to adjudicate, according to English laws, all disputes arising between the natives of that distant country. This concession, granted to an association of British traders, developed the successful system of English colonization. The British understood the art of gradually transplanting their representative form of government in one shape or another to every territory they acquired. Over India itself, in spite of the Sepoy insurrection, elective privileges have been extended to rate-paying natives until many millions of them are ruled by fellow-men of their selection.

The impossibility of curtailing the elective franchise in Belgium, a densely populated and flourishing country, which is name only is a constitutional monarchy, while in reality its institutions are republican, induced the framers of its electoral laws to substitute for restrictions premiums which entitled citizens who deserved it to additional votes.*

The qualifications required from an ordinary voter are similar to those of a citizen of our States. But a married man of thirty-five or a widower with children who pays as much as one dollar a year in taxes is entitled to two votes instead of one.

When we consider how this rule would apply to our conditions we must admit that a man who marries and rears children has more interest in the administration of good government and should have more influence than he who remains single. Incidentally, such a rule may as

* U. S. Grant tersely expressed the difficulty when he said, "Suffrage once conferred can never be recalled."

2. Cabinet ministers, members of the legislature, governors, ambassadors, ministers, consuls, judges and counsellors of the high courts of justice, active and corresponding members of scientific academies, physicians, curators of university and public libraries, school commissioners and members of school boards, officers of the army and navy, and ministers of the gospel.

Although it is the best substitute for the restriction of universal suffrage, no country aside from Belgium has offered hitherto a premium on education by granting extra franchises to professional men, except Roumania and Spain.

In England householders and rated tenants only can vote for members of Parliament; similar restrictions are enforced in Holland and European Russia; property qualifications are still required from the electors for the legislative bodies of many other foreign countries and of the following States: Delaware, Georgia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Tennessee. These restrictions, founded on the principle that men who are unable to take care of themselves are unfit to be trusted with the interest of others, are regarded here as remnants of the feudal system; they are contested on the ground that possession of wealth alone is no proof of superior attainments, and should not entitle the owner to privileges which his poorer neighbor may not enjoy. In some countries, like Italy, the elector either must pay a certain amount in taxes or prove that he has acquired a well-defined standard of elementary education. Brazil excludes illiterates and members of monastic orders from suffrage. Citizens of many South-American republics, of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Missouri are only permitted to vote if they know how to read and write. But this does not go far enough; it places the hod-carrier who knows his alphabet on a level with the President of Harvard College. Men who are born equal do not remain equal when they become of age, and should not have an equal voice in the selection of their rulers. The right of universal manhood suffrage upon equal terms is a political heresy which had originated in the minds of Frenchmen while they suffered under the misdeeds of their profligate Bourbon monarchs. It spread among us during our war of independence, and the words that all men are created equal, which occur in our Declaration of 1776, often have been interpreted in that sense. That they did not actually mean it is shown by the following quotation from Thomas Paine: "Men are born and always continue free and equal in respect to *their rights*; distinction can be founded only on public utility."

The fact that we fail to make any distinction offers to designing men who have the faculty of swaying the mind of the ignorant opportunities to do so until they can control the elections. They use them for the purpose of nominating and electing candidates, who, as their tools, will appoint to office men who are chosen by them. By this indirect, but effective, control of patronage the government of many cities and a few States has passed from the people into the hands of these political "bosses." Unless means are devised to break their power it may eventually impair the integrity of the country.

Intellect alone is not sufficient to protect us against fraud, but if it were allowed to predominate it would mitigate the evil. Bryan could not have become a candidate if intelligence had ruled the Democratic convention. As he fails to distinguish between the currency which our creditors have a right to expect, and silver which he proposes to palm off upon them at a value which has become obsolete and fictitious, his candidacy is a menace to the credit of our country. Honest Gold Democrats who want to do their duty as citizens are placed by the nomination of this man into a serious quandary. They must either vote against their principles or against their convictions. Similar dangers may in future be avoided if a vote larger than the ignorant are entitled to is conceded to persons who are worthy, especially to those who can use their superior knowledge for the benefit of the community they live in.

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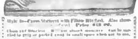

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price of the material this year. [illegible] already have large credits abroad these bills are not in great demand here, and the rate of exchange has gone down to a point which under ordinary circumstances would induce an importation of gold to offset some of the balance due us. This has been prevented by the continued low rate for money here and the relatively high rate in London, together with the fact that the Bank of England has reasons for preventing an outward movement of gold, while our banking community has none for trying to draw it this way.

While this situation exists there is a tendency here toward a hardening of rates in the money market. Funds have been sent in considerable volume for three or four weeks to the West and South, and the reserves of the New York banks have been drawn down until the margin above the legal requirement is only about $10,000,000. This has been maintained by some curtailment of loans and a larger decrease in deposits, and yet no material advance has been made in the rates for loans, though the charge for money subject to call has risen occasionally above 2 per cent., even touching 3 per cent. momentarily, and the two to four months' rate is firm at 4 and 4½ per cent., with 5½ as the top figure for first-class mercantile paper. Should there be a firm advance to 3 per cent. on call and 6 for time loans, gold would move this way, unless the Bank of England put up its discount rate above the present 4 per cent., which it would be sure to do, and perhaps also put a higher price than 78 shillings the ounce upon gold bars, which is its present offer, and a little above the normal figure.

London is, however, waiting, and the Bank works along cautiously. The American credits are readily managed so long as money is easy here and there is no pressure for payments. There has been more pressure from Germany, where money rates are still higher than in England, but the situation at Berlin has not become urgent for relief. The demands of war in South Africa are likely to cease presently, though the increased expense in the colonies there will continue a good while, and there is hope of gold supplies soon from the Rand mines. Before the beginning of the war, a year ago, they were yielding about $8,000,000 a month, most of which went to England.

With us the political campaign affords more incentive for a waiting policy than events abroad, and that is one reason why money continues easy in New York in spite of the rather heavy drafts upon the banks from the interior. The funds can be spared because enterprise waits. There are indications of a steady confidence that the result of the election will not be such as to menace the currency, and business is undisturbed, but there is little venturing into new undertakings.

The reduction of the price of steel rails from $35 a ton to $26 has not resulted in any very heavy orders, but it is given out that railroads are waiting for the result of the election, after which they will order new rails quite liberally, if the present administration is continued, and otherwise not. On the other hand, it is stated that the price is not considered low enough yet, when steel billets have gone down from $33, a year ago, to $16.50, and Bessemer pig iron sells for $13.50, instead of $25. Whatever the cause, iron and steel prices do not seem yet to be adjusted on a firm and enduring basis, and the expected new activity in production halts. While we hear of a single order on a Pittsburg concern for 6000 compressed-steel cars, there are other reports of the shutting down of mills at Joliet, which make bars and rods.

The volume of bank clearings reported for nine months of the present year exceeds $60,000,000,000 for the country, which is 12.8 per cent. less than for the same period last year, but 23.4 greater than in 1898, and 52 per cent. more than in 1897. The decrease from last year is mainly in Eastern cities, and is largely due to lessened speculation and less exploiting of new industrial enterprises. For the same three-quarters of a year the mercantile failures numbered 7851, involving liabilities of $101,867,440, against 6856 last year, with liabilities amounting to $57,703,906. There are many indications that the tide of prosperity reached its height in 1899, and has had a less vigorous flow since.

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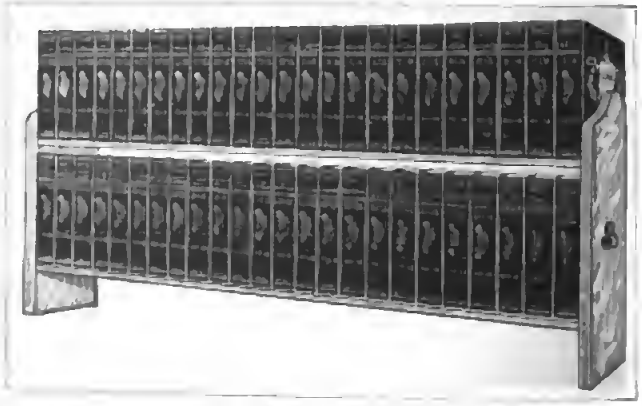

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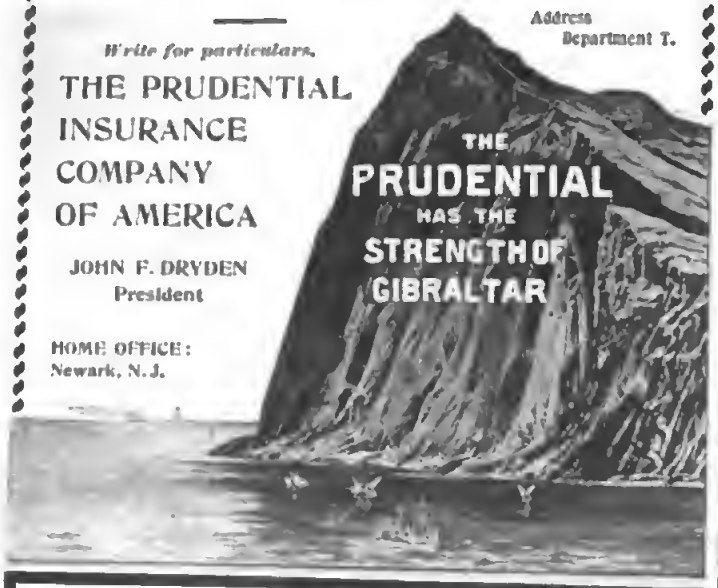

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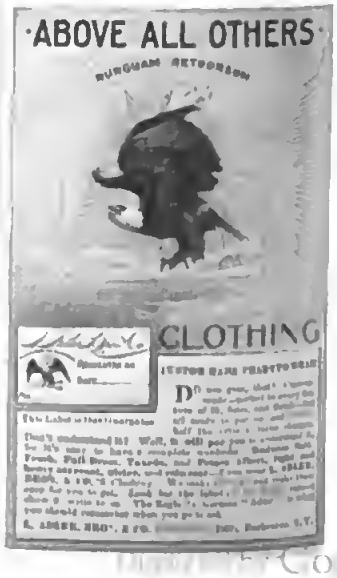

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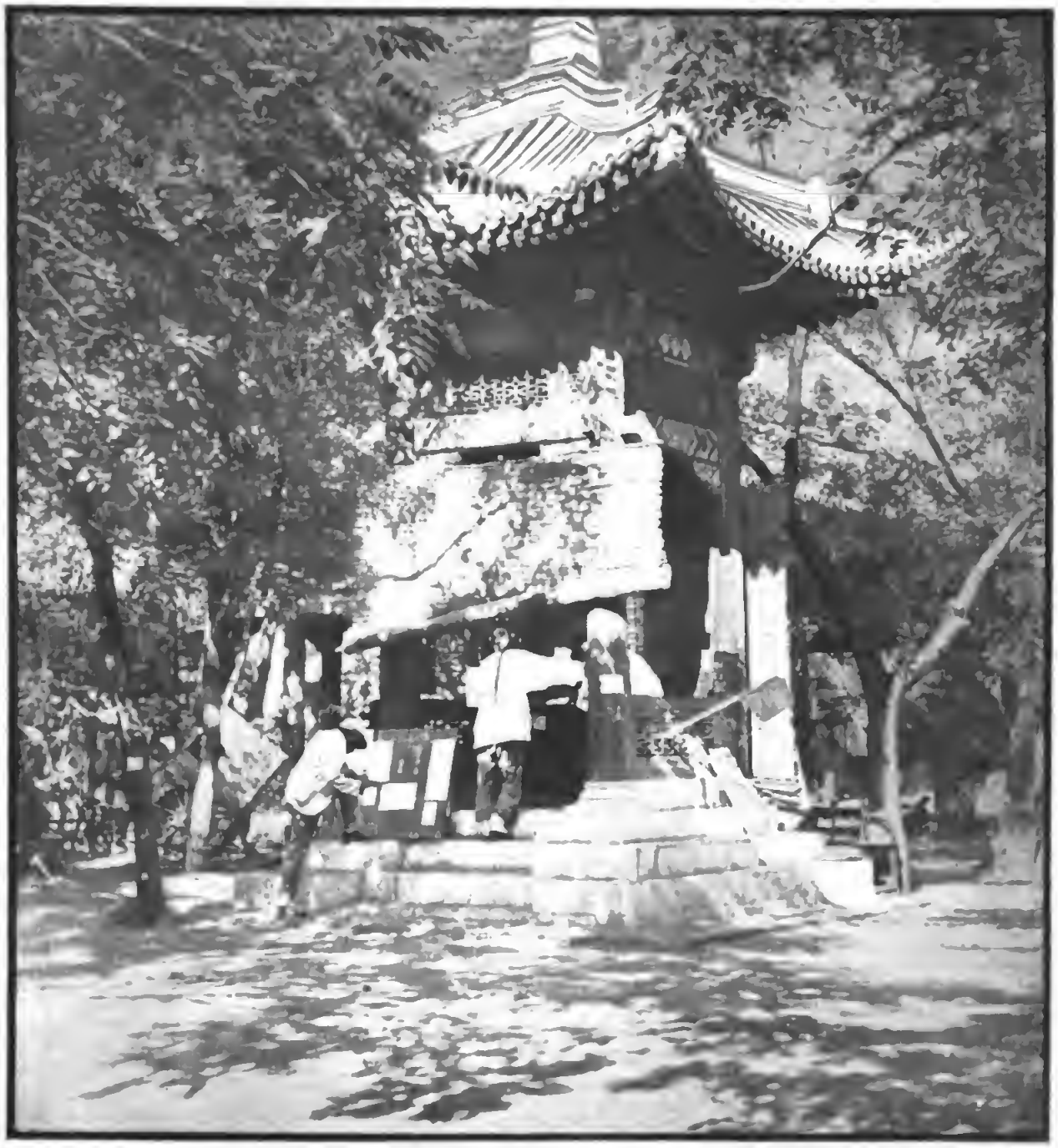

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Mr. Bryan's Confession of Defeat

IT is quite evident that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency realizes the futility of his quest, and has practically given up the fight. We cannot imagine that any American citizen having the dignity of the Presidential office in mind, and being himself an aspirant for its honors, could descend to the depths of demagogy reached by Mr. BRYAN in his Wisconsin and Indiana speech-making tours during the past fortnight and still consider himself a Presidential possibility. Mr. BRYAN knows as well as any one else that the American people want a statesman to exercise the functions of the Executive office, not an incendiary; he knows quite as well as he knows his alphabet that the kind of fire the people wish to have emanate from the White House is that which inspires men to undertake and to perform worthy deeds, not that which leads to pillage, rapine, and murder. If he has studied the temper of the people, solicitude for whose welfare has given him so many sleepless nights, he must know that fundamentally they are lovers of truth; that they will not tolerate reckless misstatement of conditions or wilful perversion of facts or absolute and unmitigated falsehood in the man who stands before the world as the outward and visible sign of their national being. Falsehood cannot represent the Truth; Incendiarism cannot ever become the embodiment of Patriotism; Demagogy can never pass for Statesmanship; and the political agitator who incites the masses into a reckless defiance of authority can never become the guardian of law, order, and public decency. It is only proper, therefore, in view of Mr. BRYAN's wild appeals to class hatred and to the evil passions of the discontented, in view of the essentially incendiary character of the bulk of his recent utterances, in view of his wicked misstatements of the acts and purposes of his political opponents, allied to a certain maudlin note in his Salem address, which would be amusing if it were not humiliating, to assume that he at last realizes how far beyond his reach is the seat of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, and LINCOLN, and to attribute his ravings to the despair which naturally follows the palpable wrecking of his ambition is only charity. It takes a stronger man than Mr. BRYAN to accept so deeply stirring a disappointment as is his with a dignified and philosophical bearing. There must be greater depths of character than can ever be attributed to the Populist candidate within which to hide the bitterness and the gall of overthrown ambition from the eye of man. It was too much for the great soul of GARFIELD, and even so strenuous a fibre as that of TILDEN weakened and the vast majority of men, even the most coldly inclined, shudder at the outward manifestations of the inward madness of an individual whose hopes have been shattered and before whom lies nothing but humiliation and disappointment. There is also to be considered in the case of Mr. BRYAN's fall the distress of innumerable good people, who like Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. OLNEY have believed that the discipline of defeat in 1896 and a growth of four years in intellectual vigor had made the BRYAN of 1900 a very different person from the man they had branded as an anarchist and an advocate of national dishonor in 1896. These persons, who had hoped for a development of strength and real character in Mr. BRYAN, of which, indeed, in the earlier days of the campaign he showed some signs, must now stand appalled at the reckless demagogy of his recent utterances, with his wicked assertions of the real purpose of Imperialism, which they have dignified with their support, and saturated through and through with passionate appeals to violence and incitement to rebellion against the authorities, which in other days would have brought about his sequestration as an enemy to the public welfare. Saddest of all is the fact that this man to-day stands before the world as the flower of a once great party, its standard-bearer, its mouth-piece, the idol of its hopes, the material expression of its principles!

Truly it will be a glad day for this republic when the humiliating campaign of 1900 has become a thing of the past, and the disgraceful scenes and utterances of its closing days are but memories.

INCIDENTALLY we should like to ask Mr. RICHARD OLNEY, of Massachusetts, through whose instrumentality Federal troops were sent to Chicago to quell the riots of 1894, when his now sole-partner ALTGELD was revelling in the peculiar kind of government which he still advocates, what he thinks of these words spoken by Mr. BRYAN the other day at Indianapolis:

Altgeldism for Mr. Olney

> The Republican party is not prepared to defend itself on the army question. They say there is no question of militarism, and yet an army four times as great as the standing army of 1896 is demanded by the President's message of December, 1898. How much do we spend for education in the United States? Less than $200,000,000 a year. How much do the Republicans want to spend on a military establishment? One hundred million dollars a year. They want to spend more than half as much for a military establishment as we spend for the education of all the children in the United States. Is that not a step toward militarism? What reason can they give for it? They can give only one. That is the one they do not give.
>
> What domestic reason is there for a large army? To protect us from the Indians? No; the less Indians we have, the more army the Republican party wants. That is not the cause. Why do they want it? So that they can build a fort near every large city and use the army to suppress by force the discontent that ought to be cured by remedial legislation. The laboring man asks for arbitration and gets a large army; he asks relief from government by injunction and gets a large army; he asks protection from the blacklist and his answer is a large army; he asks for shorter hours of labor in order that he may have more time with his family and for the development of his mind, and his answer is a large army. He asks for representation in the President's cabinet in order that labor may be protected, and his answer is a large army.

Is Mr. OLNEY's desire to get back into public office so great that he can swallow such talk as this? We hope not, and we venture to repeat our belief that Mr. OLNEY, after mature reflection, will once more change his mind and free himself from the yoke of boodlumism which he has recently assumed. He has three weeks left in which to undo the harm which he has accomplished, and to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of the law-abiding elements of the country.

We are confident that the distinguished statesman of the great New England commonwealth will derive much greater satisfaction after election day from following the principles of his former chief, Mr. CLEVELAND, as laid down by the incoherent utterances and purposes of their government.

WE have had so much to say of late in criticism of Mr. SCHURZ and his recent conduct that it is a pleasure to set down a word of commendation for an act of positive self-sacrifice in behalf of the public weal. Mr. SCHURZ's resignation of the Presidency of the National Civil Service Reform League is the best evidence, if any were needed, of his interest in the welfare of that organization, as well as of the principles for which it stands. Any one who supposes that it was an easy thing for Mr. SCHURZ to do when he wrote his letter of resignation would better study the story of BRUTUS, who condemned his own son to death, and draw a parallel. If there has been one thing in the universe beside his temperament to which Mr. SCHURZ has been consistently true it is the principle of Civil Service Reform. Whether allied to the Republican party or to the Democratic, whether on the crest of the wave of success or struggling in the undertow of defeat, in the face of scorn, contempt, ridicule, in fair weather as well as in foul, he has been its ardent champion, suffering such slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in its behalf as would have overwhelmed most other men, never for once yielding up a jot of his devotion to it. He has lived it, dreamed it, breathed it—it has been the very soul of his political soul, and now he bows his head in sorrow and bids it farewell. It must be said that the nation owes a great debt to Mr. SCHURZ for his insistence upon its principles. It must not be forgotten in summing up the substance of Mr. SCHURZ's career that he, with the late DORMAN B. EATON and GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, of cherished memory, more than any other men, forced its principles into the warp and woof of our public life, and the deep gratitude which is owed to him, as well as to them, must not be withheld because in his latter days he has chosen to abandon the field in which he has shone conspicuously as a patriot, in behalf of an issue which in the days of his intellectual vigor he would have been the first to make mock of.

Mr. Schurz commended

It is an encouraging sign to those of us who have despaired over the case of this good man gone wrong that he so fully realizes the enormity of his present course that he withdraws himself from active contact with an association which his new alliance would cover with real shame and contempt. It does not mean the complete abandonment of righteous principles by Mr. SCHURZ, as some are unkind enough to suggest. We prefer to believe it the first step of the late President of the League toward that reformation for which his best friends have been praying, the initial point of which is the realization by the offender of his own unworthiness.

THANKS to the professional humorists, the asperities of the campaign are occasionally relieved by a jest or two, some of which seem almost too good to be true. Conspicuous among these is the account of the meeting in the railway yard at St. Louis, recently, of Governor ROOSEVELT and Colonel BRYAN, their cars by chance having come to a standstill side by side. After an informal greeting this colloquy is alleged to have occurred:

Humor of the Campaign

> "Well, Governor," said Mr. BRYAN, "how is your voice?"
>
> "It's as rough as the Populist platform," replied the Governor. "How is yours, Colonel?"
>
> "Mine is as broken as Republican promises," was the rejoinder of Mr. BRYAN, and the cars moved on amid the wild cheers of the populace.

By which it will be seen that Mr. BRYAN had very much the best of it, not only in having the last word in the encounter, but in the unimpaired condition of his vocal powers as well.

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I cannot blame us if we require that his criticism of the Administration's Philippine policy should prove that he has studied the subject, and should display at least a fair amount of acquaintance with its more important facts.

Do we find, when we examine his utterances upon this subject, that he is equipped with such knowledge as a leader of public opinion should have? Let us see.

In the latter part of September Mr. Bryan addressed a meeting at Fort Scott, Kansas. While he was discussing the colonial policy of the government, some one in the audience tried to put him (as a Democrat) on the defensive by asking him about North Carolina and the race question in that State. "I am glad you mentioned North Carolina," said Mr. Bryan. "Now, I want you to read the Sulu treaty, and having done that I think you will black until election day, and never have time to think of North Carolina." This sally, we are told, brought a prolonged cheer from the crowd, and when it had subsided Mr. Bryan outlined the treaty referred to, "showing how it tolerated and recognized slavery." A characteristic saying of the clever orator which was caught up by the press about the same time was to the effect that this treaty permits slaves to purchase their freedom, indeed, but they would never earn money for this use by working for nothing a day.

To the people who were listening then the argument would naturally seem convincing: they would assume that a slave's market-value was at least several hundred dollars, and that exhausting labor demanded by the master would leave neither time nor strength for independent work to earn so large a sum.

Of course there were "prolonged cheers"; but if the same crowd had been in possession of the facts it is safe to say the sally would have been greeted with prolonged jeers or contemptuous silence, for sincere people would in that case have resented the misuse of the word "slavery" and the censuring of their government for conduct that was really meritorious.

What are the facts?

Slavery among the Moros (natives of the Sulu Archipelago and a large part of Mindanao) differs so widely from the institution which we knew in our Southern States that the word should not be employed without explanation. We should at least be told that the institution referred to in the Sulu treaty is a form of slavery so mild (if we make due allowance for the savage practices of the community) that General Bates, John P. Bass, and others who have studied its workings, say that the word "retainer" expresses the relation better than "slave." The slave is not a member of an inferior race, but simply a less fortunate or less prosperous individual belonging to the same race as his master, working when the master works, and thus rendering services of such slight pecuniary value that the average price paid to the owner on a transfer of allegiance is twenty dollars. According to the testimony of Europeans long resident in these southern islands, the immediate abolition of slavery there would have been ruinous, even if it had been practicable, and it was obviously impossible to come to any agreement with the Sultan and his datos on that basis. However, General Bates, who negotiated the treaty, says, "It seemed proper that steps should be at once taken looking to the abolition of the institution." He therefore secured by Article X. of the treaty a privilege which, of course, is not limited to the slaves themselves, but extends to persons acting in their behalf. When we consider that the American military authorities offer thirty dollars as a reward for the surrender of a rifle by a Filipino, the cost of manumission to a Moro slave does not seem extravagant. If the payment of twenty dollars as an average price satisfies the owner's sense of justice—if they do not feel that they are to be deprived of their property without suitable remuneration—we may afford to accept the arrangement as eminently satisfactory, for under it there seems to be nothing to prevent enthusiastic persons from going or sending to Jolo, Bongao, or other port where an American garrison is stationed, and there buying freedom for any number of Moros at the average rate of twenty dollars for a slave. Assurances of so shrewd an observer as General Bates that Article X. of the agreement provides a speedy means of doing away with slavery, facts so well established as the Mohammedan custom of allowing slaves to make a little money on their own account, and the American custom of putting money into circulation near towns which their garrisons hold and ports at which their vessels call—these things the Administration's critics may ignore, but let all who insist upon the immediate enfranchisement of Moro slaves "at any cost," take notice that much may be done without delay by these critics themselves, acting as individuals and certainly making their purchases on most favorable terms. The circumstance that this extraordinary opportunity has been created by an Administration they malign should not be sufficient to deter out-and-out philanthropists.

American control of this slaveholding Mohammedan population of the southern islands is a fact the importance of which has been strangely overlooked. During two hundred and fifty years, or from the end of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, the Moros waged constant warfare against the Christians, [illegible] who destroyed whatever they could not carry off—an intolerable and utterly ruinous state of affairs that continued until the Spanish fleet in those waters was strengthened by the addition of nearly a score of small gunboats, especially designed to cope with pirate vessels and strongholds on river and coast. So for the last fifty years the Spaniards succeeded in keeping the Moros in check—thanks to the vessels which were all destroyed, captured, or purchased by the Americans in 1898 and 1899. The only force that had been found adequate to preserve even an armed truce between north and south, Christian and Mohammedan, has been removed by our act. Shall we now go our way, in God's name or in freedom's name, and let these ancient foes fly at each other's throats?

It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Bryan knew these things, or had learned the lesson of this chapter of Philippine history, when he made the famous declaration in his speech accepting the nomination for the Presidency last August: "If elected, I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated, and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose, first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny." The words which we have italicized could not have been written by a well-informed person. "Just as in Cuba"? Say, rather, as in the West Indies. If by the fortune of war all of the Antilles had been left on our hands, and we should propose to withdraw from them after declaring that a government established by a party in Cuba should be supreme over all the islands, the cases would be more nearly comparable, though, to place them quite on an equality, we should have to suppose the religion of Haiti and the Lesser Antilles to be Mohammedan, and the most cherished ambition of the natives inhabiting from Santo Domingo to Trinidad to be the extermination of Christians in Cuba and Jamaica.

In another part of the same speech Mr. Bryan said: "If it was true, as declared in the resolutions of intervention, that the Cubans 'are and of right ought to be free and independent' . . . it is equally true that Filipinos 'are and of right ought to be free and independent' . . . Who will draw the line between the natural right of the Cubans and the Filipinos? . . . Before our duty can be ascertained their rights must be determined, and when their rights are once determined, it is as much our duty to respect those rights as it was the duty of Spain to respect the rights of the people of Cuba, or the *duty of England to respect the rights of the American colonists*." Again, and as though to confirm the popular impression that this was the very backbone of his contention when opposing the Administration's Philippine policy, in his letter of acceptance, made public on September 18, Mr. Bryan wrote: "If a Filipino republic is erected upon the ruins of Spanish tyranny, its protection by us will be neither difficult nor expensive . . . If we protect them [the Filipinos] *from outside interference*, they will *defend themselves* and will be our friends. If they show as much determination in opposing the sovereignty of other nations as they have shown in opposing our sovereignty, they will *not require much assistance from us*." You see, he is looking away from the actual danger while considering and dismissing with oratorical ease a purely imaginary peril. The emphatic final position in his letter is assigned to "Imperialism," in regard to which he says: "No other question can approach it in importance; no other question demands such immediate consideration. It is easier to *lose a reputation* than to establish one, and this nation would find it a long and laborious task to regain its proud position among the nations, if it should repudiate the self-evident truths proclaimed by our heroic ancestors." Our nation, we may remark in passing, has a reputation for intelligence, we hope, as well as for aptitude in the expression of noble sentiments. We should certainly find it a long and laborious task to regain a lost reputation for intelligence should we follow a course which, though pointed out by Mr. Bryan, is condemned by non-partisan students of Philippine history as one which would lead only to misery for the islanders and disgrace for ourselves. Our heroic ancestors did not turn their backs on history; they studied it profoundly and were guided by its essential truths. Therefore their creation stands and will endure.

Mr. Bryan's generalizations are so familiarly true, if they had but a true application, that they have unquestionably led thousands of readers to look in the direction of the orator's own vision—away from the real situation in the very real islands, towards an archipelago of drifting cloud-shapes. "The duty of England to respect the rights of American colonists"! It would be hard to imagine any comparison more repugnant to the sober historical spirit than this, which places abreast of one's "heroic ancestors," with their native capacity to free themselves and govern themselves, those hostile camps of Oriental's, held asunder by differences of religion and of race. Mr. Bryan thinks [illegible] can republicanism, which should be cherished for the sake of the future development of the Filipinos, but in comparison with the vigorous native products in character they seem scarcely to have taken root as yet. These are the people who form Aguinaldo's government and his immediate following. It is this government which Mr. Bryan proposes to recognize. He says, in effect, "If we protect the Filipinos [that is, all natives of the archipelago] from outside interference, Aguinaldo's government and its immediate followers will defend themselves, and they will not require much assistance from us," etc. But as we know that the Tagalogs and the more numerous Visayans together, with the assistance of the Spanish navy and army, were scarcely able to make head against the Moros, why should we expect a Tagalog faction to achieve this end alone and unaided, keeping such order in the archipelago that "other nations" would not, for very shame and for the security of commerce, be compelled to interpose?

Let us at least try to throw upon a question, remote until now, unexpectedly confronting us, and as difficult as it is important, such light as our studies afford. We also may overlook essential facts, and our utmost claim is that our readers concede to us such sincerity of purpose as we gladly assume on the part of those who would withdraw our army and navy from one of the most beautiful and most vexed regions in all the world. But facts established beyond dispute may carry us forward to a position from which Mr. Bryan's point of view will seem to be a lost kill.

If the programme outlined by Mr. Bryan should be adopted, what would be the true nature of our problem? It would not be a question of setting up one independent government—one only for the entire archipelago—but we should be obliged to ask, *How many* distinct governments in the Philippines should we recognize and nurse until they attain full vigor? Think of establishing a Christian state in the north under the Tagalogs, and a Mohammedan state in the south under the Sultan of Sulu? Or, if we declined to do this, on the ground that such a proceeding would too plainly invite disaster, by what right should we subject the Christian Tagalogs to the Mohammedan Moros, or the Mohammedan Moros to the Christian Tagalogs? What hope of obtaining the "consent of the governed" if we should ask the people of the Sulu Archipelago and Mindanao to let a northern tribe rule over them?

Look a little more closely into the matter. The north itself is peopled by tribes which have never made common cause with each other. Thus, bitter hostility is cherished by Ilocanos and Marathebes against the Tagalogs, and the islanders of the central group are by nature and tradition opposed to their aggressive northern neighbors. Now, in the Christianized islands there are approximately five millions of people, of whom not more than one and one-half millions are Tagalogs. By what right may we compel three and one-half millions of Christians to submit to one and one-half millions? Must we not remember the principle of the consent of the governed and apply it here also? Still a little more closely let us look. Among the Tagalogs themselves, comprising only one-sixth of the archipelago's population, there is division into parties. Unquestionably the Aguinaldists are the strongest and most thoroughly organized, but they would have to reckon with the party of the Roman Catholic Church (a much greater force than our people realize), the party of annexation, and the followers of ambitious men whom Aguinaldo and his friends have offended. It is almost inconceivable that harmony of action could be secured even within the ranks of the single tribe that has been foremost in the insurrection.

Now consider what an intolerable situation would be created by the adoption of Mr. Bryan's plan. A faction in a single tribe, numbering a million and a half, would receive at our hands the gift of supremacy (a thing which no tribe has ever possessed, and to which the Spaniards failed to make good their claim) among eight millions of people divided into about seventy-five tribes, many of which have hitherto maintained at least partial independence, and some of which have not rubbed off the bloom of savage freedom. We should have to put down savage insurrections by force of arms, and begin, without the advantage of a foothold, a course similar to that which we have been pursuing for eighteen months—restoring order in the islands, maintaining it ourselves, and by every device aiding the natives to advance along the paths of civilization in the hope that they would gradually break down the barriers between hostile tribes and sects. Mr. Bryan would discover, if his coveted opportunity should be realized, that the gift he proposes to bestow had been snatched from his hands by the natives themselves and torn into fragments. The best he could do then would be to promise that at some future day, when our authority should have been again effectively interposed, the privileges of self-government should be accorded as rapidly as they could be intelligently exercised. In other words, he would outline in the early years of the next century a Democratic programme which humorists would place in parallel columns with that set forth by the Republican party in 1900. The programmes would be substantially the same.

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THE FOREIGN TROOPS IN TIENTSIN.

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AMERICAN SUPPLY-JUNKS COMING INTO YANGTSUN.

THE ADVANCE ON PEKING

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Yangtsun, China, August 7.

WE are twenty miles from Tientsin on the way to Peking. To-day the men rested while the generals conferred and decided what to do next. We came here expecting to stay for several days, to establish a base for supplies and to wait for substantial re-enforcements before attempting to go on. But then, too, we expected to have to fight hard to win our way this far. The position of the enemy at Peitsang was such in appearance that it would have surprised no one if we had been delayed there an entire day. Here again at Yangtsun the Chinese had a position from which they could have made a stubborn defense. From both places they were turned out with comparative ease and in a short time of actual fighting. Now the question is, have we not sufficient force as it is to go on, and is it not better to push ahead at some risk than to delay and give the enemy time to recover and entrench?

The last ten days have been many times more busy but not a whit less anxious than those that preceded them in Tientsin. The report of the force in Peking had been a great relief to the commanders in Tientsin, but there was such conflict in the statements of supplies and the estimates of the time during which the legationists could hold out that it was very puzzling and alarming. These things added to the natural urgency of the generals to get away with the relief column, and if that were not enough, the home governments were incessant and imperative in their demands for a forward move. If the home governments had been willing to listen to the reports of those on the spot a little earlier than they did, and to send away men and supplies in accordance, Peking might have been relieved some time ago, but that isn't the way of home governments. It is always easier to put the blame on the chap who is sweating in the field. He has neither the time nor the chance to reply.

The fighting of the Chinese around Tientsin, and the strength of their position at Peitsang, made all the commanders unwilling to start forward without a strong force. It was estimated by even the Japanese, who all along have had the most accurate information about the Chinese, and who have the great advantage of special knowledge of the enemy gained in the war of '94-5, that the relieving column ought to be at least 40,000 strong. Admiral Seymour and the men with him said it would take 50,000 men to force their way to Peking through opposition such as their force encountered. Their natural desire to help their fellows told the commanders to go ahead; prudence cautioned them to wait a little for more men and for further preparation. They agreed with General Gaselee that the situation demanded and justified the taking of some risks, but they did not want to make the risks too dangerously large. Finally they decided to go as far as Yangtsun anyway, and establish a new base there. Then the event could determine what to do next.

The river about Tientsin was lined with junks of all sizes and kinds, commandeered by the various forces to serve as transports for supplies. Details of men were sent to the walled city to gather in coolies to load and work these boats, as well as to help in the land transportation. The common thing was for the detail to go through the side streets of the native city and ask every Chinese they met if he wanted to work for twenty cents a day. Now if a Chinese knows any one word of foreign talk that word is sure to be "yes." The result was that most of the men accosted said "yes," and were gathered in, barbers, jewellers, clerks, compradores, and merchants, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, and went to loading commissariat and quartermaster stores on the junks, or prepared to walk to Peking hauling loads in carts or 'rickshas, carrying them on their backs or suspended from poles borne by two of them, or lugging the things in their arms.

At last the transportation was ready and no more men were likely to arrive for a few days, so it was determined to go on. The Russians and Japanese had moved considerable parts of their forces into camps to the northward of the native city, and the British had some men there also. The rest moved out of the settlements on the afternoon of Saturday, the 4th. The few remaining citizens of Tientsin turned out to see the start, but were chased back in-doors by the downpour that drenched the men in two minutes as if they had had to swim a river in heavy order. When the last of the long column had passed out of sight the settlement seemed to be absolutely deserted, as quiet was it after the weeks of turmoil and hustle.

Camp was made in the fields just at the edge of the villages on the north of the wall of the native city. How it did pour for most of the night! The men were so wet and miserable that they did not mind being turned out soon after two o'clock. The rain had stopped, and there was a chance to walk themselves warm and dry, and they didn't care if they should have to fight. There were about 12,000 of the Japanese, including nine batteries and three troops of cavalry. The Russians had something more than 4000, including four eight-gun field batteries and a sotnia of Cossacks. There were 2800 Britishers—the Welsh Fusiliers, 1st Sikhs, 7th Rajputs, 24th Punjabis, 1st Bengal Lancers, Royal Artillery battery of fifteen-pounders, Royal Asiatic Artillery, old seven-pounder muzzle-loaders, and naval brigade of sailor-men and marines with four of the fine twelve-pounder guns from the big cruiser *Terrible*, each mounted on trail and limber taken from the Chinese, and carrying a placard saying "From Ladysmith to Peking." The Americans had 2400, the Ninth and Fourteenth Infantry and two battalions of marines with Reilly's Light Battery of the Fifth Artillery. Also there were 800 French with a battery.

By the time it was fairly light we were attacking the strong position of Peitsang. The *Terrible's* guns soon started the Chinese out of the village just ahead, where they had some guns posted to defend an arsenal, and the little Japanese went in and got the guns, ten of them. At almost the same time the Japanese, British, and Americans, swinging out along the Paotingfu road got into it. The Royal Artillery and a Japanese battery went into action quickly against the Chinese trench, and soon the Japanese infantry, which was in the advance, went in on a frontal attack that the Chinese could not stop, although they tried desperately. Their rifle fire was terrific, but in spite of it the Japanese went forward steadily and the Chinese ran. The Japanese took the extreme right where it rested on the Paotingfu road, and as soon as the Chinese began to leave their trench the Japanese doubled them back on their own line with a great deal of loss. The Japanese suffered very severely, their casualties numbering more than 300, with four officers among the killed. The Chinese had used Mannlicher rifles, and inside their trench there were several bushels of the empty cartridge-shells and magazine-clips. They had had their camp in a big bend of the river, a couple of miles behind their trench. Here was another trench where they tried to make a stand, but the Japanese shelled them out and took the place for their own camping-ground. Peitsang was so much easier than had been expected that the troops were all on their camping-ground before noon, and the first of the junks came up about three o'clock. The cavalry was sent on to reconnoitre toward Yangtsun, and the generals had a talk about the next day's work.

Yesterday was a terrible day. The road from Peitsang to Yangtsun proved to be as much longer than the estimate as that from Tientsin to Peitsang was shorter. We marched nearly sixteen miles over soft, heavy roads, through dust ankle-deep, and through fields of kaolian twelve feet tall where no breath of air stirred. Not a Chinese was in sight, and we had come to the conclusion that there would be no fight, when without a single preliminary it began. The Russians had been compelled to come in behind the others because of the flooded condition of the country over which they had tried to go to Peitsang, on the left bank of the river. So when the British and Americans took the advance yesterday, marching in two columns, the Russians sent about two companies to act as advance-guard. In a village just to the south of Yangtsun, from which the ruins of Admiral Seymour's trains were plainly visible across the river, the Chinese opened a heavy fire on the Russians, who thereupon halted, and the British and Americans came up and chased the Chinese out. All the Americans were engaged, the Fourteenth having the centre and the Ninth and marines the right. The Sikhs and Punjabis were on the left of the Fourteenth, and the Russians sent a force forward on the extreme left. The Lancers, acting under General Chaffee, were on the extreme right.

For a little while it looked as if the Chinese really meant to fight it out. They kept up very heavy rifle-fire, and had a dozen or more guns going from the villages behind the railroad embankment where they held their first line. Their whole line was something like three miles long, but after an hour of fighting two miles and more of it began to run, and very soon there wasn't much left of the fight. In the beginning they did a lot of marching and countermarching through the tall kaolian, their gaudy banners floating very gayly in the clear sunlight, fluttered by the fresh breeze. But when our attack began and Colonel Daggett led the Fourteenth straight at their centre in a brilliant charge, banners, Chinese, and guns cleared out. Then came up the batteries and hurried the retreat. There were at least 7000 of the Chinese, and they were Imperial troops. From a sand hill near our first position we could see them plainly. They ran in four columns, and each column raised a cloud of dust which marked its location perfectly for the guns long after it was impossible to make out either men or banners. Just as long as the shells could be thrown to the dust every column was shelled vigorously, the batteries limbering up and going forward to new positions on the full run several times. This work was done by Reilly and the three Japanese field batteries.

It was just after their charge that the Fourteenth was made the accidental target of the Royal Artillery. They had gone through the corn field more quickly than the gunners had expected, and they got twelve shells from their friends. Their total casualties was about seventy-five, nearly half of them from this shelling. One shell that exploded within ten feet of Captain Reynolds killed three and wounded four men.

The heat was torture. I saw men fall down unconscious from it. I saw men who had gone crazy, I saw men in terrible convulsions, and I saw men die from it. Three of our men died yesterday, and last night one who was crazed jumped into the river and tried to drown himself.

The maddening thing about the whole fight is that apparently we did no great damage to the Chinese. To-day I went over the whole field and could find only half a dozen dead of the enemy. But Captain Wingate of the British Intelligence office found the house in which Yu-lu, the viceroy, has been staying, and in his private room were several little bottles of arsenic, so perhaps he has been frightened into killing himself.

The generals have decided to push on at all cost. The Japanese had intended to leave 6000 men here to guard the base and communications, but now Fukushima says the only thing to do is to keep after the Chinese and never give them a minute's rest. He has transportation and supplies for only 6000 men, those originally destined for the relief column, but he is going to take the whole 12,000 and make the transportation and supplies do. In the morning we go on, the Japanese in the advance, and then the Russians, Americans, and British. We shall keep that order to Tung-chou. The French are to stay here to guard base and communications. So badly have we thrashed and scared the Chinese that now 800 men are considered enough for what it was thought would take at least 6000.

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NATIVES LOOTING A WAREHOUSE.

CAPTAIN REILLY'S BURIAL.
Buglers of Battery F, 5th Artillery, sounding the last taps, in the American Legation grounds, August 16

THE LEGATION QUARTER AFTER THE SIEGE.
View taken from the American marines' position on the Tartar City wall, looking toward the Forbidden City.

THE AMERICAN BARRICADES.
These platforms were built along the compound walls by the Legation's marine guard. From these they repulsed the attacking Boxers.

THE AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHING INTO THE UNITED STATES LEGATION.

THE CAPTURE OF PEKING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OSCAR KING DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

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THE RAILROAD STATION, TIENTSIN.

COOLIES AT TONGKU CARRYING RUSSIAN FLAG FOR PROTECTION

GERMAN SAILORS GUARDING A JUNCTION.

BY C. L. POOR
ENSIGN U.S.N.

TIENTSIN to-day is the most interesting place in the world to a military man. I doubt if the world has seen, even at the entry of the allies into Paris in 1815, such a conglomerate of forces, such a kaleidoscopic mingling and passing of uniforms and men. It has the advantage over a mere parade or show in that these men are here for business, for the actual exercise of their profession. We see them as they really are doing what they have been educated and trained and prepared for years, and at such great expense, to do. We have a chance to compare and criticise them. There are over 10,000 men in and about Tientsin to-day. Russians, British, French, Germans, Austrians, Italians, Japanese, and our own Americans are moving to and fro before one's eyes. And as there are catchers of men and regiments in each nation, the effect is bewildering indeed.

Leaving the big fleet of men-of-war and transports behind us, their funnels darkening the clear Northern sky overhead with a heavy flat pall that hangs low over the clear horizon-line, the light-draught tug takes one in through the seven miles of shoal water, yellowed by Petho's mud, to the shallow bar at the river mouth. Here there is an anxious moment, but the tide is nearly high, and we pass over into the mouth of the river. Close on either hand are the huge forts, heavily built of mud and clay, upon which a shell has but little effect, and heavily armed. Over them are the flags of Japan, Germany, Great Britain, Russia, and Italy. They are formidable indeed, and as one steams up the narrow river one realizes what grand courage was displayed by the British captain of the *Algerine* and the German captain of the *Iltis* when they took their frail gunboats up the river to attack the inner fort. It was as fine a deed as Beresford's far-famed action with the *Condor* at the bombardment of Alexandria.

The river twists and turns up through the flat plain for four miles, until it brings one to Tongku where the faithful old Mooneney, "the old jinrikisha," is rendering the same efficient service to American interests in China that has made her welcome throughout the East for over thirty years. On the way up we have passed gunboats of the other powers, and at the navy-yard have seen some fine torpedo-boats, captured the day the forts were taken.

At Tongku are the wharves and warehouses where our lighters and steamers discharge the large quantity of stores and provisions required to maintain our men at Tientsin and in the Peking expedition. From here they are shipped by rail or lighter up the river. To handle these stores many natives have been commandeered, and under the guard of our soldiers are kept very busy. In return for their labor they are given food and a small money compensation—a very great blessing for them in view of the great want and distress that are bound to come to these people when the winter sets in or the campaign closes. This country, thronged with an enormous population, has suffered from drought for the past three years, and impending starvation has been one of the chief causes of the revolt, the Boxers promising abundant rain if only the "foreign devils" were driven out. As the natives gain confidence they will return to their now deserted homes, and then the question of food for them will be a very grave one indeed.

From Tongku one goes to Tientsin by rail in about two and a half hours. The railway is open and running clear all the way, but the Russian management do not believe in speed, and one goes along at a rate that even a "huckleberry" road in the South would be ashamed of. The train is a long one, made up of open cars filled with soldiers and forage going to the front, a second-class car for isolated men going up the line, and a first-class car for officers. In this last we are a varied group—big Russians with their flat white caps, swords en *bandoulière*, and high boots; English and American naval officers in white; American marine officers in khaki; German officers in khaki; and dapper little Japs in braided blue or white. At several points on the road we find small detachments of Russians living in rude shelter-huts and tents, surrounded by trenches, and fighting flies and fleas ceaselessly. The hot and dusty officers in charge of them come to the train and look enviously at their more fortunate comrades going to the luxury of Tientsin, and there is much exchange of cigarettes and harsh guttural Russian by those big powerful fellows. And so the train crawls on, over a temporary bridge, past a shot riddled locomotive that reels drunkenly on a side track, a helpless witness of the dangers of the earlier railroading that took place here. On our right we see at a distance the many chimneys of the enormous East Arsenal, where Waller's marines and the Tientsin relief force had a fierce struggle.

The station at Tientsin was one of the hottest places at all times during the fighting. Its loss would have been almost certain to insure the loss of the city, and so it was again and again attacked by men and artillery, and the loss of life among its defenders was terrific. It is still heavily guarded from chance Boxer attack.

From the station to the hotel is a long walk across a rickety pontoon bridge, along the Rund, now crowded with piles of stores and resonant with the cries of sweating coolies and the loud commands in many tongues of the soldiers guarding them. One passes through the French quarter, which suffered most severely, and whose handsome stone and brick houses are indescribably swept and shattered by fire and shell.

As one advances along the streets one is kept busy answering the salutes of sentries of every nation. Nearly every building of size is used as a barracks or storehouse for the detachment of some nation, and the vista down a street is brightened by the flags of many peoples. Here and there among them one sees the dear old Stars and Stripes. The first foreign troops in Tientsin, and always well represented here, the American sentries are seen in many places, and the campaign hat and blue shirt are everywhere in evidence. However comfortable and serviceable it may be in the field, the blue shirt is not a trim or military garment, especially when worn under a pair of suspenders, and American pride cannot but be hurt by the unfavorable comparison that must be made with the smart uniforms of the other powers, particularly the very trim and spotless British Indian regiments. Our officers in khaki look very well indeed, and it was cheering to see that some of the later regiments of ours to arrive were clothed in khaki from head to feet. The very smartest-looking men I saw in all Tientsin were three "non-coms" of the Fifteenth Infantry, whose clean bright khaki, polished buttons and insignia, and carefully creased and set hats were not to be beaten by the smartest Welsh Fusilier or the Kaiser's marine infantry.

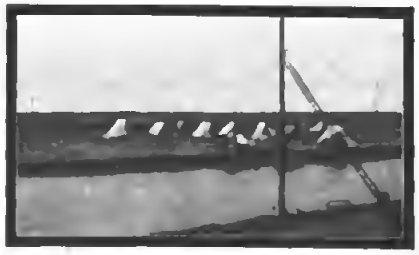
The Astor House, a large gray building with a square tower and broad verandas, like those upon the hotels at Saratoga and Richfield, fronts upon the pretty little public garden, once the lounging-place for Tientsin's gay European colony, but now locked up and deserted. For a long time closed, except as the Russian staff headquarters, its proprietor has reopened it to the public at exorbitant rates, and to-day is coining money. The place has become the centre of Tientsin life, and one has but to sit in one of the lounging-chairs in the shade of the veranda to see all the busy stir and movement of the occupation pass in review.

The long veranda itself is dotted with groups of officers seated about little tables smoking and chatting and drinking cold beer or iced whiskey and soda. In the corner sits a Russian general surrounded by his staff-officers, with huge, mysterious portfolios and formidable-looking envelopes, which they present with much clicking of heels together and rigid salutes with the hand. At the next table sit a group of correspondents in the half-civilian, half-military garb so beloved by the fraternity, with a special tendency towards huge helmets and sunstopes. Some have just returned from the rescue of the legations at Peking; others here but just landed from the transport that brought them and their cameras from the States. The new ones are as eager to obtain as the old ones are to impart information and advice. The scene would, indeed, be incomplete without their happy-go-lucky, good-natured presence.

At the next table sits a German officer of high rank, stern and rigid in manner, with elaborate shoulder-knots, and a decoration pendent from the collar of his tightly girt khaki. To him come many fair-haired

SIKHS GUARDING CAPTURED BOXERS.

BARRICADES IN THE FRENCH CONCESSION.



CAMP OF A RUSSIAN RAILROAD GUARD.

TONGKU, NORTH OF THE RAILWAY.

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agony of repetition and ceremony.

Further on is a group of British and American officers—army, navy, and marines; a sprinkling of white and khaki, of naval caps, khaki helmets, and campaign hats. These are engaged in further cementing the unofficial, but none the less evident, Anglo-Saxon alliance that has inevitably increased in the fighting in this campaign. Through it all they have fought together and stood by each other invariably.

And thus all day are the little tables surrounded by a laughing, chatting, smoking throng. The busy Chinese attendants, the bustling orderlies, are coming and going in a veritable babel of tongues—guttural Russian and German, smooth French and Italian, and all varieties of English, from the careful drawl of a London dandy through all the variations of cockney and the many gradations of our own land to the most high pitched nasal twang.

Outside, through the slats of the rail, we see pass a vivid panorama of military life. First it is the Russian general going for a ride in a three-horse droschky, whose driver's blouse of vivid scarlet trimmed with blue embroidered edges and low-crowned hat make a strong note of coloring. Around this very Russian vehicle ride the staff, with much clanking of swords. Ahead and behind is a detachment of Russian cavalry — big fellows whose small and shaggy Siberian ponies seem all out of proportion.

Next come slowly along, under guard of a very fierce-looking, bushy-bearded Sikh, four captive Boxers. Their legs are chained together in pairs, and upon their shoulders rests an X-shaped piece of wood, whence hangs a can in which are gathered the street sweepings. Their faces are stolid and expressionless, but one cannot but believe that they regret their attempt to get ahead of the "foreign devils."

Now a detachment of Germans comes by, saluting the officers on the veranda by all looking towards them and stamping deafeningly with their feet in time. Following these are English sailors and American marines arm in arm; an American infantryman and a German marine, talking volubly in the language of the Vaterland; Austrian sailors; Russians; French; Italian sailors; quaint French native soldiery from Annam with preposterous hats; native Indian troops with all varieties of turbans; long lines of coolies from India, scantily clad, and with pipe-stem legs, but with tremendous endurance concealed therein; "Tommy Atkinses" of the Welsh Fusiliers; straw-hatted British jackies; trim, soldierly Chinese men of the Wei-hai-wei regiment, their cues coiled up under their flat straight-brimmed hats; and so they pass and repass in bewildering array. Long lines of one-horse carts, each with a youthful-looking but alert and highly disciplined Japanese soldier in charge, defile by. A body of Bengal Lancers comes trotting past. An American cavalryman lopes down the dusty road, horse and rider moving easily and as one, in perfect accord—a fine example of the best light cavalry on earth, and a most gratifying sight to our patriotic pride.

The principal sight of interest for all who come here is the old native walled city, which lies about two miles away from the Astor House. Thither we made two pilgrimages. The first time we went on foot, as no 'rickshas or coolies were to be had. All available natives are eagerly captured by the troops here as soon as they venture within reach, and are at once labelled with a tag or provided with a flag to prevent their capture by the parties of other nations or regiments. Woe betide the luckless Celestial that comes within range of the European soldiery unprovided with a tag or other sign of previous capture! He will be swooped down upon in a manner worthy of the choicest traditions of the "press-gang" of old.

The walk takes one through the ruined, desolated French concession, along the river-bank, on the other side of which are many millions of bushels of salt stored in huge piles on the quay. Salt-making was a here represent a great value in money, and this has been seized by France and Russia.

The road takes us through the narrow ill-smelling streets of the encircling Chinese city to the east gate of the walls. All along we have passed very few natives, and those houses left standing are tightly closed, though the sustained murmur of voices within tells us that their terror-stricken tenants are within, sheltered by the rudely scrawled notice of foreign protection, scrawled or pasted upon the door. The wording of these notices is often very curious. This protection was granted to various peaceful natives and coolies to protect them from the looters that began to swarm the city as soon as taken by our forces. Though looting has been sternly dealt with, there has been a great deal of it going on, though the principal offenders against private property were the lawless and homeless Chinese themselves. Robbery became so common that the foreign guards in the native city have orders to shoot any Chinaman on the streets after nine o'clock at night or upon the house-tops or wall. But three nights ago the men of the Fifteenth Infantry at the city arsenal were turned out by the firing of their sentries, and killed two robbers, whose bodies were found, and natives said that they had killed more.

The affairs of Tientsin are now managed by an international council, whose officials and members are chosen from officers of the various nationalities. This provisional government occupies headquarters in the yamen, or palace, of the viceroy of this province. The presiding officer is a very able Russian officer, whose diplomacy and skill have won much prestige for his country. It is undoubtedly due to his genius that the railway passed under Russian control. Russia is quick to reward her faithful officers, and he has been promoted to a major-generalship. As the head of the provisional government, he gets a salary of 20,000 Mexican dollars per annum from the Tientsin funds.

This government provides both native and foreign police. The former are trustworthy natives, who are stationed about the native city to maintain order and to report any serious outbreak to the foreign soldier police. They are provided with a small card having upon it the words "Please follow me at once." Upon any trouble they at once communicate with the guard-house of the European police, whence a patrol is sent out to follow them to the scene of the trouble. They wear a blue Chinese costume with red-tasselled hat, and are armed only with a night-stick.

The rectangular walled city, its gates, and environs are divided into four districts, in each of which is quartered a detachment of foreign troops, who act as police under the orders of the chief police officer of the provisional government, a captain in the British service. During this service they wear a special badge of yellow cloth on their sleeve. Upon this are marked, in red, Chinese characters indicating the nature of their service. The officers receive an extra compensation of two Mexican dollars per day; non-coms., thirty cents; and privates, twenty and ten cents, according to their class. Richly is it deserved, for it is lonely, hot, tedious, and dangerous work moving about among the filth and flies of these narrow streets among a horde of people whose treachery and hatred might burst out at any moment.

The northeast section is occupied by the Japanese, the northwest by the French, the southwest from the British Sikhs, and the southeast by American marines. A special detail of the American army forces guards the ruins of the mint, and a company of the Fifteenth Infantry, under Captain Mauney, U.S.A., and Lieutenant Reeve, U.S.A., guards the very valuable arsenal in the southeast corner of the city. The south gate, which the Japs blew up on the night of the 13th of July after the heavy battle, and through which entrance was made to the city, is held by our marines.

The show places, of course, are the mint and the arsenal. The former contained millions in the shoe- deal left, and some of the first soldiers getting in made rich hauls until it was taken over and put under a strong guard by our forces. Prior to this it had been burned, and to-day is a mass of dusty piles of brick. Soldiers dig about in these during their hours off guard, and are rewarded by an occasional find. The government took and secured all that could be found, but there was much left, and a soldier grubbing among the bricks the day I was there had taken out the value of thirty-six Mexican dollars in the morning. It has proved a miniature Leadville for the men on guard over it.

The arsenal was filled with all sorts of guns and munitions of war, from the most modern Mannlicher to the oldest type of flintlock, all heaped up in the brick store-houses in reckless confusion. One walks over piles of cartridges, bayonets, and fuses. Explosive percussion-caps, cans of powder, dynamite, and nitro-glycerine are scattered about in a manner that makes one shudder when one sees how very near the shells have come to it. One large shell from a British gun passed within about three feet of a brick house full of enough nitro-glycerine and dynamite to destroy the whole city. Here are many types of machine and rapid-fire guns, uniforms, drums, bugles, cordage, everything requisite for the complete arming of an army, though in a most varied manner. The Chinese officials seem to have been fair game for every arms manufacturer and jobber the world over, and so they have gotten together a wonderful conglomerate.

Our second visit to the walled town was made in 'rick-has secured for us through the kindness of our American consul, Mr. James Ragsdale, who has been present in Tientsin all through the siege and after. The consulate lies in the residence part of the city, which did not suffer as severely as the rest, but none the less shows many marks of the terrific bombardment the city underwent.

This time we went by the south gate, passing over the uneven, partly overflowed battle-ground of July 13, where the marines and Ninth Infantry fought so well and lost so heavily, and where Colonel Liscum and Captain Davis met the soldier's death. As one looks over the flat plain and then upon the high wall with its commanding outlook one realizes how murderous must have been the fire from the Chinese, and one appreciates more than ever how magnificent was the steadiness with which our men held their positions all through the long hot day.

It is becoming cooler now in Tientsin, but even now one is glad to get back out of the dust and heat into the shade of the hotel and to dine comfortably in the evening. As we go in to the dining-room and see the spotlessly dressed men about us, and hear from down the street the music of a regimental band, it is hard to realize that real war is so near at hand. To add to the effect a man drives by in a smart trap, a handsome woman at his side. They are the advance-guard of the residents returning to refit their shattered homes, their confidence restored by the presence of our forces.

And after dinner the men of war relax and take to cards and billiards, and the café is a busy sight. Here is a group of Russians eagerly gathered about a table, staking rubles on "rouge et noir." There is a party of Germans playing poker. In a corner is the German commander and some exalted personages having a very dignified game of pinochle. At one billiard table is a party of Americans playing pool, at another are English. Sitting out in the veranda in the cool semi-obscurity, their cigarettes glowing like many fireflies, are many men of many nations. Slowly as the evening passes away the groups thin, the chatter lessens, and one hears then the tramp of men, the ring of a rifle-butt upon the ground, the sounds of the sentries about the deserted streets. The lights go out slowly, we mount to our room, and under the heavy and necessary mosquito-net, Tientsin to-day is no more.

GENERAL CHAFFEE AND STAFF WAITING IN THE TAKU ROAD, TIENTSIN, FOR THE AMERICAN COLUMN TO START.

THE BRITISH CAMP IN THE IMPERIAL PARK, PEKING.
Imperial Carriages used for Baggage-Carts.

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[illegible] There were heart-burnings, of course, among the excluded, and many rival societies were formed, but they were for the most part abortive, and in retrospect there really does seem to have been a golden age when the social organizations were ample in size and representative. The conditions were, roughly speaking, those which exist to-day in small colleges, such as Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst, and because of which so many wise parents prefer such colleges to the great universities. Of late years the number of undergraduates at Yale and Harvard has doubled and doubled again, while the social organizations have been much tardier in expanding, and as it is physically impossible to sift thoroughly so large a body of men, the societies are not only far too small, but they have ceased to be really representative. The Harvard of to-day is made up of innumerable cliques, unknown and all but unknowable to one another. Of the ancient societies and clubs it can only be said that they are, on the whole, the largest, pleasantest, and most profitable cliques to belong to. It has been urged that the new Union will make all Harvard men known to one another. College House is to shake hands with Claverly, Phi Beta Kappa with Porcellian, and the fellows who hitherto, in spite of a desire to be sociable, have lived through four years of solitary confinement, each in his petty circle of friends, are to enjoy the acquaintance of all the men they may desire to know.

The instrument with which it is hoped to bring about a social millennium was suggested by the celebrated Union which, it is believed, has a similarly happy influence on Oxford undergraduate life. Unfortunately, our accounts of the Oxford Union are derived from men who seem to have spent at Oxford only the time travellers usually give it on their way to London from the steamer at Liverpool.

If the Oxford Union has not been thoroughly understood on this side of the water it is because it would be hard even for an Oxford man to explain it thoroughly. When it was founded, early in the century, it was primarily a debating society—in fact, it was the only university debating society of note at Oxford. Its members were carefully selected for their ability in discussing the questions of the day; in its debates Gladstone, Rosebery, and countless others of the great English statesmen of recent times got their first parliamentary training. The present fame of the Union in England is very largely based upon this fact, but its character is metamorphosed. It early developed social features, and though it was still exclusive in its membership, men of all kinds were taken in. In time the social features became so prominent that the Oxford Union is said to be the prototype of those vast political clubs in London in which any and all principles are subordinated to the kitchen and the wine-cellar. The Union debates, though still of first-rate quality, became little by little a mere incident. The club was chiefly remarkable as the epitome of all the broad elements of Oxford life. The library was filled with men reading or working at special hobbies; the reading-room and smoking-room were crowded; the lawn was daily thronged with undergraduates gossiping over a cup of tea; the telegram-board, which had been the shrine of embryo politicians watching for the results from a general election, was more often profaned by sporting men scanning it for the winner of the Derby or the Ascot. In a word, the Union held the elect of Oxford, intellectual, social, and sporting. This is the Union remembered by the older graduates, and this, except for a single feature, is the Union that has inspired the originators of the Harvard Union.

The Oxford man of later times knows all too well that this Union is no more. Some years ago, responding to a democratic impulse that has been very strong of late at Oxford, it threw down all barriers to membership. To-day virtually any man may join. The result is not a social millennium. The very feature that is to be most prominent in the University Club at Harvard is the feature that destroyed the character of the Union as a representative body. To the casual observer it still looks very much as it did a [illegible] which is followed by an informal discussion, but the usual exercise is a formal debate. Time was when the best debates came off at the Union, and writers of leading articles in London papers still look to the Union as a political weather vane. The debates there are still earnest and sometimes brilliant, and to have presided over them is a distinction of value in after life, but as far as I could gather, the smaller debating clubs are seriously intrenching on their prestige.

The university social clubs are of a meagreness that shocks even an American, but it would not be quite just to account for the fact by regarding them as mere offshoots, like the debating clubs, of a parent Union. Until the present century, there has really been no university at Oxford, at least in modern times. The colleges were quite independent of each other socially and athletically, and they even granted Oxford degrees. The social clubs which now admit members from the university at large began life as nine clubs of separate colleges, and even to-day the influence of the parent college is apt to predominate. The noteworthy fact is that in proportion as the social prestige of the Union has declined, these college wine clubs have gained character and prestige as university

THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE HARVARD UNION.

organizations. The oldest of them is the Bullingdon, which is not quite so old, I gathered, as the Institute of 1770 at Harvard, and considered as a university organization it is, of course, much younger. It was originally the Christ Church Wine Club, and to-day it is dominated by the sporting element of Christ Church, which is the most aristocratic of Oxford colleges. In former years, it is said, the club had kennels at Bullingdon, and held periodic hunts there, and the club is still largely composed of hunting-men. To-day it justifies its name mainly by having an annual dinner beneath the heavy rafters of a mediæval barn at Bullingdon. On these, as on other state occasions, the members wear a distinctive costume—no doubt a tradition from the time when men generally wore colors—which consists of a blue evening-coat with white facing and brass buttons, a canary waistcoat, and a blue tie. This uniform is no doubt found in more aristocratic wardrobes than any other Oxford trophy. The influence of the Bullingdon is indirectly to discourage athletics, which it regards as unaristocratic and incompatible with conviviality, so that Christ Church, though the largest of Oxford colleges, and one of the wealthiest, is of secondary importance in sports. For this reason the pre-eminence of the Bullingdon has suffered a partial eclipse, for the middle-class spirit which is invading Oxford has given athletic sports the precedence over hunting, while expensive living and mere social exclusiveness are less the vogue. By a curious analogy one of the oldest and most exclusive of Harvard clubs is similarly antagonistic to the athletic spirit. Another old and prominent college wine club that has come to elect members from without is the Phœnix of Brasenose, the uniform of which is perhaps more beautiful than the Bullingdon uniform, consisting of a peculiar dark wine-colored coat, brass buttons, and a light buff waistcoat. And in general social organizations in the Oxford colleges are more or less taking on a university character.

In athletics than University, it gained a controlling influence in Vincent's. Its name the club took from a printer's shop above which it had its rooms. Any second year man is eligible—in fact, until lately Freshmen were often taken in. The limit of members is ninety, but as the club is always a dozen or so short of this, no good fellow is excluded for the lack of a place. Like all Oxford clubs, Vincent's will always, I suppose, lean towards men of some special college or group of colleges, yet it is careful to elect all clubable "blues," and is in point of fact quite as representative of the university at large as, for instance, the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard, or the Senior societies at Yale, to which, on the whole, it most nearly corresponds.

This development of small clubs, so like the clubs of an American university, has sapped the strength of the Union on every side. Politically, socially, and even in that most essential department the kitchen, it holds a second place. If you ask men of the kind that used to give the Union its character why they never go there, they will tell you in the most gentlemanly phrase how the pressure of other undergraduate activities is so great that they have not yet found time to cultivate the fellows one finds at the Union; and this is quite true. If Oxford is united socially it is not because of the Oxford Union.

Here is a plain case. When the Union ceased to be exclusive, its best elements flocked by themselves, and the result is a growth of small exclusive clubs. At Harvard the exclusive clubs and societies are both ancient and honourable, and, moreover, very comfortable. Does it seem likely that their members will rout themselves out of their distinguished cosy corners to join the merry rout at the new Harvard Union? I don't suppose any one at Harvard seriously thinks that they will.

All this is not to cast a gloomy eye upon the new university club; it is rather by way of emphasizing the very important work it has to do. Hitherto the lounging-grounds of the unaffiliated (alas! that with such an Alma Mater so many are forever unaffiliated!) have been public billiard-rooms and tobacco-shops. For the solace of a midnight supper one had to go to the straw-hatted genius of the sandwich ("Ham or fish, sir? To be hung up, of course"), and for the luxury of a late breakfast to John of the Holly Tree ("Soft poached, sir? And plenty of hot milk in the coffee. No, sir, if it's the same to you, I don't like to run student accounts"). And John the Orange Man! Great worthies these, ancient and most honourable; but even in the enchantment of retrospect they somehow or other explain why so many fellows choose to live, for the most part, in small cliques in one another's rooms and cultivate the deadly chafing-dish. For such fellows—by far the larger part of each class—the new club-house will be a God-send. It is much more fun to cut a nine-o'clock lecture if you are sure of a comfortable chair at breakfast and a real napkin; and even in the brutal gladness of youth it is pleasant to be seated at a midnight supper. And then, after that athletic dinner at Memorial, a place to loaf quietly over a pipe with whatever congenial spirit one finds and listen to the clicking of billiard balls! It is also proposed that the 'varsity athletes have their training tables at the new Union, so that any fellow may come to know them clothed and in their right minds. I fancy that the new club will leave those old worthies a trifle lonesome, and will banish the chafing-dish forever. The spirit of an old graduate somehow takes kindly to the idea of a place like that—how the spirit of Bishop Brooks, for instance, would enjoy slipping in of an evening for the cigar they have denied him in the house erected in his memory! And for the graduate in the flesh the club-house will be no less welcome, especially if he is unlucky enough, as most men are, not to have a club of his own to go back to. To love one's Alma Mater it is, of course, not necessary to have a club; but it somehow interferes with the sentiment of a home-coming to be obliged to go back to Boston by trolley for luncheon and dinner, and to eat it among aliens. In the new Union it will ever be possible to put up for the night.

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A PROVIDENT

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AL ENCOUNTER

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. This, in turn, he transfers to a third person, who wears his hair à la Pompadour. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Carcoke lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Carcokes, and determines to solve the mystery. He has learned that the rendezvous appointed is "the yellow house," situated in the Rue du Renom. Visiting "the yellow house" by stealth he learns that the ruby has been placed in the hands of a certain M. Vauclot. There are evil tales afloat about "the yellow house," and in a secret room Cary finds his valet Achille, who had mysteriously disappeared several days before. M. Vauclot is giving a dinner party, and his guests are the Chevalier du Midi, otherwise Prince Tufellx of Arbalia, and Captain Coventry, whom Cary has finally identified as the man with the Pompadour hair.

CHAPTER XI

MAITRE VAUCLOT DINES

IT was a full hour before I could get Achille in condition to be moved. My return had seemed to unman him completely; he lay on the slatted floor of the balcony, alternately laughing and sobbing.

At last the fit passed, and the poor fellow became amenable to reason once more. But he was so weak that I had to half carry him down the three flights of stairs—something of a task, for Achille was a well-built man. However, it was accomplished without mishap, and we finally stood safe in the court.

The impulse was inexplicable, but it was nevertheless irresistible—I must have one parting look at Maître Vauclot's dinner party. The risk was small, and it would take but a minute or so at the furthest. Assisting Achille to a seat on a bench, and promising to return immediately, I ran up to the first floor, and passed to my old point of vantage in the middle room. Dinner was over, for the coffee-pot stood at Maître Vauclot's hand, and Perroquet was filling the liqueur glasses at the sideboard. Poor du Midi! It was evident that he had been drinking deeply; his eyes were set, and his head lolled helplessly to one side, as he lay back in the big leather-lined chair.

Suddenly Coventry tossed off his cognac, and pushed back from the table.

"We must be going," he said, shortly, and looked around at du Midi. And then, disgustedly, "Why, the man's drunk!" He jumped up and shook him violently by the shoulders.

"Deuce take it!" said Coventry, with open irritation. "And we had an engagement at the Jockey Club for ten o'clock. Can't you give him something that will straighten him out?"

"Drunk as a lord," said Vauclot, cynically. He drew down the lower eyelid of the unconscious man, examining the pupil with a close scrutiny. "He's like a log now, and will be for ten hours to come. Leave him here with me for the night—you can make his excuses at the club, and sleep and rest will bring him around all right in the morning."

"Well, you can tell him that I will be at his apartments by half after twelve. It's cursedly inconvenient for me, but there's no help for it, I suppose. I'll help you get him up stairs, and then I must be off, or I shall miss my other man altogether."

There was not an instant to lose, and I slipped quietly into the hall and down the staircase. The court-yard was empty; Achille had disappeared.

For a little while I stood irresolute. It was plain that Achille had become alarmed at my protracted absence, and had made his own way to the street. I glanced into the vaulted passage, and saw that the door stood ajar. I had only to follow, and I too should be clear of these ill-omened walls.

And yet I could not shut my eyes upon what I had already seen. After what I had learned of this hideous house, I could not leave du Midi behind me—above all, in his present helpless condition. The commonest humanity would forbid the abandonment of a comrade under such circumstances, and du Midi had even established some claim upon my friendship. Little by little we had drifted into relations that were almost intimate.

Rapidly as I had turned this over in my mind, I had delayed just a few seconds too long. I had walked over to the far end of the court-yard to see if I could make out anything at the windows, and before I realized my position, Perroquet and Coventry had entered the enclosure, and were between me and the street door.

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It is always the unexpected. On this occasion Perroquet did not leave the door-key in the lock but carried it away with him. I could see it swinging at the end of his finger, as he emerged from the passage and shuffled slowly across the court-yard. I was trapped, and in my vexation I involuntarily snapped my fingers. The noise could make no difference, but the motion, slight as it was, attracted his attention.

There was but one thing to do, and I sprang straight at him. Taken as he was at a disadvantage, and an old man, too, I was quickly made aware that I had a big piece of work cut out for me. So strong was he on his legs that he all but succeeded in recovering his balance; but I had tackled him low and hard, and the shock carried him just a trifle too far. Dropping his lantern, he wound both of his long apelike arms about my neck. I felt the muscles of my jaw relax, and my tongue fell out helplessly; I was suffocating, dying. Then we went down with a crash, Perroquet being underneath. He quivered and lay still, stunned by the crack that his head had received from its contact with the stone flagging of the court-yard. Panting and confused, I managed to extricate myself from that hideous embrace, and scrambled to my feet. Six feet away stood Maître Vauclot, and I was looking straight into the muzzle of the brown pistol-barrel that lay along the hollow of his arm.

"Ah, my young friend who corresponds with his sister in Alsace! This is twice to-day that you are in my house. Well, you are persistent, and perhaps you had better stay altogether. See! I have but to crook my finger, so."

There was no possible reply for me to make. His tone of polite irony never wavered as he went on:

"You had your warning, and you refused to profit by it. Very well, monsieur, we shall be well acquainted before we part. Understand, too, that when I propose to know a man, I am accustomed to look well below the surface. I am not content with externals, and so I cut, I dig, I probe—I find the real man; I lay him before me as though I were his God. Ah, you comprehend my meaning, we are beginning to know each other already—that is good."

The heap of clothes that was Perroquet stirred, and he groaned feebly. His master kicked at him with deliberate and intelligent directness; there is a nerve ganglion at the point of the elbow that can be touched with effect by one who knows where to find it. The wretch started up as though he had received an electric shock.

"Quick! you pig, and give us a light ahead there. Now, monsieur, if you will be so good."

Arrived at the office, I was motioned to a chair, and Vauclot seated himself at the big table, with the pistol lying within easy reach of his hand. I waited—not that I feared the chance of a bullet, but because there were other interests than my own life at stake. When I did make my spring, I must be reasonably sure of the ground under me. I kept my eyes upon my captor's face; I paid no attention to the questions that he put to me; I hoped that my contemptuous indifference might anger him—that it might draw him off his guard for the one precious moment that I wanted. An admirable idea, was it not? But listen.

The next time you go to the Zoo make your way to the great bird-cage where the birds of prey—the eagles, the falcons, the vultures—blink sleepily on their perches. Poke at one of them with your umbrella, and notice how the bird receives the insult. You will see the pupils visibly dilating, and the filmy inner eyelid drawing back all around the circle. That is the nictitating membrane through which he looks at the sun, and only opens when he desires to paralyze his prey.

Have I spoken before of the brilliant, changeful hawklike eyes under the white thatch of those cavernous eyebrows? I saw them now bent full upon me; the outer lids had widened to their utmost, exposing the grayish membrane that lay beneath them. The next instant this inner veil had parted, and I was looking into the pit.

From where I sat it seemed an infinite distance to the big table. I saw my adversary rise from his chair and come towards me, but I was not alarmed—it would be millions of years before he would be near enough to touch me, and I should have plenty of time in which to slip aside, to run away.

Fool that I was! I had forgotten how fast he walked; already an eternity had passed, my last yard of vantage had been swallowed up. God! he was putting out his hand—

But that final step was never taken. He stopped short, with his head thrust far forward, and as he listened his delicately pointed ears quivered and stood erect, as though controlled by the flexible aural muscles belonging to the lower animals.

And then upon my duller senses smote the vibrations of a sound, penetrating and compelling. Then it came again, sliding upward, through discordant intervals, to a nerve-shaking shriek, and then dropping back to its fundamental bass. It was the voice of the people, thick, savage, and confused; the merciless note of the wild beast that dares to utter his cry only when men are no longer men, but only units in that formless, monstrous thing which we call the mob. And we three who listened drew close together, and our hands touched; for one brief moment we were conscious only of one common humanity, and of one common peril. And so we waited.

CHAPTER XII

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

IT was Vauclot's wit that first recovered its keen edge, and was ready to strike back at the enemy, as yet invisible and unknown. With one spring he had gained the window overlooking the street, and I was at his side as he threw it up. Already blows were falling upon the street entrance to the "yellow house"—men beating upon the iron-studded oak with their bare fists.

The meaning of the situation was not difficult to read. Undoubtedly Achille had told his story, and a spark runs quickly through tinder.

Maître Vauclot had turned, and was talking on his fingers to Perroquet. He nodded, and left the room.

"The police?" I said, inquiringly.

"Bah!" he answered, shortly. "It will be twenty minutes before they come at all, and then they will do nothing. But if Perroquet can get the grating into place I will snap my fingers at the assassins."

I took a candle from one of the wall sconces and stood on the landing, while Vauclot descended the stairs and closed and bolted the iron-plated door leading into the court-yard. If the mob did succeed in forcing the outer entrance, this barrier should keep them busy for at least a quarter of an hour longer.

We went back into the office, and I opened one of the rear windows looking upon the court-yard and leaned out. I was surprised to see Perroquet there, and it was only then that I understood what his master had meant by getting the grating into place. I now saw that the deaf-mute was hard at work upon a pair of iron gates that were intended to protect the inner entrance of the vaulted passage leading to the street. Evidently they had not been used for a long time, for the hinges were rusty, and desperately hard to move. Already there was a thunder of blows upon the outer or street door—the axes must have arrived at last, and Perroquet would have to be quick. God in heaven! how slowly the man works! And yet if he cannot get the gates closed in time, he at least is lost, for by the closing of the iron door his amiable master has cut off his only line of retreat.

In my excitement I had thrown the window wide open, and was leaning far out over the sill. From the noise in the street I knew that the outer door must be shaking on its hinges, but Perroquet had at last succeeded in starting the refractory gate. With one last effort of strength he swung the two leaves together; he had only to slip the bolt into place and he was safe. But that, too, was rusty, and for a second or so it resisted his efforts; then it moved. It had almost reached its socket—

A plunge and a roar, and the human wave had broken through. There was a little eddy around the spot where Perroquet had but just now stood alone, and I caught one glimpse of an arm thrown upward.

Now the whirlpool had disappeared, and the crowd, as though moved by a common impulse, separated to either side. A vacant space; nothing there but a tiny fragment of an old velveteen coat. And yet Perroquet had been a stout man in his day.

The sea of white faces seemed to rise up to meet me; in another moment I should have fallen into the abyss. But a strong hand drew me back.

"We are in the same boat now," said Vauclot, coolly. "These fellows make no distinction between fur and feather, when once their blood is up, and I advise you to keep well out of sight."

The methodical Maître Vauclot made up his papers into a bundle, and thrust them into an inside pocket. Then he looked up at me.

"The iron door gives us fifteen minutes grace, for they will have to send for dynamite. If you want to save your skin, you had better follow me implicitly."

The blind instinct of self-preservation was upon me, and I stepped forward, ready to do the bidding of this stronger will. Then I stopped short, weighed down by that curious sense of something forgotten, of duty left undone. There was something, somebody else—du Midi! Ah, now it all comes back, clearing my brain of its cobweb of horrors and making a man of me again. The pistol still lay on the table. I picked it up and held it ready for use. Vauclot turned at the moment, and our eyes met.

"You need my assistance to insure your escape," I said, coming close to him. "You shall have it, but only upon conditions, and first: Where is du Midi?"

"In my own room, the back one on the second floor. But the man is a helpless burden; you are only throwing away your own chance."

"I will be the judge of that," I answered, briefly. "Lead on!"

We found the Chevalier still dressed, and lying upon the outside of the bed. He was in a deep sleep, and it was impossible to rouse him. The opiate must

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dred and sixty pounds, and no joke even for young muscles. I was glad enough to stop for a moment on the next landing, while Vaucelot was unlocking the door of the stairway leading to the attic floor.

mirably, and our united weight of three hundred pounds and odd was well within the factor of safety. Down we went until we were nearly on a level with the first-story windows. And this was as far as we

"Look behind, m'sieu," said Stephan. I turned. A gigantic mushroom cloud of smoke was forming above the roof of the "yellow house," and a tongue of flame shot out from a window.

"HE WAS PUTTING OUT HIS HAND."

This last flight was heart-breaking, the stairs being unusually narrow and having a double turn in them. But at last we made it, the first step on the road to safety. Vaucelot looked ready to collapse, and I had to help him to a chair and give him a mouthful of brandy to hearten him. It would be several minutes before he would be able to move, and in the mean time I might be learning something about the movements of the enemy. I went down the last flight of steps, unlocked the door at the bottom, and listened.

So far as I could make out the mob were still engaged in the agreeable occupation of looting the first-floor rooms. But at any moment a straggler might appear, and the avenger of blood would not be far behind him. It would not take long to search those empty rooms on the second and third floors, and I concluded that I had not an instant to lose. I was up the stairs again in a couple of bounds, but of my two companions only the unconscious du Midi remained. Maître Vaucelot had disappeared.

There was no time to speculate upon the mystery of his desertion. In one corner of the room a large closet had been built out, and this I found to be locked. In all probability it was intended to mask the window through which the rope-ladder ran, and my treacherous ally might even now be making his escape. I pounded upon the door, and then tried to break it down. Impossible, for it was strongly made.

Now I had not entered upon this adventure of the

could go; the rope was that much too short. I looked below. It was fully ten feet to the pavement—not too much of a drop had I been unencumbered, but impossible under the present circumstances.

Lights were gleaming now from all the windows of the "yellow house," and every nook and corner buzzed as with a swarm of angry bees. At any moment we might be discovered, and again I measured the distance to the ground. If the drop must be made, it would be better to take it separately rather than together.

There was the sound of a sash being quietly opened, and, glancing up, I saw a man in a red shirt at the window immediately over our heads. He wasted no words, but struck savagely at me with a meat knife, leaning far out over the sill. But we were hanging at least four feet lower than his window, and he could not reach me, try as he would.

The rope was swinging within arm's-length, and, reaching out, he drew it towards him and began hacking at it with his knife. It looked as though the chevalier and I would go down together, after all.

"Let Stephan take the Chevalier," came from below, in the coolly measured voice of mademoiselle. I looked down and saw that a coach had been driven up on the sidewalk and directly under our point of suspension.

"Quick, Mr. Cary"—and mademoiselle stamped her little foot imperiously. To the feminine mind, a man's

It was long past midnight when we reached the Rue d'Alger, but the General was still at work. Mademoiselle had joined her father in the library, and was standing at the fireplace, drawing off her gloves. I walked up without a word, and gave her the little feather bag that I had taken from the secret drawer of Maître Vaucelot's cabinet.

"Open it," I said, triumphantly, and the General got up from his chair and came over to where we were standing.

Mademoiselle drew out the shagreen leather case, and her hand shook as she prepared to touch the spring. The cover flew back, and there lay the "Cardinal's Rose," blazing like a live coal in the rays of the argand burner. With an inarticulate cry the General seized the jewel and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Yes; we are indebted to Mr. Cary," assented mademoiselle, smilingly.

She took the jewel from her father's hand and looked at it long and searchingly. And then it suddenly slipped from her fingers, and, rolling across the rug, lay on the hearth-stone. The heavy fire bar was at mademoiselle's hand, and before either of us could stir, she had poised and let it fall point downward. The great ruby, shattered into a hundred fragments, lay destroyed upon the hearth-stone; the "Cardinal's Rose" was no longer in existence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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she says, in winter, and unless pneumonia and consumption are to have a harvest, there must be simple dwellings and household furniture for these 8000 persons. Four thousand dwellings and their contents were destroyed, she says, by the storm. She wants to build 700 four-roomed cottages in the place of them. The loss of life and property at Johnstown was much less than at Galveston, but Miss Barton says that a third more money was raised for Johnstown than has yet been given to relieve the storm-wrecked coast of Texas. She led the Red Cross force at Johnstown, and naturally recalls what was done there. In that flood about 5000 lives were lost. The contributions controlled by the Flood Relief Commission amounted to $2,500,000, and the whole total of contributions is estimated at $3,000,000, of which New York and Philadelphia each gave $500,000. In addition (apparently) to these sums the State of Pennsylvania spent $1,000,000 in the work of clearing away the wreck. *Appleton's Encyclopædia* says, "Among the most useful forms of relief contributions were large numbers of patent frame houses, one or two stories high, which could be erected at once." Such houses, or the materials to make them, seem to be what Miss Barton calls for now.

It might be helpful to Galveston if a report were published of the amount of relief money so far received, and the use that has been made of it.

THE discrepancies of opinion about the equities of yacht-racing, which are a late result of the season's contests between the seventy-footers, have cast a moderate gloom over the sporting world. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, learning that changes in the ballast of his boat were believed to have been made contrary to the rules, has expressed his desire to give back all the cups which the *Rainbow* won. This was a natural sportsmanlike course, in view of the information that he received from one of his competitors, but, while his action is commended, it seems not to be the desire of the yachting community that his intentions should be carried out. All the seventy footers are understood to have raced somewhat informally, and at present writing there is hope that it may be found that they have all violated the letter of the rules under which they competed, and that no one of them is entitled to redress as against the others. That would leave matters as they are, and Mr. Vanderbilt would have to keep his cups, which, so far as he, personally, was concerned, were fairly won. The possibility of a dispute about yacht-races has revived in the public memory the project formed after the Dunraven episode for a yacht-club station in the Sea of Sargasso, where complaints about races should be lodged and left until settled.

BOSTON is fortunate in possessing a young man with a long memory which seems to be always at the service of the public. He is Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The continuousness of his youth appears in the vigor with which he responds to calls upon his energies. The length of his memory appears when he draws upon it, as he did at the Bancroft celebration, at Worcester, on October 3. He made a delightful address, recalling his first meeting with Mr. Bancroft, in 1834, and his more intimate relations with him beginning five years later, when he (Dr Hale) was a teacher in the Boston Latin School, and had to do with the education of Mr. Bancroft's nephews. That was more than sixty years ago. Senator Hoar was to have talked at the Bancroft celebration, but he was called away by other duties. What he and Dr. Hale between them cannot remember about the occurrences and the personages in New England during the last sixty or seventy years is hardly worth talking about. Another speaker at Worcester was General James Grant Wilson, whose memories of Mr. Bancroft were of the later years of his life. The celebration occurred on the hundredth anniversary of Mr. Bancroft's birth. A monument was unveiled, on which the inscription sets forth that the stone marks the site of the house where George Bancroft was born.

THE last Board of Visitors to West Point recommended that the standard of admission should be raised, and the War Department cordially concurs in this recommendation. It is proposed that the whole matter of entrance examinations should be left in the hands of the Secretary of War. At present one-third of the appointees examined for admission fail to pass, and of those who are admitted one-half fail to graduate. The present requirements for admission were fixed by Congress in 1812, and the sole amendment that has been made to them was made in 1867. Within twenty-five years all institutions at all comparable with West Point have raised their standards of admission very much, and the educational facilities of the country have advanced so much that it is an easy matter for youths to get the additional instruction which the higher standard demands. It is bad economy and mistaken policy to admit lads to West Point who have naturally leads up to it should be done by candidates before they start at the Academy. There seems to be no opposition to the changes proposed, but there has been long and wasteful delay about securing the Congressional action which must precede them.

NOTHING has been seen at this writing of the steamer *Windward*, which was expected to bring Lieutenant Peary back from the north, and there is a good deal of speculation as to her whereabouts. Mr. Peary may have been late in joining her at Etah, and so have delayed her return; her machinery, which was not very good, may have broken down, and left her to come home under sail; she may have stopped on the way at Elsmere Land, or Danish Greenland, or Peary may have decided to keep her in the north over the winter. She may be heard from any day and spoil all these hypotheses, but meanwhile she is due, and has not turned up, and at St. John's, Newfoundland, where she is looked for, her absence makes talk. The latest news of her was brought in a letter dated August 10, from God Haven, a Danish colony in Disco Island in Davis Strait. She was then on her way north to Cape York in Baffin's Bay, and so far had made a good trip.

IT is announced that Professor Koch, bacteriologist, of Berlin, who has lately been hunting the microbe of malaria in Java and other hot countries, has perfected a medicine which is to be of the highest value in all malarial countries. It is half quinine, is to be used hypodermically and also as a swallow medicine, and is commended both as a cure and as a preventive of malaria. We shall hope that it may fulfil all the professor's hopes. The world is ripe for it. It may do more for Long Island than even the Pennsylvania Railroad, and a vast deal for Staten Island, New Jersey, the Philippines, Italy, and many other inviting localities which careful people would like to move to if they dared. Malaria is very much on the minds of wise men in many countries just now. The disposition to blame it all on the mosquito is supported so far by the experience of British doctors, who have kept their health this summer in the most malarious districts of Italy by simply keeping behind mosquito netting during the night and those hours of the evening in which the mosquito feeds. Not only has health been maintained in malarious districts where effectual precautions against mosquitoes have been taken, but Italian mosquitoes fed in Rome on tertian fever patients, and brought to London and allowed to bite a healthy man, have infected him with tertian fever. So it looks as if the rule "no mosquito, no malaria," would be demonstrated, and if it is, that will be a great gain, for mosquito bites are not so unavoidable as may be thought, and in countries where folks who take care of themselves can live and work, swamps can be drained and physical conditions improved. How the mosquito theory is to apply to the form of malaria which is associated with the digging of drains and subways in cities has not been explained yet, but we shall doubtless know in good time.

ANOTHER discovery, which is important if true, is reported from Paris. We are told in the New York *Sun* that two French chemists, Drs. Degrez and Balthazard, have learned by accident that bioxide of sodium will purify air so that it may be breathed over and over again. The discoverers, the story goes, sealed up animals in air tight receptacles along with lumps of bioxide of sodium, and found that they breathed indefinitely without embarrassment. Then they put a diver's helmet lined with bioxide of sodium on a man, and found he could stay under water as long as he chose without fresh air. The chemical explanation of the phenomenon is that bioxide of sodium absorbs the carbon from carbonic-acid gas and sets free pure oxygen. This sounds a little like the inventions that ingenious writers use to adorn tales of the remote future, but it is gravely told in a veracious newspaper. This bioxide of sodium, if it is all it is cracked up to be, will be great stuff for divers, and for submarine boats, and for miners, and hospitals, and slum tenement-houses, schools, theatres, and all crowded places.

LLOYD McKIM GARRISON, of New York, who died on October 4, had won at thirty-three so good a place in a crowded profession, and so distinct a name in a crowded city, that his sudden taking off recalls the deaths of Sherman Hoar and William E. Russell. Like them he was a Harvard graduate, and though he was less in public life than either of them, as a lawyer, a speaker, and a writer he had made his mark so definitely that his death, crushing as a private calamity, has been felt to be also a public loss. He was a son of the editor of the *Nation*, a grandson of Garrison the Abolitionist, a man sympathetic, cheerful, able, upright, of a high spirit, and endowed with a notable gift of speech.

way to the polls as to have made up his mind that he won't vote for McKinley and Roosevelt. The same despatch recorded a report that nearly all the Harvard professors would vote for Bryan; but the Boston *Herald*, which has made careful inquiry, learns that twenty-three members of the Harvard faculty will vote for McKinley, four for Bryan, and twelve undecided. Of the twenty-three McKinley men, ten lack enthusiasm. Of the twelve who are undecided seven say they won't vote the Republican ticket. At least one professor, Dr. John Trowbridge, has become so far reconciled to destiny as to have observed that the Philippines are so placed as to be of special service to us in meteorological observations. It seems that they are almost exactly under Porto Rico, and Professor Trowbridge says that as soon as we can get Manila and Porto Rico connected by telegraph, various valuable simultaneous observations can be made. He thinks it likely that an electrical earth-throb which manifests itself at Manila will be detected instantly at Porto Rico. We need a belt of stations, he thinks, from Porto Rico to Manila to help us to understand the changes in the magnetism of the globe. So Professor Trowbridge seems to be for expansion. Not so Professor Fadd of Yale, who has been to the Philippines since we undertook the responsibilities of those islands, and thinks we are on the wrong tack. But he won't say that he will vote for Bryan.

IT is announced that the plan for the award of the Nobel prizes has been perfected. It will be recalled that Dr. Nobel left a large fortune to constitute a fund to provide five annual prizes to be awarded without distinction of nationality to the persons who have accomplished during the preceding year the most important work in physical science, chemistry, physiology or medicine, and literature, and to the person who did most to promote peace on earth. December 10 is the anniversary of Dr. Nobel's death, and on that day, annually, at Stockholm, beginning in 1901, the prizes are to be given out. Within six months thereafter each prize-winner is to deliver a public lecture on the subject of his work. In each important country of the world a university, or some other public body, is to be authorized to make proposals of candidates for these prizes.

AN malicious rumor has found its way across the sea and into the American newspapers to the effect that Alfred Harmsworth, of the London *Daily Mail*, wants to buy the London *Times*, and that Mr. Walter is disposed to sell it to him. The idea of it leaves the reader gasping, but it is not necessarily incredible. The *Times* is an immense responsibility, and it is possible that Mr. Walter has reasons for desiring to shift it. If he does, it would mean a sale, and the *Times* could only be sold to advantage to some one who has the money to buy it, and who has shown a capacity for managing newspapers. Mr. Harmsworth is the most successful newspaper maker in England, and he is a man of respectability and character. But his newspaper ideals are so different from those of the *Times* that the idea of "The Thunderer" falling into his hands would naturally send cold chills down the spines of the members of the *Times's* staff, as well as agitate all the first families of Europe.

THE Messrs. Duke, tobacco manufacturers, of Durham, North Carolina, continue to devote part of their surplus income to Trinity College at Durham. One of them, Mr. Washington Duke, has given $100,000 this month to the endowment fund of the college, making $500,000 that it has received from him within ten years. Other members of the same family are interested in the college, and have given largely to it, and with their backing it promises to become the best endowed college in the South.

PERSONS who have troublesome misgivings about the right of empires to enlarge their boundaries by conquest—*timed* persons, Governor Roosevelt might call them—must envy Bishop Thoburn of the Methodist Church his convictions as to the expediency of the greater nations swallowing the less. He is quoted as declaring at the recent Rock River Conference at Chicago that he was glad the Boers had been beaten, since he believed it to be God's will that there should be no small states in the world, and that the whole world should be parcelled out among five or six great empires. These will be, he thinks, the United States of America, extending from Cape Horn to the North Pole, the United States of Europe, the United States of Australia, the Russian Empire, the Indian Empire, and the British Empire. He had other noble hopes, which need not be quoted. It is hoped that it has forecasts reach South America, our neighbors there will not suffer themselves so be more disquieted by them than is warranted by the bishop's importance as a representative American.

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more exactly be described as unthetrical, for no understanding of the word dramatic could limit it to the narrow significance which common use allows. They depend more on character, humor, or spectacle than on incident, and may be undramatic to that extent. But it would not be encouraging to deny to the drama the best qualities of James Herne's "Sag Harbor," or, going to the play which represents the other extreme, to say that the pageantry of Richard Mansfield's revival of "Henry the Fifth" was not rightly as much a possession of the drama. That both the plays named, as well as "David Harum" and "The Greatest Thing in the World," are not all deficient in the engrossing theatrical interest, commonly called dramatic, is not to be denied. Yet every one of them has characteristics that would be a credit in any play. In two of them it is the study of character that is made most important. *Captain Ben Marble* and *David Harum* are types equally truthful, although James A. Herne may be dealing with a personage somewhat less pronounced than that which William H. Crane is so successfully incarnating to the delight of Mr. Westcott's readers. Mr. Herne happens to be surrounded by figures more real than may be found in "David Harum," which is a play of only one character, while "Sag Harbor" enjoys the almost unique distinction of having nearly as many characters as rôles. The play which brought forward Mrs. Le Moyne at Wallack's is built wholly about a mother's love for her sons and one or two other persons, with but a single episode that can claim any absorbing theatrical interest. Probably its authors never intended that it should have more. Richard Mansfield's production of the rarely seen Shakspereau drama will to the greater public depend always on its spectacular beauty and the interest which the personal performance of the chief actor creates. Its nearest approach to what would be called dramatic quality comes from none of the rhetorical stretches of the play nor in the panoramic scenes that sometimes seem to unfold themselves so slowly. It is the pantomimic representation of the king's return to London that marks the climax of the play—so far as its theatrical aspect is concerned.

Mrs. Sol Smith in "Sag Harbor."

NOT all of these plays have met with equal favor, but they are all interesting. "Sag Harbor" has been seen at the Theatre Republic, which is certainly the most comfortable playhouse that Oscar Hammerstein ever built for New York, and in some respects the most elaborate. But "Sag Harbor," like some of its author's other plays, put its worst foot forward, if the metaphor is allowable, just at the time it should have made the best impression. Consequently it has had to wait for New York to discover its charms rather than hear them proclaimed so soon as it was seen here. The play's first performance here made no decided impression, but it is likely to follow the same course that slowly led "Shore Acres" to success after its merits were gradually recognized. If the same fortunate experience does not befall "Sag Harbor," it will be difficult to understand the reason. Its quiet humor, its natural studies of life in a small Long Island town, its humanity, and the relation between the words and acts of the characters all combine to make the play a

James A. Herne and Marion Abbott in "Sag Harbor."

set, because in the younger man of the two, but his methods, uncommonly effective as they are, sometimes recall an earlier period of stage art than that which Mr. Herne reveals. He has been doing here for years the same that Antoine and other reformers have been struggling to accomplish abroad. None of them has succeeded better than the American actor in producing the right compromise between the commonplace reproduction of nature and the artistic exaggeration which the theatre demands. "Sag Harbor" shows the life

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of the fisherman in that village. Two brothers are in love with the same girl. She marries the older, not because she loves him, but from a sense of gratitude and duty. Affection does come to her afterwards, and the younger lover takes another wife. This episode is almost as simple in the acting as in the telling. But it provides sufficient nucleus for the characters that surround it. The delightfully garrulous old woman with her constant reminiscences of her husband, the knowing country dandy, and the other figures in the small life of the community, are all sketched with a whimsicality as faithful to life as it is observant of the best art of the theatre. It would nevertheless be a satisfaction to see the author's skill in sketching character and in realizing it on the stage applied to some other medium than his invariable country types. But "Sag Harbor" is not to be confounded with the ordinary rural plays. It is too near life to be put into that class.

"DAVID HARUM" has much more in common with the drama that treats of country life in the highly pompous way of the "Old Homestead," and like that play its principal character contains nearly every element necessary to assure its popular success. Mr. Crane has never met with a greater personal triumph than his suitability to the character of *David Harum* has brought him. He has realized the hero of a widely read book in a way to make it a typical figure on the stage just as the late John T. Raymond did with Mark Twain's *Colonel Sellers;* and if the theatrical conditions were the same now that they were a score of years ago, *David* would probably remain on the stage longer than the book kept its hold on the public. Edward Noyes Westcott's novel contained nothing but this one character to suggest it to the dramatist even at this time, and in the hands of an actor less suited than Mr. Crane to the rôle *David* might have produced much less effect. But the country banker of the book is on the stage of the Garrick now so true to life that his most distant acquaintance will recognize him and take delight out of the resemblance. All the episodes that reveal this hero's character are in the play. That famous sale of the balky horse, in which *Deacon Perkins* gets the worst of the bargain, introduces *David*, and the *Deacon* is seen later in a fall of real rain struggling against the animal's peculiarities. Nor does the horse-dealing episode end here. Mr. Crane's unctuous laughter during the succeeding acts recalls it. In the second act *David* acquires for himself a reputation for hard-heartedness and parsimony which only adds to the lustre of his generosity in the end, when after his interview play, and the thousands of readers who knew him first in that way will have the unusual experience of finding that in his transfer to the stage the character has not lost all similarity to its original. The shrewd observations in the story come from Mr. Crane with the same truthfulness with which they would have been spoken by the real *David*. The dog-yard of the Harum house, the bank, and the drawing-room of the home furnish the scenes which keep the dramatic version of the book in pleasant unison with the impression it created as a story. The love-affairs of *John Lenox* and *Mary Blake* would willingly have been spared by most of the readers who took the greatest delight in the book. They could not have been inspiring to any dramatist. It and M. W. Hitchcock, who prepared Mr. Westcott's material for the stage, departed from it most in their treatment of these episodes, and the heroine's encounters with *David*, whom she takes for what he seems, were the least successful part of the performance at the Garrick. But Mr. Crane is the dominating figure of the performance to such an extent that nobody feels inclined to find fault with such a successful transfer of his character from the book to the stage. The adapters have supplied his language, and Mr. Crane has produced as no other actor could the necessary resemblance in appearance, manner, voice, and action to the original of the widely read story. And that will delight many an admirer of Mr. Westcott's hero and possibly quite as many who never heard of his work.

W. P. Hodge in "Sag Harbor."

SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE'S talents will probably always be difficult to place in a way that shows them to advantage. When she gained her second great dramatic success in "Catherine," it was in the rôle of an aristocratic mother, and she will necessarily be limited always to parts of that kind. When she became the leading rather than the incidental figure in a play, it was still as a mother, and in "The Greatest Thing in the World" she is concerned once more in the welfare of her son. It is usually thought necessary to create a sentimental interest in every heroine, whatever her age may be, and Mesdames Ford and de Mille have provided two lovers for the widow who might be expected to have her mind fully occupied with her children's affairs. One of them has a taste for liquor, inherited from his father, and he is led into forgery, and by this means into the one stirring scene that this sentimental and wholly feminine play contains. His mother discovers that this weak son has by his dishonesty put himself into the power of his uncompromising guardian. He is one of the mother's suitors, and to save her son's name she consents to marry him, as he has threatened to expose the youth. The culprit listens in hiding and learns of her self-sacrifice. Indignant at the extent of his misdeeds, she upbraids the boy when she discovers him and recounts his injustices to her. He falls on his knees begging her to save him. Then the mother's love asserts itself and she takes the boy to her arms. Mrs. Le Moyne's talents were not revealed in their most dramatic phases except in this scene, and there was little else in the play really worth the employment of such gifts as hers. They were chiefly exhibited in concealing the weaknesses of the piece itself. Few women could have made the same refined and dignified use of such an incident as the feeling of a gray-haired mother for her two suitors, while maternal love was also contrasted with it. Mrs. Le Moyne excels to-day in the qualities that are rarest on the stage. Her delightfully clear and sympathetic diction is possessed by no other actress, and her distinction, refinement, and naturalness are all qualities found rarely, if ever, among actresses in her field, and are seldom met with in any branch of the stage's effort. So the general desire is to see her talents at their best and not put forward in a way that needs any apology. They are not shown in the best light in the new play at Wallack's. But they are before the public, and there is cause for satisfaction in that. Her keen intelligence, artistic taste, and delightful personality could not fail to exercise their charm in an irredeemably poor play. And "The Greatest Thing in the World" scarcely deserves that description.

W. H. Crane.

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VARDON'S LAST PUTT.

HERD DRIVING.

TAYLOR DRIVING.

HARRY VARDON, OPEN CHAMPION, 1900.

TAYLOR AND HUTCHINSON.

BELL DRIVING.

VARDON DRIVING.

FOLLOWING TAYLOR AND HUTCHINSON.

SMITH DRIVING FROM THE EIGHTEENTH TEE.

A GROUP OF PLAYERS.

THE SIXTH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES.—CHICAGO GOLF CLUB (WHEATON, ILLINOIS), OCTOBER 4 AND 5, 1900.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. C. TURNER.

CANNONS CAPTURED FROM THE FILIPINO INSURGENTS.
Some of these are old Spanish Muzzle-loaders, while others are constructed of iron pipe jacketed with wood.

New York's Mammoth Dry Docks

IN the race to increase the size of the already mammoth mail-steamers which cross the ocean in true rapid-transit fashion, the question of building adequate dry docks for their accommodation has become of paramount importance, especially on this side of the Atlantic, where few such provisions for repairing a disabled vessel have heretofore been found. New York has been the natural port for all the great European mail-steamers, and though they may start at or touch half a dozen different ports in Europe, they all centre toward the American metropolis, and make this the one landing-place for the Western continent. In view of this monopoly of the transatlantic mail system it would seem natural that everything would be done to make the visits and stay of the steamers in our port pleasant and enjoyable; but the humiliating fact has been that if one of the great liners limped into port with broken machinery or hull which necessitated dry-docking for repairs she would receive scant accommodation here. Although one of the principal seaports of the world, New York has been poorly prepared to help a modern mammoth mail-steamer out of any difficulty that might beset her at sea. With inhospitable celerity the disabled steamers have been either sent to some other seaport for repairs or forced to return to the other side in a partially disabled condition.

But one of the awakening signs of the new merchant-marine era is the construction of dry docks, which will remedy the sad state of affairs that has so long prevailed in the principal seaport of our Atlantic coast. The construction of two mammoth dry docks in New York Harbor large enough to accommodate any of the modern ocean steamers is now under way, and when they are completed the largest mail steamers of the world will find dry dock facilities to suit them. The dry dock at the foot of Fifty-eighth Street in South Brooklyn will have an extreme length of 700 feet, and it will be capable of accommodating even such big liners as the new *Oceanic*, with its 704 feet over-all. Ample provision will be made for the steamers of the future, as well as for the highest and largest type now in existence. The dry dock basin is made 1000 feet long, and when the steamers increase their length three or four additional pontoons can be added to make the docking facilities equal to the new demands. Whether or not the ocean steamers have nearly reached their ultimate size and length, the constructors of the mammoth dry dock in Brooklyn are sufficiently convinced that before many years vessels of 1000 feet in length will enter New York to make provision for accommodating them.

The other dry dock will be constructed at Hoboken, and like the one in South Brooklyn, is to be put up in sections, and here too provisions are being made for ships larger than any now in existence. When completed the Hoboken dock will be 468 feet in length, and capable of accommodating a 500-foot vessel; but another dock of four sections will be built immediately adjoining the first, so that when a vessel of 700 feet or more is to be repaired the two docks can be coupled together. The total length of the dock would then be 800 feet, sufficient to accommodate a vessel considerably longer than this.

The two sectional docks will be made up of immense pontoons, with a lifting capacity of 2500 tons each, therefore adapted to docking large and small vessels. When a vessel of 150 feet is to be docked only two sections need be used, and this will prove an economy in labor and cost of operating the machinery. The electrical pumps which will remove the water from the pontoon sections will have a capacity of 5000 to 6000 gallons of water per minute, and at this rate the dock will be able to raise a steamer up from thirty to forty-five minutes. No finer or better-equipped dry docks will be found in the world, and their existence in the harbor of New York will serve to enhance the value and importance of the city as the great ocean mail-steamship terminal of the continent, if not of the world.

H. E. W.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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Republican side the managers assert that they have been trying to meet the arguments of their opponents, but have failed to pin them to definite issues. It is altogether likely that the campaign will close without any complete agreement between the two sides as to what the fighting issues are. Throughout the campaign it has been plain that Mr. Bryan and his associates in the cause of Democracy have not been desirous of discussing free silver. From the Democratic standpoint that issue has played no part whatever in the campaign. The issue of Imperialism, it is agreed generally, has not attracted that support to the Democratic party which its managers hoped it would. As was indicated on this page last week, the Democratic managers are making what is known as a "dead set" for the labor vote. At the present writing there seems to be an impression that this campaign will not bring the results that were hoped for. Mr. Bryan has made another shift in his appeal for votes, and his speeches now have for a key-note an apparent endeavor to stir up the poor against the rich. The Republicans continue to make anti-free silver their great cry, and they make expansion an issue of second rank.

THE addresses made by Mr. Bryan in Indiana and Illinois in his recent campaign trip are said to have given some of his friends considerable alarm. They certainly have pleased the Republicans. In Indianapolis Mr. Bryan said that the Republicans intended to have forts erected at all the large cities of the country, and to use the standing army to coerce the working-men if the Republican idea of Imperialism was successful. The Republican managers said the mere statement of the hypothesis was enough to bring damage to Mr. Bryan's cause. Mr. Bryan also said at Indianapolis:

"I cannot better describe the complete surrender of the Republican party to the doctrines that underlie monarchies and empires and despotisms than to tell you that when a king dies a Republican President can send a message of condolence, but that when two republics expire no Republican sheds a tear."

On October 8 Mr. Bryan made a speech in Salem, Illinois, his birthplace, in which he made wholesale charges of corruption, saying of the Republican managers:

"They will buy every vote that can be bought. They will coerce every vote that can be coerced. They will intimidate every laboring man who can be intimidated. They will bribe every election judge that can be bribed. They will corrupt every county that can be corrupted."

At Quincy, Illinois, Mr. Bryan brought up his former reference to the rich enjoying themselves at the sea-shore while the poor have to remain at home and work. He said:

"As I pass along the street, and as I look in the faces of some of the care-worn women who never get a chance to take a summer vacation at some pleasant watering-place, I wonder how the husbands and sons of these women find it in their hearts to support the policies which are to-day amassing great wealth in the hands of a few people."

Mr. Bryan, the Republican managers assert, never visited Coney Island in the summer-time to see poor people at the sea shore there, and they also assert that if Mr. Bryan should be elected the chances are that fewer people will visit the sea shore in the next four years than in the last four.

The Republicans asserted that these speeches of Mr. Bryan indicated that he had lost heart, and they were backed up in their belief, according to their assertions, by a statement given out in Chicago by the Hon. D. J. Campau, Democratic national committee-man from Michigan. Mr. Campau asserted that not only were the Republicans about to buy the election, but that they were planning to coerce employees on a wholesale scale. He asserted that there was only one way to meet this policy of the Republicans, and that was to establish a national boycott. His plan was "to issue to the Democracy of the United States an address over the signatures of the Democratic National Committee, giving their names, location, and business, and requesting the Democracy and its allies to boycott such firms and corporations on the ground of illegitimate interference in the political affairs of the nation through the coercion of voters."

Senator Hanna said that Mr. Bryan's charges of wholesale corruption were untrue and simply the cry of desperation. Senator Jones, national Democratic chairman, admitted later that his committee had no actual proof of such charges.

THERE is evidence that the business interests of the country are somewhat alarmed—whether justly or not is another matter—over the possibility of the election of Mr. Bryan. Former Mayor Robert C. Davidson, president of the Baltimore Trust and Guarantee Company, has announced that his company has taken an $11,000,000 deal with the understanding that the contract is not to be binding if Mr. Bryan is elected. Mr. H. M. Aubrey, president of the San Antonio and Mr. Bryan should be elected the savings of the depositors would depreciate 50 per cent. The run was stopped after a few hours of excitement. The Remington Martin Company of Watertown, New York, which is building a large paper-making plant, has given notice that if Mr. Bryan is elected work on the big plant will be suspended for some time. It was of notices to working-men like this that Mr. Bryan and his campaign managers complained when they talked of coercion. On account of these alleged threats it was said that Mr. Bryan anticipated a large increase in the labor vote for the Democratic ticket.

Mr. Bryan's trip through southern Indiana lay through what is known as the "Labor Belt." It was asserted that Eugene V. Debs, the Socialistic candidate for President, was making heavy inroads upon the working-man's vote in that district. That Mr. Debs is making an earnest canvass in that district was shown by a letter which he wrote on October 9 to Mayor Jones of Toledo, chiding Mr. Jones with back-

THE BANNER ACROSS WALL STREET.

sliding from his "Golden Rule" principles and his love for the working man. Mr. Debs said in this letter:

"With David B. Hill you have declared, if not in words, in deed, which is more conclusive, 'I am a Democrat.' And you are to-day as much a part of the Democratic party as Croker and his Christless gang who are levying blackmail on moral affliction to save 'our republic from Imperialism.'"

THERE has been a revival of interest in the bets on election. An Albany man has wagered $15,000 against $5000, the money being placed with a New York stock-broker, that Bryan will not carry Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. Another bet was made in Wall Street of $10,000 to $25,000 that Bryan would be elected. It was asserted that the $10,000 Bryan end of the wager belonged to Mr. Croker, but the men concerned immediately in the bet would not admit this. Word was received in New York that the underwriters in Liverpool, England, were wagering 5 1-3 to 1 on McKinley. There have been numerous wagers reported on the result of the election in individual States. A firm in Billings, Montana, has offered $1000 even that McKinley will carry Nebraska. There was an offer in Wall Street of $10,000 even that McKinley's plurality in New York State will be 70,000. Another offer was one of $10,000 to $8000 that Kansas would go Republican. The probable result in Maryland has attracted the attention of men who bet on elections, and a firm in Baltimore has an offer from a client to bet $1000 to $750 that the Republicans would carry the State. A banking firm in Baltimore has announced that it has been commissioned by clients to wager $5000 in various sums at odds of 100 to 90 that Me-

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has continued his campaign in the Central West, and has drawn the customary large audiences. There were signs that his voice was giving way under the tremendous strain to which it has been subjected, but a short rest in Chicago brought recuperation to it, and it is probable that by husbanding his vocal resources the Governor will be able to keep his speaking engagements for the rest of the campaign. On October 9 Mr. William J. Youngs, the secretary of the Governor, estimated that from September 6 to October 6 Governor Roosevelt had travelled 12,872 miles, had made 290 speeches, and had addressed more than 600,000 persons. Since the last chronicle in these columns the Governor has spoken in monster meetings in Chicago and St. Louis, and has been doing some of the hardest campaign work he has ever known. His name came into especial prominence on Monday, October 8, because of another attempt on the part of boasilums to insult him. While the Governor was coming out of the Trinity Dutch Reformed Church of Chicago on Sunday morning, October 7, a gang of newsboys lay in wait for him, and in the presence of the congregation, containing many women, assailed him with vile epithets. The incident attracted widespread attention and caused considerable annoyance to the Governor. Some stones that were thrown from an alley in Fort Wayne, Indiana, a few days later, hit the Governor's carriage.

Governor Roosevelt in his speech at Chicago thought it necessary to reply to the arguments of Mr. Carl Schurz on the Philippine question in a very pointed manner. He called attention to the fact that Mr Schurz said "his blood boiled" over the treatment given to the Filipinos. Governor Roosevelt said that when Mr. Schurz was Secretary of the Interior in Hayes's cabinet the United States had to put down uprisings by the Sioux and Nez-Percés Indians. He declared that the treatment given to these Indians was far more severe than that accorded to the Filipinos. Governor Roosevelt said that Aguinaldo in intelligence and integrity "stands infinitely below" Chief Joseph of the Nez-Percés.

CHAIRMAN HANNA of the Republican National Committee, it has been announced, is about to start upon an extended tour of South Dakota and Nebraska. Mr. Hanna especially desires to cause the defeat of Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota for re-election. Senator Carter of Montana opposes the move because it may cause sympathy for Mr. Pettigrew. Mr. Hanna is going into Nebraska so as to bring about as much confusion as he can to the Democratic party in that State. One reason why Mr. Hanna's campaign speeches have been potent in the campaign is that his audiences find, generally to their surprise, that he is not a monster in appearance, and does not wear dollar-marks all over his clothes. Instead, he is a very ordinary man, frank and outspoken in manner, and terribly in earnest in his desire for Republican success. Almost invariably, as his audiences leave the building where he has spoken, numerous remarks are heard to the effect that he really is not a monster and is quite a good-looking man.

Mr. Hanna has spoken to the working men of Chicago on several occasions, and has brought out the fact that he was the first employer of labor on a large scale in Ohio to recognize union labor, and that he has always been on terms of good friendship with his employees. An incident that aroused great attention occurred in a speech that Mr. Hanna was delivering to working men in Chicago on October 4. Mr Hanna had made references several times on the stump to the Ice Trust. While he was speaking in a tent at Sixty-fifth and Halsted Streets, a block of ice weighing several pounds was thrown from a tell building near by through the top of the tent. It fell at the Senator's feet, where it broke in pieces. It grazed his shoulder, and had it struck him on the head it probably would have killed him.

ALL over the country there is much speculation at the present time as to the probable result in this or that State. Mr. Wharton Barker, the nominee of the Middle-of-the-Road Populists for President, gave out an interview in Omaha on October 7 to the effect that McKinley would be elected by reason of the Populist dissatisfaction over Mr. Bryan. Mr. Barker said that the votes that would be polled for him would so reduce Bryan's strength that McKinley would win easily. Mr. Barker asserted that he would poll from 500,000 to 1,000,000 votes, and he estimated the vote of Wooley, the Prohibition nominee for President at 250,000. He said that he thought that Mr. Debs, the Socialistic candidate, would also poll about 250,000. It is asserted by the Republicans in Nebraska that Mr Bryan has been urged by the Populists to return to his home at the earliest opportunity because of a fear that the Republicans would carry the State. The Republican national managers are now asserting that they have no fear as to the result in Indiana, placing the estimate of the plurality there at about 20,000 to 25,000.

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THE PRESIDENT ON THE PORCH OF HIS HOUSE AT CANTON.
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NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

STEPHEN CRANE'S story, *The Red Badge of Courage*, which obtained such emotional praise as a clarified and truthful vision of war, is republished by the Appletons. This clever lad makes a rather grotesque thing of war, particularly in the matter of generals. It is no impeachment of the accuracy of Mr. Crane's generals to say that they seem to have been modelled upon the Central Park Bolivar. Like that astonishing piece of statuary, they appear to be the victims of hornets; they bound and writhe in their saddles; and a singularly disjointed and explosive language is put in their mouths to bear out and emphasize the painful idea. Though *The Red Badge*, according to what was so enthusiastically said of it, is the first and only authentic and literal picture and impression of war, Mr. Crane had never beheld war when he invented it. What he saw then was revealed to him by the inner light alone. Later he went to Greece and to the West Indies, and reported war as his physical eyes saw it, but the truth was not to be obtained in this plausible manner, and his reports bore small resemblance to the earlier story. Whether General Shafter and the other generals in Cuba were relieved by Mr. Crane's failure to make them appear like the generals in *The Red Badge* we do not know; we think they ought to have been; but the noticeable thing in the combined business is the great triumph of clairvoyance. Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, in a discerning preface, reasonably calls attention to the interest that *The Red Badge* has as a psychological study. "It is," he says, "the analysis of a young recruit's soul, which is as vivid and clear as the finest anatomical dissection, and yet instinct with life and palpitating with emotion." This we believe to be almost the case; the analysis is indeed keen and excellent; but the soul which is analyzed is not really the recruit's soul. How could this recruit have had so much more remarkable a soul than his generals? Samples of Henry Fleming's speech are afforded in the story; let anybody listen as he talks and judge if he really owns the distinguished soul ascribed to him. By any and all of the dialogue in the book there was no such soul in the whole army. Of course *The Red Badge* is a strong story. The descriptions are frankly powerful. The periods are effective, if a good deal laboured, and only some of them are rather absurd. "The regiment bled extravagantly, draining bundles of blue began to drop"—there are plenty who will like the freedom and the energy of this. Some passages are aimed fall at the marrow, and make no concealment of their purpose to be thoroughly disturbing. The account of the dead soldier in the woodland bower or sylvan temple is a notable one of these. If there ever was a more horrible dead soldier, we have never heard of him. "The majesty of he who dares" is one of the several grammatical peculiarities which curiously mark this justly famous work, and "whom he knew to be him" is another.

A clever story of Bath, of the Pump-Room and Orange Grove, of the Crescents and Gay Street and Queen Square, in those brave and dubious days when the men dressed almost as handsomely as the women and wit was cultivated in conversation, when the women painted and wore patches and drank chocolate in bed in the morning, when there were snuffers and snuff-boxes and rapiers and duels and post-chaises and link boys and Sedan chairs, may be found by the faithful reader in *The Bath Comedy*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Frederick A. Stokes Company). The faithful reader who finds it will be compensated. He will be added inevitably to the list of the lovers of the widow Kitty Bellairs, who already in the story has demonstrated a definite inclination for lovers, and provided herself

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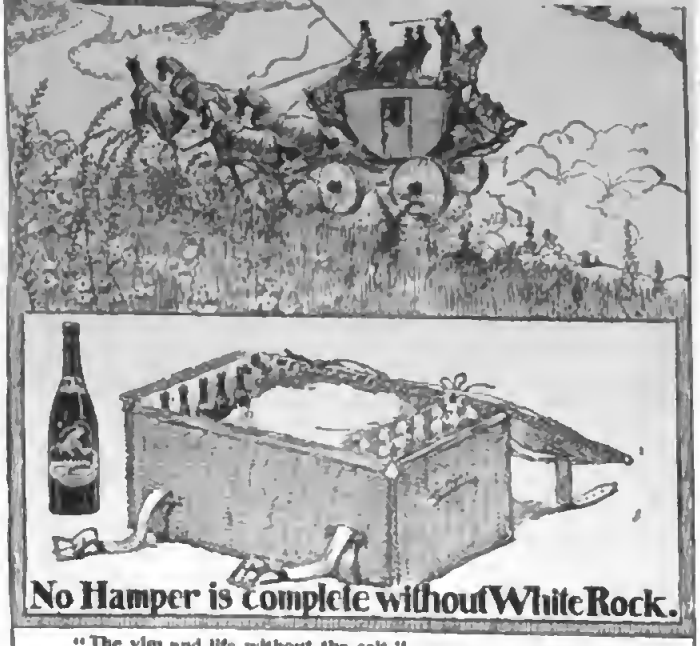
reason that they did not know they were dupes until that proper moment when the great and splendid illumination of the meaning of the comedy was allowed to break over them. They took it pretty well, considering how poignantly they had been hurt. Mr. Denis O'Hara, who had travelled for some miles with Mrs. Bellairs in a post-chaise under the impression that he was eloping with her, knocked up a strong brandy punch and pronounced a eulogy upon it, employing a fine Irish art in both performances, and sorrow was treated like the puppies which it is not wished to save.

Mr. George Clarke Musgrave says in the introduction to his book, *In South Africa with Buller* (Little, Brown, & Co., Boston), that "the dust and heat of South Africa do not inspire a literary style," and that "chapters written on horseback, after sixteen hours in the saddle, lack the polish bestowed by writers reclining in comfort and clean linen." Sometimes once spoke of the barren sands of style, and of the wrecks strewn upon them, and it is true that a great many have made the mistake of affording style and nothing else. Bearing in mind a plenty that must have been written in comfortable circumstances, we find no reason to think that the comfort of a writer is an assurance that he will be interesting; and as for any connection between style and clean linen, we remember that the great Dr. Johnson's shirt, according to Macaulay, ought to have been in the wash. Mr. Musgrave's book is all right. The heat of South Africa is in it, as it should be; but not the dust. This is a book of much clearness, and particularly is Mr. Musgrave's opinion of the Transvaal Boers and their republic quite unmistakable. Of course a historian must have feelings in regard to events which transact themselves immediately around him, and of course an Englishman who accompanied General Buller's army could not be expected to take an absolutely detached and emotionless view of the questions involved in the war. Mr. Musgrave thinks that the republic run by Mr. Kruger was a very queer specimen, as do many who hate tyranny and approve of liberty and pray that some day they may be as warm as Mr. Webster Davis or Mr. Bourke Cockran with love of the republican idea. One might think from the title that this was a record of personal experiences, but it is not that. It is a story of the war and its causes, and it is a good one, plainly and vigorously told, downright in its criticisms, and keen for the interesting points. It has praise for Buller and for the British officers generally, praise for Joubert and for Botha, and the other thing for Cronje. Of Cronje it says that he was as subtle as *Iago* and as treacherous as Judas; that he has, indeed, "the dogged pluck of a brute beast," but that his style of heroism is not inspiring and his career not creditable. Even Mrs Cronje, though faithful, is declared to have had weaknesses, for it is said that "she followed her husband in captivity grimly clinging to a black silk dress stolen from Lady Wilson while a prisoner in the Mafeking laager." It will be remembered how much noisy blame there was of Methuen. Here it is said that Wolseley successfully pursued similar tactics at Tel-el-Kebir and was hailed as a hero, and that it was because Methuen failed that he was execrated. The scorn of the "street tactician" was poured out upon him because he made a frontal attack, but circumstances made it impossible for him to undertake a détour. His critics, Mr. Musgrave says, who offer him as proof of the effete aristocracy of the British army, should see "St. Paul" Methuen, as he is sometimes called, earnestly conducting his class of young men in the East End slums. He fervently adds, "Would that all lords were like him!" There is, Mr. Musgrave says, as little favoritism in the British as there is in the United States army, and social butterflies who get in have to pass an examination as rigorous as any in the world. Carlyle wrote of British officers who were "without knowledge of war or fear of death," but they, to be sure, were of the days when commissions were purchased. The inquiry of the United States military attaché at Colenso, "Was there no way round?" was a fruitful text for the civilian tacticians; here it says that the attack was planned according to text-book, but that the task was impossible. "The relief of Ladysmith," says Mr. Musgrave,



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Mr. Dooley•

NO. XLIII.—ON THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG

THE troubled Mr. Hennessy had been telling Mr. Dooley about the difficulty of making a choice of school for Parcky Hennessy, who at the age of six was at the point where the family must decide his career.

"'Tis a big question," said Mr. Dooley, "an' was that seems to be worryin' th' people more thin it used to whin my boy was designed f'r th' priesthood, with a full understandin' be his parents that th' chances was in favor iv a brick-yard. Nowadays they talk about th' education iv th' child before they choose th' name. 'Tis: 'Th' kid talks in his sleep. 'Tis th' fine lawyer he'll make.' Or: 'Did ye notice him admirin' that photygraph? He'll be a great journalist.' Or: 'Look at him fishin' in Uncle Tim's watch-pocket. We must thrain his f'r a banker.' Or: 'Im afraid he'll niver be strong enough to wurruk. He must go into th' Church.' Before he's baptized, too, d'ye mind. 'Twill not be long before th' time comes whin th' soggarth 'll christen th' infant, 'Judge Patrick Aloysius Hinnissy, iv th' Northern District iv Illinye,' or, 'Professor P. Aloysius Hinnissy, L.L.D., S.T.D., P.G.N., iv th' faculty iv Notre Dame.' Th' innocent child in his cradle, wondherin' what alls th' mist iv him, an' where he got such funny lookin' parents fr'm, has thim to blame that brought him into th' wurruld if he dayrilops into a sleepy-shtory man before he's twenty wan an' is took up be th' polis. Why don't you take Parcky down to th' occylist an' have him fitted with a pair iv eye-glasses? Why don't ye put goloshes on him, give him a blue umbrelly, an' call him a doctor at wanst an' be done with it? To my mind, Hinnissy, we're wastin' too much time thinkin' iv th' future iv our young, an' thryin' to larn thim in school what they oughtn't to know till they've growed up. We sind th' childher to school as if 'twas a summer garden where they go to be amused instead iv a pinitinchry where they're sint f'r th' original sin. When I was a la-ad I was put at me ab-bee, an' th' first day I set fut in th' school behind th' hedge, an' me head was sore inside an' out before I wint home. Now th' first thing we larn th' future Mark Hannas an' Jawn D. Gateses iv our nayshun is waltzin', singin', an' cuttin' patchers out iv a book. We'd be much betther teachin' them th' alphangle hold, f'r that's what they need in life.

"I know what 'll happen. Ye'll sind Parcky to what th' Germans calls a Kindygartin, an' 'tis a good thing f'r Germany, because all a German knows is what some wan tells him, an' his graduation papers is a certy-ficate that he don't need to think anny more. But we've unthrojooced it into this country, an' whin I was down seein' if I cud injooce Rafferty th' janitor iv th' Isaac Muggs Grammar School f'r to vote f'r Riordan—an' he's goin' to—I dhropped in on Cassidy's daughter, Mary Ellen, an' see her kindygartnin'. Th' childher was settin' ar-round on th' flure, an' some was moldin' doghouses out iv mud an' wipin' their hands on their hair, an' some was carvin' figures iv a goat out iv pasteboard, an' some was singin', an' some was sleepin', and a few was dancin', an' wan la-ad was pullin' another la-ad's hair. 'Why don't ye take another la-ad's hair.' 'Why don't ye

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A Journal of Civilization
NEW YORK OCTOBER 27: 1900

BLIND-MAN'S BLUFF

GROPING FOR A PARAMOUNT ISSUE

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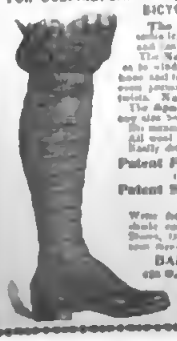

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EDITORIAL IN THE "BOSTON JOURNAL"

THE reorganized house of Harper & Brothers sets its standards high. It wins a great accession in securing William Dean Howells as one of its literary advisers. Mr. Howells will revive the department of the "Easy Chair" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, from which George William Curtis through so many years entertained, delighted, and instructed his countrymen and countrywomen. Mr. Howells will also contribute regularly authoritative comment on current literary affairs to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The first "Easy Chair" department will appear in the December issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. At the same time, Henry Mills Alden, for thirty years the editor of the magazine, will revive the "Editor's Study." These announcements mean much to the myriad readers of the Harper publications. It is clear that wise brains and strong hands are directing the destinies of this the most famous publishing house of America.

EDITORIAL IN THE "NEW YORK TRIBUNE"

IT will be a gratification to many readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE to learn of some new arrangements which have just been completed for that periodical, the results of which will be seen first in the Christmas number. The "Easy Chair," which George William Curtis conducted for so many years, and made one of the most delightful features of the magazine, till it was discontinued at his death, just eight years ago, is to be restored. It will be carried on by Mr. William Dean Howells. Furthermore, there will again be an "Editor's Study" among the last pages of the magazine. This will be conducted by Mr. Henry Mills Alden, the editor, who, for the first time in his thirty-seven years' service on the magazine, will contribute regularly to it. The new "Study," however, will be on different lines from those that governed it when Mr. Howells, and afterward Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, wrote it. It is explained that the need has been felt for some medium to express the peculiarly intimate relations that exist between the old-time readers of the magazine and the editor; and under Mr. Alden's direction it will be henceforth a kind of organ of communication between them.

Mr. Howells will also be a regular contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, writing for it, if not every month, as often as there seems to be occasion for him to speak to the readers of that magazine. His services have been exclusively retained by the house of Harper & Brothers, who will hereafter publish everything he writes. This statement is not invalidated by the previous one, for, as is well known, Mr. G. B. M. Harvey, Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is also the managing head of Harper & Brothers, and that magazine is edited and published in the Franklin Square house.

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HALLOWEEN IN COLONIAL DAYS.

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In the Enemy's Country

FOR a second time as a candidate Mr. BRYAN has ventured into what he once felicitously termed the Enemy's Country, and the Enemy has treated him with the most distinguished consideration. The very flower of New York's political aristocracy turned out to meet him upon his arrival at the Grand Central Station, and from Forty-second Street to Fourteenth Street, during his brief stay in the metropolis, all was ablaze in his honor. Madison Square took on an aspect of glory by night that should have stirred the singular mind concealed within the massive head of the eminent Populist to great thoughts and to pregnant utterances. The vast throngs of people, almost as great as when the circus comes to town, at every opportunity let loose such cries of welcome as should have spurred the great commoner on to the deliverance of an inspired message to his people, such a one, for instance, as Moses himself might have envied. In the presence of such splendor of surroundings, with bared head before that vast concourse of people, in the face of such an opportunity to prove himself an ordained leader of men, the Enemy had a right to expect such words of wisdom to fall from the lips of this fount of eloquence as would have placed him in the class of PHILLIPS, WEBSTER, and even of DEMOSTHENES himself. Even those of us who expect little from BRYAN the candidate looked for something from BRYAN the man, under conditions which would prove an inspiration to the dullest soul, that should indicate some measure of his fitness to occupy the loftiest office the world has within its power to give. Even the most prejudiced, most bitterly partisan, of his opponents looked for a phrase which should give some shadow of justification to the claim of this man that he is of our very soil, that his is the voice of the people, that he is the incarnation of American ideals and aspirations, that he is the long-looked-for prophet who shall raise up his people out of bondage and lead them into the promised land of peace, plenty, and true happiness. In short, the Enemy looked for bread, but Mr. BRYAN had only stones to give him. The flotsam and jetsam of his dozen or more recent speeches in Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan were served up before the throngs that greeted him with so cordial a welcome, and for some reason or other the candidate did not even take the trouble to warm them over, to recast their form, to change even a single word in the bulk of his periods. A careful reading of his four addresses, as authoritatively presented to the consideration of the public by the only wholly Bryanized organ in this vicinity, fails to disclose a half-dozen lines which could [illegible] vation of law and order, for respect for authority, as well as for the observance of that portion of the decalogue which enjoins upon all men the wickedness of bearing false witness.

From all of which we gather either that Mr. BRYAN is neither a great man nor a great orator, or that he spoke to a singularly barren lot of people, from whom no re-enforcement of his alleged genius as a public speaker could have been expected. President GARFIELD once said that "no man can make a speech alone. It is the great human power that strikes up from a thousand minds that acts upon him and makes the speech." It is impossible to believe that there was not enough "human power" in the many thousand minds to which Mr. BRYAN addressed himself to move him to a great effort, and as a human organization susceptible to impressions and the ordinary influences of life, therefore, the candidate must be set down as a failure, unless with MONTAIGNE he believes "that eloquence is an engine invented to manage and wield at will the fierce democracy, and, like medicine to the sick, is only employed in the paroxysms of a disordered state." It may be that Mr. BRYAN wished to compliment his audience by withholding the medicine of eloquence, lest he should seem to imply that in their disordered state they needed it. We think it more likely, however, that in this as in most other instances Mr. BRYAN has proven himself unequal to an opportunity such as rarely falls to the lot of man, and has made more than ever clear the serious limitations which make him unfit for the Presidential office.

TWO weeks ago we invited Mr. BRYAN, who seemed really in need of an issue large enough to be paramount all over the country, to study Crokerism, and after a thorough consideration of its intricacies and real significance to take his stand upon one side or the other of the questions involved. We apprised him of the fact that in Crokerism he would find at last a question large enough to cover every inch of territory in the United States, with a sufficient surplus to reach to the Philippine Islands on the one side, to Cuba and Porto Rico on the other. We told him in simple terms that as the issue unfolded itself to him, as it surely must do if he would study it intelligently, and with a mind unbiassed by personal considerations, he would see how in its essence it is a sort of *omnium gatherum* in which Imperialism, free rice, discredited courts, any kind of money, all kinds of money, morality (public and private), government monopoly, private ownership of public franchises, public proprietorship of private business—all conceivable questions that can possibly come up for discussion in a political campaign—are directly involved. In order that Mr. BRYAN should not be deceived into thinking that Crokerism is merely a local issue, we published at the same time an article, the truth of which has not been denied, because it cannot be, showing the cost of Tammany Hall in Flesh and Blood. We showed where that flesh and blood in some part came from, and therefore in just what respect the existence of this great New York Voting Trust is a menace to the welfare of every home in this country. We stated to Mr. BRYAN that he would find the theme significant enough, once he had mastered it, to consume every moment of his speaking-time from then until the sixth day of November, and we added that whether he touched upon it publicly or not, he would better study it closely, because sooner or later it was bound to obtrude itself upon him, and he should be prepared either to give to it the outstretched hand of fellowship, or to administer that stinging rebuke to which it is so richly entitled.

The Right Hand of Fellowship

Mr. BRYAN appears to have accepted the invitation, and he has openly chosen the side upon which he must stand or fall. Sooner than was generally expected Crokerism obtruded itself upon him, and the candidate spoke.

Presidency.

IN all their foolish talk about an American emperor the Anti-Imperialists, without realizing it perhaps, do little honor to the commonsense of the American people, and pay a remarkable tribute to the courage of the Imperial servants of this nation who are now looking after the administration of the laws at Washington. If it were not that with their seething eloquence the Anti-Imperialist agitators have succeeded in frightening a number of good but timid souls into an alliance with Populism, as well as into an advocacy of a policy of shame in domestic and foreign affairs, the situation would be ludicrous. It is always a sad sight to see a good mind take on an abnormal twist because by some trick of the perceptions conditions are distorted out of all semblance to reality. It seems inconceivable that ordinarily sane persons like Mr. OLNEY, for instance, who have had abundant opportunity to study the characteristics and temper of the American people, can for one moment imagine that any man or any set of men would be foolish enough to embark upon any such perilous enterprise as the setting up of an empire in the place of this republic. We cannot quite agree with the statement of Mr. JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the other day, that "the President who would dare to attempt a coup d'état would be filled as full of holes as a porous plaster within fifteen minutes after making the declaration," because Americans are not given to violence, even if incited thereto by agitators of the BRYAN order, but we are quite confident that the President who attempted any such thing would be covered with so much ridicule, and his declaration would be received with so universal a howl of derision, that he would soon be found hiding his diminished head in the most convenient bit of obscurity obtainable, even if he did not fill himself "as full of holes as a porous plaster." All the Imperial splendor in the world transplanted to American soil would wither into sheer nothingness in the face of the sense of humor of the American people, and any man who thinks or says otherwise thinks or says what is arrant nonsense, and we believe that most of them know it.

The Issue of Nonsense

IT appears probable at this writing that the coal strike is about to be settled to the satisfaction of both parties to the trouble. In the main the miners seem to have won a signal victory, since it is hardly possible that such concessions as have been made to them have been brought about wholly by the pressure of political considerations. There has been little doubt in the minds of those who have taken the trouble to look into the conditions which have prevailed in the coal regions that there were wrongs which needed rectification, and which were ample justification for the miners' attitude. These seemed to be largely the result of a system, however, rather than the conscious infraction of the rights of the men by the operators, and now that the immediate conflict between the contending parties is practically over, it becomes the part of wisdom for those in whose hands the future welfare of the section rests to get together and devise some plan of operation by which conflicts of so serious and far-reaching importance may be avoided in the future.

The Strike

A word of congratulation should be offered both to the men and to the authorities upon the pleasing fact that the strike has progressed from start to finish without any serious manifestations of violence. It speaks well for the men that with so many thousands of them standing idle for so long a period of time, and in the face of no little temptation to do otherwise, they have conducted themselves so well, and with so marked a respect for order. The authorities, too, have handled a very delicate situation with commendable skill.

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APART from one or two ridiculous jests, there was nothing remarkable in what Mr. Bryan said in his Madison Square Garden speech and the speeches with which he followed it last Tuesday evening in New York city. But there was much that was very remarkable in what he did not say.

Mr. Bryan came to New York to persuade New York's people to vote for him for President. He perfectly knew upon what grounds the men of affairs in this great nerve centre of the country's commerce and industry object to his election and fear it. Yet from beginning to end of his addresses to them he said not one word to allay their fears or to remove their objections. He came as the candidate of a party that in its platform, framed by himself, proposes to destroy the prosperity of this people by debasing the coinage, by compelling the wholesale repudiation of debts, by cutting in two every wage-scale, every savings-bank deposit, every life-insurance obligation, every fixed income, every bond of every corporation, and every other debt owed by anybody to anybody. Personally and politically he is pledged to this destructive programme as neither he nor any other candidate was ever before pledged to any course of action whatever. It is on this account that the men of New York fear and dread Mr. Bryan's election. It is on this account that scores of thousands of them abandoned their party relations and put aside their political prejudices four years ago in order to keep him out of the Presidency and avert the evils which his election would bring upon the country. It is for this reason alone, or at any rate chiefly, that the practically decisive electoral vote of this great industrial and commercial State is almost certain to be cast against him again this year, to his inevitable undoing. It is concerning this question that every New York mind is full of interrogation-marks when Mr. Bryan comes hither to ask for support. It is within his knowledge that if he could allay this fear the electoral vote of New York would very probably be his, and with it the Presidency. Surely, then, this is the question concerning which Mr. Bryan should have talked in his speeches to New Yorkers, if he expected to win their suffrages to his support. Yet this is the one subject about which he refused to talk to them at all. In all the great river of words that flowed from his lips while he was in New York, there was not one sentence in explanation of his anarchistic financial programme, not one word calculated to allay the apprehension with which every man of affairs, every thrifty working-man, and every intelligent owner of a little hoard of any kind looks upon his candidacy. His only reference to the subject was a complaint that the Republicans insist upon discussing this issue when it would be much more comfortable for him to talk about something else.

Whatever platforms may proclaim, and whatever Mr. Bryan may desire, the question of honest or dishonest money is paramount in the minds of New York voters—from the bankers and great captains of finance who manage the vast and delicate machinery of our commerce and our industries, all the way down to the husband or son of the washer-woman who has put away a little sum of money in the savings-bank, and wants to know whether it is to be paid back in full-value dollars or in dollars that will buy no more than fifty cents' worth at the butcher's and baker's.

"Let us not talk of these things," says Mr. Bryan in effect. "Let us not waste our time over mere domestic issues. No matter what I intend to do with your dollars. No matter whether your wages are to be cut in two in their purchasing power or not. Never mind about your wretched little savings-bank deposits. Let us talk of larger things. These are merely 'domestic issues.' Let us devote our attention instead to the Filipinos. Don't alarm yourselves about my proposal to reduce your wages and your savings to one-half their present value. Let me give you a really good scare instead with my carefully constructed spook called 'Imperialism.' Let me tell you how horribly you are enslaved by the Trusts without knowing it."

This is not banter. It is not badinage. It is not even exaggeration. In sober truth it is the substance of what Mr. Bryan has had to say to the voters of a State whose votes must determine whether or not he is to occupy the seat of Washington, and Jefferson, and Lincoln.

And when Mr. Bryan comes to talk of "Imperialism" and of "Trusts," he talks a twaddle so arrant in its absurdity that only idiots could be misled by it.

He tells us that the very existence of our free institutions, the very life of that "government of the people, by the people, for the people," of which Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg, depends upon his election to the Presidency. But he does not tell us why or how. Like Carl Schurz, and E. M. Shepard, and Bourke Cockran, and the other followers of the Imperialistic bugaboo, he stops short just at the point where we expect him to go on with an explanation. Like them he utterly fails to tell us of any project for a change in our institutions, or any means by which designing "Imperialists" could persuade "two-thirds of both Houses" of Congress and "three-fourths" of the State Legislatures to authorize any such change. In his mouth as in theirs it is all a glittering generality, a "spook game" without bodily form or substance.

Imperialism is a thing invented "for campaign purposes only." The reason for its being is that those who would profit by the scare it is intended to produce wish to blind men's eyes to their fell purpose of debasing the coinage, debauching the currency, betraying the national good name, repudiating debts, and playing havoc with that extraordinary prosperity which just now makes this the happiest nation in the world.

In common with Mr. Schurz, Mr. Shepard, and all the rest of the sentimentalists, Mr. Bryan talks glibly about Imperialism without ever telling us what he means by it or by what conceivable process it can fasten itself upon the republic. He ignores, as they do, the fact that the framers of our government hedged it about in extraordinary fashion with an impenetrable abatis of safeguards. There is nothing of human construction in this world that it is so difficult to change as the Constitution of the United States. At present nobody wants to change it except Mr. Bryan and the revolutionary forces whose candidate he is. They avow their purpose so to alter it as to enlarge the taxing power of Congress, and to make of the Supreme Court a bunch of politically elective judges, holding office for brief terms, and amenable to every passing whim of popular passion.

In his anxiety to make his spook of Imperialism do the grimacing that it was constructed to do, Mr. Bryan turns pure demagogue, and dishonest demagogue at that. As a proof of Imperialism he cites the fact that we now have an army of 100,000 men—somewhat less than half the peace establishment of Turkey or Italy; though Mr. Bryan does not call attention to the difference. Nor does he mention the fact that of this little army of 100,000 men—very badly needed a few weeks ago for the protection of American citizens in China—35,000 are not regular soldiers at all, but volunteers under temporary enlistments limited by statute law to July 1, 1901, when the total force under the President's command, in Cuba, Porto Rico, China, the Philippines, and the United States, must be reduced to a skeleton army of 65,000 men—scarcely enough to garrison the forts and take care of the cannon that protect our sea-coast cities against invasion. Surely Mr. Bryan was not quite candid—to put it politely—when he presented this matter in this way.

He was very much worse than uncandid when he said to a Tammany mob:

"I believe that one of the reasons that they want a large army is to build a fort in this city and use the army to suppress by force that discontent that ought to be cured by legislation."

As Mr. Bryan is neither a fool nor a drunken man, it is certain that he "believes" nothing of the kind. His utterance was reckless incendiarism, unexcused even by possible ignorance. It is not less than a calamity when a candidate for the most exalted office on earth descends to so low a level of demagogy as this. Fortunately such an utterance of incendiary suggestion can only result in provoking the resentment of honest and sensible men. The American people have seen a million and a quarter American soldiers in arms as their defenders. They have seen that great army dissolve and the men composing it go back to civil life without even a suggestion of disorder. They are not to be scared now by a regular army of 65,000 men—less than one soldier to a thousand of population—especially as nearly the whole body of our soldiery is in foreign lands, and the total force within our own country is too small even to police our forts.

Concerning the Filipinos Mr. Bryan is as vague in his outgivings as an oracle usually is. He is sure that we ought to set those people free, but he does not tell us how. Having come into sovereignty over their islands by Mr. Bryan's own procurement—for it is his pride that the treaty of peace with Spain could not have been ratified without his agency—we certainly cannot abandon them to savagery. We cannot let go our hold upon them until their people shall have organized an orderly government of their own, and they can organize such a government only under our direction and in pursuance of our initiative. That, indeed, is Mr. Bryan's own programme, or was so when he was explaining his activity in behalf of the treaty that saddled us with sovereignty in the Philippines. It is precisely the policy that the present Administration is pursuing. Even Mr. Bryan has never been intemperate enough in his thinking to suggest that we should turn over the archipelago to the government of the small minority of a single tribe represented by Aguinaldo and his band of bandits. And there is no other organized body in the Philippines that even pretends to be a government.

Mr. Bryan cites Cuba as furnishing an example of what we should do at Manila. But in Cuba we did not recognize the bandit "republic." On the contrary, we held that there was no orderly government there, and we have ourselves exercised authority in the island, even in the minutest details, pending the formation of a government, and we have ourselves taken control of the processes by which such government is to be created. The policy of the Administration in the Philippines has been precisely the same; but there it has been baffled somewhat by an insurrection encouraged by Anti-Imperialist twaddle in the United States, and stimulated by the false hope that Mr. Bryan, if elected, may recognize Aguinaldo's ring as a legitimate government, haul down our flag, and abandon the archipelago to a riot of savage civil war first, and to German, English, or some other spoliation afterwards.

On the subject of "Trusts" he talked with as reckless an ignorance as that which inspired his platform makers. Like them he classed all corporations as public enemies, to be suppressed by legislative act. Like them he suggested that every corporation doing business outside the State of its creation should be compelled to "squeeze all water out of its stock"—that is to say, should allow nothing of stock for inventions, good will, earning capacity, or any other of those things which enlightened business men everywhere regard as capital. He proposed further to forbid by statute law every attempt at monopoly.

He forgot or ignored the fact that in owning a little farm, whose acres he would certainly not permit anybody else to cultivate without paying rent to him, he is himself a monopolist. He ignored the fact that in every patent issued the government not only grants but protects a monopoly. He forgot that when his ambition to be President of the United States shall have been finally laid at rest by the votes of his countrymen, his government, under its copyright laws, will grant him a monopoly in the book that shall tell the story of his attempt to secure the most exalted office in the world by a threat to debase his country's coinage and repudiate its promise to pay its creditors in full. He overlooked the fact that every man who engages in business at all tries hard and legitimately to monopolize all that he can of the business he is doing.

In an article entitled "The Trumped-up Issue of the Trusts," HARPER'S WEEKLY has already sufficiently discussed this matter. It has called Mr. Bryan's attention to the official report of the Attorney-General of the United States for 1893. In that report, Richard Olney, Democrat of bluest blood, and lawyer without a superior in all the land, ridiculed the Sherman anti-trust law as a futile attempt on the part of Congress to do what the Constitution gives it no authority to do. He showed clearly that this matter belongs almost exclusively to State jurisdiction, and that all the clamor for the enforcement of existing national statutes concerning it, or for the enactment of other and severer laws, has its origin in crass ignorance of the fundamental principles of our government. Mr. Bryan is a lawyer and a man who keeps himself informed concerning public affairs. Surely he is not ignorant of this opinion of the greatest Democratic Attorney-General that the country has had since Caleb Cushing's time. And yet if he has ever read Mr. Olney's report with its citations of judicial rulings, he is guilty of a very flagrant suppression of truth when he criticises Mr. McKinley for having neglected to recommend further anti-trust legislation to Congress.

Mr. Bryan has also doubtless read the official report of Mr. Olney's successor—that other great Democratic Attorney-General, Judson Harmon. If he has seen the reports of these two, he knows perfectly that to talk of enforcing the Sherman anti-trust law or of enacting a more effective Federal statute on the subject, is wilfully to mislead those who listen to him. He knows that the highest United States court that has ever made a deliverance on the subject has judicially declared that in the contemplation of law there can be no such thing as a "monopoly," unless the man holding it is authorized by the law itself to forbid any other person to engage in business as his rival. He knows that according to the decisions of the United States courts, there is no power in Congress to enact constitutional legislation on this subject. He knows, as Attorney-General Olney and Attorney-General Harmon have told him, that while all national law-making on this subject is necessarily unconstitutional and ineffective, the several States have full power to deal with it by statute, and their courts have authority to suppress and punish attempts at the control of markets without waiting for any statutes at all, because such attempts are criminal at common law, as was shown in the sugar-trust proceeding in New York nearly twenty years ago.

As Mr. Bryan is a lawyer and a man who keeps himself in touch with public affairs, he certainly knows the truth as to this matter, and yet he deliberately suppresses and actively misrepresents it. It is not less than astonishing that a candidate for the Presidency should be guilty of such prevarication. It is very positively shocking to the moral sense that such a man should so shamelessly trifle with the truth. The only excuse that an over-charitable mind can suggest is that possibly a man who has convinced himself of the righteousness of repudiation, a man who sincerely believes that the "breath of Congress" can make fifty cents equal a dollar, is capable of believing any absurdity that may happen to present itself to his mind.

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GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT ON THE STUMP.

MR. BRYAN ON THE STUMP.

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INDIAN TROOPS LOOTING.

THE LOOT AND THE MAN. *By Charles Denby, Jr.*

TIENTSIN, CHINA, *August 27, 1900.*

THE joint invasion of North China by the soldiers of eight powers has afforded an unexampled opportunity for a comparison of their respective attainments in the various branches of the art of war. Some are beautifully drilled, others show their admirable qualities under the hardship of prolonged hunger and fatigue; some are at their best in desperate defence, and others shine pre-eminent in furious assault.

There are none braver than the young, clean-limbed, wiry soldiers of our own republic; none more stubborn in defence than the stolid Cossack; none more patient and persistent in taking advantage of every chance against the enemy than the men of new Japan; none under more perfect discipline than the Germans; none more experienced and reliable than the British soldier. When it comes to looting, however, that culmination of war, that operation which follows successful attack, and for many soldiers seems the crowning art of their profession, the international army is especially worth watching, and each arm thereof shows its own peculiarities. The Englishman is a stolid sort of looter. He half expects that some license to loot is to be given to him, and, without waiting on formality, he proceeds to carry off tables and chairs, bedclothes and clumsy boxes, which he is destined to part with on his next advance. We could pay many compliments to our English cousin; let us sum him up by saying that he attracts less attention because he is, here as everywhere, what two centuries of experience lead the world to expect to find him.

The Italian in looting, true to the instincts of his race, goes in for music. During the siege of Tientsin, when whistling shells drove all our thoughts from gentle arts, four Italian sailors were seen laboriously carrying away a grand-piano, with which they wished to while away the idle hours between fierce sortie and desperate defence. It has been generally noticed that the Russian does not care to carry things away. His is a young and lusterous nature. When he enters a house filled with priceless heirlooms of Chinese curios and porcelain he cheerfully and indiscriminately smashes everything. All is alike to him: a peachblow vase, perhaps the only specimen of its kind in the world, a foreign picture, the pride of some merchant's collection—*nichevo*, "It is no matter," and a bayonet thrust leaves a crushed mass. If there are women and children in the house, the worse for them: their crushing will give pleasure also and then on to the next house for a similar programme.

In determination in looting the American surpasses all. Don't disturb him when you find him at it unless you take the precaution to see him first. He is like a dog with a bone: he don't like to be disturbed. Let him alone and, after he is tired of his tawdry treasure, he will take a drink with you at the nearest canteen, and part for nothing with an object which he had risked liberty or even life to secure. It is a national trait—earnestness, intense devotion to the immediate end, then indifference; the pleasure of pursuit, not the pleasure of possession. Long life to the American soldier! No one knows his full possibilities, for he has always more than met all the demands upon him. When he goes into battle he casts off his blanket roll, then go his provisions, then his precious canteen, last resource against thirst when he may lie wounded on the burning plains of China. But note that he keeps his rifle and his cartridge-belt, because he needs them to kill the enemy, and that is his purpose. When the night comes he will shiver hungry on the ground, but when the morning sun brings him face to face with death again you find him with gun and cartridge ready, with an empty stomach perhaps, but a heart full of determination to carry forward his country's flag. I have seen him under fire, meeting the fatal bullet with careless jest, and I have seen him in the fiercest ordeal of the hospital operating-room. Firm purpose, brave words, heroic conduct, are natural to him. He will get drunk sometimes in the intervals of fights, drunker perhaps than his countrymen of other nations, and oftener drunk, he will loot when occasion offers with an intensity of purpose worthy of a better cause, but he will fight without wavering against any odds; he will not abuse a victory, and, in China at least, he has ill-treated no woman and has brained no child. War is hell, but the American soldier is the least hellish of its agents.

The Frenchman is an interesting character. What a trivial nature! I have seen one marching with his fellows, feet encased in huge bear skin slippers, dancing to the music. Fun is what he is after, something good to eat and good to drink, a merry jest, the campaign a holiday. If there be a woman around, look out! Be she virtuous, so much the worse for her, and many a ruined home, many a husband with brain crushed in while defending the person of his wife, bears frightful witness to war's unloosing of the fiercest passions. Such crimes have been frequent in this campaign, and our civilization recoils humiliated at the small difference that distinguishes us from the barbarism of our enemy. The Chinese murder and torture, many of their deeds rank high in the scale of callous fiendishness, but crimes against women are few among them.

The Frenchman is a picturesque looter. Here comes one down the streets of Tientsin native city. In his arms he carries a huge lacquer box—Japanese lacquer worth perhaps fifty francs now in Japan. He has broken all the rules of military discipline, risked his life, perhaps committed murder, to get it. It is very large, and the roads are bad and he can't see over it. Now he lifts it up and looks under it, now he holds it far aside and gets a peep around it. Suddenly he stops; there is another prize on the side of the road; some one has dropped a gaudy handkerchief—a moment's hesitation, a longing look at his love, but the handkerchief has triumphed. The lacquer is cast contemptuously away, and with the handkerchief entwining his happy face, on he goes, and he will part with that to the first almond-eyed girl that condescends to smile upon him.

The Japanese is a striking soldier, but for private loot he doesn't amount to much. For large operations under his officer's guidance he is very effective, and in this campaign many hundreds of thousands of ounces of silver were noiselessly transferred by these industrious workers from Tientsin city to the shores of Ta Nippon. As a soldier, however, all admire and respect the "Jap"; there is no better military machine in the world than the Japanese army, probably none so good. "Jappie," as he is affectionately called, does not care for drink and never gets drunk. In fact, it would take him half a month's pay to buy a bottle of beer. He does not care much what he eats; he stands cold and heat with equal equanimity; he can fire anywhere; he always obeys orders, and goes where he is told to go and stays where he is told to stay. The Japanese generals regard their men as a body, not as a collection of units; a loss of five hundred is only a certain percentage, not so many lives dear to some one cut off in the prime of health and vigor. The Japanese seem religious; he is probably warm and lovable to those who know him well. On the 13th of July, when the allied forces lay under the terrible fire from the walls of Tientsin city, and to show half an inch of head meant death, occurred a striking incident. The Japanese occupied a row of mud huts along a canal leading to the south gate of the city, about half a mile away. An interval of two hundred and fifty yards between two rows of these houses was a zone of death, and the Japanese forces occupied both sides of it. No one knows how many thousand Chinese rifles covered this area. A Japanese officer galloped up to the shelter of the nearest house and started a soldier with a verbal order across the open zone. Within thirty yards he fell dead. Another soldier, without an instant's hesitation, dashed out with the repeated message, and his body fell at his companion's feet. Instantly, like clock-work, as if the whole Japanese army were available to be slaughtered, the officer sent forward another white-uniformed, brown-visaged messenger. To the relief of all onlookers he got safely through.

On the night of the 13th, when the foreign attack seemed a failure and retreat inevitable, the Japanese general was consulted as to withdrawing. His reply was that his first movement would be forward. That night the Japanese blew a breach in the wall with dynamite and entered the captured city.

The world's verdict pronounces the Japanese a wonderful soldier. In personal character, in courage, in intelligence, in discipline, in equipment, in minute preparation before a campaign and in generalship in conducting it, he has no superior. Those who have seen him in this Chinese affair will fight with him as an ally if they can, and will hesitate long before they decide to fight against him.

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THE IMPERIAL CITY.

GRAVES OF GUARDS, BELGIAN LEGATION.

GRAVES OF GUARDS, RUSSIAN LEGATION.

RUSSIAN CAVALRY CAMP IN THE IMPERIAL CITY.

THE OCCUPATION OF PEKING BY THE ALLIED FORCES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

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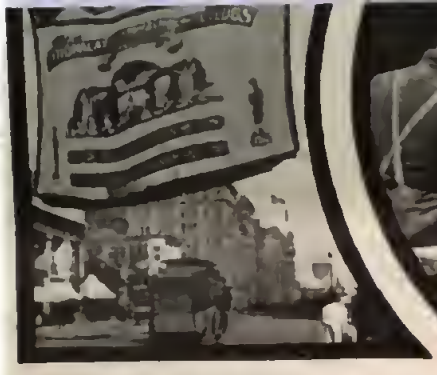
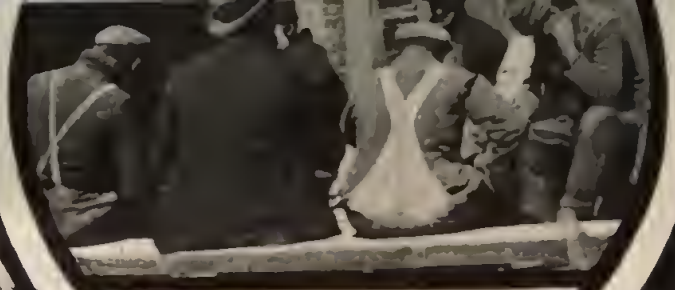
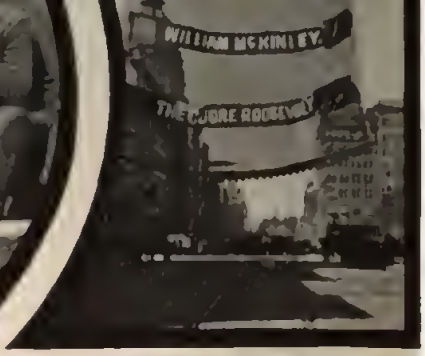


ON BROADWAY.



THE MID-DAY DISCUSSION



ON FOURTEENTH STREET.

TAMMANY HALL.

THE ITALIAN KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS.

THE CAB-DRIVER HAS HIS OPINIONS.

WATCHING THE CAMPAIGN KITES.

THE BUTTON-MAN DOES A RUSHING BUSINESS.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK DURING THE CAMPAIGN.

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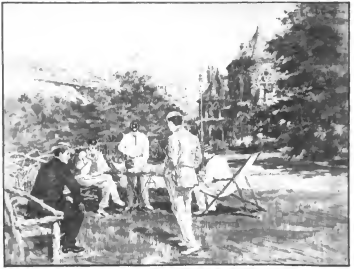
[illegible] of American travel-ler, it is very modern in its workings, and is loved by thousands of young fellows and old, whose ideas of what is fit and pleasing are surprisingly like those of our own undergraduates and instructors. That it could, with advantage, be adopted in toto is not probable; but a closer knowledge of what it is and stands for will, I think, suggest the most practical method of bettering our social conditions.

The virtue of the college lies in the fact that it gives every man a suitable home, and provides that he come under the best influences of the university with the least possible effort and delay. When a Freshman arrives at the college the mediæval gate is unbarred by a very modern porter, who lifts boxes and bags from the hansom in the most obliging manner; and he is presently shown to his cloisteral chambers by a friendly and urbane butler or steward. To accommodate the new-comers in the more populous colleges a measure is resorted to that shocks all American ideas of academic propriety. Enough Seniors—fourth and third year men—are turned out of college to make room for the Freshmen. The assumption is that these upper-classmen have had every opportunity to profit by the life of the college, and are prepared to flock by themselves in the town. Little communities of four or five fellows, who have proved congenial, live together in "diggings"—that is, in some townsman's house hard by the college gate. This arrangement makes possible closer and more intimate relationship among them than would otherwise be likely; and, by insuring them against the distractions of life in the college, it gives them a solid year for study before the final examination. It cannot be said that they leave college without regret, but I never heard a word of complaint, and it is tacitly admitted that on the whole they profit by the arrangement.

When the Freshman has been shown to his room he falls to the care of the "scout"—a dignitary in the employ of the college, who stands in somewhat less than the place of a parent and more than that of a servant to some half a dozen fellows whose rooms are adjacent. The more substantial furnishings in the rooms are usually permanent, belonging to the college, each successive occupant is charged for interest on the investment and for depreciation by wear. Thus the furniture is far more comfortable than in an American college and costs the occupant less. Bed and table linen, cutlery, and a few of the more personal furnishings the student brings himself. If one neglects to bring them, however, as, I confess, I did, through ignorance, mine host the scout clandestinely levies on the man above for sheets, on the man below for knives and forks, and on the man across the way for table-linen. And there is no call for either shame on the one part or resentment on the other, for is not the scout the representative of the hospitality of the college? "When you have time, sir," the scout says kindly, "you will order your own linen and cutlery." How high a state of civilization such an arrangement implies can be appreciated only by those who have turned up friendless in an American university.

As soon as the Freshman is settled in his rooms, and sometimes even before, his tutor meets him and arranges for a formal presentation to the dean and master. All three are apt to show their interest in a Freshman by advising him as to trying for the athletic teams, joining the college clubs and societies, and, in a word, as to all the concerns of undergraduate life except his studies—these come later. If a man has any particular gift, athletic or otherwise, the tutor introduces him to the upper classman he should know, or when this is not feasible, gives a word to the upper-classmen, who take the matter into their own hands.



AFTERNOON TEA AT OXFORD.

DEAR SMITH,—Come to my rooms to breakfast, if you can, with Mr. Brown and me on Wednesday at 8.30.
Yours sincerely, A. ROBINSON.

At table, the Freshman finds other Freshmen, whose interests are presumably similar to his own.

No one supposes for a moment that all this is done out of simple human kindness. The Freshman breakfast is a conventional institution for gathering together the unlicked cubs, so that the influences of the college can take hold of them. The reputation of the college in general demands that it keep up a name for hospitality, and in particular the clubs and athletic teams find it of advantage to get the run of all available new material. As a result of this machinery for initiating new comers, a man usually ceases to be a Freshman after a single term—two months—of residence, and it is always assumed that he does.

If one's idiosyncrasies do not yield to the kindlier treatment he is liable to be "ragged," or, as we should say, hazed. The more I learned of Oxford motives, the less anxious I was to censure the system of ragging. In an article I wrote, after only a few months' stay, I spoke of it as boyish and undignified, and most Americans, I feel sure, would hold up the hand of public horror. Yet I am not now inclined to be thankful that we are not as they. Ragging is doubtless a survival of the excellently efficient system of discipline in the public schools where the older boys have charge of the manners and morals of the younger, if indeed it is not, like public-school discipline, an inheritance from the Middle Ages. In the schools, to be sure, the Sixth Form take their duties with great sobriety of conscience, which is scarcely the case in the college; but the difference of spirit in the colleges is perhaps justifiable.

I have not come to this trust in the college system without experience. I have also sounded the undergraduates as to whether they would find use for a greater liberty. I found that the fellows were not only content with their lot, but would resent any loosening of the restrictions. To give them the liberty of London at night, or even of Oxford, they argued, would tend to break up the college as a social organization and to weaken it athletically, for at Oxford they understand what we sometimes do not—that a successful cultivation of sports goes hand in hand with universal good comradeship and mutual loyalty.

The only question remaining was of the actual moral results of the semi-cloisteral life. As for drinking, in spite of the fact that wine is sold to the students at any and all times by the college, and in any and all quantities, there seemed to be less excessive indulgence than, for instance, at Harvard or at Yale. And the fact that what there was took place for the

have no natural inclination.

It will be seen that the English college affords those peculiar advantages of community life—eating, sleeping, work, and play—that with us are confined to fraternities and clubs, and where these are in their very nature exclusive the college is consciously and effectively inclusive. The very fact of being at Oxford insures one a well-ordered life and ample opportunity for making friends. Society life, as we know it, is obviously superfluous. The social organizations in a college are, for the most part, for the promotion of recognized undergraduate activities—athletics, debating, etc.—and are open to all who are qualified for membership. Each college, to be sure, is likely to have its wine club, membership in which is a purely social distinction; and in the university, as a whole, there are, as in American universities, many exclusive organizations most pleasant and useful to belong to. But their evil effects are annulled by the fact that the life in the colleges is so admirably adapted to supplying all normal social wants. The college is a man's home, while the university is, like the city he lives in, full of interests and activities which it is pleasant but not necessary to form a part of. And here is the point of chief moment. By the very conditions of residence in colleges the members of the exclusive societies come into daily contact, each with the life of the college he belongs to, and the esprit de corps of the college is so strong that they seldom or never cease to be loyal to its interests. No matter how distinguished a 'varsity oarsman may be, he has the keenest interest in the boating reputation of his college, as the annual bumping races testify. And socially it is the same. The news of the university at large is first reported and discussed over afternoon tea at the great university society, Vincent's; by dinner time it has been brought into the dining halls of all the great colleges. In an incredibly short time all undergraduate news and the judgments upon it of the men best qualified to judge vivify the college, and men who seldom stir beyond the college walls are brought closely in touch with the innermost spirit of the university life. Here again the compact communities within those college walls—so terrible to Americans—make possible a freedom of interplay of all social forces unknown at Harvard or Yale. The real Union of Oxford, social, athletic, and intellectual, exists quite apart from the so-called Oxford Union: it results from the nice adjustment between the residential life of the colleges and the social life of the university. Thus Oxford and Cambridge combine the intellectual advantages of a large university with the social advantages possible in a small college.

The main objection to introducing the college system in America is the expense of duplicating the score of Oxford colleges. But a sum no larger than that which is to be invested in the so-called Union at Harvard would be ample to found a single college, for the benefit, let us say, of such poor scholars as now form a clique centring about the Foxcroft dining club. So long as they have in common a suitable place for board and lodging, the details of their régime are of minor importance. Such a college would be certain to attain distinction for the scholarship of its members; and the pleasantness of life in it, as compared with the life outside, would in turn tend to make scholarship more reputable than it has been of late. This is precisely what has happened at such colleges as Balliol at Oxford; and as not a few of the poorer scholars are distinguished athletes, the new college might come, like Balliol, to temper its scholastic fame with a dash of athleticism. If the virtue of the college is once established, the founding of other colleges would be a matter of course, and our leading institutions would be as fortunate in their social as in their intellectual life.

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The American and British troops got into Peking through a sluice-gate in the Tartar city wall. The stone fort with the American flag on the wall above is the position held by the American marines during the siege of the Legations.

THE 9th U.S. INFANTRY ENTER

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON FROM

RING PEKING, AUGUST 15, 1900

A PHOTOGRAPH BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

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SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. This, in turn, he transfers to a third person, who wears his hair à la Pompadour. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Sorriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He has learned that the rendezvous appointed is "the yellow house," situated in the Rue de Rennes. He visits the "yellow" house by stealth and learns that Captain Coventry and the man with the Pompadour hair are the same person. Cary obtains possession of the jewel. But it turns out to be only an imitation.

CHAPTER XIII

I GO OUT TO SERVICE

IT seemed a long time before any one even moved. The General's face was purple.

"Irma!" he said, thickly; then he fell back in a chair and plucked at his collar.

"*Article de Paris*," returned mademoiselle, with the utmost serenity; "or, if you prefer, just plain colored glass."

"What!" roared the General. He knelt down on the hearth, examining the glittering fragments one by one, while I wondered if I looked as foolish as I felt.

"She is quite right, Cary," said the General, at last. "Nothing but a clever imitation. And now, what does it all mean?"

Truly the mystery of the "Cardinal's Rose" seemed further than ever from a solution. For whose benefit had Mr. Arthur Coventry played his little farce? Had I been his dupe, then, from the very beginning? No; that could not be, and I read the same answer in mademoiselle's eyes. Unquestionably the false jewel had been prepared to deceive du Midi alone. Mr. Coventry had evidently wanted time in which to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, and it was necessary to keep the young man quiet.

But of all this, not a word to the General. The honor of the Chevalier was to be guarded as a possession even more precious than that of the "Cardinal's Rose" itself. Mademoiselle had taught me my lesson; I must take the blunder upon my own shoulders.

"I have been stupid, General," I said, as easily as I could. "The rascals must have realized that I was after them hot-foot, and they threw this out on the chance of delaying me. However that may be, we have at least established one certainty—the double-dealing of Coventry. The fact that the counterfeit stone was found in his virtual possession is presumptive evidence that he knows where the real one is."

"One moment, Mr. Cary," returned the General, and his voice was full of a hard suspicion. "You forget that I have only your bare word for Mr. Coventry's share in this matter. It was from your hand, and not from his, that I received the false ruby; and in the absence of any other evidence than your own story, am I not justified in concluding that the onus must at least be shared between you?"

Admirable logic this, but somewhat embarrassing. I looked over at mademoiselle.

"It is true that neither has fully succeeded in clearing himself," she said, slowly; "but if we must choose between them, it will be better to give our confidence to Mr. Cary."

"But Coventry already knows—"

"Too much," finished his daughter, calmly. "Finally, we have Mr. Cary's parole, and we know that it means something to him, or he need never have returned at all to the Rue d'Alger. As for Mr. Coventry, his only passport is his friendship with the Chevalier, and there was a Judas among the apostles. Decidedly, we must give Mr. Cary our confidence—if he is willing to accept it."

"But why should we trust with either of them?" demanded the General, impatiently. "Surely, the fewer the better."

"Precisely, but we are now one short of the few. Michael has broken his leg. The stupid got in the way of an automobile this morning, and was taken to a hospital."

"And you propose—"

"That Mr. Cary shall assume Michael's rôle in our little comedy. Have you ever been out at service, Mr. Cary? No? that is unfortunate, since the best of references are required. However, I dare say we shall be able to arrange all that; and now, if you please, give me your entire attention.

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2583.

"To-morrow morning Vital will bring you a suit of dark clothes suitable to your new condition, and you will allow him to shave off both your beard and your mustache. At ten o'clock you will present yourself in this room ready to assume your duties as a footman in the household of Baron Kerker."

"But, mademoiselle—"

"No objections, Mr. Cary. These are your orders from your superior officer, and your part is to obey—not to question them. Still, you are entitled to some explanations, and M. le Général will be happy to satisfy your reasonable curiosity. Come, monsieur, are you not even acquainted with the elementary duties of your new profession; do you not see that I am waiting for you to open the door?"

As I lie awake in bed, staring up at the ceiling, I go over in my mind the story that the General has just imparted to me. In a few words, then, the Chevalier du Midi is none other than Prince Infelix, the rightful King of Aetolia, and the General is that same Count de Czareska who was prime minister to Basil IX. After the unlucky campaign that ended with the defeat at Saikis, Soulian intrigue brought about the usurpation of Jehan, and Basil Agricola fled to England, where he died. All this happened twenty years ago, when Infelix was a child in his nurse's arms. General Czareska was appointed legal guardian to the young prince, and the exiles lived quietly near London, waiting—waiting for a chance to strike back at the rebels and traitors who ruled Aetolia from the steps of the Soulian throne.

It was in January of this year that the Prince attained his majority, and, depending upon favorable advices from Aetolia, General Czareska determined that the time had come for a forward step. The first move was to Paris, and the work of reorganizing the revolutionary party began at once.

We are now at the last of June, and the work is well advanced. Arms and supplies have been distributed throughout Aetolia, plans of campaign have been formulated, and at any time the word may be given. To strike as swiftly and as hard as possible is the aim of the Legitimist leaders, and, indeed, the success of the movement depends almost entirely upon its celerity, as may be easily shown.

Nominally, Aetolia is a tributary to Soulia, but under the treaty of Naples it retains its autonomy, and Soulia is only entitled to interfere under circumstances of extraordinary emergency. The usurper Jehan is completely under Soulian influence, and in return he enjoys the open friendship and protection of the Caliph.

Supposing, now, that the revolution in favor of the deposed Agricolas is fairly under way, it is evident that Jehan will look to Soulia for aid. But war costs money, and every money lender in Europe knows just how much the Caliph's note-of-hand is worth. Everybody knows, again, that the Soulian army pay is six months in arrears, and that there is discontent everywhere. Unless Soulia can succeed in floating a fresh loan, it will be impossible for her to extend any material aid to Jehan.

And so the fate of Aetolia lies in the hands of the money-brokers. If Soulia's support can be rendered nugatory through the refusal of the money-barons to loosen their purse-strings, why, then the revolution has an excellent fighting chance. But once let Soulia get her loan, and we may as well take off our orange and black cockades and go home, without waiting for the green curtain. With Soulia at his back, Jehan must win.

This explains, then, why the Czareska party are still staying on in Paris. The agents of Soulia are also here, and up to this time they have been thwarted at every turn by our counter manipulation of the financial sponge. And in the mean time the revolutionary movement is gaining strength; our last advices are to the effect that the fiery torch may be started on its travels within the next ten days. Soulia must get the money within that time, or never.

Now there is but one regularly qualified financial practitioner in all Europe, and that man is, of course, Baron Kerker, head of the banking-house of Kerker & Company, in the Rue de la Banque. But although the Baron is accustomed to being called in to attend upon desperate cases, no one has ever accused him of doing anything for the sick man without the customary *quid pro quo*. He has the money, but he will not lend it to Soulia without proper security, and he will want something better than a third or fourth lien upon the monstrously encumbered revenues of the empire. Unquestionably the Baron will have his pound of flesh duly cut off and delivered at his door before he will advance a franc upon it. But let the pledge be forthcoming, and the pawnbroker will not hesitate. Can Soulia produce the security, and within ten days?

Of course we have provided, so far as possible, for every contingency. We have our agents everywhere, even in the counting-room of Kerker & Company, and we can be sure of knowing everything that happens there. But the Baron is a clever man, and this is not the kind of business that may be openly transacted on the Bourse. Moreover, there is always a side-door to all the establishments that bear the three golden balls as their trade emblem. Fashionable clients do not care to stand in the common stalls, and rub shoulders with the miserable creatures who ask humbly for a few sous upon the family bedstead. People who have diamonds and sables which they wish to store at the *Mont de Piété* are received in the drawing-room, and there is always a glass of wine to celebrate the conclusion of the business. It would be a grave oversight to think that Baron Kerker leaves all business cares behind him when he drives away from the Rue de la Banque every afternoon at four. In his magnificent residence on the Champs Elysées there is a certain room which the Baron jocularly calls his "Petite Bourse," and many a financial lance has been broken within its heavily padded and sound-proof walls. Finally, Michael, who has been on guard duty in the Kerker household, is incapacitated, and mademoiselle has ordered me to take his place in wearing the Kerker livery. I dislike the rôle to which I have been assigned; I will protest against it—in the morning.

I am almost ashamed to write it down, but when I did meet mademoiselle in the morning, I was clean shaven and attired in that beastly suit of undertaker's black that is also the badge of respectable domestic servitude. Somehow mademoiselle's little hands are masterful instruments for the moulding of men's wills to her liking, and I forgot all about my protest. I only knew that I was to serve her, and I was happy in being chosen to do her will.

Mademoiselle was in high spirits when I presented myself for my final instructions. She complimented me upon my get-up, and was good enough to add that I looked stupid enough to deceive anybody, and should make an admirable lackey. If all went well, and I cared to continue in the profession, something would certainly be found for me at the Aetolian court. I might even aspire to becoming major-domo of the palace at Kar.

"One moment, mademoiselle. You gave me to understand, distinctly, that if I went to the 'yellow house' I must not look for any assistance from you. How did it happen, then, that you were on hand at the critical time?"

"The explanation is very simple, Mr. Cary. I had been attending one of Madame St. Just's Sunday evening musicales, and we were on our way home—that is all."

"But the Rue du Vieux Colombier," I persisted, rashly, "is hardly on the direct route between the Boulevard St. Germain and the Rue d'Alger."

"My way, monsieur, is the one that suits me. Do I make myself understood?"

She swept from the room like a veritable queen and I stood gazing blankly after her with my air-castles tumbling about my ears. I had been fool enough to think that she had cared, that it had made some difference—I knew better now. I had simply been deceiving myself, and at last my eyes were open. True, they smarted a little, but then some of the dust from my fallen castles may have gotten into them, or else I had been looking too long at the sun. Well, it was only another page turned down, and I must not forget the duty to which I had been assigned, and which I must still perform to the utmost of my ability. I called a cab, and gave the driver the address of Baron Kerker on the Champs Elysées.

CHAPTER XIV

THE "PETITE BOURSE"

IT was on Monday that I entered the household service of Baron Kerker, and to-day is Wednesday. I encountered no difficulty whatever in the preliminary formalities of my engagement; it was evident that mademoiselle had spun her threads in every possible direction. Of course I made blunders at first, and I must learn to keep my eyes down, and to walk without clattering my heels. And yesterday I forgot to warm the *Figaro* before handing it to the Baron and was called an imbecile in consequence.

In appearance the Baron is short and stout, and he would be vulgar-looking except for certain lines about the mouth and temples. Perhaps they are the rulings of his great ledger metaphysically reproduced, but he will be a shrewd observer who undertakes to read what is written on them. For the rest, he has splendid white teeth, and it follows naturally that his chef is said to be the best in all Paris.

It is an odious reflection that my business in this house is that of a spy, and I shall be glad when my probation is over. Still, I am not reduced to the humiliating necessity of vulgar eavesdropping, and, indeed, ordinary methods would be useless here, for the thick door of the Baron's private den has no keyhole, and no one enters, upon any pretext, when he is receiving clients. And yet we get our regular daily bulletins, as you shall hear.

It is most ingeniously contrived—that arrangement of a phonographic apparatus within the tall clock that stands in the Baron's study, otherwise the

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for the Baron is dining *à deux*, and his guest is none other than Mr. Arthur Coventry. For two mortal hours I have been standing behind his chair, while he certainly tell us something. By eight o'clock the next morning I found an opportunity to steal away to the Rue d'Alger.

Mr. Arthur Coventry was incontestably the paid agent of Jehan and of Soulia; secondly, he had apparently succeeded in finding a security that would

"WITH YOUR PERMISSION, MADEMOISELLE, I WILL REMAIN."

has been enjoying an excellent dinner, and amusing the Baron with a succession of capital stories. Some of them are mine, by-the-way—real American jokes—but Mr. Coventry tells them well, and I should like to laugh at them myself. And now they have retired into the "Petite Bourse," and, after carrying in the cordials and coffee, I return to my post at the bottom of the grand staircase. Perhaps this time we shall hear something.

It was long after midnight when I was ordered to call Mr. Coventry's carriage. He seemed to be in excellent humor, and whistled softly a bar or two of "*Malbrouck s'en va à la guerre*," as I assisted him with his overcoat. Suddenly he turned and looked me straight in the eyes. I did not flinch, but I could see that the lines about his mouth puckered up oddly, as though he were trying to suppress an amused smile. And then, after staring hard at me for perhaps half a minute, he deliberately took a twenty-

It was aggravating that Mr. Coventry still continued to tell his stories, but for two interminable hours the machine solemnly ground them out, one after another, and never did a really excellent *encouteur* have such an appreciative audience. Mademoiselle walked the floor incessantly, the General swore softly to himself in some outlandish tongue, and I glowered sullkily over a succession of cigars. And then, suddenly:

"Coming now to business, my dear Baron—well, you have asked for security, and quite properly so. But what do you say to this?"

Unfortunately the waxen cylinder is sightless, and we have no means of determining what "this" may be. And the Baron is equally uncommunicative. In reply he simply expresses a willingness to take "this" into consideration. Mr. Coventry argues long and earnestly, but the Baron is exceeding chary of committing himself. Twenty million of francs was what satisfy Baron Kerker; and lastly, he would, if all went well, leave Paris, with the money in his possession, this very night.

Now we could not hope to interfere successfully with Coventry's movements. He was too old a hand to expose himself to any risk, however remote, and there was also the probability that he had recognized me in my character of the Baron's lackey. If so, he would be doubly on his guard. With the money once in his hands, he could laugh at us, since we were hardly prepared for the desperate extremity of highway robbery. Our one chance was to prevent the bargain from being consummated—to keep the Baron from delivering the goods. Very good; but how was it to be done?

It might be safely assumed that Coventry would not care to present himself at the banking-house in the Rue de la Banque. But the Baron was accustomed to leave his office at four o'clock, and the

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tlement hastened away, for there was much for him to do, and it was already half after ten o'clock. I lingered for a moment upon the pretext of writing a note—that long deferred apology to Marchison. But, as usual, I did not get along very far. Mademoiselle had been standing at a window, but now she came over and sat down opposite me at the big table. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes shone.

"We shall win! we shall win!" she repeated over and over again. "But, win or lose, they are worth the living. These glorious days and hours. Is it not so, my friend?"

"For you, mademoiselle—yes;" and here my voice stuck in my throat.

"And why not for you also?" she asked, gravely. "Do you fear that we should prove ungrateful?"

"How could I think so, mademoiselle, when the only reward I desire is the assurance of your happiness."

disappearance of the Cardinal's Rose. It was too difficult for me to believe the story that you told, for I had seen enough with my own eyes to be almost sure of what had happened. It was just as I turned that I saw the Chevalier's hand moving stealthily in the direction of the half-opened despatch-box. For an instant my heart seemed to stop; then it awoke to exulting life. Infelix had again proved himself unworthy; the sacrifice would not be required of me, and for the first time in months I drew a long, deep breath—I was free. And then in another flash came back the remembrance of the cause for which I had been willing to sacrifice everything; I must not be too sure that the offering had been rejected. Even granting that Infelix had possessed himself surreptitiously of the ruby, it must still be remembered that it was his property, and that he was of an age to claim his own.

[illegible] obey."

Quick as her eyes fell, I had caught a sudden light in them that made my heart leap.

"You forget," I continued, lightly, "that I am still in Baron Kerker's service, and as good a master is entitled to his customary warning. And, besides, I have been give a rôle to play in your little melodrama, and it is not fair to take it away from me until I have had the chance to try the part. And so, with your permission, mademoiselle, I will remain."

"To the end?" she said, in a very soft manner, for now we had risen and were standing close together.

"To the end," I answered, solemnly. And then we went our separate ways.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT might be said that the campaign is now in the fever stage. All traces of apathy which caused so much anxiety on both sides a few weeks ago have disappeared, and in its place have come the most unmistakable signs of a deep and far-reaching interest in the struggle for supremacy between McKinley and Bryan. The first indication that the people of the country were genuinely interested in the campaign was given by the registration in New York State on Friday and Saturday, October 12 and 13. Never before was there such a turning out of citizens since the present excellent, but rather cumbersome, system of enrolling was inaugurated. Men to whom time has a high money value stood patiently in line, sometimes for an hour, awaiting the chance to be enrolled among the voters. The figures in New York city were startling, and they puzzled practical politicians on both sides. The tremendous enrolment was totally unexpected, and it has been worrying the Democratic, as well as the Republican leaders, ever since the figures were made public. That the enrolment of 1896 would be equalled was not expected by the most sanguine of the practical politicians. That the figures of 1896 would be exceeded was beyond the wildest dream of the most enthusiastic supporter of either of the candidates. The registration in the cities and towns outside of the metropolitan district was also extremely large. The figures of 1896 being exceeded everywhere from 25 to 50 per cent. Of course both sides have set up claims to victory, in New York State particularly, using the registration figures as a basis. But no man can tell with any degree of certainty just what the heavy registration means. All any one can be sure of is that the increase indicates that the so-called independent voters are going to turn out in large numbers on November 6. If the betting odds can be relied upon as indicators of the trend of sentiment, Mr. McKinley's chances are growing brighter every day. Never before in this campaign have the men who use dollars for argument been so sure of his election. The odds, which in the early days of the struggle were 2½ to 1 on the Republican candidate, have now reached 4 to 1 in the New York Stock Exchange. There is even talk of 5 to 1, but it does not get very far beyond the vocal stage. But the offers of 4 to 1 seem to be genuine, and the amount of money which is at hand to be placed upon Mr. McKinley is very large. One man came all the way from Missouri to New York with $100,000 in cash which he wished to bet against $30,000 that Bryan would be defeated.

THE prophets are growing more numerous every day. Some of their predictions are wild enough to justify the scorn with which prophets are usually treated in the home country. The Republican seers are predicting now that McKinley will have at least 300 votes in the Electoral College, seventy-six more than is necessary for choice. The Bryan prophets are more modest in their predictions. Still, there is not one of them who is not absolutely certain that the Democratic ticket will be successful on election day. The truth of the matter is that the outcome of the struggle still depends upon the results in the Middle West. Indiana and Ohio are still the real battle-grounds. There is also a vigorous contest for New York and Illinois, but the indications are that these States will go to McKinley by majorities somewhat smaller than they gave him in 1896. The Republicans are talking confidently of carrying Colorado, but this seems to be preposterous in view of the fact that that State gave Mr. Bryan 134,000 majority in 1896. Maryland and Kentucky may still be regarded as doubtful States, and both parties are straining to carry them. Apparently there is no reason whatever to believe that Michigan will depart from its time-honored custom of giving its electoral vote to the Republican candidate for President.

MR. BRYAN is still making speeches at the rate of twenty or more a day throughout the country. His trip through Michigan and Ohio aroused enthusiasm among his followers, and he was greeted by an enormous crowd at almost every point on his journey. Probably the greatest demonstration in his honor in this campaign, or in the campaign of 1896, was that arranged for him by Richard Croker, the Tammany chief, in New York city on October 16. The amount of money spent on the demonstration cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy. Probably no person concerned in the affair, with the single exception of Mr. Croker, will ever know what it cost or the sources from which the money was derived. It is safe to say, however, that the sum was greater than any other similar expenditure in any city in the United States. Mr. Croker is not only the leader of Tammany Hall, but he is now the undisputed boss of the Democratic party in New York State. Mr. Bryan's visit here was significant because it was a recognition of Mr. Croker as the head of the New York State Democracy. There can be no doubt now that if Mr. Bryan is successful the Federal patronage of the Empire State will be turned over to the Tammany chief, and it is not unlikely that one or two places in the Cabinet will be at his disposal. There is much more behind the statement that Mr. Croker himself is ambitious for a Cabinet office than is generally believed. For a long time he has been imbued with the desire for what he calls "vindication." The overthrow of his organization in the fall of 1894 by the allied forces of the Independents and the Republicans was a sore trial to Mr. Croker. Now that he holds sway over the city and State, and ex-Senator Hill has been humiliated in the dust, there is no reason why he should not seek vindication at the hands of Mr. Bryan if he is elected President of the United States. Crokerism is fast becoming an issue of the first magnitude in the campaign. Democrats in the most remote parts of the Union are aroused to the obvious danger of it, and there is no doubt that the prominence given to Mr. Croker by the New York reception to Mr. Bryan will have a sharp effect upon the latter end of the campaign. The reception was carried out with smoothness and precision. There were no hitches, and the orders of Mr. Croker were obeyed to the letter. Mr. Bryan was received with tumultuous enthusiasm and, unlike his visit to the "enemy's country" in 1896, the vast audience in Madison Square Garden remained seated until he had finished his speech. He said nothing new, and put forth no issue which hadn't been presented many times before on his trip through the country. He did not discuss the silver question. Recently Mr. Bryan has touched a very low level in his speeches. The fall from the statesmanlike tone of his earlier efforts is marked. He has turned his attention almost entirely to setting class against class, to arousing the poor against the rich. Imperialism has been practically side-tracked, and his speeches are made up principally of demagogic attacks on "Trusts." He still refuses to answer the questions which have been put to him by his opponents concerning his method of dealing with the national finances in the event of his election. The chief question asked of him is, "Will you, if elected, pay the national obligations in gold or silver?" Some of the others which he has refused to answer are: "Will you, if elected, make use of the United States army forcibly to establish a stable government for Aguinaldo?" "Are you in favor of enacting the Wilson tariff law or one similar thereto?" "Are you in favor of disfranchising the colored citizens of the South?" "Do you approve of the action of the Democrats in defeating the Anti-Trust amendment last June?"

On October 17 Mr. Bryan started for a tour of New York State. He was scheduled to visit the principal cities and towns, and the Democrats hope that his journey will result in cutting down the assured majority which the Republican ticket will have above the Bronx.

THE loneliest figure in all the campaign is Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President. It seems that none is so obscure in the political world as to do him honor. His recent trip through New Jersey passed almost unnoticed by the metropolitan newspapers, and small crowds greeted him when he stopped to speak. What he said was not reported outside of the towns that heard him. His greeting in New York, when he came to take part in the Bryan demonstration was extremely cold, and no one of importance at the Hoffman House headquarters showed him the distinguished consideration to which he was entitled by virtue of his place on the national ticket. He was present at the luxurious feast spread for Bryan, the apostle of the plain people—pronounced by William Sulzer "peopul"—but that was all. He spoke at the Madison Square Garden meeting, but half of the audience left when he was introduced by the chairman, and the noise of their departure made his words inaudible. No one seemed to care for what he said or what he might say, and his presence at the meeting added no significance to the demonstration. Bryan and Croker were the names upon the lips of every one, and Bryan and Croker were the stars of the evening. It was the triumph of Bryan in the "enemy's country." It was the apotheosis of Croker in the most corrupt city, politically, in the world. The ranks of his willing slaves filled the seats, row after row, and their lungs of brass and throats of steel furnished the rolling, long-drawn-out cheers and approving shouts which greeted the national standard-bearer of Democracy. Outside in the cold wind, in Tammany Hall, in Cooper Union, more ranks did homage to Bryan. Is it to be wondered at then that Bryan bowed down to Croker when he reached the end of his speech making route? At Cooper Union he said, "I treat as Tammany Hall, and Croker is its prophet." That was a tribute worth all the pains and cost expended on the demonstration.

In the dazzling light of that celebration another lonely figure stood out against the sky. It was the form of the Hon. David Bennett Hill, ex-Governor, ex-United States Senator, and once the absolute dictator of the Democratic party of New York State. Where was he? He was speaking to a small, cold audience in a far-away State who jeered at him when he put his hand on his heart and declared, "I am a Democrat." No doubt there were those in the crowd who greeted Bryan that remembered the day when the Democratic party was something higher and nobler than the tool to a Populistic bite, when demagogues and self-styled tribunes of the people were treated with the contempt and scorn due them. No doubt some of them wondered if Mr. Bryan's conscience troubled him at the assistance he was lending to his good friend Croker in his plan to drive Senator Hill out of political life.

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Florence Kahn as the Chorus

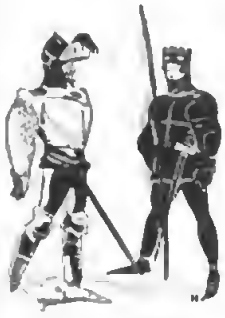
noteworthy about the performance. He has succeeded in interesting New York theatre-goers in Shakspere to a degree unprecedented in the experience of any recent actor but Sir Henry Irving. Others before him have turned in discouragement from this attempt, and Mr. Mansfield has in the past met with experiences which might have proved a warning to a less determined actor. "Richard the Second" and "The Merchant of Venice" are episodes in Mr. Mansfield's career that attracted very little attention in New York so far as the general public was concerned. He has of course gained largely in vogue and popularity since the time of those experiments, and he needed both these advantages to make an impression on the great public with such a play as "Henry V.," which for the actor's purposes possesses only its comparative unfamiliarity and its opportunities for pageantry. Mr. Mansfield availed himself of the latter in the fullest measure, and has the satisfaction of seeing New York interested enough in a Shakespere play to crowd the Garden Theatre. Helene Modjeska, Beerbohm Tree, Augustin Daly, with a poetic and beautiful performance of such a rarely seen work as "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and Julia Marlowe all failed where Mr. Mansfield has triumphantly succeeded. Only the few performances of "Romeo and Juliet" given by Maude Adams and her associates at the Empire Theatre a few years ago and Sir Henry Irving's completeness have attained in New York the favor that has been so liberally shown to "Henry V." Yet every one of these other actors came forward in a more interesting play, and in every case their personal talents were more advantageously displayed. Mr. Mansfield's previous Shakspereau rôles were much more creditable in their revelation of his powers. So it seems that to the visual beauty of its martial scenes, the pomp with which every incident of this slowly moving drama is revealed, and the present vogue of the actor must be attributed the popularity of the performance. It is something to awaken an interest in Shakspere's plays nowadays, by whatever means it is done, and Mr. Mansfield has the credit of it to the fullest extent.

Dorothy Chester as the Boy

MR. MANSFIELD won less praise as an actor than as a stage-manager, although his success in a rôle which would at first seem totally unsuited to his style exceeded expectations. His appearance, much as that can be suited to the rôle he plays by the skilled actor, his demeanor, his lack of plasticity and freedom, his intellectual and rather sinister mood in every rôle—all these familiar features of his acting seemed beforehand to determine the dramatic inefficiency of this performance. Yet he overcame them to a degree that made his personal success in the outrome of his elaborate experiment much greater than could have been reasonably predicted. His delivery of verse is not yet flowing and musical enough for such a character as *Henry V.* which is nearly all rhetorical, but it can be made majestic and, as in the soliloquy before the battle of Agincourt, full of the deepest and most natural feeling. It is at this point that his own performance reaches its highest level. In the scenes with his comrades, and in the courting of the French princess, the actor displays the necessary humor, good-nature, and delicacy. It is in his lack of impetuosity and freedom of movement, his failure to suggest the merely physical characteristics of the militant young king, that the portrayal is least satisfactory. His fifty-two associates in the performance are all capable, and that is sufficient evidence

Richard Mansfield as King Henry V.

THE play possesses so little dramatic movement that its most engrossing moments in the present production come during a scene in which not a word is spoken. The procession of the victorious king to Westminster is represented with wonderfully truthful detail and effect. Then the enthusiastic populace awaiting the returning monarch, the soldiery parading in his honor, the dancing-girls and musicians, the choristers and warriors, are all combined to produce in masterly fashion a scene of jubilant life that represents the last achievement in stage spectacle. The same might almost be said of every succeeding view which presents some new delight to the eye, and if mere pageantry could accomplish it, they would rob some of the earlier scenes of their tediousness. As it is, no episode in "Henry V." delights its audiences so much as this triumphant entry of London.



Mr. Andrews as Fluellen, and the King.

"MARCELLE," designed to put forward conspicuously Blanche Walsh, has failed to accomplish that purpose. Seemingly it has not met any other requirement successfully, and disappeared from the Broadway Theatre, leaving only its memory as a compendium of traditional theatrical expedient unprecedented in its completeness. Eugene Presbrey, who wrote the play, has evidently an abiding faith in the melodramatic standards of the early seventies, and would revive the formulas that Adolphe d'Ennery and his contemporaries used with such effect, and necessarily with so much greater skill. In dramas belonging to the school represented best by "The Two Orphans," the authors led to their results by complicating the relations between their characters until every move on their chess board resulted in some climax of more or less interest according to the skill they showed. It was always a condition precedent to success that the figures in the entangling skein should be moved by under-standable motives and bear toward one another relations not too obviously devised for the playwright's purposes. Masters of this old-fashioned school succeeded in their time because they bore this necessary rule in mind and were able to obey it. Doubtless Mr. Presbrey knows this as well as any of the predecessors he would follow, and thought that his drama preserved the clearness and probability requisite to make its dramatic incidents valuable. But creditable as his play was in many details, cause and effect seemed nearly always too remote, and the strain after exciting climax was constantly too strenuous for the author to make the why and wherefore of the action as comprehensible as it should be. Because he has utilized the most familiar types of melodrama, posed suffering innocence and unscrupulous villany one against the other in the time-worn way, and put about them the most conventional impedimenta of melodrama, there is no ground for quarrel with him, although a little less of the traditionally theatrical manner in their treatment would have been to the advantage of the play. Used with the skill of his prototypes, Mr. Presbrey's material might have been made into an interesting play of its kind, although that kind could never have been anything but the least pretentious and ambitious type of machine-made melodramas. It is doubtful if any degree of effectiveness would have made "Marcelle" entirely suited to the taste of the play-goers who are to be found in New York theatres of the highest class. They are not adverse to melodrama, but it must be of a somewhat palliated, mitigated kind, depending less on the stage-carpenter and the electrician, and more on the probability, romance, and freshness of its episodes. Blanche Walsh, who used to be an actress of somewhat greater qualities than physical force or comeliness, relied chiefly on these in "Marcelle." Possibly nothing else is better adapted to the acting of such a play, if old-fashioned melodrama is to be played in the old-fashioned way. But there are more modern methods that can impart a new quality even to the most obsolescent style of play. Miss Walsh has selected the old way, however, and the most exaggerated fashion of acting has in every scene taken the place of the self-contained, intelligent, and tasteful style that led to the hope her natural talents might one day be highly de-

The King of France

IF this play of life in Canada during the eighteenth century served to put Miss Walsh into eclipse rather than reveal her talents emphatically, another drama of a somewhat earlier day enabled an actress almost forgotten in the crowded theatrical life of New York to become one of the most talked of women on the local stage. Henrietta Crossman has for the past few years acted outside of New York, and there was nothing about her career to impress her on the public memory when she was out of sight. Actors are soon forgotten unless they are conspicuously to the front. So the spectators awaiting Miss Crossman's appearance in "Mistress Nell," when George Hazelton's play was acted for the first time at the Bijou, recalled her as a competent actress in various New York productions five or six years ago—if they remembered her at all. That fortunate circumstance enabled her to triumph when no such event had been expected. An unknown play and an actress little more familiar do not make a combination likely to meet the lucky fate that befell this enterprise. Mr. Hazelton's play makes no claim to historical truth in its use of the love-affairs of *Nell Gwynne* and *Charles the Second*. He has made of certain incidents more or less suggested by facts in the career of the actress and her royal lover, a comedy that is easily the best work of its kind that has recently come from any native dramatist. His four acts pass in the wholly artificial atmosphere of the Carolinian drama, and is no nearer actual life than Charles Lamb found the plays of Wycherley, Congreve, and the other writers of the day. Purely comic is the purpose of the play, although dramatic contrast comes from the rather over-serious intrigue in which the *Duchess of Portsmouth* and *Buckingham* are involved. The man loves the actress, and the woman is plotting to cause her ruin. She has been to supper with the

Harold Russell and Blanche Walsh

king, cares only for him, and, disguised as a youthful soldier, recovers the supposedly valuable papers which foil the purposes of the plotters against her and England. *Nell* is seen at her first meeting with *Charles* while rehearsing on the stage of the King's Theatre, and then in the days of the wealth and power this acquaintance leads to. She is represented as the nearly always buoyant, roguish, warm-hearted, witty actress of history, and the author has supplied sufficiently the style of talk necessary to create the atmosphere of the period. The mere hand is occasionally betrayed in workmanship so crude as to be scarcely recognizable as the work of the writer who has given the play its best scenes. These latter are so much in the majority that Mr. Hazelton shared the little triumph that the actress earned. Her unflagging vivacity and spirit are just the qualities needed for *Nell*. She supplements them with a delicious sense of humor that is not only expressed with the art of experience, but is always free from the least suggestion of indelicacy. And the value of these traits in any embodiment of *Nell* cannot be denied. Miss Crossman shows the value of training under good masters, and unlike Miss Walsh she has not lost during her absence from the local stage the effects of her apprenticeship in the Daly and Frohman companies. It is highly probable that she would have failed along with "Mistress Nell" if the play had not pleased so thoroughly, and New York would have thought of her now no more than it has during the last half-dozen years or more. But her skill applied to a comedy that was of a degree of merit met with much more frequently in actors than in plays made the success of the whole venture notable. And in accepting her as an actress of something like genius, the critical New York public expressed as much its surprise as its admiration.

Joseph Kilgour in "Marcelle"

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for the lads whom they teach and who never pay the cost of the education they are getting, luxurious club-houses are built and furnished, and a manner of life made possible which is unsuited to their years, and not conducive to profitable training.

He will have the sympathy of many parents and of many observers in the general tendency of his criticisms. Most of us are more or less disconcerted by the evidences that appear, especially in the greater universities, of luxurious living among the undergraduates, and most of us who have been a good while out of college are inclined to croak about it, and say that it wasn't so in old times. We know, too, that, as Dr. Jones says, a steady stream of money is flowing into most colleges out of the pockets of the alumni to make all these luxuries possible. But most of us also know that there has been an enormous increase of wealth in this country in the last twenty-five years, and a proportionate elevation in the standard of living. We know that as a rule the college boys who have fine rooms and luxurious club-houses are the sons of well-to-do people, and live, if anything, less luxuriously in college than they do at home. Large rooms, good furniture, and porcelain bath-tubs do not in themselves constitute sinful excesses, and if college boys can afford such things there is no very grievous harm in their having them. Outside of West Point and Annapolis it is impossible to constrain young men to anything like an equality of expenditure, and it is not certain that it would be profitable to do it even if it could be done. A university, which is a microcosm and reflects in considerable measure the unequal conditions of life which obtain in the world outside of it, is all the more instructive on some accounts because it is a microcosm. Lads learn in such places that there are a good many things that money doesn't buy, and that a superabundance of material possessions does not make up for the lack of sense or of engaging personal qualities. Other lads learn the lesson of doing without a great many things which many of their fellows possess. It is a lesson worth learning, and strengthens character.

THEN, too, Dr. Jones might have pointed out that though luxury has invaded most of the colleges to a conspicuous extent, there is not, so far as we know, such a thing as a rich man's college in the country. The great universities, to which the supremely solvent are most disposed to send their sons, make better provision for poor lads nowadays than they ever did before, and have on their rolls the names of far more students of limited means than they used to have. Harvard has trebled in numbers in thirty years. The wealth of the country has duly contributed to that increase, and there is no college where luxurious living is more in sight than at Harvard. Still, the bulk of her numerical increase is made up of students whose business in Cambridge is to learn, and to whom economy is a vital matter. And a vast deal of the money that continually flows into Harvard is devoted to helping poor students live at small cost without injury to their health. So it is at Yale, where it was found expedient the other day to appoint an officer to have special supervision of the self-supporting students and see that they did not harm themselves by overwork.

IS it true that luxury—which means comfortable living—is inevitably enervating to youth? One of the greatest and most expensive of luxuries is cleanliness. A lot of money is spent in colleges in washing facilities. All a college boy needs to keep himself fairly clean is a tin tub and a bucket of water. But a good many lads who come to college have been used to be rather sparing in the use of water, and of soap too, and to get accustomed to a more lavish use of these luxuries is a distinct advantage to them. College boys are better lodged than they used to be; their rooms are probably better heated and ventilated than they used to be, all sanitary appliances are better in the modern college buildings than in the old. These things have cost money, and we old fogies arch our eyebrows at them, but, after all, they belong to the times, and we must hope they are not seriously hurtful.

Moreover, since civilization is a development of wants, and since we send lads to college to be advanced in civilization, it is not certain that we are quite reasonable when we complain, as Dr. Jones does, that they learn to need too many things. To have some acquaintance with the more profitable luxuries of life may fairly be considered as a legitimate part of a liberal education. It is a pity if a lad becomes so inured in college to the soft side of life that he can't be happy without cash-curtains and a brass bedstead, but surely a college graduate should have come by observation and experience to know that it is not seemly to drink out of finger-bowls. There is a good deal of education for a lad who is used to very plain living in being for a time a member of a family that lives in a better and more expensive style, and where luxuries that he doesn't know by parates and employments of their fellows who have seen somewhat more of it is not entirely without advantage, even when it is limited in extent. If it results, as Dr. Jones thinks it does, in making it the undergraduate's problem to compass pleasures and possessions he cannot pay for, that of course is an ill result and a pity, but some part of the risk of this is offset by the fact that a good many unessential toys are a good deal less dazzling when seen near to and tried than when seen afar off and out of reach. It does not follow that because a college boy has had a hundred-thousand-dollar club-house at his disposal for a year or two he can't live without a club when he gets out. It is at least as likely to happen that having tried clubs he is able to make a just estimate of their value, and bothers his head about them less than if he had never been in one.

IT appears from Principal Booker T. Washington's annual report that during the year ending May 31, 1900, the average attendance at the Tuskegee Institute has been 1083. About one-third of the students are young women. The expenses of the institute for the year were $70,000; its cash receipts, $230,000; so that the endowment fund, which got the bulk of the difference, received a handsome increase. That fund amounts now to $152,232, and Mr. Washington wants to increase it to $500,000. There are also special needs of the institute—as for steam heat, for a library, a dormitory, a hospital, and other buildings—that call for about $100,000 more. There were fifty-one graduates of the institute this year. Many students cannot stay long enough to graduate, though they receive a good training before they leave. The demand for graduates of Tuskegee is greater than the supply. They are wanted especially just now as instructors in other schools modelled on the Tuskegee plan. The late C. P. Huntington was actively interested in the industrial education of negroes, and was a stanch friend of the school at Tuskegee. The largest of the gifts recorded in the current report is $50,000 from Mr. Huntington and his wife.

THE Hall of Fame of the New York University promises to be a great success. The selection of the first fifty names which are to adorn its tablets has attracted an unexpected amount of notice. The newspapers have followed the conclusions of the judges, as they were divulged from day to day, and their choices have been very generally recorded and discussed. The Hall of Fame is a colonnade extending 500 feet in a semicircle on University Heights in New York, on a site that commands a view of the Hudson. It is intended to connect two buildings of the New York University. The funds to build it are believed to have been contributed by Miss Helen Gould. It is now in process of construction and well on towards completion. It will be recalled that the plan was that its tablets should contain spaces for 150 names of famous Americans, born on what is now territory of the United States, and dead not less than ten years at the time of selection. Fifty names were to be chosen to begin with, and the rest added at the rate of five every five years until all the tablets were filled. A hundred judges were selected, including college presidents and professors, justices of the United States Supreme Court and of other courts, scientists, statesmen, authors, and other distinguished men and women. Of the hundred, ninety-seven have served. To them were submitted the names of 234 eminent men and women, each one of which had been approved by some member of the university senate. Each name to be honored had finally to be approved by a two-thirds vote of the university senate. The work of tabulating the lists sent in by the judges was finished on October 12. The university senate convened and agreed to approve all candidates who had received more than fifty votes. There were twenty-nine, and this is the list of them in the order determined by the votes they received:

Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Franklin, Grant, Marshall, Jefferson, Emerson, Fulton, Longfellow, Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Morse, Farragut, Clay, Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, Audubon, Horace Mann, Beecher, Kent, Story, John Adams, Channing, Gilbert Stuart, and Asa Gray.

The university senate voted that the remaining twenty-one names should be selected in 1902, and asked the present judges to serve again. The list, so far as completed, is highly interesting, and the contemporary schoolboy who does not know the chief facts in the career of every person whose name appears in it is safe in concluding that he is deficient in general knowledge of the history of his country, and should inform himself without undue delay.

The fact that the names of Hamilton (who was born in the West Indies) and some other famous Americans are not eligible has led the university authorities to recommend a supplementary hall to form a part of the present one, as a memorial to foreign-born Americans of high distinction. The proposed eligible to the Presidency, and he ought to be eligible for any American honor that a deceased citizen can enjoy. He can spare the Hall of Fame much better than the Hall can spare him. The stipulation that the Hall of Fame candidates should be native-born does not seem, on the whole, to have been well advised.

A number of possible candidates, such as James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, General Sherman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Phillips Brooks, have died too recently to be eligible as yet.

BOSTON'S new Symphony Hall was opened on October 15 with a special concert, whereat Colonel F. L. Higginson made a speech and Mr. Owen Wister read a poem. The new hall is in the Back Bay district, on the corner of Massachusetts and Huntington avenues. It cost $750,000, of which $410,000 was raised by subscription and the rest borrowed. Mr. Charles McKim, of New York, was the architect, the acoustics were studied by Professor Sabine of Harvard, and other wise Boston men helped in the construction. The hall seats 2500 persons. So far as could be judged on the opening night it is excellently suited to its purpose. Colonel Higginson, the chief stay and support of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, for which the hall was built, is one of Boston's most useful and public spirited citizens, and seems to have an incorrigible propensity to undertake enterprises not promising in a pecuniary sense, but which Boston needs to have carried out. He told how the hall had been built by "certain citizens of Boston, without regard to return in money," and said he had leased it from the directors for ten years, agreeing to meet all charges and expenses, and pay the stockholders the rest of the receipts.

THE newspapers record a rumor that Mr. Russell Sage, Mrs. Hetty Green, and Mr. James J. Hill, all well-known citizens of the United States, are interested in a project to build a hotel in London for working girls on small salaries. There is a suspicion of comedy in the association of these particular citizens in such an enterprise, but, after all, they may be associated with many others, and Mr. Sage at least admits that he has heard of the project and may possibly become implicated in it.

It is not recalled that any American since George Peabody has contributed very notably to promote the comfort of working Londoners, though American parents now and then have helped along the leisure class. Perhaps it is time that a new record was made. The city is excessively overcrowded nowadays. The *Spectator* pointed out the other day that according to recent estimates 900,000 persons (one-fifth of the population) are living closer together than the London laws allow. The last census showed that 3000 Londoners were living eight in a room, 9000 seven in a room, 26,000 six in a room, and there are 300,000 more people in London now than when that census was taken. The overcrowding is undoubtedly prodigious. It is a satisfaction to see it held that relief is really coming from this side of the ocean—not from the benevolence of Mrs. Green and Mr. Sage, but from the business enterprise of our Mr. Yerkes of Chicago, who declares what London needs is rapid transit, and who is prepared apparently to give her all she will accept, at the lowest market rates, and on the surface or below it. At last accounts Mr. Yerkes had bought a franchise for one underground railroad and hoped to get others. He has had experience in Chicago, and probably knows more about carrying the working population of a great city back and forth from its work than any Englishman living. He wants to put trolley cars in the London streets, and says they would drive out the 'buses and be the making of the town, but he has very little hope of that. What he does expect to do is to build an electric underground road from Charing Cross to Hampstead, with various connections, which he hopes may prove the trunk line of a system of suburban rapid transit.

A new underground electric road built on the American plan, with democratic cars and a fare of two pence, was opened in London in July. It runs six miles, from the Bank of England to beyond Kensington, and carries 100,000 passengers a day. It is a success, and the Londoners begin to think they like such roads and need more of them, so there is really good hope that Mr. Yerkes will prove a successful missionary and do London good. He aspires to bring the north of London suburbs within reach of the London workers, and so relieve the congestion in Whitechapel and Lambeth. Very hard things are said of the greedy American business man, especially when he is rich and makes unsuccessful enterprises co-operate to their profit, yet it is possible that the benefits resulting to communities from some of his profitable machinations may weigh somewhat in his favor at the last day, and even be counted as arguments in restraint of the policy of hustling him off among the goats.

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Beneath the candle's glare,
Then over wave and eddy
It glances here and there.

In all her witchery,
Love's sweetest rosy apple
On Love's uncertain sea!

Mr. Dooley*

NO. XLIII.—ON THE PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

"HOW'S th' bettin' on th' iliction?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"'Tis goin' on splindidly," said Mr. Dooley, "an' befure long they'll be some money put up. At th' prisint time th' parties is onable f'r to agree. Richard Croker offers to bet th' north wind again th' fill iv Lincoln Park with ozone that Bryan's th' man, but he wants too much odds. On th' stock-exchange yesterday a well-known broker that's supposed to be actin' f'r James R. Keene offered to wager th' contints iv a baloon again a lung full iv smoke that Mark 'll carry Ioway. Th' other party to th' wager rayfused th' offer, an' th' two sports compromised on a bet iv th' dhrinks that Shakspere wrote 'To Have an' To Hold.' I was comin' up in th' car to-night an' there was two la-ads discussin' th' situation. 'I bet ye a millyon dollars,' says wan iv thim, 'that McKinley carries Kansas.' 'What odds 'll ye give?' says th' other. 'Two to wan,' says th' la-ad. 'I take ye,' says th' other. 'By th' way, did ye buy that sewin'-machine f'r ye'er wife?'

"'Tis a quare campaign, Hinnissy. In th' first place, there ain't anny issues. Ye can usually scare up an issue in a campaign, but in this wan no wan is goin' to vote th' way he believes. Says me frind Binjamin Harrison: 'Th' conduct iv th' Administhration has been little short iv hellish. Th' idee that this gover'mint shud sind out throops to murdher an' pillage an' elope with th' sthrugglin' races iv th' luscious Ph'lippeens, makes me blood biil almost to th' dew pint. I endorse ivrything Willum J. Bryan says on th' subjict, an' though it goes hard f'r me to say it, life-long Raypublican that I am, I exhort ivry follower iv mine to put inmities aside, f'rget his perjudices, an' cast his vote f'r Willum McKinley.' Says me frind Olney, th' wan that thranslated th' Monroe docthrine into English: 'No crime cud be worse thin th' demoneytization an' digradation iv th' dough we all wurruk so hard f'r, onless it wud be th' intherference iv polluted arrychists with thim thrusts that has dayvloped th' resources iv th' profession in which I am a deservin' mimber. But f'r these vast combinations iv capital an' industhry they wud be no security in this counthry that th' banks wudden't take. An' with th' growth iv th' thrusts our counthry expands an' increases an' gets larger till they'se hardly a corner iv th' wurruld where th' inhabitants ain't afraid we're comin' in. I hope f'r to live to see th' day whin th' glories iv our civilization an' thrusts an' syndicates an' sound money, an' little iv that, will pinethrate th' desolate places iv th' earth, an' th' Stars an' Sthripes will wave over a wurruld ayether,' says he, 'free,' he says, 'or dead,' he says. 'Thin rally r-round our banner, put ye'er shouldhers to th' wheel, an' give a long pull, a sthrong pull, an',' he says, 'a pull altogether f'r commercial combinations, expansion, th' subjygation iv subjygatiable races, goold money, an' th' peerless Willum J. Bryan.'

"Lord bless me, 'tis enough to make a man dizzy, Hinnissy. They'se me frind Grover. I thought, be hivins, we'd heerd th' last iv him but f'r an occasional groan fr'm th' wilds iv Noo Jarsey. A year ago 'twas: 'Where's Cleveland?' 'Th' Lord on'y knows or cares. Prob'ly dhrivin' a milk wagon.' An' how is it to-day? Th' shore iv Buzzards Bay is crowded twinty deep with men whoopin' through megaphones. They'se a stout man settin' out on th' wather in a little boat with a jug in front to balance. An' 'tis me ol' frind, th' lost, th' defeted, th' hated, an' despised thraitor an' tyrant S. Grover Cleveland. 'Grover,' says a man with a horn. 'What is it?' says th' la-ad in th' boat. 'Ar-re ye in favor iv goold money?' 'I dinnaw; I've got a whale on th' line.' 'Grover,' says another. 'What d'ye want—scarin' th' fish?' says Grover. 'Ain't ye again expansion?' 'I can't hear ye,' says Grover. 'Get back a little—about a mile—an' speak more slow.' 'Won't ye come out f'r Bryan?' 'I wudden't come out f'r annything but fish.' 'Ar-re ye a pathrite or a thraitor?' 'I'm nayether; I'm busy.' 'Won't ye tell th' people to vote f'r sound money?' 'Tell thim to take anny kind they can get f'r their votes.' 'Will ye abandon Mark Hanna?' 'He was an abandoned man before.' 'Won't ye say a wurrad f'r Bryan?' 'He needs no more wurrads thin he has said f'r himself.' 'Ye'er counthry is bein' rooned.' 'Th' fishin' is bein' rooned be ye'er noise,' says Grover. 'Leander, row me off a mile or two, where I can dhrop a hook in peace. Manewhile I'll take a pull at th' bait an' pondher on how much pleasanter it is to be catchin' finny monsthers thin dodgin' bricks. Gawd help th' land,' he says, 'to lingrin' ills a prey,' he says, 'where statesmen multiply,' he says, 'an' fishermen decay,' he says. 'Annyhow,' he says, 'they didn't know a good thing whin they had wan, which,' he says, 'was me.'

"An' so it goes—Croker an' Carl Schoortz, Altgeld an' Olney, Rosenfelt an' Quay, Carlisle an' Stewart. What's a plain, foolish, an' thoughtless man like mesilf to do? Sure they ought to have wan place f'r a citizen to vote f'r his principles an' another to vote f'r his candydate."

"I," said Mr. Hennessy, "will vote as I shut."

"With ye'er eyes shut?" said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis th' on'y way."

P. P. DUNNE.

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Some Notes On Oberammergau. I.—Genre

BY WILLIAM HENRY FROST

ON one of the walls of the theatre of the Passion at Oberammergau is a picture representing a performance of the play as it is assumed that it was done at its beginning, in 1634. The surroundings are strikingly different from those of to-day, but the scene which is passing on the stage, that of the crucifixion, looks much like the one which has been seen every Sunday this summer. There is room for doubt as to the historical accuracy of this picture.

To the student of dramatic or of religious history the most interesting feature of the Passion Play is its representation, in so far as it gives one, of the religious drama of the Middle Ages—the ages when the religious drama was the only drama, and when religion permeated the amusements, as well as the work and all the thought of the people. Doubtless ninety-nine out of a hundred visitors at Oberammergau go thither as mere sight-seers, but for the hundredth who has a more serious purpose it may be profitable to consider how much he is finding of that which he went out to see.

And it is true that the dramatic student may look long and hard at the Passion Play without seeing much in it to remind him of what he has read of the mediæval religious drama, except by its difference. He does not see the triple stage of heaven, earth, and hell; he misses the incongruous in action and the anachronisms in costume which he knows must have marked the biblical plays of four hundred years ago. He sees nothing of the buffoonery on which the chroniclers have dwelt so much. He sees instead a gigantic spectacle, modern in its methods, elaborate in its preparation, serious and reverent in its performance, played upon the stage in a manner of which any of the world's great capitals might be proud. How, then, is this a relic of the mysteries of the Middle Ages, except in the fact that it is their lineal descendant?

ADAM AND EVE.

Outwardly there is little of the relic about the Oberammergau play, to be sure. It is as well up with the times as the most carefully prepared opera at the Metropolitan. In the picture on the wall of the theatre the stage is set up in the church-yard. This is probably correct. It would naturally be there, unless it was inside the church, though the mediæval plays were often given in the street. But that was at an advanced period of the religious drama. Oberammergau has never been advanced till lately. A bank of seats, like a small grand stand, is shown. Both stage and seats were, of course, open to the sky. The stage is a mere platform, having wooden screens at the back and sides, with scenery painted on them, and a sliding curtain in front.

It may be as well to say, for the benefit of those who have only a casual knowledge of the ancient mystery, that the triple stage so often described, though it undoubtedly existed, was by no means always or even usually employed. A single stage was more common, or a double one, made by using for the action the street itself, and also a sort of wagon called a pageant, which was drawn from place to place. The pageant was for large towns, where the play had to be given before many audiences on the same day, and naturally it was never used at Oberammergau. It is not unlikely that the play of Oberammergau was always a but more pretentious than the generality of mysteries, as it was done only once in ten years, and in fulfilment of a sacred vow, so that it had from the beginning a dignity which must have been lacking in the little scenes which were acted by the tradesmen of Chester or of York to help to make a holiday.

But it had something of the coarseness and the supposed humor which were frequent in the old mysteries. And here again I believe that a wrong impression has been conveyed by some of the writers on this subject. They have naturally dwelt on the points which they thought would most surprise and entertain their readers, and so they have told so much about the comic elements of the religious plays that they have made it seem that they were pretty nearly all farce. In some of the plays comic scenes and incidents were prominent, of course, but I believe that they pervaded the religious drama as a whole much less than is generally supposed. Moreover, the plays at their best were simply and unfeignedly reverent, though many of them contained passages which would severely shock the modern sense.

All these are, of course, gone from the Oberammergau play. The devil is a prominent character in the oldest manuscript of the play that exists. He does not come upon the stage now. The death of Judas used to send the audience into shrieks of laughter; now it is tragic and terrible. In short, everything in the old mystery which was crude, inexpert, vulgar, cheap, commonplace, has disappeared in its modern representative, and in its place there is a fine and noble production, as different from its forerunner as "Parsifal" is from the fairy play of the nursery.

Does it, then, show to the dramatic student anything that can help him in his understanding of the mystery of the Middle Ages? I believe that it does, if the student has eyes to see. It must be realized at the start that it would be hopeless to try to convey to the modern spectator the exact impression of the mediæval play. Even though a stage manager could reproduce it exactly, he would still be defeated by the impossibility of going to his audience mediæval eyes to see it and mediæval minds to understand it. So that any one who should attempt such a thing would be confronted by the paradox that the nearer he came to success, the greater would be his failure. A modern audience, in spite of all intellectual effort to make allowances and to put itself into a Middle Age attitude of mind, could not but be shocked by the presentation of some of the mediæval mysteries. But the audiences which saw them were not shocked. Jests and irreverent passages at the expense of the most sacred personages did not trouble these people, and the Church itself took no exception to them. And where no irreverence is intended and none is understood, none exists.

Any one who has walked through Salisbury Cathedral can partly realize to what lengths the Church permitted, and even encouraged, the people to carry arrangements which seem to modern thought to involve all but the last possible degree of irreverence. For there is a little tomb, bearing the effigy of a child, scarcely more than a baby, dressed in the robes and the mitre of a bishop. He was one of the boy bishops of Salisbury. Every year, for a few days at Christmas, the boy bishop held his state. He had his train of children, representing priests, attendants, and servants. The real bishop stepped aside and gave him all but absolute authority like his own. He performed an imitation of the mass, and travestied other ceremonies of the Church. If, while his little term of office lasted, there was a vacancy among the subordinates of the real bishop, he might fill it, and there is at least one recorded case in which he did. And this particular little boy died before his term ended, so he was buried as any other bishop would have been, and there he lies in the nave of Salisbury Cathedral, with his image in stone above him—a bishop forever. In the plays God himself was sometimes represented with face gilded and wearing a gilt wig. Peter was usually a comic person, as well as Judas. In the favorite scene of the harrowing of hell, in which the Christ came and led out the good men of the Old Testament, a dishonest ale-wife made much coarse fun. Yet the people were not shocked at these things, and the priests saw no reason why they should be.

And now the best service which the Passion Play can perform for the student is to convey to him as nearly as possible the effect which the old mystery conveyed to its audience. And since no one in the old audience was offended by anything on the stage, everything in the Oberammergau play which could offend the audience of to-day must be eliminated. Therefore the comic parts were long ago left out of it. The devil and his imps were banished, and even Judas has assumed serious distinction and huge force. The mystery was to its spectators the visible presentation of their religion, and this also the Passion Play, with its growth of grandeur and dignity, has become, or has remained, to those who see it.

It has kept what was good in the old religious drama from which it grew—the earnestness and sincerity of its conception and its execution. For the understanding of it, it is needful to observe not only the play, but the audience; that is to say, the part of the audience which is composed of the natives of the country. One might almost say the audience more than the play, but that would be scarcely fair. But, looking at the one with the other, the stranger sees, as he could never understand without seeing, how the religion of these people permeates every act and thought of their lives, and how the representation of the most sacred things on the stage is to them, as to the people of four hundred years ago, no offence, but merely the bodying forth of the sacred images with which their hearts are filled.

The drama of the Middle Ages has passed away with the conditions which made it possible. Its form can be better understood in the library than in the theatre. The spirit which vitalized it, acting now in new conditions, produces something new and different. But in this something new the same spirit may be found and studied, and, when it is understood, it will certainly help the comprehension of the strange mass of semi-dramatic, semi-religious literature which represents the most that there was of the acted drama in Europe for centuries. And this understanding the Passion Play of Oberammergau can help as no other spectacle in the world to-day can do.

CAIN AND ABEL.

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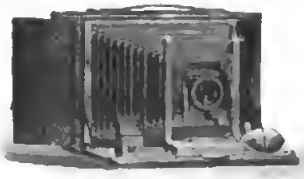

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The Mid-Season in Football

As the intercollegiate football season progresses it becomes more apparent to close observers that the elevens of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania are still in a class by themselves. Columbia's victory over Yale a year ago, and Pennsylvania's reverses at the hands of Lafayette and the Carlisle Indians, created the impression that in due time the playing strength of the "Big Four" would be equalled by that of the smaller colleges, if not surpassed. But the showing made by the four leading universities this season would seem to indicate that their supremacy on the gridiron cannot be displaced for some time to come. Columbia's inability to beat Williams, and the crushing blow administered to the Blue and White by Harvard, provided ground for declaring Coach Sanford's men out of the reckoning with the big elevens, while Cornell's poor start, and the failure of the Ithacans to display any marked degree of superiority over a number of minor opponents, have served to put Coach Haughton's players somewhat in the background too. Two weeks ago it looked as if Yale and Pennsylvania would outclass Harvard and Princeton. But just at present it appears to be a difficult matter to say which has the better eleven, or which will be entitled to premier honors when the big battles on the gridiron have been fought. With a slow start, because of the many vacancies to be filled, Harvard and Princeton did not come up to expectations, but when the Crimson eleven polished off Columbia's best team, 24 to 0, it was convincing proof that the Cambridge men had gotten into a stride that is expected to make things decidedly interesting for Yale and Pennsylvania. The Harvard eleven, with the best make-up possible in the field, can be rounded into an almost invincible combination if it is properly and thoroughly coached. The men in charge of the coaching at Cambridge are competent, and have shown excellent judgment in making selections from the material at hand. Harvard's back field compares favorably with any in the country, and in some respects it can be pronounced the best. There is no quarter-back like Captain Daly, who has held the palm in this position for the last two seasons. As he occupies the key to the situation behind the line, it can be seen that Harvard is strong where her rivals are a trifle weak. Ellis, E. Kendall, and Sawin are the best backs at Cambridge, and the coaches will use them in all of the important contests as regulars. With able substitutes to take the places of these four men, Harvard has really no cause for alarm in this respect. Campbell and Hallowell, the fastest ends on the gridiron to-day, make the Crimson line a hard proposition to encircle. But the coaches have experienced no end of trouble in finding suitable men for the other forward positions. At the tackles Jim Lawrence has developed wonderfully, and looks like a coming man, but there appears to be no other player of his calibre to patch up with. Lee has played vigorous football at left guard, but Beal has been sadly needed, and may be induced to play later on. Harvard is weaker at centre than for some time past. Sargent has been exhaustively drilled to fill the place, but he is far below the requirements. Barnard, who has been playing right guard, is the object of steady coaching, but he has been very slow, and lacks aggressiveness. The rush line, as at present constituted, is made up of big, strong, persevering men, but they have lots to learn before the places of Donald, Beal, Burnett, and Burden can be filled to the satisfaction of the critics. In punting, Harvard is comparatively weak, which has been the case since Percy Haughton left the university.

From the very opening of the season, Yale has followed out a set line of policy. The army of coaches at New Haven picked their varsity from the finest assortment of material that has shown up there in years, and then proceeded to drill football into the men with very little let-up. As a result, the Yale eleven on paper, and from its achievements in games with the smaller elevens, appears to be much stronger than any that has represented the Blue since 1897. The coaches have shown a decided preference for big, heavy men, so that the rush line is the kind that Corbin, Woodruff, Gill, Stagg, Heffelfinger, and others produced years ago. The Yale team is composed of veterans, too, which is a pronounced advantage over Harvard. Captain Brown, than whom there is no better guard in the colleges, made a wise move when he placed Olcott at centre and put Dick Sheldon in at right guard, for this arrangement has proved to be most efficient. These three giants are not slow by any means, and they play the fiercest kind of football. They are heavy yet speedy, and they also know what is required of them. It is doubtful whether there is a better centre trio on the gridiron to-day, unless it is possessed by Pennsylvania when both Hare and McCracken are at the guards. Yale has two good tackles in Stillman and Bloomer; but the ends, while an improvement over last year's, are not in the same class with Harvard's two flyers. The coaches have been working all the year to develop two speedy ends, and have concluded that Coy and Gould are about

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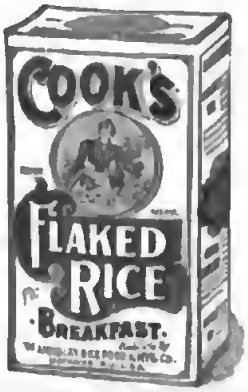

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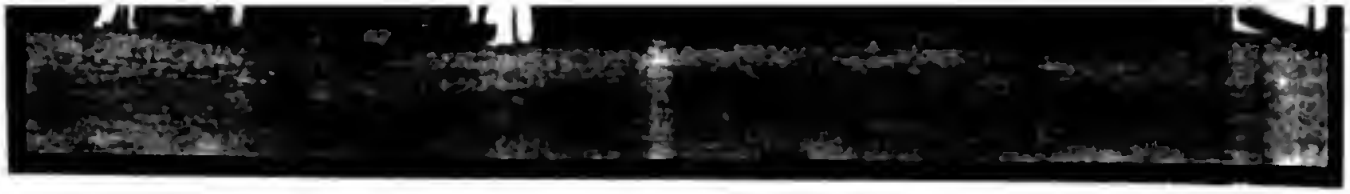

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CAPTAIN DALY,
Harvard.

right, but Thomas may displace either. Behind the line, Yale, like Harvard, has some stars. Perry Hale, who jumped into centre last fall at the last moment, has developed into a great line-backing full-back. He has the weight, and knows how to play every point of the game when it comes to advancing the ball. Another powerful line-hitter and end-runner is big Sharpe, who distinguished himself in the Princeton game a year ago with a goal from the field while standing close to the 45-yard line. Sharpe has made rapid strides this year, and with Hale will make trouble for opponents before the season closes. Hale and Sharpe are fixtures behind the line, and both can punt up to the average, though neither is in the class with McBride, whose remarkable kicking last year saved Yale in the Harvard game. Yale is uncertain as to the position of quarter-back, both Finckr and Wear showing considerable ability, though not enough to satisfy the demands of the coaches. Cook, Chadwick, and Hyde appear to be the best men who are after the vacant half-back place. Yale has been carefully handled by Mike Murphy, the trainer, who brought with him from the University of Pennsylvania many new wrinkles. Altogether the outlook at New Haven is more encouraging than it has been in years.

The University of Pennsylvania, like Yale, is surfeited with uncommonly fine material this fall, and Coach Woodruff had very little trouble in making his selections several weeks ago. Woodruff has not definitely settled the ownership of several places, but he is not worrying at all. The Pennsylvanians are as heavy as Yale, if not heavier. They average 185 pounds in the rush line, and have shown a tendency to ruggedness that means they can stand the hardest kind of a campaign. As long as Pennsylvania has Hare and McCracken on the team, opponents can always expect action, for this pair can play football in every sense of the word. Woodruff still adheres to the belief that McCracken is more valuable at full-back than at guard, so, with Hare at the centre's left, Woodruff has filled the other guard position with Tees, a man who has improved with wonderful rapidity this season. In Wallace, Old Penn has one of the finest tackles in the colleges. He is a marvel in speed and in the power of ground-gaining, besides being a great general player. Quarter-back Graves is a "find," and bids fair to rival Daly of Harvard. He has played superb football in the minor games, but his real make-up will probably be discovered when Pennsylvania tackles Harvard. These are the bright particular stars on the Quaker eleven, which probably plays a more intricate game, as far as trick formations are concerned, than any other team. Woodruff has not abandoned his famous "guard's back interference," but he does not use it nearly so much as when it was first invented. Pennsylvania is powerfully strong in defence, but in attack there have been much looseness and a marked tendency to slop over. The Brown game showed that the Quakers could improve in many respects.

Princeton is the slowest of the "Big Four" to round into the proper form. The coaches have had an end of trouble in picking out suitable substitutes for the crack players who graduated last June. There has been plenty of available material, but the coaches have been puzzled as to the most advisable moves to make. With Palmer, Poe, Hillebrand, Edwards, Booth, Mills, Hutchinson, Reiter, and Wheeler out of it, the Tigers have been compelled to build up almost an entirely new eleven, which in itself is an undertaking of an unusual nature at a big university. The chief trouble is in bolstering up the centre trio, as the tackles appear to be well looked after by Pell and McCord. Roper is virtually sure of one of the ends, but there is a wide difference of opinion as to the other, and also in regard to the proper man for quarter-back, though Duncan seems to be preferable. Many experiments are being tried behind the line, and nobody at present can be put down as sure of a place. Princeton has always been noted for turning out an eleven of ability under the most adverse circumstances, and the followers of the Orange and Black believe that, because of this fact, everything will come out all right. Yale looks stronger than Princeton, but as the game will be played on the Tigers' gridiron, the Blues do not expect a soft snap by any means.

The dates of the "Big Four" games this year are as follows: Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, November 3; Yale vs. Princeton, at Princeton, November 17; Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven, November 24.

CAPTAIN BROWN,
Yale.

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except the Russians, the powers were strangely apathetic, and left Newchwang to its fate. On the Russian gunboat *Otrojny* devolved the defence of the town, assisted by a volunteer force comprising all the effective members of the foreign community.

The Custom House was selected as the central point of defence; all the streets leading thereto were strongly barricaded, and guarded night and day. It was an anxious time, but so alert was the watch that the Chinese hesitated to attack, and July passed slowly without hostilities.

It turned out, however, that Chinese fanaticism, exasperated perhaps by the occupation of the place by the Russian troops, made naught of numbers, and on the 4th of August, at 7.30 A.M., advanced to attack the street barricades.

In the van, as usual, came the fanatics, brandishing swords, and firm in their belief of their invulnerability.

The vigorous reply of the volunteers and marines soon dispelled the charm, but so confident were they that four reached the barricade. Three fell; one was captured by three volunteers who leaped the barricade and seized him. A re-enforcement of marines arriving, the Boxers fled, and vanished into alleys and side streets; thirty were killed, and others wounded. A general attack was shortly afterwards made on the east end of the town. No Boxer swords this time, but Mauser bullets wholesale. Again the attack was repelled by the Russians, and in the afternoon the tables were turned by the combined attack on the Chinese by the *Otrojny* and another Russian gunboat, and cavalry and infantry. By sunset the Chinese were completely defeated. Since then the Russians have gradually pushed their way north, and Newchwang is safe.

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THE engagement abroad within a single week of over $10,000,000 in gold for the New York market is regarded as an incident of unusual interest under present conditions, though the importation of gold at this time of the year is quite the ordinary course of things. Our credit balance in Europe is even larger than usual and constantly increasing, and settlements have been staved off for weeks because rates for money have been higher in London than here, and the banks on that side of the water have been anxious to keep their gold while ours have been plentifully supplied. Latterly discount rates have been easier in London and Paris, and even in Berlin, while there has been a hardening tendency here, on account of the flow of funds from New York to the interior.

Nevertheless, the accumulation here of bills of exchange drawn against sales of breadstuffs and cotton has pressed down the rates until it was possible to bring over gold at a slight profit where it could be picked up outside of the great banks that guard the European supply. Of the amount recently imported $2,500,000 was obtained in South Africa. It was not any new product of the mines, but apparently British gold that had been paid out there in the course of military operations, and had come into the market for anybody who found it profitable to gather it in.

The importation really had small significance, and seems to have been a temporary spurt, for exchange rates grew firmer at once, while money continued easy in spite of occasional call loans at 3½ and 4 per cent. The drain West and South has produced only a slight effect upon rates for time loans, which are pretty slow during the uncertainty of the political campaign. Considerable borrowing was done weeks ago for the course of settlement. The offer of 10 per cent. advance in wages was met by a counter proposition from the miners for assurance of its continuance until next April, for the suspension of the sliding scale, a reduction in the price of powder, and an agreement to arbitrate other differences. The principal transportation and coal companies, under the lead of the Reading company, acceded to this, and the rest of the employing concerns are expected to come into line. While there is no formal recognition of the union, the result is a practical triumph for the miners, brought about by the power and influence of the organization of the United Mine Workers of America, into which most of them were brought in the course of the strike. No doubt there will be adjustments all along the line, from the miner to the consumer, including a somewhat higher price than formerly for anthracite coal, and more harmony of action between the operators as well as the workmen hereafter. The consumers will pay the cost of higher wages if not the losses of the companies on account of the stoppage of work.

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William L. Wilson

WILLIAM LYNE WILSON, who died at Lexington, Virginia, on October 17, is remembered as a shining example of the scholar in politics. He was born in Charlestown, West Virginia, in 1843. He went to the local academy from 1851 till 1858, and graduated in 1860 from the Columbian University in Washington. After the war he studied law in the Columbian University. He soon made his mark both as a lawyer and as a citizen. In 1880 he was a delegate to the Democratic convention that nominated Hancock, and was an elector at large. In 1882 he accepted the Presidency of the West Virginia University, but later he was constrained to run for Congress and was elected. In Congress he served five successive terms, with increasing distinction and influence, becoming recognized especially as an authority on finance and the tariff. In 1887 he became a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and in 1891 its chairman. He fought ably and constantly for the gold standard, and opposed high protection. His early death is due to the strain of his labors for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Bill, and in behalf of the Wilson Tariff Bill which he introduced. He lost his seat in the elections of 1894, but before his term in Congress expired President Cleveland appointed him Postmaster General. That office he administered ably for two years, and then accepted the Presidency of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia.

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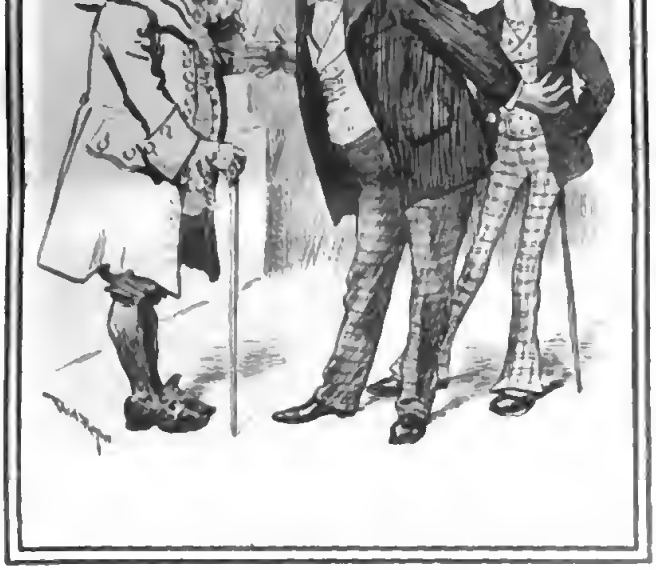

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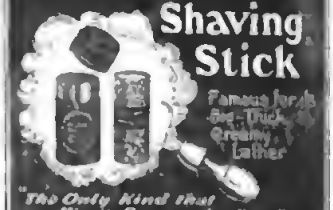

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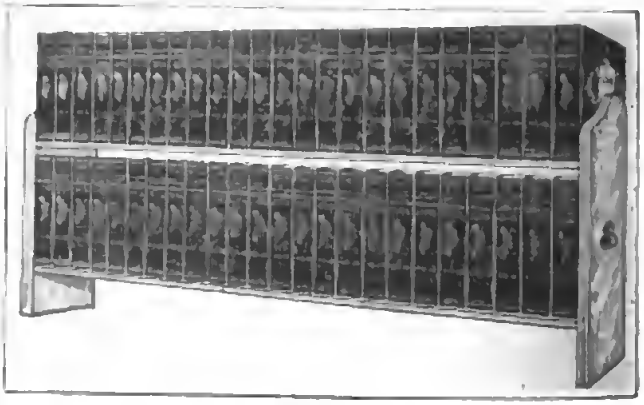

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JOHN SHERMAN.

BORN MAY 10, 1823. DIED OCTOBER 22, 1900.

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A Paramount Opportunity

THE lines of battle are drawn, and the contending forces now stand face to face for the final struggle. Before this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY ceases to be current a President of the United States will have been chosen, and in the eyes of the world we shall stand as a nation redeemed or a people dishonored. There are some who would have us believe that it is difficult for men of principle to make their choice this year as between President MCKINLEY and Mr. BRYAN, because of a so-called confusion of the issues, and of the alleged fact that from a party point of view there is no clean-cut divergence between them. We must confess that we have little sympathy with those who are thus embarrassed, and for the reason that we cannot recall a time in our political history when the line of cleavage between the opposing forces was more distinctly drawn or more incisively cut. The issues are about as clearly made as one could wish to have them, and when threshed out to the uttermost, reduced to their essence and presented in their simplest terms, freed from all obscurities of verbiage, it is not without some wonderment that we find that one party is consistently right from the beginning to the end of its protestations, while the other, to its credit be it said, is as consistently in the wrong. Had the Populist Receivers of the defunct Democracy set out in the beginning with the deliberate intention of taking the wrong and unmoral side on every question of public interest before this nation at the present moment, they could not more successfully have completed their scheme of heresy and schism; and however unbalanced we may regard them, and their leaders as individuals, it is only just that we should admit the saneness of their insanity. A healthier graft of unsound principles has not been known in any land since the day of Ali Baba and his forty Populists.

A short résumé of the precise differences between the two parties will not be without interest at this time, and may be of value to voters who are still hesitating as to their real duty.

Imperialism

FIRST, then, let us take the first number on the BRYAN programme, Imperialism. If it were not for one very distressing feature involved in this question, we should continue to dismiss it with the contempt and ridicule which from the first it has received in these columns. It would be merely another case of "Much Ado About Nothing," if it had not developed the deplorable spectacle of a man who hopes to be President of the United States, travelling about the country, giving voice to outspoken declarations of sympathy for forces which are in open rebellion against the properly and inevitably acquired authority of this nation; for forces which are shooting down American soldiers engaged in defending the honor of the American flag, and in the line of their sworn duty suppressing lawlessness and mob violence under conditions which are appallingly distressing. There is not, nor has there been, in any of the wise acts of the authority we have acquired, in the face of guns turned upon our flag, to the men behind those guns, and the man who should have ventured to advocate any such policy of scuttle to the patriots of the American Union thirty-five years ago, when one phase of the principle of the "consent of the governed" was being discussed with some measure of emphasis, would have been set down as a traitor, and hissed from one end of the country to another, if not out of it altogether. There is no telling what question of Imperialism may come before us later, if the man who holds the benumbed conscience of a once great party in his relentless grasp by some mischance becomes President of the United States. To-day there is no such question involved in the practical workings of the business of the American people. But on the real question as to whether we shall suffer dishonor in shirking our manifest duty abroad, Mr. MCKINLEY stands for the maintenance of the law, the integrity of the nation; Mr. BRYAN, for a cowardly shifting of responsibility, and the bending of our knee to the irresponsible leader of a mob.

The line of cleavage is clearly drawn and incisively cut.

The Trust Issue

SECOND on the Bryanite programme is the question of the Trusts. It is quite as difficult to discuss this question seriously with Mr. BRYAN as it would be to discuss the Imperialistic bogey without derision with Mr. ERVING WINSLOW, since no man cares to meet arrant nonsense with serious argument. If Mr. BRYAN knew anything about the Trusts, and could differentiate between iniquitous combinations of capital for the acquirement of "predatory wealth" and the ordinary corporate institutions engaged in the pursuit of legitimate business enterprises, one might be willing to argue with him some point of difference that might arise between ordinarily intelligent men upon the subject. The unfortunate fact is, however, that Mr. BRYAN has displayed a lamentable lack of real intelligence in his discussions of the business interests of this country and of the remedy for evils which have unquestionably grown up in the development thereof, and simply because he has had no experience in the management of any business enterprise of magnitude. Falling back, then, as he must, upon sheer ignorance, or upon some of his own ingenious conceptions of how things ought to be for the furtherance of his individual ambition, his public utterances fall little short of mere railings against industry, whence they rapidly degenerate into wicked appeals to the lowest passions of the idle, the shiftless, and the discontented.

On this issue President MCKINLEY stands for an intelligent administration of the statutes, restricting unlawful combinations which would oppress and rob the consumer. Mr. BRYAN stands for a wild and indiscriminate onslaught on the commercial prosperity of the American people, to whom work is a pleasure and idleness a vice.

Again the line of cleavage is clearly drawn and incisively cut.

The Silver Question

THIRD, though of first importance to the future prosperity of this nation, on the Bryanite programme stands the money question. "If there is any one man who believes the gold standard is a good thing, or that it must be maintained, I warn him not to cast his vote for me, because I promise him it will not be maintained in this country longer than I am able to get rid of it." So spoke Mr. BRYAN four years ago, and so has he reiterated his heretical financial principles during the past three months, modestly perhaps, but with sufficient vigor to show that this hungry political leopard has not changed his financial spots. That which implied national shame and dishonor in 1896 implies national shame and dishonor in 1900. There is no shadow of difference between the disgraceful principle of 16 to 1 to-day and that same principle as it existed four years ago, and the duty of the citizen to smite hip and thigh the advocates of repudiation and an undermined

The Chicago Platform

gramme of false principles stands the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform, the most barefaced, iniquitous declaration of corrupt intent that has ever been conceived by the mind of man. So wickedly was it conceived that it drove RICHARD OLNEY, against whom some of its most drastic provisions were directed, sulking into his tent. So baldly corrupt was it in its intent that it covered with shame and humiliation the then Democratic President of the United States. So full of menace to the honor and welfare of the nation was it that it set CARL SCHURZ a-tingling, and a-glowing, and a-seething with the boiling blood of outraged decency, and sent him, in the line of his duty, on an oratorical tour of the country that was as potent for good then as his recent unhappy lapses from the path of political virtue have been potent for evil now. The Chicago Platform was so wholly in line with the highest ideals of scuttled law and order that it promptly brought JOHN P. ALTGELD, of Illinois, into a vociferous advocacy of every one of its pernicious principles. It took hold upon and fired the eloquent imagination and secured for its standard-bearer the enthusiastic support of one TILLMAN of South Carolina, a high-minded and honorable statesman, who once expressed a desire to pitchfork a Democratic President of the United States. It came with appealing force to and enlisted the sympathetic interest of one COXEY, who was chiefly known to fame as the Commander-in-Chief of an army of tramps gathered from the purlieus of the middle West, threatening to invade Washington, there by a show of violence hoping to intimidate the authorities. In short, it secured the support of every fundamentally rotten element that exists in the American social order, just as it secured the abhorrent repudiation of the conservative, thinking, law-abiding elements of the nation.

To-day this iniquitous declaration is reaffirmed in toto by Mr. BRYAN and his party associates, and the line of cleavage between WILLIAM MCKINLEY and his party and Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN and his is as clearly drawn and as incisively cut as when, four years ago, the "First Battle," as Mr. BRYAN called it, was fought.

Conclusion

WHAT confusion of the issues, then, exists to-day to embarrass the man of principle who wishes to vote right? We must confess we cannot see it. The issue of Imperialism is a bogey designed to frighten the timid, and to serve as a cloak beneath which certain statesmen for whom oblivion has yawned may sneak back into affiliations which in their souls they detest, but deprived of which they may indulge only in hopeless dreams of power. The problem of the Trusts, pregnant as it is, is too great to be solved by ignorance, envy, hatred, and malice; is too important to be handled successfully by men who lack a sense of responsibility, and who at heart are drones and dreamers. The issue of the dollar affects too vitally the interests of every wage-earner in the land to permit of its solution being left to the men who would cut the dollar in half. The issue of the Chicago platform bears too closely upon our good name as a law-abiding, liberty-loving, God-fearing people, for the electors of this land to permit it to be incorporated into the statute law by the political marauders who advocate the immoral principles it so unblushingly affirms.

Can it be that the man of principle finds any embarrassment in a situation which involves the slightest atom of the creed of Bryanism, of Coxeyism, of Tillmanism, of Pettigrewism, and, vilest of all, of Altgeldism? It seems inconceivable. On the contrary, the situation presents to the man of principle a paramount opportunity to show himself a good citizen by casting, irrespective of his party affiliations, a ballot in behalf of a strong, vigorous, self-respecting, honorable administration of public affairs, thus placing upon record his emphatic protest against the pernicious doctrines which find their outward and visible expression in the person of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

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THE campaign nears its end. With every succeeding week of its progress the actual issues of it have become clearer and the duty of every patriotic citizen plainer to the view of simple common-sense.

Never since Lincoln's second candidacy has a political campaign so directly involved the country's honor, the nation's integrity, and the welfare of all the people. Never since Lincoln's second election has a political campaign involved so little of doctrine or so much of fatefulness. Never in all that time has there been an election so utterly free from those questions which ordinarily divide parties, or so vitally concerned with the integrity, the honor, the future of the republic. Never in all that time has there been an election in which honest men could so easily put aside considerations of mere party; never an election in which the choice forced upon every voter was so unmistakably the choice of voting for the nation or against it. Even in 1896, when patriotic Democrats by scores of thousands in all the pivotal States rejected the candidate of repudiation and the platform of national dishonor which Populism and Anarchism had set up in their name, there were doctrinal and party issues involved which gave pause to some. There was Mr. Cleveland's administration to be approved or disapproved, in seeming at least, by the outcome of the election. There was a tariff question at issue also, and other questions were involved that usually and legitimately divide party opinion.

This year there is no such excuse for a mistake in the casting of any honest man's vote. The only questions involved in this year's election are the perfectly simple ones of honesty against dishonesty; law against anarchy; Populism against orderly government by the statutes and the courts; the thievish repudiation of debts, public and private, against the honest discharge of obligations in money that is worth what it professes to be worth; national shame abroad and at home against national honor everywhere; the cowardly shirking of duty by the republic against the courageous and conscientious discharge of such duty.

Incidentally the decision of these questions involves every man's personal welfare and the prosperity of the entire people. There is no escape from that fact, no possibility of mistake as to the effect upon every thrifty citizen's welfare of the decision to be rendered in November.

Mr. McKinley's election will ensure honest money. It will make it certain that for all time to come every dollar which the government, the railroad companies, the banks, the life-insurance companies, and everybody else in the country owes shall be paid in a dollar worth its full professed value; that all wage rates shall be payable in money that will buy a hundred cents' worth of goods for every dollar paid out; that every dollar deposited in a savings-bank shall be paid back in a full-value dollar; that every dollar of life-insurance secured for the support of men's wives and children after their death shall be paid in a dollar worth one hundred cents; that every fixed income, every provision painfully made for the support of men's loved ones, every investment in a building and loan association, every salary agreed upon for service, and every debt owed by anybody to anybody shall be paid honestly in money that means what it professes to mean.

Mr. Bryan's election will mean the reverse of all this. Politically, personally, by platform declaration, and by reiterated proclamations of his own, that gentleman is pledged, if elected, to urge upon Congress and to bring about the deliberate debasement of the currency, the reduction of the dollar to fifty cents in value, the repudiation of one-half of every debt, the reduction of every savings-bank deposit, every life-insurance policy, every pension rate, every wage scale, every salary, and every obligation of every conceivable kind to one-half its present value.

A vote for Mr. Bryan will be a vote to compel the savings-banks to pay their depositors only one-half what those depositors have placed in their keeping; to compel life-insurance companies—for they would have no choice in the case—to give back only fifty per cent. of the value they have received; to require every working-man in the land to accept in payment of his wages dollars that will buy only fifty cents' worth of the necessaries of life; and so on through the entire category of money owed and money paid and debts due.

For Mr. Bryan has taken extraordinary pains to assure the country that if elected he will use his almost power and authority and influence as President to bring about legislation for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of fifty cents on the dollar, and there is no room for doubt of the sincerity of his purpose in that respect. Nor is there room for doubt that, if elected, he would have power to carry out his purpose. In order to be elected at all he must carry enough States which repudiated him four years ago to control both the House of Representatives and the Senate. If he come into power he will almost certainly come into complete power. If he be elected he will have the support of a Congress absolutely subservient to his will, a Congress pledged and elected to carry out in legislation this primary purpose of his candidacy, the object of his political existence.

Mr. Carl Schurz pleads that, even with a Congress composed of men elected on the free-silver platform, Mr. Bryan would be unable to carry out the programme to which he is so unequivocally committed. Mr. Schurz contends that many of the Democrats elected upon the Kansas City platform would turn conservative after election and reject the programme on which they were chosen to represent the popular will. How lame a pretence this is, surely no intelligent reader need be told. It supposes that Congressmen are more or less than human, that they have no regard whatever for their honor, or for their promises to those who elected them, and that they would set aside as meaningless the will of their constituents as expressed in their ballots. This will not prove to be the case.

Every Democratic Congressman elected with Mr. Bryan, and every Democratic Senator chosen as a result of his election, will go to Washington not only pledged beyond recall, but enthusiastically intent upon his purpose to enact a free fifty-cent coinage law as quickly as possible, and in the most emphatic and irreclaimable terms that can be employed for statutory purposes.

Every voter in the land should clearly understand this truth, that if he votes for Mr. Bryan he votes for free silver, for coinage debasement, for the repudiation of debts, for national dishonor, and for such a reversal of existing prosperity as no nation in all the earth has ever known.

The very marrow of the matter is this: "Shall the prosperity that now prevails throughout the country continue, or shall we by our votes destroy it and invoke disaster and ruin in its stead?" That is the question which every citizen must answer by his vote in November.

So obviously and so exclusively is this the issue of the campaign, and so destructive to every honest man's interest is the Bryan end of it, that from the very beginning the chief concern of the Bryanite advocates has been to disguise and conceal it, to cover it up, to obscure it in mists and fogs of false pretence. To that end the Kansas City platform-makers invented the spook issue of Imperialism and the trumped-up issue of the trusts, and declared them "paramount," and ever since, in Eastern States at least, the advocates of Bryan have insisted that these are the questions that should determine men's votes. Let us question their contentions a bit.

Nobody—not even Mr. Carl Schurz, with all his ingenuity of intellectual fence, not even Mr. Bourke Cockran, with all his skill in making the worse appear the better reason—has ever yet given an intelligent or an intelligible definition of "Imperialism," as the word is employed in this campaign. Nobody has ever yet even pretended to show in what fashion Mr. McKinley or anybody else is menacing the integrity of our republican institutions, or proposing anything that in any way whatever imperils their present continuance or their perpetuity. It is not even pretended that anybody proposes to abrogate the constitutional guarantees of human right and liberty, to impair, in the smallest way, the system under which our country exists, to change its government in even the smallest particular of form or substance. As a matter of fact there is nobody in all this land so great a fool as to contemplate a change in the fundamental structure of our institutions, and nobody such a fool as to suppose that such a change of governmental structure would be possible. Nobody, that is to say, except William J. Bryan and certain of his followers who stand for anarchy, pure and simple. Mr. Bryan does propose and advocate one radical, fundamental change in the structure of our government, in the interest of lawlessness, and he intends, if elected, to bring it about, in obedience to the will of that anarchy which he represents. He has openly and repeatedly proclaimed his purpose, if elected, to debauch the Supreme Court, to rob it of its independence as an equal and co-ordinate branch of government, to make its justices elective for brief terms, subservient to every passing whim of popular passion, dependent upon temporary popularity for retention in office, and utterly destitute of that calm security and that freedom from political influence which have made of our Supreme Court at once a bulwark of constitutional right and the one court in all Christendom whose decisions are everywhere recognized as utterly uninfluenced by any consideration except those of law and right and constitutional prescription.

In brief, nobody proposes the least change in our system of government except Mr. Bryan and the more radical of his supporters; nobody has aught of imperialist revolution in mind but they. Their cry of imperialism rests solely upon the fact that the Administration has faithfully fulfilled the obligations imposed upon our government by the outcome of our war with Spain. They tell us that in the Philippines we are intruders and trespassers, and that our soldiers there are murderers. Yet they propose no other programme than that which Mr. McKinley has followed. They have not dared affront American intelligence by suggesting any other. The President himself, in his letter of acceptance, has made arrant foolishness of their pretensions. In answer to the cry that we ought to get out of the Philippines he has asked "How?" and they have no answer to give. To their plea that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, he justly asks when, where, and by what vote did the Filipinos consent to a government by Aguinaldo and his insurgent minority? He points out that there are eight or ten millions of Filipinos, and that the great majority of them seem to welcome and "consent" to American government—the very best government that was ever heard of in the archipelago—while nine tenths of them very vigorously and violently object to the government of Aguinaldo and his gang. Should we then recognize the Aguinaldan government? Should we enforce it upon an unwilling people by our arms, under pretence of a protectorate? Would that be government by the "consent of the governed"? Would it not rather be the very worst possible form of Imperialism and militarism in practice?

Mr. McKinley proposes, and his candidacy implies, simply the maintenance of order in the Philippines until such time as an orderly government can be established there under American direction. Mr. Bryan has not dared suggest anything less as possible. He has marked out no other programme. Indeed, in urging the ratification of the treaty which made the Philippines ours, he himself pleaded for precisely this programme and no other. Neither he nor anybody else proposes that we shall withdraw our military force from the archipelago and leave it to a chaos of intestinal disorder destructive of its prosperity, and foreign spoliation ruinous to all its hopes.

In brief, there is no element of common-sense in the "spook issue" of Imperialism, as there is certainly none in the "trumped-up" issue of the trusts, concerning which latter there is absolutely no difference between the Republican and the Democratic platforms, and with regard to which we have the very highest legal and Democratic authority—that of Mr. Richard Olney—for saying that no national administration can enforce the laws already enacted, and that no Congress has power to enact others that shall be at once constitutionally valid and practically effective.

The campaign lines itself down, therefore, to the question whether we shall have honest dollars or dishonest ones; whether we shall receive one hundred cents or only half that amount for debts owing to us, for wages agreed to be paid, and for all the rest of it. There is the additional question whether we shall have an independent judiciary calmly sitting in a righteousness of justice which all the world honors, or a Supreme Court composed of small politicians elected every four years upon the current issues and the passing prejudices of the hour, and dependent for their re-election upon their ability to reflect the immediate whims of rhetorical platform-makers in their decisions concerning great constitutional questions.

There is also the question whether, under pretence of warfare upon trusts, and in order to prevent the abuse of corporate powers, we shall make wanton and destructive assaults upon all corporations, including those whose service is of inestimable value to the public, or shall intelligently discriminate between combinations of capital which serve the public, and other combinations which seek to prevent competition and to create monopoly. Mr. McKinley's candidacy clearly represents the intelligent end of that controversy; Mr. Bryan's the destructive end.

There is nothing else whatever at issue in this year's election. Every voter must choose whether he will give his suffrage in favor of honest money or of fifty-cent dollars; in favor of an independent judiciary, or for a judiciary composed of politicians and dependent for continuance in office upon the passing whims of politics; in favor of a rational and duly discriminative dealing with the trust evil, or in favor of a blindly insensate warfare upon all corporations, including those that are so wonderfully well doing the world's most necessary work, and those that are our chief ministers of prosperity.

Will you vote for the country or against it? For order, or for anarchy? For honest money or for repudiation? For the national integrity or for the national shame? For the conservative statesmanlike government of our country, or for the relegation of its affairs to the control of desperate demagogues whose sole concern is to secure office, and who, to that end, are avowedly willing to do the desperate will of the most extravagant and unreasoning discontent?

These are the questions which every voter must answer to his country and to his conscience.

Can there be doubt as to the answer that the overwhelming majority will give at the polls?

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another it has been very widely published, so that millions of readers knew how he looked. He had been writing steadily and with reasonable profusion for forty years, and for thirty years at least his writings have been widely read and liked. He was the shining example of the journalist who aspired successfully to literature, and on that account he was an object of special personal interest to a great army of his countrymen who had similar aspirations. Bryant was a poet who became an editor. Mr. Warner was an editor who became an essayist and novelist. Both of them were especially notable as men who combined the newspaper profession with literature. Mr. Warner never entirely separated himself from journalism. He was an owner of the Hartford *Courant* to the end of his life, and his retirement from editorial labors on that paper seems to have been a gradual process, resulting from the increasing demands of other and more strictly literary work on his energies and time.

In his writings, to the last, there was so much of the best that youth is wont to offer us that it is hard to believe that he had come to an experience of what some one has called "the fatal disease of being seventy years old." It is true, though, that he was born of New England stock in Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1829. His earliest American ancestor was Andrew Warner, who came from England to Massachusetts in 1632, and his paternal grandmother was directly descended from Francis Cook, a pilgrim of the *Mayflower*. His father was a farmer, with a six-hundred-acre farm, and the best library but one in his neighborhood. He died when Charles was five years old, and the lad then went to live with a relative in the near-by town of Cleremont. There he lived the life described later in the book called *Being a Boy*. His guardian presently sent him to school at Cazenovia, New York, an attractive old village, which is still a social centre of an importance disproportionate to its population. The intention was that he should go into business, and for a time in his boyhood he was put to work in a drug store, and later in the post office, but other inclinations seem to have shown themselves with force, for presently he entered Hamilton College, where he was graduated in 1851. At Hamilton he came to know Joseph R. Hawley, his intimacy with whom had much to do with shaping his later life. His strong literary bent showed itself in college in contributions to *The Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's Magazine*. No doubt it was at least as much of an exploit then as now for a college boy to get his pieces published in a grown-up magazine.

His health was not good after he left college, and to better it he went on a surveying expedition to Missouri. Next he entered the law department of the University of Pennsylvania, and graduating in 1856, General Hawley's return gave Mr. Warner a chance to go to Europe, where he spent fourteen months, contributing to the *Courant* a series of letters, which were widely copied, and foreshadowed, if they did not begin, his literary career. When he got back and took up his work again he published in the *Courant* the series of pleasant discourses which were gathered into a book and published in 1870 under the title of *My Summer in a Garden*. That book we all know, and most of us keep on our library shelves. It made Mr. Warner's qualities of sense and humor known to the reading world. It was followed, in 1872, by *Saunterings*, and *Backlog Studies*, and by a steady stream of pleasant books which did not lag nor weaken for thirty years. During the past fifteen years Mr. Warner was a frequent contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and much of his writing which afterwards came out in covers of its own made its first appearance in [illegible] (1881), *Washington Irving* (1881). One of his later labors was to edit *The Library of the World's Best Literature*.

More than most literary men he labored constantly and usefully in other fields than that of literature. In Hartford he was a leader in local and municipal matters, and for years an important member of the Park Commission. He took a strong interest, too, in penology, and was for many years a member of the State Commission on Prisons in Connecticut, and of the National Prison Association. His interest in sociology was keen, and he was a member of that Committee of Fifty best known as yet for its efforts to solve the drink problem. Everything that appeals to a working journalist appealed to him and got some share of his attention.

Of his enviable home life in Hartford we all know something from his books. For many years, there, Mrs. Stowe was his next-door neighbor, Mark Twain lived around the corner, and Dr. Joseph Twitchell (who read the service at his funeral on October 23) was not far off. He built himself a house that he liked, with a garden back of it, through which runs the stream which the Hartford children know as "Mark Twain's River." He was much in New York in the winter, sometimes for months at a time. He made long visits now and then to Washington, and he travelled persistently at home and abroad. But nothing ever parted him permanently from his home in Hartford. It was near enough the centre of things literary for his purposes, and however often he left it and however long he stayed away, he always came back to it. He married in 1856 Miss Susan Lee, of New York. They had no children, and doubtless that deprivation had its share in increasing the scope of Mr Warner's activities. He was a frequent speaker, and made many addresses, some of them notable, on literary, educational, and sociological subjects. One of the last pieces of work that he did was to write an address on the occasion of his being made President of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. In this institute he was actively interested, and took a leading part in its organization.

There was charm and simplicity in Mr. Warner's literary style, and delightful humor in his turns of thought and speech, but though he wrote with a light touch, he thought gravely and ably into the heart of serious subjects. It was his character—his kindliness, his integrity, and conscientious pursuit of truth—that gave him influence and power.

His health began to fail some time since, and he barely got over an attack of pneumonia which he had two years ago in New Orleans. He died in Hartford on October 20.

JOHN SHERMAN. *By Henry Loomis Nelson*

JOHN SHERMAN belonged to a generation of public men which has nearly passed from the field of politics in this country. With the exception of a few Senators like those from Massachusetts and Maine, and a few others, there is now left in American politics no one who has made the study of questions of government the work of his life. Mr. Sherman was a statesman in the true sense of the word. He came from a family of distinguished men. He was born at Lancaster Ohio, the 10th of May, 1823, and at fourteen, his father having died and left a large family and no estate, John Sherman was working for his living as an engineer. He studied law in the office of his brother Charles, and was admitted to the bar in 1844, when he was twenty-one years of age. When he was twenty-five he entered national politics as a delegate to the Whig convention which nominated Zachary Taylor for the Presidency; and in 1852 he was a delegate to the Baltimore convention which nominated Winfield Scott. He was elected to the national House of Representatives in 1854, taking his seat in 1855

Mr. Sherman was rising into prominence at this time because he was one of those Whigs who were ranging themselves with the enemies of the slave power. He took a prominent part in the agitation arising out of the attempt to repeal the Missouri Compromise, the Dred Scott decision, the imposition of slavery upon Kansas, and the Fugitive Slave Law. He was the author of the redemption act passed in 1875, and was a member of the committee which fixed the time for the resumption of specie payments as the 1st of January, 1879.

When Mr. Hayes was elected President, Mr. Sherman became Secretary of the Treasury, and it was due to his diligence and skill that a resumption fund was provided. As a provision for the 1st of January, 1879, Mr Sherman had accumulated a fund of one hundred and forty millions of dollars in gold for the satisfaction of the legal tender notes. It is interesting to note that the unchangeable law of finance was once more verified in this case—the government being ready to pay gold for its paper, no payment of it was demanded. It is due to the truth of history to say that Mr. Sherman's career as a finance minister would have been very much greater if he had not damaged the resolution for resumption by procuring the passage of another providing that the greenbacks should be released as they were redeemed. This resolution has fastened the greenbacks upon the government, and was therefore the cause of the raids of 1893 upon the Treasury gold.

Mr. Sherman was a candidate for the Republican nomination to the Presidency in 1880, and received from ninety to ninety-seven votes in the convention. He was also a candidate in 1884 and 1888. In the latter year he received a vote ranging from 229 to 249, being the leading candidate against Benjamin Harrison. He returned to the Senate in 1881, and was re-elected in 1887. He was again re-elected, and was a member of the Senate when Mr. McKinley became President in 1897. Mr. Sherman was put at the head of the State Department. Although he had been Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and was more or less familiar with the workings of the department, Mr. Sherman had never taken great interest in foreign affairs or in international law, and was decidedly out of place at the head of the State Department. Moreover, his age and his failing faculties made it impossible for him to fill this new and onerous position with credit to himself and the country, so that in the work of the department preliminary to the breaking out of the war with Spain he was practically set aside and the business of the department was transacted through Judge William R. Day, the Assistant Secretary. Mr. Sherman was practically forced to resign April 25, 1899. Since then he has lived in retirement. He died October 22.

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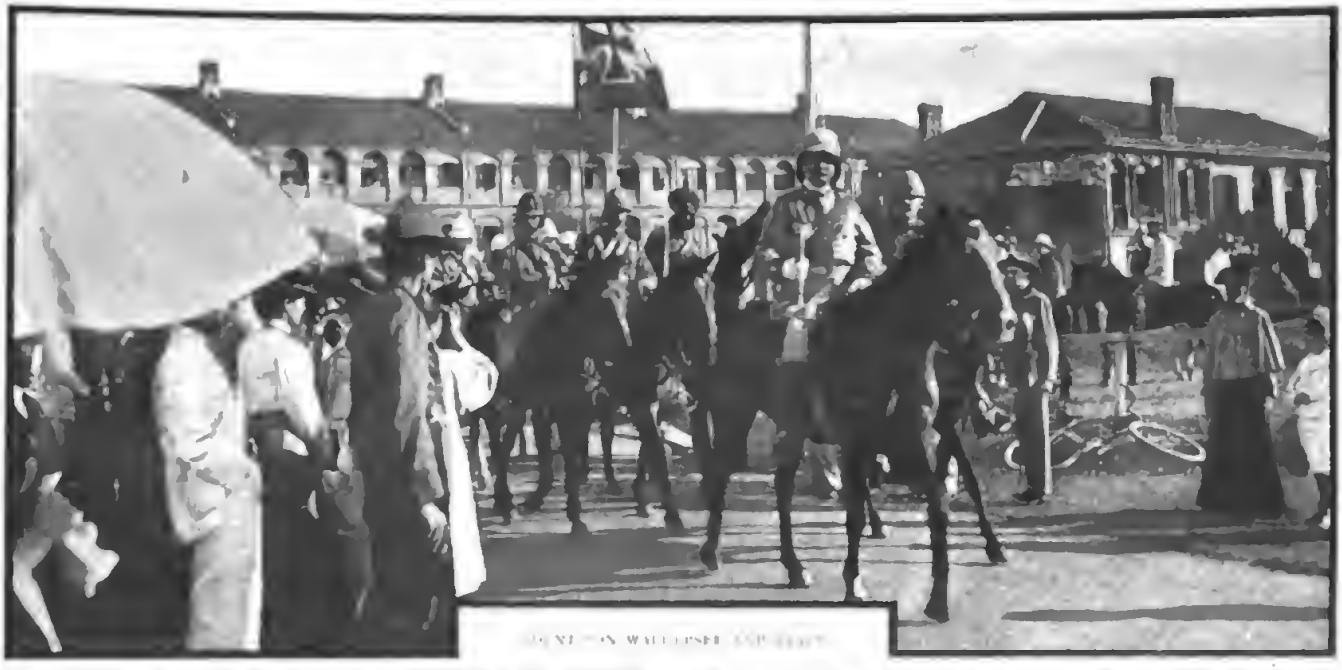
THE FRENCH TONKIN REGIMENT PASSING IN REVIEW



GENERAL VON WALDERSEE AND STAFF

THE GERMAN ASIATIC REGIMENT

FRENCH ANNAMITE ARTILLERY

ON the afternoon of September 21, Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee, the accepted generalissimo of the allied forces in China, arrived in Shanghai. His reception afforded the first opportunity for a side-by-side contrast of the troops which the strange god Circumstance had thrown together and under his command. The Indians turned out in winter regalia, the Sikhs in post-office red and canary yellow, the Baluchis in rifle green and crimson, and the Goorkhas in dark green. The French and Germans were in their usual uniform, the former in blue, and the latter in their country hats and cow-hide boots.

But the following morning, at the general review by Count Waldersee of all the Shanghai troops, volunteers and regulars, on the broad, close-cropped lawns of the Public Recreation Grounds in the British Concession, was the ideal chance for a comparison. Shanghai has never before seen such a military spectacle. At seven o'clock the crowds began to congregate and troops to arrive. The streets lined with the gold signs of Chinese shops, blazoned to extra brilliancy in the slanting sunlight, were thronged with gayly dressed foreigners and natives. Before long the Khaki regiment of Indians, a study in browns, was massed in line of close columns of companies on the left, the Germans being given the right of line in deference to the nationality of the commander-in-chief. The Germans took their place, stacked arms, and broke ranks, till a low order snapped them back again—a showy bit of drill and discipline to see. In the centre were massed the French infantry and artillery, the Shanghai volunteer regiment, including a company of Americans in campaign hats, and British, French, German, and Japanese contingents, the volunteer light horse, and a squadron of Indian cavalry—in all about six thousand men. In front were the bright summer costumes of the foreign spectators; and behind, the perfect level of grass, the Chinese houses, and a yellow and blue fringe of thousands of silk and cotton clad natives, rank outsiders in their own land, watching the spectacle from beyond the grounds.

I was standing by when Count von Waldersee came on the field. His uniform was covered with gold, and a broad yellow ribbon was across his chest. In his hand was the field-marshal's bâton presented by the German Emperor just before his departure to take command—a gaudy bit of blue enamel crowned and chased in gold. It was a fine vigorous face that surmounted his sturdy figure and looked out from under his helmet, and he sat his charger like a youth. A quick inquiry in German, to make sure of the position of the officers waiting to receive him, and he broke from his staff and advanced towards them at a sharp canter. Before them, he pulled his horse up with the ease of a practised rider, and saluted with his bâton. After passing down the line of troops with his staff, he moved to another part of the grounds and reviewed the troops as they marched past. He must have felt as he watched them the extraordinary nature of the situation before him, and the difficulties of the task he has to face. The Germans, going by to fife and drum with the precision of a machine, are all right; he knows them. But the French, preceded by their bugles, now so friendly, what of them? What difficulties and imbroglios with those officers on the puny ponies and those slightly straggling ranks does the future hold. And those close knit, businesslike columns of brown men with their bagpipes, those quick-moving little Japs, and that Northern Cloud, unrepresented here, but all-important, what are they to be? All these questions must have passed through his mind as he sat there gravely watching the motley thousands pass. And what are they to be? The scene has been set, the actors are on the stage, the prologue has been played. The play is beginning. What it is, tragedy or comedy, farce, melodrama or opera-bouffe, the aroused interest of the spectators waits breathless to see.

THEODORE P. DYER, U.S.N.

SHANGHAI, *September 29, 1900.*

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A SIKH WITH LOOT.

NATIVE LOOTERS

THE BRITISH GENERAL DORWARD SUPERINTENDING THE DIVISION OF LOOT

LIVE LOOT

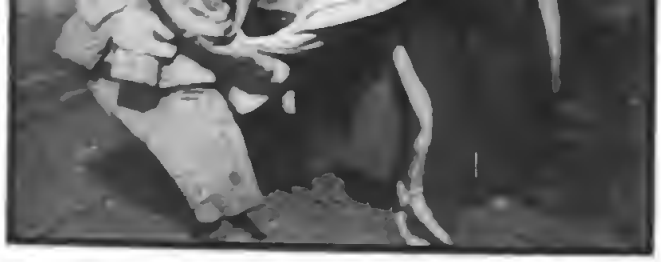
ALL THAT WAS LEFT.

BEGGING FOR MERCY.

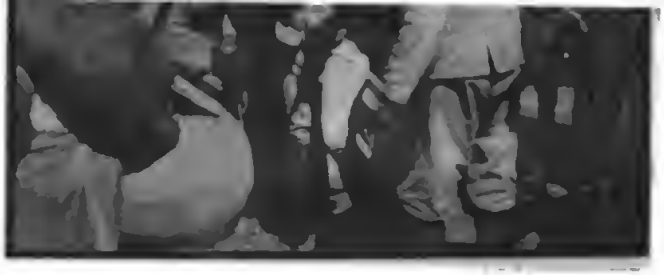
GENERAL DORWARD AND STAFF AT TU-LIU.

A TYPICAL SIKH

THE LOOTING OF TU-LIU, NEAR TIENTSIN, SEPTEMBER 12, 1900.



NATIVES FIGHTING OVER LOOT IN THE STREET.



A BRITISH OFFICER TRYING TO CLEAR THE STREETS.

THE COURT OF THE TU LIU PAWN-SHOP STREWN WITH LOOT.

SIKHS DIVIDING LOOT ON A HOUSE-TOP.

SIKHS BREAKING INTO A HOUSE FOR LOOT.

THE LOOTING OF TU-LIU, NEAR TIENTSIN, SEPTEMBER 12, 1900.

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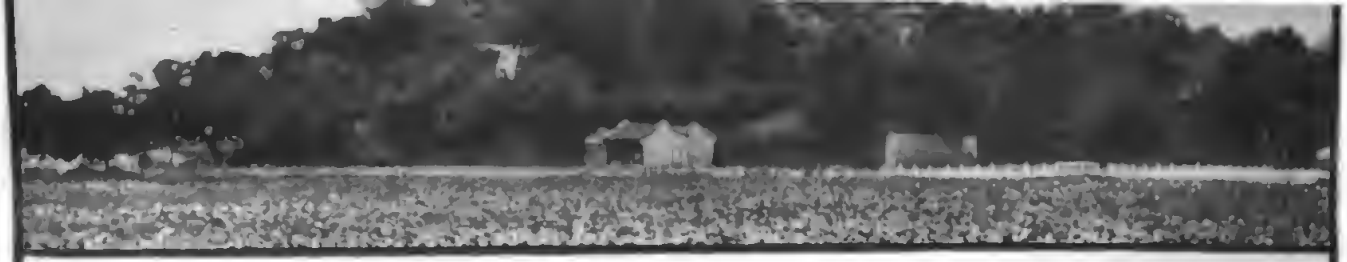

INSIDE THE IMPERIAL CITY, PEKING—THE MONGOL TEMPLE AND THE LOTUS-BEDS.

THE TAKING OF PEKING

BY O. K. DAVIS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

FROM Yang-tsun north the march of the Peking relief column rapidly developed into a foot-race with the retreating Chinese. In planning the week beforehand it had been agreed to come upon the two walled towns of Chang-chia-wan and Tung-chou after short marches, one of eight miles and the other of four, but the first three stretches were very long. We left Yang-tsun after a day for rest, which most of the men had used in wandering about, with the cheerful Russians snipping dogs all about, and bullets whistling through the streets as if we still were fighting somebody. The road was along a high, broad embankment, and the going was good. Before ten o'clock the Japanese had made their camp and were turned in for the day, it being the business of the fighting Jap apparently to sleep all the time he possibly can when in camp. The Americans made pretty good marching that day, and soon after noon began to reach the camp-ground. All through the march to Peking the Americans and British had much the worst of the marching, because they had to do it so late in the day, whereas the Japanese, having the advance, could move out early and get most of their work done while it was still cool. The usual marching hour for the Americans was between six and seven o'clock, and the result was always that they were strung out on the road nearly all day and subjected to the fearful heat. They camped for the night usually in a corn-field, and it was amazing to see how deft the men became in shaping up shacks for themselves out of the corn-stalks. Fifteen minutes after the men had been turned into a field it would be converted into rows of little shelters, which was a very good thing in a way for them, for most of them had thrown away their blankets before Yang-tsun. As far as possible the Japanese camped in the villages. The men understood exactly how to make themselves most comfortable in the shortest time, and it was always fun to see them go at it. As soon as the place was selected the men who were to occupy it would tumble out all the furniture the Chinese had had, and then sweep it clean and slick. Then they got fresh matting and spread around and in three minutes were stretched out asleep. Camping in the villages gave the Japanese a great advantage if it rained, as it did several times on the march.

The march to Tsai-tsun was not so hard, taken by itself, but the next day, with all the conditions a little worse, the march was a little further to Ho-si-wu. It was hotter; there was not so frequent villages where good water could be had; the men were in not quite so good condition of mind and temper; the strain was harder. But it was very important to get to Ho-si-wu, and it turned out that we were not a minute too soon. The Chinese were chased away by the Japanese advance-guard from one of the most stupendous works I have ever seen. They were digging a trench by which they apparently expected to turn the Pei River out over the flat country to the south of Ho-si-wu; and if they had ever succeeded in doing that the allies would have been utterly unable to use the river in getting supplies up to Tong-chou, the base for Peking. They had chosen a point where the river makes a sharp bend, so as to enable them to sink junks below the cut to help turn the flood. The bank at that place was more than twice the usual height, but that did not stop them. They cut straight down through it, well below the river level, and carried the cut back four or five hundred yards to some gardens, where preparations were being made to divide it and send the water on in two streams. The secondary ditches had just then started, and one of them was only spade-deep. The Japanese came on the Chinese very suddenly this morning, and they had a very hard run to get away. They left everything they had where it was, and simply fled as they stood in their shoes. Sacks of rice were strewn all along the cut, and pots of it were cooking. The Chinese had apparently impressed a great many coolies to work on the cut, for the place was littered with their gear. Two or three were lying about dead, who looked very much as if the Chinese had killed them for not working fast enough. There were plenty of long Boxer spears, scores of them lying about, thirty-foot bamboo poles with little iron tip and fancy plume, and piles of Boxer banners, but we saw only two or three dead soldiers. In an old temple in the north edge of the town a great quantity of black powder was found, and the day after we left, just at sunset, the garrison that had been stationed there had the fun of setting the thing off and making an explosion that was heard and felt for many miles.

Of course, going into camp did not really end the work for the Japanese. Their advance-guard kept pushing on always for some time after camp was located, sometimes going until afternoon. Then the fresh men were sent forward to relieve those who had done the day's work, and to do it for to-morrow. They stood the marching very well; very few straggled or fell out, and they seemed always cheerful and good-natured. It was noticeable that whenever a man did fall out he had all his kit on him. The Americans and the few pukka British who were along seemed to suffer more in the temper than the others. What the Russians thought about it there was no saying. One heard evidences in the language along the lines where English was spoken of the discomfort and unhappiness of the men. There was no denying that it was hard marching. Most of the way the road was across perfectly flat country, through fields of corn fully ten feet tall, where no breeze could possibly percolate down to the sweaty, thirsty men, toiling along through sand and dust two or three inches deep. They played out at it pretty badly first and last, but there was never any let-up from the original plan agreed upon before we left Yang-tsun. The day after Ho-si-wu they marched us eighteen miles. It was the most terrible day I ever saw. It seemed as if the men simply could not get through. There wasn't a breath of air stirring aloft, and the fearful sun beat straight down on us with terrible energy. That day I saw men pitch forward on their faces, dead as they fell. I saw men go crazy and try to fight the comrades who endeavored to help them, and many a man fell in the road in convulsions. It was that afternoon that I said to General Fukushima:

"You have marched us very hard. We are very tired."

"Ah!" he replied, with a smile. "The Chinese are very tired too. We are very hot, the Chinese are very hot too, and they are very scared, but we are not."

The Americans could not make their camp that day. It was supposed to be Mah-to, but they turned into the field when evening fell still below Mah-to, and the British camped below them. The Russians had struggled up to their place, but at a cost of stragglers such as they had not shown on any day's march yet. It was the next morning, taking it easy on the short march to Chang-chia-wan, that the Russian officer ranged alongside and proceeded to fill himself up with information about America and a few other places. After an hour's sharp cross-questioning, in which he had learned that it is not necessary that the Christian name of the candidate for the Presidency should be William, though it happens this year to be the name of each of the two principal candidates, he suddenly shifted ground completely, and said,

"But these Japanese—how do you mean them?"

"They are very good soldiers," I said; "the best in many respects in the expedition."

He seemed to be greatly surprised. "Do you think so?" he said. "No, I think they are weak."

"What do you mean by weak?" I asked him.

"Well, they do not march well; they lie down very much; many of them come on by-and-by."

"Oh! I see; they straggle."

"Yes, that is it: they straggle."

"But yesterday I saw as many Russians straggling as Japanese, and there are twice as many Japanese troops in the column as Russians. You Russians do not want to think the Japanese are weak when it comes to the matter of fighting them."

"Ah, but we are all working together now; there is no fight with anybody but the Chinese."

"But after a while in Korea."

"Ah, Korea! No, that is impossible. She must never have Korea."

It was very entertaining to be stopped in the midst of this conversation by a halt which was ordered to give the Russians a chance to withdraw from the advance-guard. They had asked for permission to put a battalion of infantry and a battery in the advance, leading them, as it were, to the Japanese, but the desire being to have the Russians in the advance. The Japanese agreed, and all this morning had been struggling with the Russians to get them to march fast enough. It was the custom of the Japanese to start out from their camp before daylight, and by the time it was light to have covered enough ground so as to be pretty close to the rear of the Chinese. Then when they struck the Chinese, they never let go all day. It took some lively going at times, but if the Jap has to do a dog-trot for four or five miles he can do it. The Russians probably could not keep up anything like the speed of the Japanese. At any rate, this morning they would not try. It was impossible for the Japanese to maintain contact with the Chinese, and so about nine o'clock Linievitch was politely requested to withdraw his men from the advance. In the mix-up I lost the inquisitive officer. I was very sorry, for I should have enjoyed his explanation of the occurrence.

As the troops were going through Chang-chia-wan that afternoon there was a curious exhibition. Somebody had tied a Chinese coolie to a post by his queue. He got tired of standing up and sat down. Then the men—they were Japanese—began occasionally to kick him. No one seemed to care about it especially. It wasn't a general thing; just now and then a man fell out of line as the column passed and kicked the coolie. When I came back that way later the coolie was dead.

It being only four miles from Chang-chia-wan to Tung-chou, the advance-guard naturally got pretty close to Tung-chou. Then a force of several hundred Chinese came out as if they intended to fight, and preparations were made for it early in the morning. But it was the old game, and in the night the Chinese ran away, so that when the Japanese engineers got to the gate to guncotton it, at three o'clock in the morning, they found it undefended, and blew it in, as they reported, simply as a salute. All the troops were moved up to Tung-chou, where good camps were found, and had a chance to get some rest after the terrible work of the forced marching of the last few days. A great many Chinese had tempted fate by remaining in their houses, but before the day was well along many of them were regretting it. In the afternoon, one well near where I was had been used by seven women to commit suicide, and in another there were half a dozen young girls, thrown in to escape outrage.

The conference of generals at Tung-chou decided on the preliminaries of the attack on Peking. All hands were to move out on Monday morning, the 13th of August, in reconnoissance in force, proceed about seven miles toward Peking, camp, and establish contact with the other camps, as well as sending smaller recon-

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THE BARRICADED STREETS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS.

NORTH CATHEDRAL, WHERE THE FRENCH WERE BESIEGED

THE AMERICAN POSITION ON THE TARTAR CITY WALL.

noissances forward, each to protect his own front. The four forces were to march on four roads, the Japanese on the stone or main road from Tung-chou to Peking, the Russians on the road south of that just north of the canal, the Americans on the road just south of the canal, and the British on a road about a mile south of us. All the roads are practically parallel. Tuesday was to be devoted to further reconnoissance work, with the possibility of getting a force clear around Peking, and Wednesday the general attack was to be made all along the east wall at daylight. The plan worked as far as the close of the first day, when it occurred to the Russians that they had an advantage, and immediately they threw over the agreement and went in for themselves. After establishing camp on Monday afternoon seven miles out from Tung-chou, the Russians kept on with most of their force, and succeeded in getting very close to the wall of the Chinese city, near the Tung-pien-mun, which was the place it had been planned that the Russians and Americans should attack, the Japanese being engaged further up with the Chi-hua-mun in the Tartar wall. The Russians say that when they got near the Tung-pien-mun, they found it defended by only a handful of men, and considered the opportunity for rushing it too great to be overlooked. So in the middle of the night they got up their battery and blew in the gate, after having turned the Maxims on it and along the wall for three or four hours. They met with very little opposition, and easily killed all the Chinese they found inside the gate. But then they concluded that they ought to go on to the Ha-ta-mun, the big gate in the south wall of the Tartar city, next to the strip of wall held by some of our guards, and by taking that, relieve the legations at once. They limbered up the battery and started, after sending word to the Japanese that they had surprised the Chinese and occupied a portion of the wall. The Chinese had swarmed their re-enforcements down to the Tartar wall, and as soon as the Russians came in range, the first volley stopped ten of the eighteen battery horses. Major-General Wassilewski, the chief of staff, who happened to be in command of the movement, was very critically hit through the shoulder, and one after another three men who went to his assistance were killed. By the time the Russians could get back to their little gate they had lost twenty-six killed and about a hundred wounded. It was broad daylight.

The Japanese were very angry when they heard of the Russian breach of faith. They sent word at once to the Americans and British, and immediately prepared to move forward on their own plan. Most of the British here had not been moved from Tung-chou on Monday, but was simply to join the reconnoissance to-day. The Americans, fortunately, had all been marched out on Monday afternoon, except some of the marines, so that when Chaffee got wind of what was going on he was able to rely on having all his men with him. The Japanese had left part of their heaviest artillery at Tung-chou, and now sent in to hurry it out as fast as possible. All night we had heard heavy firing from within the city, and now it began to be evident that those in the city were to hear heavy firing from the outside all day. There were many comments when the guns got into action on what music it must seem to the besieged, after all. By eight o'clock the Russians were fighting again at the Tung-pien-mun, where they had had their trouble during the night. The Americans going straight along their road came to the moat which was swept by a nasty fire from some towers on the wall farther to the southward. One by one they ran across, and all got over unhurt, two companies of the Fourteenth, led by Colonel Daggett himself, and with the regimental colors. Once under the wall, the question immediately became how to get to the top of it. It was old and worn, and many holes had been made by the falling out of ends of bricks. With their hands and feet using these holes, and helping each other where they could, these fellows swarmed up that wall. It was very slow work, but they were constantly getting more men to the top. Some one found a rope so that guns and equipment could be sent up in a sling, and after that the climbing was easier. Finally, nearly all the men in the two companies got to the top of the wall. It was then just eleven o'clock. The Russians had just hoisted their flag over the Tung-pien-mun when the colors of the Fourteenth went up on the wall beside them.

Meantime the Japanese had gone into action against the Chi-hua-mun with fifty-four guns. About a mile to the eastward of the gate there is a sharp break downward in the road from Tung-chou to the city. This gives the effect of an eminence as far as artillery work is concerned. Along the crest of this so-called eminence, in the arc of a circle, the six mountain and three field batteries were posted, and for three or four hours they pounded away with all the vigor of the Japanese. In one minute twenty shells were counted that burst on the Chi-hua-mun. They sent the engineers forward to generation the gate, supported by two battalions of infantry, but it was impossible for them to make any advance. The Chinese flocked about the gate. They were armed with everything in the Chinese category, including gingals, and they made such a vigorous defence that the Japanese could not get near the gate. Whenever the Japanese slacked off their shell fire to give the men in the street a chance to go ahead, the Chinese swarmed out of their cover and pouted a very heavy fire down on them, to which they were quite unable to respond from the street. As soon as the shelling was renewed the Chinese went to cover again. So it was determined early in the day by the Japanese that they were to have another all-night performance, as at Tientsin. Their orders were not to retire, but to take advantage of the first opportunity to get ahead under cover of the darkness.

Meantime, the Russians and Americans, both having got into the city, seemed content to sit about the wall for a while and contemplate the matter. The British, marching away from Tung-chou, had the best luck of all. They came to a gate where there was almost no resistance. The Chinese were easily brushed away, and when they entered the Chinese city they started straight for the road which they knew would lead them through the Tartar wall, and into the legations. They found it quite unopposed, and so after simply marching out from Tung-chou they were the first to relieve the legations. The Russians meantime were bringing up their troops and getting themselves into some sort of shape after the curious work of the night. The performance of the Americans was curious. When all the men came up from the road to the Tung-pien-mun, soon after noon, and there had been a big row with the Russians about getting our battery through the gate when theirs was standing in the street, the Fourteenth went part of the way into the city, and one battalion going up one road, the other up another, sat down to rest under the shade of some huts. The Ninth did the same thing, and so did the marines. Part of the battery went off up a street parallel to the wall, and part staid behind and shelled the top of the wall with great vigor, keeping down the snipers who were making it unpleasant. Chaffee disappeared completely. No one knew where he had gone or when he would come back, and no one had any orders to do anything. One of the staff-officers actually talked about going back into camp. Finally, after two hours of this most maddening waiting, Chaffee came back, but the legations had been relieved by that time, and the Americans had lost their chance to be first.

The regiment of Sikhs marching through the muddy sluice canal into the British Legation got a welcome as cosmopolitan as it was enthusiastic. From the swarms of Chinese, even the children, who had cleared it out with the besieged, they were greeted with their first cheers. The Chinese had been living in the buildings lining the canal by which they came, and turned out in numbers to see their rescuers. In the legation grounds it was a nervous, happy time. The big Indians grinned when the white ladies smiled and said pleasant things to them, and understood it all well enough. Members of every nationality represented in the siege were there to greet the troops, and their assurance that they were "glad to see" General Gaselee and his men was no less hearty and sincere than his reply that he was "glad to see" them. When the Americans came, they too were all marched through the British grounds. They were a tired, hard-looking lot. The march had told on them very hard, and there had been no opportunity for washing clothes. Now, when they came into the presence of the ladies, in their fresh white gowns, and saw the men in clean white, it did not seem to set well. In some of the houses there was whiskey-and-water for the men and officers, and some of the ladies went about the compound serving hot tea, which was delicious and very grateful.

This was the first conversation I had in the British Legation on the subject of the siege. The other party was a benevolent elderly man, with a fine white beard. I do not know his name. He sat down on a bench with me near the chapel. "You must have had a hard time," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "we had a very hard time."

"Tell me how your supplies held out," I said, "that was one of the matters that was worrying us most."

"The supplies held out pretty well," he said; "we were practically out of tinned milk, and almost out of butter."

Next day it dawned on me that the reason there had been so many contradictory estimates was that no one really knew. There had never been a community except among the missionaries. They knew exactly how much food they had all the time, but there were several other messes, and each had its own stock. The huge winter stores from San Francisco had been put in in some cases, and although these were drawn on very liberally by others, it could not be said that there ever was a community of food stores so that any one could tell how long it would last. Coming down the river one of the young ladies who went through the siege told me that in the mess where she lived those who had jam on their rice could not have butter too, and those who had butter could not have jam.

It seemed to me that so far as stores were concerned they could have held out for some time; but the really serious danger—and it was constantly growing—was the steady depletion of their guards. Half of them had been hit or killed; it could not go on that way for much longer with the legationists still holding their lines. It was ruin to draw in the lines anywhere. The following statement of the condition of the guards at the close of the siege is from the headquarters of each in Peking, and as accurate as can be:

The American marine guard consisted of 53 officers and men. Of these 7 were killed and 20 were wounded. One American civilian was also wounded. They had 27,000 rounds of ammunition, of which 10,000 rounds remained when the legations were relieved.

The Japanese Legation had a guard of 25 soldiers and 31 civilians. Five soldiers and 3 civilians were killed; 14 soldiers and 4 civilians were wounded. They had 180 rounds of ammunition per man at first, with 25 rounds per man when relief came.

There were 82 marines at the British Legation. Three were killed and 24 wounded. They had 24,000 rounds of ammunition, of which they used 14,000.

The French guard consisted of 77 marines, of which 31 were at Pe-tang. Twenty-two were killed and 20 wounded. They had 316 rounds of ammunition per man at first, and 160 per man when relieved.

The Italian guard of 41 soldiers had 13 killed and 19 wounded. They had no ammunition when the allies arrived.

The Russian guard consisted of 74 marines, 7 Cossacks, and 6 civilians. Of the marines and Cossacks 6 were killed and 18 wounded. They had 140 rounds of ammunition at the beginning of the siege, but as they manufactured most of the cartridges used in their defence, they still had 120 rounds per man when relieved.

The German guard of 50 marines lost 11 killed and 15 wounded. They had 180 rounds of ammunition per man at first, but only 60 rounds for 32 men at the end.

The Austrian guard of 35 men had 4 killed and 10 wounded. Of 10,000 rounds of ammunition they expended 9000 rounds.

It must be remembered that much ammunition was made and taken and bought. Whenever Chinese cartridges were to be had they were used and our own saved. After their supply failed, the Italians borrowed from the Russians and from the French.

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THE DROUGHT IN

CATTLEMEN WARNING SHEEP-HERD

THE SOUTHWEST

RS AWAY FROM THEIR WATER

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-bag carried by his elderly companion. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czaroska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier de Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czaroskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He obtains possession of the jewel, but it turns out to be only a clever imitation of the original. It develops that de Midi is the rightful heir to the crown of Aetolia, now worn by a usurper. The ruby is being used by his enemies, chief of whom is a certain Captain Coventry, to secure a loan from a well-known Paris banker.

CHAPTER XV

A PRISONER OF WAR

At precisely seven o'clock I took up my assigned position, directly across the street from the magnificent residence in the Avenue Hoche belonging to a certain M. Montalivet. All through the day we had been receiving reports from our agents, and it was absolutely certain that up to this time the Baron had held no communication whatever with Coventry.

After leaving his office in the Rue de la Banque, the banker had driven to an establishment in the Rue de la Paix, and had remained for half an hour in close consultation with one of the heads of the firm. An hour's drive in the Bois followed, and at half past six he had returned.

From my knowledge of the Baron's social engagements we were aware that he had an engagement at eight o'clock to dine with the gentleman before whose house I had taken up my station. Slowly the minutes went by while I waited for my man's arrival. It was a possibility that Coventry might be among the guests, and the thought fretted me. It was the one contingency that might seriously affect our plan of action.

Two or three minutes before eight the Kerker carriage drove up, and, lounging carelessly past the gateway, I heard the loud voice of the Baron ordering the footman to return for him at exactly half after nine o'clock. I had caught a glimpse of the carriage, as it rolled into the court-yard, and the Baron was certainly alone. No other guests appeared, and I concluded that the dinner was probably a matter of business between the two men. And finally I received a report by messenger from mademoiselle that the Baron had received no visitors at his house between the hour of his arrival from the Bois, at half past six, and that of his departure for the Avenue Hoche, at a quarter of eight. So far so good.

It was half after nine now, and, indeed, several minutes over the time, but the Baron's carriage had not appeared, nor had any attempt been made to summon it from the house. Had Samson and Stephan failed, or, worse yet, had the warning been given to the birds while the fowlers were even now spreading their nets? Was there a side-door, a back entrance, to M. Montalivet's house? Madame Verriker! A thousand and one conjectures flashed through my mind. And now what? Should I abandon my post and endeavor to communicate with my superior officers—or was it already too late? I stood irresolute, cursing impartially my stupidity and my bad luck. Only twenty minutes of ten, but that ten minutes had been an eternity.

The horses with their rubber shoes, and the carriage with its equally noiseless tires, were almost upon me as I ran across the street, but I managed to pick up my heels in time. I gave a hasty glance at the men on the box as the carriage turned into the court-yard—they were Samson and Stephan. So that part of the programme had gone through without a hitch. The Baron's own men were undoubtedly lying stupidly drunk in the back room of some cabaret sacred to coachmen, and happily unconscious that their livery was now being worn by the two strangers who had entertained them so often and so handsomely during the last hour and a half. Hardly had the carriage entered the court-yard when the great house-door was thrown open and the Baron appeared in person and called excitedly to the coachman to make haste.

Evidently the Baron had just realized that he had overstayed his time, and he was in a hurry to make it up. Stephan stood at the door of the carriage to receive his orders. It might be awkward if the Baron chanced to scan him too closely. Fortunately the rain gave our man the excuse to wear his mikin-covered hat low down over his eyes, and his master did not even glance at him. "Home," he ordered, and the carriage door slammed.

As the coach rolled out into the street I made a jump for the rear springs. There was no place upon which I could find a seat, but no matter; by holding on to the straps I could keep up the pace, and the first course would not be long. Samson had his instructions to turn into the first side street, instead of keeping straight down the avenue to the Rond Point, and the crisis would be quick enough in coming, once the Baron discovered that he was being taken out of his road.

Just as we had got fairly under way I looked back, and saw a cab being driven furiously from the direction of the Rue de Courcelles. It pulled up in front of the Montalivet house, and a man sprang to the sidewalk. Under the glare of the gas-lamp I made him out to be Coventry. It had been a narrow margin, but enough for us to win out.

It was only a matter of ten minutes' drive to the house in the Champs Elysées, and I wondered how long it would take the Baron to grow impatient. By this time Samson had so skilfully turned our course that we were now going directly away from our assumed destination, and were in the Rue Daru: there was the Russian church on our right. A moment later the check-string was violently pulled, and the coach stopped. Stephan jumped to the ground and stepped up to the window on the near side. Now for my part.

I was at the other door the instant after and turned the handle quietly. It yielded, and I slipped into the vacant seat by the Baron's side. That gentleman was leaning out of the opposite window, and swearing alternately in French and German at the impassive Stephan. Then suddenly the Baron seemed to realize that there was something wrong; perhaps he recognized that the footman was not his own servant, in spite of the livery that he wore. With surprising quickness he drew in his head and threw himself bodily over to the right. Evidently his idea had been to leave the carriage by the other door, but of course he plumped straight into me, and then collapsed with an absurdly rabbitlike squeak as the end of the pistol-barrel came into sharp contact with his ribs.

"I am sorry to discommode you, monsieur," I said, speaking close at his ear; "but I need not waste words upon a sensible man like yourself. Do not attempt to stir or open your mouth, my dear Baron. All right, Stephan."

Well, the old fellow took it all with astonishing coolness and with instant acquiescence in the unanswerable logic of the situation. For all that, I kept the pistol-muzzle in suggestive touch with his side, for we were now passing through the well-lighted thoroughfare of the Boulevard de

"I RAN ACROSS THE STREET."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1083.

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... he will see that you are fitted out with everything that you may desire."

"It is the General Count Czareska that I have the honor of addressing?" began the Baron, tentatively. "I think I know your face."

"At your service."

"*Hein!* that is quite enough, and I am entirely at your disposal, my dear General. For the moment I was under the uncomfortable impression that I had made the acquaintance of professional tax-gatherers, and was about to swallow my shirt studs. But you, General—oh, that is different, and we amateurs should respect each other's little whims. I collect clocks, and you apparently make a specialty of bankers. *Eh, bien!* You have made an excellent start, and I am honored in being No. 1 in your catalogue. You said this way? At your service, then, General;" and with another profound bow our amiable prisoner of war followed Vitai.

The General grasped my hand warmly and drew me after him into one of the ground-floor rooms. He was unmistakably worried and upset about something.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, as I looked about me. The table was strewn with railroad maps and time-cards, and the General pointed at them tragically as he answered:

"Another dead-wall. There has been an accident on the railway, ten miles beyond St.-Germain, and the line is blocked. Moreover, there is a second break—a land-slide, I believe, near Louvre. Not a train is likely to get through before morning."

Unpleasant news, indeed! The first section of our party, consisting of mademoiselle, du Midi, Mrs. Verriker, and the two maids, had taken the seven-o'clock express, and, since they had gone through before the accident, they must be now nearing Havre. If we were compelled to wait for the clearing of the line we might as well throw up our hands at once.

I walked over to the table and bent over the railway map that the General had been studying.

"It seems that Rouen is a division point," I said, quick, with a new thought. "We might get a special there which would take us through in time."

"Yes, but how are we to reach Rouen, which is sixty-seven miles from Paris? It is now half after ten, and even over the best of country roads, and with two or three changes, we cannot hope to do better than ten miles an hour. It will be eleven o'clock before we can get started, and, granting that we do make our best speed, it will still be after six before we can reach Rouen, and from there it is two hours and a half by rail to Havre. Remember that the fact of the Baron's abduction should be suspected, and indeed established, by eight o'clock at the latest, for Coventry will not be idle, and the telegraph will be set working in all directions. It is impossible; we cannot get away."

"One moment, General. We are not dependent upon horses nowadays."

"An automobile?"

"Precisely. The two-seated posting-carriage belonging to the Chevalier is stabled not far away, and Stephan can have it here within twenty minutes. It should be good for an average of eighteen or twenty miles an hour. Four hours to Rouen brings us to three o'clock. Half an hour's delay, while the special is making ready, and then two hours and a half into Havre, or say six o'clock. If we can do that we should have a safe margin over the telegraph."

It was decided, and while we were waiting for Stephan's return I improved the opportunity to cut into a joint of meat that stood upon the sideboard. I was surprised that cold lamb could taste so delicious, until I remembered that I had not eaten a morsel since my early breakfast at nine o'clock. Lamb, indeed! Why, it was the courage of a lion that came back to me as I stood and feasted.

The Baron entered the room dressed in a suit of gray tweeds and looking for all the world like some respectable British ironmonger on a holiday. One could almost see the Cook's coupons bulging out his breast pocket. Serenely indifferent and imperturbably good-humored was the Baron, and he even condescended to help himself from my cigar-case. Truly a marvellously amiable man, considering the circumstances.

The automobile was standing in the court-yard, its big parabolic reflector peering into the darkness ahead like the veritable eye of Cyclops. The General intimated to the Baron that he should take his place on the back seat.

"Just one moment, my dear General. I have here a note addressed, as you see, to M. Bert, my confidential agent. As a matter of courtesy, I should like to have it delivered to him by seven o'clock. Of course, you are at liberty to acquaint yourself with the contents of the letter."

The General took the missive and read it through attentively. Then he sealed it up and handed it to Samson, who was to remain in Paris.

"I am happy to oblige you, Baron, and I make you my compliments. You are, indeed, a king among financiers. The letter shall be delivered as you direct."

A curious episode this, but it was none of my business. ... smoke lying low on the horizon — the torpedo-boat-destroyer *Diane*, one of the fastest steamers in the French navy, is steaming steadily in our wake, and while the *Sea Fox*, with her turbine motors, can spare her a couple of knots in every hour, still there is always the chapter of accidents to be considered.

Undoubtedly the commander of the *Diane* is acting under instructions. We know that Coventry is an intimate friend of the Minister of Marine, and France is always willing to oblige Soulia when no inconvenient publicity is involved. Moreover, we are technically guilty of a grave offence in the abduction of Baron Kerker's person. Even the three-mile limit will not avail us, for the *Sea Fox* has a French registry, and explanations will be in order once we are overhauled. Fortunately the engines are working smoothly, and the *Sea Fox* is an excellent sea-boat.

"DO NOT ATTEMPT TO STIR OR OPEN YOUR MOUTH."

There is not a star to be seen, and it is beginning to blow hard. The night-glass shows nothing, and it is long past midnight. It looks as though we had escaped; I will go below.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ENEMY'S HAND

THE *Sea Fox*, after a fast run through the big rollers of the Bay of Biscay, is lying off the Spanish coast, not far from Ferrol. The electric launch is hanging at the davits, and the landing will be made shortly before sunset. I have just left the cabin after a long consultation with the General, and this, in a word, is the situation:

General Czareska and the young Prince are to go ashore this evening, and will proceed to join the Aetolian forces, which are now being massed in the vicinity of Kar, the capital. The Soulian forces outnumber the Aetolians actually in arms under General Ghika, but with the Prince raising the standard of revolt in person, there should be large accessions from the country-side; the patriots are only waiting for a leader whom they can trust.

Now the position of Soulia is daily becoming more delicate and embarrassed. Her protectorate over Aetolia is only a nominal one, and it is certain that the powers will not allow her to enter upon a campaign of aggrandizement. She may use her military strength to police King Jehan's capital and to disperse a mob, but she must not attempt to set the political pot a-boiling; the delicately poised balance of the Eastern question must not be disturbed. But for all that the revolution, so-called, has been going on now for two months, and it is desirable to have some kind of a decision. And so the powers have adopted the novel expedient of a time limit.

To-day is July the 1st, and it is tacitly understood that upon the 11th of this same month the Commissioner of the Powers for the Central Balkans will arrive at Kar, and he will be empowered to recognize the *status quo*, and only that. For these ten days Jehan and his Soulian mercenaries will be free to crush us if they can, upon the plea of putting down a revolt against the established order of things, and, conversely, we have the privilege of the same period in which to prove to the powers that the movement is a national uprising against a foreign tyrant.

If Soulia were not financially embarrassed she might easily overwhelm the Aetolian patriots by mere weight of numbers, but it takes money to move men, and ready money, too. Unless Coventry can re-establish immediate communication with Baron Kerker the Soulian treasury must remain empty, for there is no time in which to initiate fresh negotiations. Plainly we must keep the Baron a close prisoner until July the 11th, the end of the period of crisis.

The General has proposed to put me in command of the *Sea Fox*, with Crioche as sailing-master. During these ten days we are to take good care to keep our distance from everything either afloat or ashore. On the 10th of the month I am to run into Ferrol or Lisbon, at my discretion, and at both places telegraphic instructions will be awaiting me. After setting Baron Kerker at liberty and turning over the yacht to Crioche, I will then be expected to join the triumphal procession into Kar or to cover the retreat to England, as the case may be. Anything may happen in these ten days. And Mrs. Verriker and mademoiselle are to remain on the yacht.

It did not take me long to decide. "I will accept the trust, General," I said, when he had finished speaking.

The old man put his hands on my shoulders: "My dear boy," he said, very quietly, and that was all, except for the warm grasp of his hands. There is no need to speak when the word is already understood.

It was growing late, and time for the shore party to be getting away. The Chevalier, or rather the Prince, was on deck, dressed for the journey, and it was the first time that I had seen him since we had been aboard the yacht.

The General, accompanied by mademoiselle, came on deck, and hurried over to where the Prince was standing.

"All is ready, sire," he said, simply, and baring his gray head, he stood waiting the boy's pleasure.

"For the present, General, I have decided to remain aboard the yacht," said the Prince at last.

"But, sire—"

"That is sufficient, General Czareska. I shall wait here on the *Sea Fox* until I have received certain advices. Remember that I am not a child, and, as this is my own affair, I will manage it in my own way."

"My boy! my boy!"

It was the critical moment. The Prince wavered; he looked ashamed of himself, a petulant child, whose rebellion needed but a word to subdue it, once and forever. But it was Mrs. Verriker who spoke.

"It is a difficult business—this king-making," she said, with smooth insolence.

It was skilfully done, that touch upon the jarring chord of vanity and weakness. The irresolute curves about the Prince's mouth straightened obstinately, and the color flashed up to his temples.

"You will receive my orders, General Czareska." He spoke rapidly, and in a high key, and the old man bent his head and listened in silence. "You will report to General Ghika and proceed to co-operate in the plan of action already communicated to him. You will understand that nothing is left to your discretion—nothing whatever. That is plain, I think, and you have only to do your duty as you find it."

The Prince turned away, glad enough of the pretext afforded by his unmanageable cigarette, and the cockswain of the launch reported that the boat was at the companionway. The General went over the side and stumbled to his place in the stern-sheets. The bowman stood ready to cast off.

"All right below there?"

"One moment."

It was mademoiselle who stood at my elbow, dressed in dark skirt and storm cloak, and attended by her maid with a hand bag.

"I could not let him go alone," she said, "and now Aetolia, more than ever, demands all that I have to give. Infelix!—but perhaps it is better as it is."

Her hand lay close and warm in mine, and for an instant the beautiful brilliant face seemed almost at my lips. And then with a half-laugh—or was it a half-sob?—she ran quickly down the ladder and took her place by her father.

"Cast off there."

The launch drifted slowly away from the *Sea Fox*, and the water bubbled up under her stern as the screw began to turn. I stood at the taffrail until I could no longer mark the distinction between a white-cap and the flutter of a handkerchief, and then went into the saloon and walked straight up to where

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I placed the key of the state-room in my pocket and left strict injunctions with André, the cabin steward, to remain on duty in the saloon until relieved, and to hold no communication whatever with the prisoner. If she wanted anything the request must be referred to me in person. Then I hastened on deck, for I was getting anxious about the launch. It was just being hoisted aboard as I came up, and a few minutes later taking any of the watch duty, and I was glad enough to tumble into my bunk. But not to sleep so easily.

It was plain enough now that Mrs. Verriker had been acting the part of a spy from the very beginning, and her confidential relations with the Czareska had made her information of the utmost value to the enemy. But her great triumph had been to lead the young Prince into an attitude of open rebellion against

hood, and as I was dead tired I went into the smoke-room and threw myself down upon a lounge. My brain was still hard at work threshing out the old straw, but little by little the puzzle and the trouble of the day slipped away and only Irma Czareska's face remained behind. And, being well content to go on looking at that, I must finally have fallen asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EVIL MEN IN THE PASSION PLAY

BY WILLIAM HENRY FROST

THE chief credit for the present form of the Oberammergau Passion Play is usually given to Father Daisenberger, who was for many years the priest of the parish and the director of the play. The credit is probably well bestowed, but it has always seemed to me that Father Daisenberger was not so much a separate and unique personality as a crystallization, as it were, of the life and character of the whole village. Simplicity, kindliness, sincerity, gentleness, charity—these are qualities which belong to the people of Oberammergau generally, and these, it would appear, must find their expression in the play to which the people devote half their being. It may have needed a man like Daisenberger, with force and executive ability, to give them their clearest shape, and yet the betterment of the play in these directions had begun before his day.

It would be expected that the people of such a community would act the parts of the Christ, Mary, St. John, St. Peter, reverently, and, according to their ability, worthily. But their nature is still more conspicuously shown in their treatment of those persons in the story of the Passion whom the Roman Church and Christians generally have been wont to hold up to execration. The moderation and dignity with which the parts of Judas, Pilate, and Caiaphas are acted is a frequent subject of remark among the more thoughtful spectators at Oberammergau. The play seems to have no entirely bad characters in it. The doers of evil are shown to have reasons for their deeds, and reasons which clearly appear to themselves to be good and sufficient.

Thus the archpersecutor, Caiaphas, becomes the careful, faithful, watchful, vigorous, untiring, uncompromising, unflinching High Priest of his people. His conscientiousness in the discharge of the duties of his office is inflexible. Jesuitical he is, no doubt, for he is not the kind of man who questions means, when the end seems to him clear and imperative. To his understanding it is clear that one has come among his people to lead them astray, to confuse their minds, and to subvert the religion of their fathers. Of that religion he is the appointed guardian. Its disturber must be destroyed. That determination once fixed within him, nothing can swerve him from its accomplishment. To bribe a disciple who is found to be corruptible, to encourage witnesses who will give the testimony needful for a condemnation, to handy sophistry with Pilate—these things are of no account to him, except as steps toward the removal of the man whom he regards as a menace to the religion and the law of Moses. He is not necessarily a cruel man, but he will be cruel if it is needful to be so for the end in view.

To the reader of the Oberammergau play this interpretation of the character must be obvious, but it is far more clear to him who sees it acted as Sebastian Lang acted it this summer. Still more was it impressed on those who saw it acted by Johann Lang, the Burgomaster of the village, in 1890. To what was in the part already he added a most powerful and impressive personality. In him it was inevitable to see the

JOHANN ZWINK AS *JUDAS*

ready, alert, strong, vigilant defender and leader of his people, who would guard them as a lion its young. He whom he believed to be the enemy of the law of Moses must be destroyed. What said the law? That such a one must die. Then die he should. No one could see Johann's Lang's performance of Caiaphas without feeling that he was in the presence of a mighty force and an energetic will, directed by a judgment which might be wrong, but which never doubted its own rightness, and a conscience which would permit no wavering. Herr Lang, after long and severe work in the production and direction of the play of this year, died on June 17. His death was an irreparable loss to the play and to the village.

Such a fair and dignified representation of the character of Caiaphas in this village play is more remarkable than its misrepresentation by those who viewed it with naturally prejudiced eyes. But it is hard to see how the most illiberal and bigoted reader of the gospels could suppose that Pilate was other than a careful governor, with every desire to be just, who yielded unwillingly to an overpowering pressure. Yet, according to Middle Age imagination, the Tiber flooded its banks when Pilate's body was thrown into it, the Rhone did the same, and it finally had to find a poor resting-place in the lake on Mount Pilatus, whence it is dragged by the devil every Good-Friday, to be set upon a throne and to go through the gesture of washing its hands. It is needless to say that Pilate was one of the villains of the mediæval religious plays, and in one of them he is represented as actually heading a conspiracy, in which Caiaphas is also prominent, against Jesus. When the Roman governor and the Jewish High-Priest were agreed on an object, the need of a conspiracy does not quite appear.

At Oberammergau, as a matter of course, no such injustice is done to Pilate's memory. On the contrary, the spectator is positively wearied with the insistence of this play on his unwillingness to condemn Jesus. His only weak point is his obvious desire to escape responsibility. Three times Jesus is brought to his door and the case is argued before him. He disputes with Caiaphas as to its merits; he sends Jesus away to be judged by Herod; he treats the priests with scorn. He demands to hear the voice of the people, instead of the priests' report of it. He suggests the expedient of releasing Jesus, according to the custom of the feast, instead of Barabbas. When all has failed he washes his hands and breaks his truncheon, with an exclamation of disgust at this people which he cannot understand. Even then the play is not done with him. He sends the inscription to be placed on the cross, returns a sharp answer to the request of Caiaphas that it be altered, and contemptuously disregards the wishes of the priests as to the disposition of the body.

But the rehabilitation of Caiaphas and Pilate is a simple matter compared with that of Judas. And yet the spectator who views the Passion Play in anything like a thoughtful mood is likely to come away from it with at least a semblance of respect for Judas such as he never felt before. It is no new theory that Judas has been a much maligned person. Able arguments have been advanced to show that he was not only not the least faithful, but the most faithful of the twelve. For those who believe in the absolute verbal inspiration of the gospels there can be only one possible view of his character; John says that he was a thief. For those who do not, there is room for discussion.

It is not now the purpose to consider the case for or against him, but only to show briefly how it is treated at Oberammergau. And here, happily, the text and the performance are in full accord in showing him in a surprisingly favorable light. The makers of the play have, according to their custom, adhered closely to the Scripture narrative, but their interpretation is far from presenting the picture of Judas in the unrelieved black wherewith it has been the custom to paint him. It is true that he has this remarkable soliloquy: "Fortunately, I have always been prudent and careful, and now and then have laid aside a little for myself out of the general purse, in case of need." It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no Scriptural justification for this speech, except John's entirely general assertion that he was a thief; and neither John nor any other of the Evangelists tells of his ever having stolen anything. The sentence may have been written as the only means of representing John's statement in the drama. At any rate, it is quite aside from the general drift of the interpretation.

The story of Judas in the Passion Play, of which it forms the most dramatic, and, indeed, almost the only dramatic, incident, is briefly this: He is the bearer of the purse, which is nearly empty. He sees Mary Magdalene anoint the feet of Jesus with a box of precious ointment. He is horrified at the waste, and protests against it. When Jesus talks of leaving the disciples he feels his responsibility as treasurer, and asks that some provision be made for them. His request is ignored. The waste of the ointment weighs upon him, and he is eager for a way to repair his loss. While he is considering whether it will be well for him to withdraw from the Master and seek his own

BURGOMEISTER JOHANN LANG

fortune with what he has, the agents of the Sanhedrim come to bribe him to the betrayal. From this moment he is whirled irresistibly on in the course of occurrences. While his purpose is scarcely half formed, he is driven to its execution. He argues with himself that if harm come to the Master (he does not dream that death can come) his own fortune will be made; if the Christ reveal Himself in His glory and overthrow His enemies, it will be he who has brought about this mighty end. He will not betray his Master; all that he is asked to do is to tell where He can be found. This he does. Scarcely has he done it when he hears that the Master is to die. He is filled with horror, consternation, and remorse. He had not thought of this as a possibility. He does not argue with himself or mince words now. It is he—he who is the guilty one—he who has betrayed his Master. Whatever his previous conduct may have been, his repentance is genuine. The dignity of the Sanhedrim is nothing to him. He rushes into the assembly, denounces himself and the priests, and throws down their bribe. His prayers that what he has done may be undone are scoffed at, and he hastens madly away to the forest, and, after an impassioned soliloquy on the goodness of his Master and his own sin, he hangs himself upon a tree.

Johann Zwink, by far the best actor in the play, presents Judas with wonderful force and vividness. At first he seems earnest and honest in his distress about the ointment and the empty purse. In his talk with the enemies of Jesus he is half-hearted. They make him promise while he is only half resolved, and when he takes their hands, it is with a heavy, listless grasp. But when he knows at last what he has done, his agony of despair is heart-rending. The suffering of the Saviour can be borne, for it leads to peace and glory; the suffering of Judas is more pitiful, for it has no end but misery and death.

I have never talked with the Oberammergau actors about their parts. I have not wished to do so. I have met those who have tried, and they say that they seem to know nothing about the parts or why they play them as they do. I have sometimes suspected that they merely did not care to discuss questions which they might well deem impertinent. I have looked at the play itself and at the acting of it, and I have seen in it a deeper spirit of charity and of Christianity than I have ever found in any other treatment of the gospel story.

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Colonel Bryan at a point in the West where the curves of their activities intersected. It was stated that the two orators shook hands and joked together when they met. The WEEKLY is assured that the statement is absolutely false. The rival speakers neither shook hands nor exchanged a word. They merely touched hats as the trains passed. Colonel Roosevelt, at least, is incapable of jesting, as reported, about matters of grave national moment, to the discussion of which he has for weeks past devoted all his energies. The objection to the statement is that it gives an impression of insincerity which does gross injustice probably to both colonels, but certainly to Colonel Roosevelt.

AS long as the chief end of fiction is to conduct adventurous persons through the hazardous intricacies of courtship into the comparatively still waters of matrimony, the public will be bound to feel a lively interest in the experiences of each of their favorite authors as show a disposition to practise what they describe. Inasmuch as the more important characters in the stories we like best always get married, we are naturally pleased when the writers of the stories do the same. Accordingly we have all read with gratification that Miss Mary Wilkins, to whom we owe, so much pleasure, intends, just as soon as she can find the requisite leisure, to be married to Dr. Charles Freeman, of Metuchen, New Jersey. To American readers Miss Wilkins is a very important person. For a good many years they have read with an approval which has been both critical and enthusiastic whatever literature she has chosen to offer them. Her marriage will fetch her away from New England, and though it won't necessarily hinder her from writing New England stories, the stirring environment of New Jersey may in time excite new imaginings in her mind, with results that we shall profit by. Our interest in her welfare and happiness in too obviously sincere to need formal expression.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN of Cornell, who went to the Philippines to help the President determine what ought to be done there, has some pretty hard questions put to him at home. A resolution being introduced the other day at a class-meeting of Cornell Freshmen that women should be excluded from the class organization, the voters, after long haggling, concluded to take counsel with the President about it. Dr. Schurman's reply was full of diplomatic discretion. He reminded the Freshmen that coeducation was the settled policy at Cornell, and that it was a fact that their class had women members whose right to share in the class organization was established by immemorial precedent. He thought that no change should be made without the approval of the women concerned, so he recommended that the men and women vote separately on the question, and that the change should not be made unless a majority of the women voters favored it. He pointed out, however, that of all the objects which the class organizations existed to further—athletics, banquets, balls, and such matters—the only one in which women always participated with the men was class day, but they often held the deciding vote in matters with which they were not really concerned. That, he seemed to think, was a hardship and he recommended deliberations and conferences for its removal.

Dr. Schurman didn't cross the Pacific for nothing. The probability is that the consent of the governed will be obtained at Cornell before there is any serious restriction of the suffrage.

THE young women students of Chicago University who have protested against the language used in the history classes by Professor Ditzer A. Thatcher seem to have done a useful service to the cause of education in Chicago. The wonder is that it needed to be performed. They think the professor uses too much slang in his lectures, and as an example of his methods of expressing himself they quote him as saying of an English king, who was killed while hunting: "Somewhat of a knight had a scrap with his attendant, got a drop on the king, and put him out of the ring." Then when the son sat on the paternal throne he "had no kick coming," for he had "a mortgage" on the coffers of the realm and "the huige on" all comers. So those kings did "any old thing" they pleased. Professor Thatcher's defence, as the newspapers give it, is: "I have a class of ninety-two Freshmen. I couldn't get up and teach them dead history in Addisonian English. They'd all go to sleep. I use live talk, and I find slang very expressive. I am not the only professor here who uses it. Slang, if not vulgar, is usually the clearest and most concise way of expressing one's self."

It is vastly more important that the students of a university should speak good English than that they should know the biographies of the Norman kings. Professor Thatcher may know something about together. Some excellent words start their careers as slang and win promotion into good use. Some excellent speakers occasionally use slang, but they do it with discrimination and as the result of deliberate preference, and not for lack of better words. But, commonly speaking, users of slang are under-languaged, and don't know words enough, or cannot command readily enough the words they do know, to express themselves with grace and vigor. The slang habit is a lazy habit. That is another objection to it. Slang for many persons represents the point of least resistance. A command of good language is only acquired by hearing good language used and by taking pains to use it. Without question it is the business of an American educator, whatever branch of learning he teaches, to express himself in sound English, and not in any such jargon as is imputed to this professor in Chicago. Moreover, the professor is wrong in supposing that slang is usually the clearest and most concise way of expressing one's self. On the contrary, it is usually the laziest and most vague way. It is some trouble to learn to express one's self clearly and concisely, and the chief end of slang is to avoid taking pains.

GRADUATES of Princeton University are to have a direct voice hereafter in electing five members of the board of trustees. So President Patton announced on October 29, which was commemoration day at Princeton, being the one hundred and fifty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the college. Bishop Satterlee made a commemoration address, in which he said that our work as a nation in the world was cut out for us, and that we would have to do it whether we were ready or not. Princeton agreed, and cheered the Bishop, and then the President and trustees made Secretary Hay an LL.D. Even at this time, with the stock-market active and election imminent, there will not be much dispute that Dr. Hay's academic honors have been well and fully earned. He made a short and graceful speech of thanks, in which, somehow, he omitted to point out how well his new gown matched his historic breeches.

AN English judge has decided that, when a political campaign is in progress, to call a fellow-citizen a traitor is a privilege that the law will not meddle with. English law permits an injunction to restrain any person from making a "false statement of fact in relation to the personal character or conduct of a Parliamentary candidate for the purpose of affecting his candidacy." Mr. Ellis, late M.P. from Nottinghamshire, asked for an injunction to restrain his opponents from using a poster in which sundry gentlemen of his way of thinking were described in large letters as "Radical Traitors." But the judge said No, on the ground chiefly that the words "Radical traitors" did not constitute a statement of fact, but merely an expression of opinion.

IF it is true, as Lieutenant Hobson intimated the other day in a speech at Selma, Alabama, that the recent illness of Admiral Sampson is due to his sense of his countrymen's neglect, it is a very sad fact, and all the more so because there is so faint a prospect of putting him in any better case. What the Administration could do for him in the way of commendation has been done. What the navy could do has been done. What Congress wouldn't do can't be done until Congress does it, and when that will be no reputable forecaster would venture to predict. It would seem to the casual observer more reasonable that Admiral Sampson's spirits should be low because he is out of health than that he should be out of health because he has been neglected. His professional brethren rate him as first among living men of their calling. It has been impossible to secure for him all the official recognition to which his services were entitled. That is vastly to be regretted, but it seems as if the *mens sibi conscia recti*, and the sympathy of almost all of his fellows who are competent to judge, ought to afford him a sufficient support for every disappointment.

REGRET is felt in this country because Lord Durham, a sporting nobleman of England, has expressed dissatisfaction with American jockeys. They ride a great deal nowadays in English races, but they don't ride to suit Lord Durham, and the fact that they win a good deal more than their fair proportion of races doesn't make him feel any better. He thinks that they are lowering the tone of the British turf, and declares that if something is not done about it the great British industry of horse-racing is likely to suffer.

Horse-racing in England is a good deal more of an institution than it is in this country, and has taken a much stronger hold on the national life. No horse-race in this country has ever begun to be observed with anything like the solemnity that Derby Day ex- is important that the tone of the British turf should be exalted and its manners exemplary, and if the American jockeys are not what they should be they must be replaced by persons of a loftier moral sense and a more refined disposition.

The trouble seems to be that our racing-men have merely hired jockeys who could ride. We must do better. If we could send bishops over to ride in the British races, that would be ideal, but our bishops who are active in their calling can't be spared, and our bishops emeritus are venerable men whom nobody would bet on. Moreover, nearly all our bishops are hopelessly overweight. So with our bankers and eminent business men. As a rule they eat too freely, and most of them set a preposterous value on their necks. Moreover, they are busy, and if election goes right, will doubtless continue to be fully employed. If election doesn't go right something may be done to relieve Lord Durham's mind, for there may be a good many superior and conscientious Americans out of a job. But so far as appears the prospect of getting any Americans except professional jockeys to ride in English races is not very good. We must hope that Lord Durham will be able to have a better opinion of those now employed, or that, if their riding is not what it ought to be, they may all be unhorsed.

THE coming election in Newfoundland on November 8 is of great importance to the island in that it concerns the degree in which R. G. Reid shall be allowed to control its destinies. Mr Reid, as has been told before in the WEEKLY, is a Scotchman who began life poor, made some money in Australia, and a great deal more as contractor in building the Canadian Pacific, and in 1893 undertook to build a railroad six hundred miles long across Newfoundland. Of late years the fiscal affairs of the island have been at a very low ebb. The government couldn't pay Mr. Reid what it owed him for his railroad, and as a result of a succession of compromises Mr. Reid now owns the railroad, fully half the land of the island, the telegraph system, a line of steamers, the street-car system of St. John's, and most of the other available business properties on the island. He is disposed to develop his holdings as effectively as possible, and has had men building pulp-mills, opening mines, and exciting the hum of industry in all directions. But for the moment he has stopped, because he wants to transfer all his interests to a joint stock company with a capital of $25,000,000, and the present government objects. The present government is Liberal, and its candidate for premier is Mr. Bond. Mr. Reid's Conservative candidate is Mr. Morine. Mr. Bond's platform is curtailment of the Reid privileges, and a reciprocity treaty with the United States. Such a treaty was negotiated in 1890 by Mr. Bond dealing with Secretary Blaine, but the Conservative government of Canada opposed it and induced the British government to refuse to ratify it. Since then Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, as British Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been able at times to be of assistance to Mr. Reid. If Mr. Bond should win, and the Reid sway should be checked, prosperity in Newfoundland would doubtless languish for a time, and the voters might have to fall back on codfish for their dinner pails. But the expectation seems to be that Mr. Bond won't win, and that things will go Mr. Reid's way. To the superficial observer it seems that it will be better for Newfoundland to have things go Mr. Reid's way.

ONE day last month Mark Twain got home from Europe. He said that he had been gone nine years, which seems improbable, but he accounted for all the intervening time, admitting that he passed through this country in 1895 on his way to Australia, and lectured every night from New York to San Francisco. Half of 1891 he spent in France and Germany, 1892 in Florence, '93 and '94 in France, '95 and '96 on his travels, '97, '98, and '99 in London and Vienna and Sweden, and now he comes from England. It was in 1895 that he formally began the labor of paying $80,000 of the debts of Charles L. Webster & Co. He accomplished it in a little more than two years. He may be a rich man again by this time. He admitted that he was rich enough to decline an offer of $50,000 for a hundred lectures.

Rich or poor, Mr Clemens is a very much respected man, and is mightily welcome home. He means to spend the winter in New York, and to go to Hartford when he gets ready in the spring, and to work at his trade as the spirit moves him. He is a man of sentiment, and a remarkably durable, sturdy, and well-disciplined sentiment it is. Having assisted General Grant to demonstrate how deep a financial pit an honorable and able man may work out of, he has given the world a remarkable supplementary illustration of the same thing on his own account. The only sad thing about him is that he has become almost too exalted and exemplary a person to joke about. But he can joke about himself still, and that's a comfort.

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W. P. DILLINGHAM,
Newly elected Senator from Vermont.

deep interest through all these changes, expecting to see him work out finally into a point of view where all that is sound of the new knowledge reconciles itself to all that is true and indispensable in the old faith. But the reconciliation does not come. Either Mr. Allen's own religious perceptions halt or he has chosen that his hero shall see only so far. He leaves the lad his righteousness and his native strength, but in his spiritual life he leaves him groping. The youth, whose calling was to be a preacher, puts that vocation despairingly aside, and finally turns back to the world to be a student and a teacher of science. In that conclusion the book is disappointing. The impression one gets from it is not merely that the seeker did not attain to a degree of religious knowledge that satisfied him, but that there was no truth in the Christian religion that could satisfy him. He turned to science in despair of religion, and the author's implication is that he was justified in his despair. It is a pity that so good a book should seem to teach so false a lesson.

Mr. Allen is hardly a success as a teacher of religion. He can get his pupils into the woods, but he seems unable to get them out again. As a mere story teller he shows in this book rather defective gifts. There is little life in his dialogue. When David goes to propose to Gabrielle and leads up to it with an argument out of *The Origin of Species*, the result is a most ludicrous illustration of how dangerous a thing a little learning is. Poor David! But the book makes a strong impression upon the mind. The Kentucky of it sticks—the hemp fields, the lonely farm life, the storm that racked the ice-clad trees. It is in his feats of description that Mr. Allen is strong. You may find fault with his words and his use of them, but the pictures are in his mind, and somehow he brings them out.

Mr. Allen has recorded how the religion of the fathers failed to satisfy a mind imperfectly furnished with contemporary learning. Any reader who feels disconcerted by his conclusions and would like to see a picture of religion still operative and successful, may find it in Mr. Ralph Connor's *Black Rock*. It is a book of the same order as *The Sky Pilot*, by the same author, published last year. There is not much theology in it, but it abounds in religion, and true religion, without question, since it fills its adherents with a passionate desire to better their fellows, and enables them to make their aspirations good. Mr. Connor is an excellent story teller. In each of his books the hero is a young minister. In the *Sky Pilot* he put him down in a frontier settlement among ranchmen and cowboys. In *Black Rock* the field is a Canadian lumber camp in the heart of the Selkirks. Mr. Connor's lumbermen are not lay figures. They really live and breathe and speak; their talk is real talk; they are real people, and worth knowing. It is well known that the manners and morals of lumber camps are not, as a rule, exemplary, and that drink and worse indulgences are the bane of most of them. By what arts and with how stout a spirit the Reverend Craig made his fight for clean living and decent thinking at Black Rock, what set-backs he had, and what help was raised up for him, is what Mr. Connor sets forth. He has done it well. There is a fine spirit in the book; it is a sound and wholesome performance of its kind, and though it may sometimes make the sophisticated reader smile, its story will hold his attention, and keep him for a while in an atmosphere of spiritual fervor and kindliness and grace, which can hardly help bringing some refreshment to his soul.

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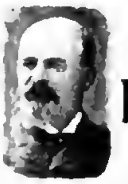

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THE DIVISION OF LOOT AT TU-LIU, SEPTEMBER 11, 1900.

The Building on the Left is the Pawn-Shop. In the Inner Court, under the Superintendence of General Dorward, Loot was divided among the British Officers. The Hindoo Soldiers and Servants are waiting outside to carry away the Booty of their Masters.

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TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900

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The Dawn of Peace

THE strife of the campaign is over, and the American people may now settle down to a period of peace, which, if we may judge the feelings of others by our own, must be a welcome relief. We have been going through a steady period of nervousness and stress for at least three years without surcease. From the moment of the destruction of the *Maine*, in February, 1898, until to-day, there has been a succession of disturbing events of world-wide significance that has served to keep the public nerves strained to a point of almost unbearable tension. The Spanish war, in which we were directly involved; the conflict in the Transvaal, in which our sympathies were enlisted in such fashion as to make the expression of them an embarrassment, since they went out in fullest measure to both parties to the deplorable quarrel; the excitements of the Chinese mix-up, which in the early part of the summer filled the whole world with horror and dismay—these things followed by a political battle within our own borders have served to keep us keyed up a little too tightly for our comfort; and finally to reach a moment when we may read our daily papers without apprehension, and may go about our daily toil without becoming embroiled in a bitter political controversy with our fellow-men, is as delightful as it has become novel.

It is particularly gratifying to the WEEKLY that the Presidential campaign has been brought to a close. Controversy may be good for the soul, but it is wearing on the constitution, and, in all candor, we should much prefer in the public expression of our opinions to be governed by our admirations rather than by our disgusts, as Dr. VAN DYKE urges all men to do in his exquisite little prose poem, "The Foot-Path to Peace." It is not at all a grateful task to expend one's energies in the discovery and pointing out of the weaknesses of a man or of a party, to be constantly indulging in philippics against a political creed with which one is not at all in sympathy, and now that the necessity for so doing no longer exists, we are more heartily glad than sorry. Life is far pleasanter, and in general far more productive of good, when one is able to follow Dr. VAN DYKE's little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace, despising nothing in the world save falsehood and meanness, coveting nothing that is one's neighbor's except his kindliness of heart and his gentleness of manners, and thinking seldom of one's enemies, and often of one's friends.

The time has come when the pathway seems to open up gratefully and attractively before us, whereat we should all rejoice, and earnestly pray that it may go on, as its discoverer assures us that it will, "forever and forever," since, though "sometimes hard to find, it is always sweet to follow."

world that was worth accomplishing, only realizes what a comfortable feeling of peace and satisfaction comes over him when, at the end of a day of productive expenditure of his energies, he retires to his brief hour of rest with the consciousness of having exerted himself to the utmost of his abilities. Nor is there a more disturbing sensation that can possibly enter into one's experience than the setting of the sun upon a day any portion of which has consciously been allowed to go into unfruitful effort, and has therefore been ill spent. The great mistake that most of us make lies in the idea that the strenuous pursuit of an object involves strife; that satisfaction can only be obtained through the discomfiture of others, and that a victory implies first a fight, and lost a vanquishment, rather than an accomplishment. There is plenty to be done in the world, and no lack of individuals capable of doing it, and if one man would climb to the top of the ladder, there is no reason why in so doing he should pull or push others down in getting there. It has been the possible misfortune of the cause of the strenuous life that its most persistent advocate in this country has been identified with the militaristic idea, which really has little to do with the question in its larger aspect. Now that its advocate has ceased, for the time being to be regarded as one of the standard-bearers of a single party in a political conflict the fundamental principles of the particular kind of life he urges upon us may reveal themselves more clearly to those who on the political questions of the day regard him with disfavor. Even in the prose poem to which we have referred, and which we wish every one might read, one of the guide-posts on the foot-path to peace is the injunction that we should be satisfied with our possessions, but not contented with ourselves until we have made the best of them. It is unquestionably true that even those of us who have opposed the aspirations of Mr. BRYAN to the Presidential office have stood in admiration of the manly vigor with which he has pursued his quest, and if all the vitality and all the energy that the rest of us possess may be as strenuously exerted for the betterment of ourselves and our fellows, and therefore of our country, we need have very little apprehension as to the future.

CENSUS-DIRECTOR MERRIAM and his efficient corps of enumerators have at last so far completed their task that a portion of the results of their efforts has been published. The gratifying announcement is made that far from falling short of the expected growth in the past decade, we have exceeded it by very nearly two millions. The exact population of the United States is announced to be 76,295,220, an increase since 1890 of over thirteen millions of people, or nearly twenty-one per cent. of the whole. That we should have had a growth of over one-fifth of our population in so brief a period of time would seem to indicate that as a nation we are pursuing the strenuous life to the full extent of our powers. The vast numerical increase will later show also a tremendous increase in industrial efficiency, so that we may felicitate ourselves upon the happy fact that as Uncle Sam's big family grows, it gains rather than loses in character and vigor.

The Results of the Census

Director MERRIAM is entitled to the highest praise for the celerity with which this first and most important part of his work has been performed. The business of the office has been conducted in the most praiseworthy fashion, and none of the unfortunate bickerings which grew out of the methods employed in past years have marred or impeded the work. The Director with some natural pride points to the fact that the bulletins thus far issued have been given to the public almost a year in advance of those given out during the last census, and in appreciation of the work of those who paved the way for so successful an issue to his undertaking, he gratefully announces that the present census act is such a vast improvement over any legislation heretofore enacted, that the

labors.

SOME of the results of this tremendous growth, gratifying as it is, may not prove wholly to the taste of those who believe that the House of Representatives is already a trifle too large to be comfortably handled. Certain of our Presidents have found it difficult to keep it in line, and the larger it grows the more likely is it to prove a hard body to manage. Even the members of the honorable body themselves have looked with disfavor upon its possible growth, just as certain members of certain clubs regret the necessity which sometimes compels them to let down the bar of exclusiveness for the admission of new members. Entirely apart from the fact that the Hall of the Representatives at Washington, wherein the fortunate elect sit to enact our laws, at present contains barely more than "standing room only," it is felt that the body is numerically unwieldy, and if reports from the Capitol are true, there is much serious talk of stringent measures to keep it from getting any larger. It is too early, of course, to predict what will be done in the matter by the Congress before which the question of representation and apportionment is to come; but it is safe to assume that if they can, the members of the body that is yet to be convened will look with jealous disfavor upon any project to add materially to their numbers, especially in view of the fact that New York State, considered to be already sufficiently potential in the councils of the nation, would in all probability be the gainer of two new members, while the State of Pennsylvania, the sure possession of one of the two great parties, would be entitled to three new seats.

Increase of Representation

Numerical expansion does not seem to be the order of the day in the House of Representatives if the feeling of its members is correctly indicated by such reports as have come to hand.

FROM recent incidents of a soul-stirring nature that have occurred in New York city and its vicinity, of local interest perhaps, but of large general significance none the less, it would seem as if the purveyors of drugs and chemicals hereabouts, and no doubt elsewhere as well, retail and wholesale, are in need of a closer degree of inspection than they seem to have had. It ought not to be possible under any properly regulated condition of affairs for depraved and inhuman fiends to purchase at will, and anywhere, such drugs as will enable them to pursue with any hope of success the nefarious projects they may have in mind; and that the lives of scores of people can be endangered by the storage of high explosives in a building fronting on a thoroughfare that is daily more than crowded by busy folk, is an offence against the proprieties which is without palliation. There can be no reasonable doubt that New York city and Paterson, New Jersey, are not the only localities in which the conditions of which we complain exist. It is more reasonable to suppose that the revelations of crime and disaster of the past two weeks concerning both places, both resulting in the loss of life, are typical of what is going on in all other communities, and the American public is entitled to protection against a repetition both of the offence of the one, and of the frightful disaster within the borders of the other. We do not for one moment believe that the sufferers in New York whose property has been destroyed, and upon whose shoulders so grave a responsibility seems at this moment to rest are more than technically guilty, and in their misfortune they should receive a vast deal of sympathy for the trouble which has come upon them, but there are higher considerations of the public welfare involved, and immediate and drastic steps should be taken by the authorities to mete out just punishment to individuals who shall be shown to have offended the law, and to the officials as well who appear to have closed their eyes to its manifest violation.

On the Regulation of Druggists

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THE CHEN-OU-MEN GATE

THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

BY A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR

THERE are in Peking four cities in one—the Chinese, the Tartar, the Imperial City, and the Violet or Red Forbidden City. In the very centre of Peking, and within the wall of the Sacred Imperial City, one finds the "Forbidden City," containing the Emperor's audience halls, his private palaces, and those of the court eunuchs, officials, and attendants. From its most northern point to the southern the wall enclosing the sacred grounds measures over a thousand yards in length, whereas from east to west the distance is only eight hundred yards. A moat sixty-five yards broad surrounds the city, while a large number of barracks and ammunition storehouses are to be found all round for the use of the palace guards. Small pagodas and pavilions are scattered here and there in the sacred enclosure, and indeed—when a bird's-eye view is obtained of the Forbidden City—from "Coal Hill," directly north of the palace, the sight is a wonderful one—the brilliant yellow and green roofs, masses of them, shining gayly in the sun, and the buildings, mostly of sombre red, being carefully laid out with geometrical precision as well as in artistic taste.

Four kiao-loou, or angle three-tiered pagodas, gracefully adorn the corners of the wall, and four gates give access to the Forbidden City to those few allowed to enter it. Principal of these, if less beautiful than the others, is the south gate, the "Ou-men," for it is from here that a long row of buildings, higher and more elaborate than the rest, stretches in good architectural symmetry from south to north. They are eleven in number, all very handsome, with yellow-tiled roofs surmounting the red-lacquered wooden structure above the stone and marble basement.

The other three gates are called "Tung-hoa" (east), "Si-hoa" (west), and "Chen-ou" (north). It is well to remind the reader that although during the present war in China the allied forces had entered the Chinese and Tartar city and captured the Imperial City; although they had destroyed, burned, and looted wholesale the houses of friends and foes alike—the Forbidden City, with all its palaces, the nest of infamy and corruption, where the plans for the destruction of foreigners in China had been conceived, organized, and orders issued accordingly to the populace, was respected and protected. The allies marched triumphantly through the country from Taku to Peking, carrying all before them, but here they had now come to a dead stop before the Imperial Palace, that very palace that every soldier of the relief expedition wanted to be the first to set on fire in order to avenge the insults and cowardly torture inflicted by the Chinese upon our men, women, and children. Indeed, it was every soldier's dream to see the place flare up (after it had been looted, well understood) as a crowning victory of civilization over bigotry. The day Peking was taken the plucky and smart Americans, with their artillery, had already begun from the south to make short work of the first three gates prior to entering the Forbidden Palace itself. When on the point of easily achieving a brilliant victory they were ordered by the legations to cease fire and withdraw, so as not "to offend the Chinese." They had lost heavily during their attack, their brave Captain Reilly had been killed, and it was mighty hard for the boys to have to obey. Russian, British, Japanese, and French were left to guard each of the four gates, so as to prevent inmates of the palace escaping, but for two whole weeks was the palace left untouched and closed. The result? The Chinese naturally argued that we were afraid of taking it, that we felt our inferiority, and therefore did not dare trespass on this sacred ground. Pigtailed busybodies spread at once rumors abroad that foreign devils were not strong enough to take the palace; that when they had reached its gates they were unable to go further. Why, even their big guns, they argued, were not powerful enough to blow the fourth gate! Hence, within the next two days of our entering Peking, when everything seemed quiet and orderly, several lives of American, French, and Russian soldiers were lost, murdered by Chinese, while peacably going about the streets of the city.

The Boxers in the neighborhood of Peking, encouraged by what they believed to be our lack of courage and strength, became again threatening. It was then decided by the foreign representatives that a suitable way of maintaining our prestige and of giving China a lesson would be to make a formal entry into the Forbidden City, and that it should take the form of an international procession. Only one small detachment of each of the eight military, victorious powers concerned in the war would be allowed to march through the forbidden grounds; each nation to be represented by a number of men in proportion to the number of troops by her despatched for the relief of Peking.

On hearing that the powers had come to this agreement I immediately called on the British General Barrow to obtain permission to accompany the British troops in this triumphant march of so great historical interest. The general was not approachable, but referred me to an officer, who said that no permits would be issued. Much mystery was made over the whole affair, and it seemed that the authorities were afraid—almost ashamed—to let the world at large know that the penetration of light and civilization into the innermost shrine of Celestial exclusiveness would presently be an accomplished fact. It was apparent that the intention was to have the whole performance on the sly, as it were, and much excitement prevailed among press people when they were, one and all, flatly refused admission to witness the procession.

The American general was no better than the British, and having struck a stage attitude when interviewed by an American correspondent, he is reported to have exclaimed: "There are things in this world that are sacred! The Imperial Palace is one of them!" He would see newspaper men . . . anywhere rather than let them into the palace to witness the show.

Extraordinary as it may seem the British general informed the press people later in the day that he would take example from the Japanese. What they would do he would. If the sons of the Mikado allowed their own correspondents, he might be tempted to allow the British.

This conduct on the part of the authorities seemed incomprehensible, and much excitement prevailed among newspaper men, who, after undergoing all the hardships of the campaign, were now done out of reporting to the people at home the triumphant day of their respective armies. They signed petitions and formulated complaints.

Personally fortune attended me. Being of a somewhat independent disposition, I never beg for favors. I happened to pay a friendly call on the Russian General Linievitch, when I was asked whether I would attend the procession the following morning. I answered that the general of my country would not allow me to see it. Much astonishment was expressed by the Russians present, and—to use their words—it seemed beyond their conception that I, who had single-handed tried to do in Tibet what the allied nations were now going to do in China, would by my own countrymen be deprived of attending the ceremony. Thereupon the invitation was given me to ride into the palace by the side of General Linievitch, who, being the senior general, would be the first foreigner to enter the forbidden ground. Of such a great honor done me by the greatest of all generals in the field and on so great a historical occasion I was proud and honored beyond words. "The general and you will be the first two white men to enter the sacred precincts," said an officer to me, "and you will be the first Englishman—in fact, the first Anglo-Saxon—that can claim the privilege." I was told that although many had applied, no permits whatever had been issued by the Russians, which made me appreciate the invitation all the more.

"Be here at 7.30 to-morrow morning, for I will start at 8 to review the international troops," said General Linievitch, as I heartily thanked him for his kindness.

Off I went back to camp, overcome with joy—when the bitter reality flashed across my mind that my khaki clothes, not taken off my back for several weeks, were torn and dirty and hardly suitable for such a grand occasion. But no other garments could be procured, so what could I do but make the best of them? My Sikh servant was made to wash them, and when they were washed, owing to the lack of sun and the heavy dew at night, I put them on again to dry them. A fresh set of buttons, a stitch here and there to mend the pockets, and by contrast with others my attire looked as good as new. My two instantaneous cameras, with eighteen plates in each, were made ready, and when morning came I rode briskly to the Russian Legation, reaching it an hour, or even two, before the time appointed.

Cordially received by the general and his staff, we eventually started on our horses, and passing through the quadrangle with high marble balustrade between the city gate and the first gate of the palace, we entered the first court-yard. Here were lined already the troops that would march through the palace. The various generals were on foot at the head of their respective columns, and as we rode past each contingent the doyen general reviewed them, each general and staff in turn saluting as we passed, and accompanying us to the end of the line. I must confess that I felt a certain childish delight when I passed the British general, who stood at "attention" and on his feet, while I was mounted on a fine China pony. But that is human nature all over.

As numbers went the Russians were most prominent of all; then the Japanese, the British, the American, the French, the German, the Italian, the Austrian. One and all looked as smart and well as circumstances allowed, and it was as fine a sight as it can be given any one to gaze on these fine, brave fellows of all nations, in their white or khaki uniforms, all doing their utmost to be seen at their best, all looking proud and happy to take part in such a grand international affair. Indeed there were on that day many sore hearts in Peking of soldiers and officers who were not permitted to attend the parade owing to the small number of men that each nation was allowed to take into the palace. The foreign ministers in a body now walked on foot along the middle road, they too saluted by all the troops. They took their position to the left of the court-yard as one looked towards the second gate.

The review of the troops completed, General Linievitch, his staff and myself, with an escort of Cossacks, rode up through the second court-yard, followed by the diplomatic body, the Russian marines, Russian line officers, and infantry. We passed through the two gates of the approaches to the palace, which had already been opened by the Americans, and we were now before the last gate, the one that led into the palace itself, and which no foot of "foreign devil" had ever trespassed. The moment was impressive to a degree.

Three Chinese officials—two of them interpreters to the Yamen—in their long blue state robes and conical white hats, stood with mournful faces waiting for us at the closed gate. As we approached they stooped and chin-chinned, joining their thumbs together. General Linievitch and I dismounted and walked up the incline to the gate. Opened from inside, the huge wooden doors, studded with iron knobs, revolved slowly on their rusty and squeaky hinges. When one thought that for five centuries, since this palace was built, these gates had barred the way to all civilizing influence, when one realized that, whatever had occurred outside in the way of intercourse with foreigners, no

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The Russians, at the Head of the Allied Forces, entering the Palace Grounds.

one had ever penetrated these sacred walls, it is somewhat excusable if one felt somewhat proud to be the first of one's race to set foot inside this Forbidden Palace. It was a memorable event in the history of China, and never did I realise so much its moral weight as just when General Linievitch and I stepped together into the Forbidden City. The British artillery fired the first salute of one-and-twenty guns to announce the memorable event. The spell was broken. The deed was done. What Celestials had kept most sacred for five hundred years foreign devils desecrated in two seconds.

"*Entrez dans le Palais de l'Empereur*" (Enter the Emperor's Palace!), said to the general the Chinese official, who spoke the most perfect French, and having shown us the way with his extended arm and a grand bow, he joined his companions ahead of us.

They marched quickly, evidently in a hurry to get us through in all speed, and by their side, as can be seen in the photograph here reproduced, played a pretty fox-terrier dog, who seemed to enjoy the experience as much as any of his human fellow-creatures. Behind us we had General Linievitch's staff, including the brave Norwegian Munthe and Yanchevetsky, who had rendered such excellent services as scouts, guides, and interpreters. Then came the third Chinaman, who kept with the diplomatic body—an extraordinary looking lot to look at, dressed up in the quintest of costumes—most of them hardly adapted to so grand an occasion. Why, indeed, you only have to look at one of the snap-shots to see what they were like. In front stood prominent the lumbering, lanky figure of Sir Claude McDonald, in an ample gray suit of tennis clothes and a rakish Panama slouch hat, which he wore at a dangerous angle. He walked jauntily and with gigantic strides, moving his arms about as if preparing for a boxing-match. To his right the Russian minister seemed quite reposeful by contrast. He was clad in dark clothes, and bore himself with dignity. Next to him the representative of the French Republic, in a garb which combined the exigencies of the Bois de Boulogne on a Sunday with the conveniences of tropical suiting on a week-day. Mr. Conger, the American minister, strode behind, ponderously, dressed in white cottons and military gaiters, while a horde of secretaries, students, and interpreters in various fancy garbs made part of the distinguished crowd.

The march through the palace being a military affair, it seemed as if the ministers attached no importance whatever to the occasion. In fact, some appeared quite bored. The remarkably striking head of Dr Morrison (correspondent of the London *Times*) could be seen among this crowd.

The chief buildings and the Emperor's audience-halls occupy in a line the central part of the palace grounds. The troops were not made to march through these throne-halls or other buildings, but we outskirted them to the right, through various courts of more or less magnificence, along buildings of great age and out of repair, through pretty rock gardens, quaint to a degree, until we came to a centenarian tree of gigantic proportions. The Chinese professed that it was five centuries old, and we all exclaimed Ah! and Oh! to express our admiration. Its branches have to be supported by heavy beams, so heavy are they. Beyond that, through delightfully artistic grounds, a hill with curious grottos is to be found. In the grottos idols and statues of Buddha, a number of silver and jade cups, vases, images, candlesticks, and bowls. Each of the courts or passages we went through had massive gates that were opened by attendants as we approached. These attendants, that had been besieged in the palace, seemed tarnished and worn. Although apparently submissive, even servile, any observant person could notice on their stolid faces an expression of hatred and contempt for us as we went by.

We reached the last and most northern court of the palace, and here came the grandest and most impressive part of the procession. The Russian general with his staff, the diplomatic body, Lady McDonald, and one or two other ladies stood under the northern gate leading out of the palace—the *Yu-hsien-yuen*. The Russian band, an excellent one, took a position in the court-yard, while a strong force of Cossacks and Russian infantry stood under the gate and round the wall of the court. Presently the *défilé* before the *doyen* Russian general began, and with the first bars of the Russian national anthem in marched the Russian marines, infantry, and a contingent from each of their regiments in Peking. A finer, healthier, sturdier, better and more sensibly drilled body of soldiers it is impossible to imagine. They marched like men across the court among the "hurrahs" and wild excitement of all present. Some marched out of the palace, but a number of them were ordered by the general to remain inside the court and line the sides. The object of this, a most exquisite and charming thought on the part of the Russians towards their allies. The soldiers were ordered to cheer themselves hoarse as the contingent of each nation went by. Next to the Russians now marched through the Japanese, those wonderful and absolutely perfect little soldiers and officers that have astounded the world with their bravery and strategical skill. In their white uniforms and black and yellow caps, perfectly equipped with all the requirements of a campaign, they marched slowly and sensibly—a delightful sight of precision and simplicity. Baron Yamaguchi, their commander-in-chief, and General Fukushima and staff marched proudly at their head, taking a place next to the Russian general as they reached him. The soldiers marched by the sound of their own bugles, as, alas, the Russian band, excellent as it was, broke down when it came to play a Japanese air! The lack of what might have turned out an ear-rending performance was, however, more than compensated by the enthusiastic and prolonged cheering of the Russians, that was much appreciated by the Japanese, and which lasted until the last of them was out of sight.

And now for the British. Here they come. One cannot help being struck by the better clothes they wear than any other nation—everything made of the best material instead of the cheapest. They looked as smart and spick and span as if they had come out of a bandbox—the officers especially. They had a dashing, free and easy, but, mind you, extremely manly and businesslike, way of marching along, keeping good step, and with a graceful unaffected swing that one cannot help liking and admiring. You could see as they came along that they were men who belonged to a great nation. They knew it, and were proud of it.

As General Gaselee and his staff appeared in the court-yard the Russian band played "God Save the Queen," and the most frantic hurrahs and waving of hats and caps took place as the marines and Welsh Fusiliers marched by. Hardly ever have I witnessed a scene of such wild and hearty enthusiasm. It was indeed pleasant to think that so warm a feeling of affection and respect existed between the two greatest empires in the world.

In now came the Sikhs with their bagpipes, which, little as I know about bagpipes, they seemed to play as well as *any* Scotchman. They created a *furore*, and you would see their jet-black eyes gleaming with joy at such a reception. The pipers remained in the court-yard, playing as delightfully as Scotch tunes permit, until the First Bengal Lancers, the Seventh Rajputs, the Patans, and at last the Wei-hai-wei regiment all passed through, all received with thundering cheers, moderated slightly towards the Chinese regiment, for it seemed to go against the grain of people that Chinamen should have been sent to fight against Chinamen. One felt rather sorry at their present position, for as a regiment they are a wonderful body of men.

The Americans were ushered in with the "Star-spangled Banner," blown through the brass instruments by powerful Russian lungs. And did not the boys look smart as they came through the gate! Officers and men were all in khaki, except General Chaffee, who wore his blue uniform.

They, too, like the British, were most enthusiastically cheered, and they deserved it, for indeed they had done excellent work in the campaign. On this particular occasion, when one could contrast and compare them with other nationalities, one was particularly struck by the individual intelligent appearance of each man and by the matter-of-fact mien of the line officers. At the same time they presented quite as good a military appearance as soldiers of any other nation. The boys marched through with pride, and waved their flag as cheers were raised for them.

The German contingent came next. Splendid men, tall, heavy, machinelike, and all so perfectly alike in height, build, and shape that they seemed made on the same mould. The contrast between them and the natural, easy-going Americans was great. It was so great that when they came in with their extraordinary parade march—as unnatural a way of locomotion as was ever invented—there was a general semi-suppressed laughter, drowned at once by "hurrahs." One had to admire the way they were equipped and drilled, their training being absolutely perfect, if a soldier that is a machine is to be taken as a model soldier.

If one had a mental shock at the contrast of the American and German warriors, we had now one greater still when the French marched in. The poor fellows seemed so done up that they could hardly walk. Their clothes were in a dreadful state. They hardly showed the French army at its best, but how could they? These men had been for several years in the suicidal climate of Saigon, and from there despatched to Peking, where they had just arrived. It is to be regretted that France was not better represented, for all knew she could do better than that.

A curious incident noticed by few happened. The Russian band had been playing full lungs the "Marseillaise," the republican march of France, but a forbidden air in the monarchic neighboring country of Italy.

As the French were meagrely represented, the Italians came immediately behind them, just as the "Marseillaise" that was in full swing was being played. The Russian general discovered at once the *faux pas*, and tried in vain to signal the bandmaster to stop. They were going at it their hardest when the general's aide-de-camp was despatched across the line to the musicians. Just in time. In a hurry-scurry fashion the republican march ceased abruptly, and the "Inno Reale" of Italy was struck, much to the reassurance and relief of the Italians, who seemed perplexed to march under an air foreign and ungrateful to their ears.

They looked very manly and neat, well drilled, and they carried themselves splendidly. They were much admired and cheered. So was the small and last contingent — the Austrian marines — which worthily ended this marvellous international historical parade through the Forbidden City and Imperial palaces of Peking.

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The Americans coming out at the Northern Gate.

The Sikh Pipers playing for the Bengal Lancers coming out of the Palace.

THE PARADE THROUGH PEKING'S IMPERIAL PALACE.

The Italian Sailors.

The Russian Infantry.

The British Indian Troops.

FOREIGN TROOPS PASSING OUT OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

The Allies before entering the Palace.

The Emperor's Reception-Hall.

The Chen-ou-Men Gate.

The Officials who showed the Way.

The first Troops to enter.

The First Court-Yard.

The Russian General and Staff.

The Japanese Generals.

INSIDE THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

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have become ours. Her Italy, to whom "the heart of an English woman offers this book," is more nearly ours than it was before she showed it to us and brought its problems home to our knowledge. Not the least of the services *Eleanor* does for its readers is the view it gives of Italian politics and Italian possibilities. It is a hopeful view. Mrs. Ward believes in united Italy. She backs the monarchy—or rather the nation—in its differences with the Vatican, but she does not take sides as a partisan, but as an observer whose sympathies are quick and earnest, who sees rival forces pressing on to a result in which they must both contribute. She has faith in Italy—in its vigor, in its people, in its future. We have been so used to read of Italy's debts, and poverty, and bread-riots, of the ruthless "improvements" of the new government, and of the ill-resigned grief of her reverend clergy who knew better, that Mrs. Ward's view is very grateful to our hopes. Most of us have seen our Italy of late through the eyes of Mr. Marion Crawford, and the report of a new observer, so intelligent and so sympathetic as Mrs. Ward, is very welcome.

We Americans are especially her debtors, too, for the Yankee maiden she has drawn for us. When we consider how disagreeable she might have made her, how crude, how hard, how grasping, there really seems reason to be grateful that she has chosen to fashion the strong New England stock into so admirable a shape. Lucy Foster is a conscience in petticoats, and yet she is a woman, too, and unquestionably a New England woman, and unquestionably a lady. The high-thinking that she was born and bred to in a village in Vermont never fails her for an instant. She is gentle, she is unassuming, she has courage and strength, and she is true to the last drop of her blood. She is, in another sense, almost too good to be true, yet we who know her origin realize that she is a real product of existing influences, and that Mrs. Ward has not drawn on her imagination for Lucy's facts, whatever grace she has lent to her portrayal of them. To what strains and tests our Yankee girl has been put at the English woman's hands! How her gold has felt the flame, and the hickory in her has bent to the sweep of mighty winds! An American writer, in a recent story with a Southern setting, makes his hero turn for help in a time of sore trial to a woman of whom he says: "Had she been some strong-minded, uncompromising New England woman, she might have taken her place triumphantly beside an accusing judge, or have all the more fiercely set on him with an acrid conscience, that she might save his soul. But this was a Southern girl, of warm, strong, deep nature." This unlovely impression of the New England character contrasts violently with the conception of that character by Mrs. Ward. But of course we cannot expect men to write of women as women do.

A man, though, could far easier have drawn Lucy Foster than Eleanor. There the battle was fought. There it was won. Eleanor is good to know, good to follow, good to grieve over, good to rejoice with. The woman whose character is nearly perfect, like Lucy Foster, is good to have in real life—much better to have than is commonly conceded—but the woman who is most valuable to a book or a play is one whose character needs perfecting. The great work of life is the perfecting of character. That is the work that Mrs. Ward follows out in her heroine. It is wonderfully done. We follow Eleanor step by step, charmed by her vivacious, sorrowing over her griefs, earnestly sympathetic with her desires and desires. We forgive her faults far more readily than she forgives them. We hate to see her suffer. Let Lucy suffer; she can stand it better. But that Mrs. Ward does not grant us. Her heart is with Eleanor. She will not spare her any salutary pang. She will not buy even her life at too great a price. She never lets go her hand, but step by step leads her through the dark valley to the shining heights beyond. The painful books are not those in which the characters that attract us don't get what they want, but those in which they lose the quality that endears them to us. *Eleanor* is sad sometimes, but it is not painful, for it is the story of a triumph. In that particular it reminds one of the *Tale of Two Cities*, for it is a story of renunciation as a woman tells it. That is the most appealing type of novel, and many there are who try to write it, and few who succeed. Dickens succeeded once—supremely. Mrs. Ward

The defects of men seem to be the making of women. Mrs. Ward, with two fine women to be provided for, has tried to give us a man with defects enough to save both of them. Yet it has been important not to overdo it. Her man must be man enough and attractive enough to be in demand. Her heroine, both her heroines, are to be in love with him. He must not be altogether unworthy, and yet he must be at least defective enough to have stirred the affections of two women at the same time, either of whom was too good for him. No considerate man would do that. Mr. Manisty was not considerate. He was a pig, but an educated pig, and perhaps not more of a pig than most other men. The defects of his mind and soul were reflected in his person, and Mrs. Ward represents him as a fine head on a shambling body. She does not permit us to dislike him, but only gently to deplore his shortcomings. While we admire his talents, we are obliged to conclude that to make him useful in the world is a fit career for an able woman, and probably worth the trouble it will cost her. We realize, also, that unless Mr. Manisty is taken into competent hands and steered he will accomplish nothing. Mrs. Ward is very indulgent with him. He smokes cigarettes constantly. She never reproaches him. He is exceedingly rude sometimes. She hardly notices it. She takes him away from Eleanor, not because he is unworthy, but for Eleanor's soul's good. She bestows him on Lucy as a prize of virtue, and yet she gives us reason to surmise that he was bench-kneed, and we know that there was insanity in his family. We would rather she had given the girl from Vermont a man with straight legs, at least, but, after all, she has been so very kind to Lucy and put such gentle and admirable hickory qualities into her, that we must not grumble at her spoiling of Manisty. There is no need of putting more good timber than enough into any one family, and Manisty and Lucy were destined to be one.

There is nothing more interesting in the book than its religion. It will be recalled that there was a former book by the same author, called *Robert Elsmere*, wherein the creeds of Christendom were weighed in the person of Father Benecke, a learned priest, who writes a book which drives him out of the Church of Rome and deep into Mrs. Ward's story. He is welcome and useful there, and not only helps Eleanor over a hard place, but is of service to Mrs. Ward in expressing her feelings about religion. They are very hopeful feelings, and very valuable in her expression of them. No amount of biology or of higher criticism seems to have affected her confidence in the enduring power of Christianity or the essential truth of its ideas. Father Benecke, excommunicated for his heretical disclosures, clings with absolute trust to the Christ of his heart. Eleanor, a woman of trained intelligence, conversant with all the theological novelties of the time, and in sympathy with the theological conclusions of what we call "advanced thought," wins painfully through to that victory over self which the cross exemplifies, and tastes that wonderful and mysterious exaltation which is one of its rewards. Her talks with Father Benecke and his to her are very remarkable. However Mrs. Ward's theology may or may not be approved by the various doctors of that science, her latest book does not leave it doubtful that she has thought and felt deeply and to good purpose about religion, and has that to say on that subject which pious minded persons must rejoice to read. And of what she does say the absolute sincerity is manifest. She gives the best she knows, withholding nothing, conceding nothing to cant, and nothing to creed out of mere deference to authority, but writing unshackled and yet dutifully, with a spirit that reminds one whose service it is that the prayer-book speaks of as "perfect freedom."

There may be some monotony about all this praise, but *Eleanor* is a good book, and the chance to commend a book of notable merit does not offer every day. No doubt it has its defects, but they must be pointed out elsewhere. It is a grave book, but not too grave. There are delightful secondary personages in it, and many of them, some of whom hardly do more than cross the stage. Yet the glimpse of them is enlightening. We have to thank Mrs. Ward especially for the Ambassador's luncheon, for the Ambassador and his prescription for Lucy of Persian roses—good tough ones to set one's teeth in—as a corrective of the tiresomeness of life; for the Marchesa, the model mother of five children, who "stood smiling, cigarette in hand, a tall woman still young"—"She is doing things for the future," said the Ambassador, "that in England it would take twenty women to do"; for Madame Variani, and her—"Everybody should be angry and smitten—it is good for the character; but Mr. Manisty is angry with too many things. That is stupid—that is a waste of time." These are pleasant people, and there is the Countess on her farm in the Alban hills, with her only son dead in Abyssinia, and her only daughter resolved upon a religious life and about to enter a convent. A very notable person is the Countess, and helpful to one a understanding of Italy and Italians. She does not appear often nor stay long but she stays in the mind. There are others, wise, witty, trifling, grave, and some pathetic. If it is a fault in a book that it keeps its reader in intelligent and cultivated society, *Eleanor* has that fault in considerable measure. But most of us do not complain of such a book. We can stand a good deal of good society, if only it is really good. Mrs. Ward offers us no one to detest, no one that bores us, or whom we must despise. The portrayal of persons whom it is painful to be thrown with is a lawful literary exercise, but it is not indispensable to the composition of works of fiction.

Eleanor is optimistic. It makes one feel better about the prospects of humanity in this world, and even in the next world, too. It helps belief that truth will prevail, and that when it does prevail it won't do so much harm as many persons think. It quickens interest in many contemporary matters, but especially in Italy and its people, its politics, and its priests. It leaves one with at least one regret, though, a regret that Mrs. Ward has inspired before by other books. For reading a novel done by a competent hand makes one sigh to think that though novels increase and multiply beyond imaginable bound, novels of the quality of this one do not promise to be common, nor is there any prospect that of the competent novelists there will ever be so many that the appearance of a first rate book will not be an important event.

Mrs. Humphry Ward.

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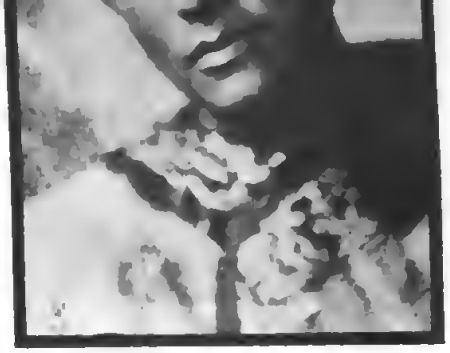
"Head of Young Girl."—By Eva Lawrence Watson.

"Joseph Jefferson's Son."—By Frank Eugene.



"Zitkala."—By Joseph T. Keiley.

THE PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON

IT was almost a stroke of genius which three years ago brought about the holding of an annual photographic exhibition in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy. The combination of interests is known as the Philadelphia Photographic Salon. The new art thereby gains the prestige of association with such as "ancient and honorable" institution, and the latter, also thereby, maintains its position in the forefront of artistic progress.

In the present exhibition some two hundred prints are displayed; the cream skimmed off an aggregate of nearly twelve hundred submitted to the jury.

Writing for many who will not have the opportunity of seeing the exhibition, I do not propose to discuss it in detail, but to touch upon a few considerations which it suggests as a whole. I speak of photography, in its latest manifestations, as a "new art," and such indeed it is, for it has reached results that a few years ago one would not have believed possible.

Its newness consists in the discovery of fresh methods of expressing artistic motives; the principles which should regulate the manipulation of the methods are not new. In this respect one notices a clean dividing line between the various exhibitors. On one side of it are those who have had the discipline of artistic training apart from photography, and on the other those who have not. The former display a sanity of purpose and dignity of method that do not interfere with fancy and inventiveness; while the latter falter and find refuge in muzziness or deliberately strain after originality of treatment.

But the straining after originality is a more serious matter. The term "new art" is much bandied about in Europe just now, and is used to signify a variety of unfledged motives and startling or unusual manners of expression. It uses the human form simply as a decorative motive without any respect for its humanity; rejects its manifestations of healthy beauty for writhings and contortions, seeking a fancied analogy between the movements of limbs and the growth of plants, trying to obtain mystery by muzziness, lighting its subject fantastically and with no reference to the real direction and effects of light, straining to the very limits of morbid imagination so as to surprise, bewilder, and snatch attention.

On the other hand, it is a great pleasure to be able to note the prevalence of a great deal of work honest in sentiment and sanely artistic in method. The Glasgow photographer, J. Craig Annan, maintains his reputation with several fine portraits, frank, earnest work, with much suggestion of each sitter's character and personality; and also with a landscape of mountain scenery, and figures returning home in the evening, in which the lights and shadows are treated in a big manner and convey an impression of vastness and solemnity. Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier shows several handsome portraits, full of character and charm of arrangement, an excellent open air effect, and a beautiful little play of fancy, called "Andante." For sound and effective management of light and shade special mention should be made of the work by Joseph T. Keiley, Prescott Adamson, Frank Eugene, and the collaborators, Rose Clark and Elizabeth Flint Wade. The first proves what he can do to gain robust effects, and also shows a very satisfactory imaginative study, "The Erlking." Out of a rude scene of railroad cars, sheds, smoke-stacks, and steam Mr. Adamson contrives a handsome picture, vigorous and imaginative which he entitles "Mist Steam and Smoke." Mr. Eugene's prints are all distinguished by the color quality which he obtains through skillful adjustment of light and dark and attention to the gradations of each. Sometimes his darks are very deep; at other times he prefers a scheme of lights, as in "Mrs. D. and Family." In "Adam and Eve" he shows a really remarkable study of the nude, in which substance, texture, and color are alike suggested. In disagreeable contrast with this sincerity of treatment is a scurry of lines scratched or brushed over the faces, perhaps to hide their identity or else to emphasize the modelling of the figures, but in either case inventive and unworthy. The joint examples of Miss Clark and her colleague are particularly agreeable in their manner of lighting. The pattern of dark and light is ingenious and effective, and both have a beautiful purity of tone. The "Profile of a Youth," by F. Holland Day, is a very attractive picture in large masses, flatly treated; while his "Portrait of a Man with a Book" exhibits a study of light and shade, full of rich color if a little rigid in arrangement.

Well-chosen scenes, mostly of the sea-shore, animated with figures, are shown by Alfred Steiglitz, the study of a woman mending nets illustrates an interesting point. The camera, instead of catching the right arm at some intermediate stage of its movement, has fixed it when the hand is close up to the shoulder, so that the position is stiff and does not suggest action. Perhaps the most pleasing of all his examples is a picture of a mother and child, "At the Window." Very good landscapes are exhibited by L. L. Peddinghaus, W. B. Post, Edmund J. Steichen, and Amelia Van Buren; moreover, in portraiture there is admirable work by Eva Lawrence Watson, Margaret M. Russell, and Mary Devens. Theodore Hofmeister, of Hamburg, one of the foreigners invited to exhibit, sends examples of colored landscapes, done by the gum bichromate process. Technically, they will have much interest for photographers, but as pictures they are unsatisfactory, the color being neither true to nature nor agreeable.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

"At the Window."—By Alfred Steiglitz.

"Portrait of Mrs. L."—By Gertrude Kasebier.

"Profile of Youth."—By F. Holland Day.

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CITY HALL PARK

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N ELECTION NIGHT

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SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-bag carried by his elderly companion. Through internal evidence to the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareska, and determines to solve the mystery. He obtains possession of the jewel, but it turns out to be only a clever imitation of the original. It develops that du Midi is the rightful heir to the crown of Arcadia, now worn by a usurper. The ruby is being used by his enemies, chief of whom is a certain Captain Corentry, to secure a loan from a well-known Paris banker. The Czareska kidnap the banker and carry him off to sea on a yacht, thus preventing the consummation of the financial transaction.

CHAPTER XVII

FOX AND HOUNDS

THE fog was one solid wall around us when Crioche shook me by the shoulder and told me that it was six bells in the morning watch. The yacht was running dead slow, with the siren blowing at half-minute intervals; the deck was slippery and chill with the gray masses of vapor that closed us in on every side, and I felt miserable enough until the steward brought me a bowl of hot coffee.

Eight bells, and the fog was still as thick as ever. We barely had steerageway, and the siren had stopped blowing, the engineer reporting that one of the valves needed packing. It was an unpleasant position, for we were dead in the track of the Mediterranean liners, and I had no mind for being run down and cut in two.

"There comes the wind at last," said Crioche, and a little puff of air broke like a bubble through the aqueous vapors that surrounded us. Down shot a shaft of yellow light, Dame Nature's own broom, and in a twinkle sky and seaway were swept clear of their misty cobwebs.

"*Mille tonnerres!*" broke from the lips of the Baron, who had just joined me on the bridge, and I followed the direction of his pointing finger. Not two cable-lengths away, on our starboard quarter, lay a long, black hull with the tricolor of France floating at the gaff. The *Douane!*

It was plain enough that they had been waiting for us, for it was only ten minutes ago that our whistle had stopped blowing. Since then the yacht had been drifting slowly down upon the war-vessel, impelled by that mysterious attraction which exists between floating bodies. There was not the shadow of a chance to escape, for, as I have said, the two vessels were lying within point-blank range of each other, and the *Douane* had her port battery of six-pounders trained squarely upon us. An officer hailed us.

"We will send a boat aboard of you!" he shouted through a megaphone. "Stop your engines immediately!"

In bitterness of spirit I gave the signal to the engineer, and the *Sea Fox* lost her headway. The Frenchmen were clearing away a cutter, and in five minutes now they would be over our rail. I turned to speak to the Baron.

"It will be your turn—" I began, and then stopped short. The Baron had left the bridge, and was hastily running forward. Well, it didn't matter.

The cutter was in the water now, and pulling straight for us. I ordered out the ladder and waited as impassively as I could. A quartermaster answered the hail for a line, and the officer in charge of the cutter climbed nimbly to the yacht's deck, followed by four sailors.

"The *Sea Fox?*" he inquired, and then, without waiting for an answer: "Order your crew aft! the foremast, and let me see your papers."

"See! my dear lieutenant! What a wind to use when a man is smothering under this gray blanket of fog and smoke! The devil himself would not know his own in such weather."

It was the Baron who had spoken, and I realized that the fog had again closed down upon us, and indeed, was thicker than ever. The *Douane* had been completely blotted out, and I could hardly distinguish the blur of our own foremast twenty feet away. Then it lightened momentarily, and I did see something else. The two machine-guns that the yacht carried forward had been run out and made ready for business, Stephan standing at the lever of one, while the Baron in person manned the other. The Baron had his gun trained directly upon the French lieutenant and his little boarding party, while Stephan was covering the gangway. In an instant I had grasped the situation and had acted upon it. The telegraph flashed the signal of half-speed ahead to the engine-room, and the quartermaster at my side threw the wheel hard over to port.

"Are you mad, monsieur?" shouted the lieutenant, as he felt the first throb of the propellers and realized that the *Sea Fox* was again under way. "Do you want to be blown out of water?" he continued, excitedly.

"Gently, my dear sir. If you will be good enough to look first behind and then around you, you will understand that I am justified in acting as I do. I will now give you thirty seconds in which to get into your boat and cast off. You will be picked up by your ship when the fog lifts—and I have all the passengers that I care to carry."

"You understand the consequences of your act," he said, in a choking voice.

"Perfectly, sir—but your boat is awaiting you."

The lieutenant bowed; I returned his salute, and he followed his men over the side. The line was cast off, and in an instant the cutter had slipped astern, lost to sight in the proverbial basin of pea-soup. I ran to the speaking-tube and called down for full speed, repeating the order on the telegraph. The *Sea Fox* gave a bound, and then sprang ahead as though a pack of hounds had opened upon her. If only the fog held for these coming ten minutes!

Luck was with us this time, for when the mist finally dissolved into a glorious day the *Douane* was fully five miles to leeward. But it was speedily made clear that she was not yet ready to abandon the chase. Already she had picked up the cutter, and now she had altered her course so as to lay us aboard. She fired a shell from her bow rifle as a final hint, but the distance was too great, and the gun was quickly run in. The chase was on now for a finish.

I left the bridge in charge of Crioche and went into the chart-room for a few minutes' rest on one of the big lounges. I found the Baron there, surrounded as usual by a cloud of cigar smoke. We shook hands warmly. "You are a most remarkable prisoner of war," I said, smilingly. "It would almost seem that you object to being rescued."

"My dear Cary," returned the Baron solemnly, "you see before you a man who has not had a real vacation in eighteen years. Thanks to you and your friends, I am now enjoying a respite from the cares of business, and I don't propose to be deprived of my well-earned repose without a protest. I am out of school, and I don't intend to go back until I am good and ready. Is that clear?"

"Baron, you are a great man! What a poker player you would make!"

"Some day you will teach me, eh? That will be delightful, and it will enable me to forget the Bourse. But keep up your steam, my brave young man. The bag is a good card, but it cannot be played twice."

Three or four hours passed, and it was uncomfortable to note that the *Douane* had not been left astern according to programme. So far as I could judge, our relative positions remained unchanged—if anything we had lost a trifle. The log had indicated thirty-two knots in that first burst of speed, and although it was not our best showing, it was reasonable to conclude that the *Douane* would fall short in about the same proportion of her nominal steaming power. I walked aft and looked again at the "chemin," or patent log, that was towing astern. To my amazement it indicated only twenty-six knots, and even as I stood looking at it it dropped to twenty-five. Waiting only long enough to be sure that the log was working all right, I ran below to the engine-room.

The chief engineer was a Scotchman by the name of McLeod and a new recruit to the *Sea Fox*. He had been hired on short notice at Havre to fill the place of Brand, the regular chief, the latter having been taken ill some ten days ago, just as the yacht was about to be placed in commission.

As I entered the engine-room I happened to glance at an oil-cup that covered an important bearing. The cup was dry, and already the bearing was creaking ominously.

I shouted at McLeod and he came up, a bit reluctantly, as I thought. I called his attention to the mischief that was being done, and he mumbled some kind of explanation under his breath. But I had not come to hear excuses, however good they might be.

"If anything happens to these engines, my man," and here I stared hard at him, "why, look out for squally weather. It's your neck or mine, and the chance at present lies with me." The fellow's eyes dropped, and he involuntarily fell back a step or two.

"And what does this mean?" I continued, pointing to the steam gauge. "Only one hundred and sixty pounds—and you should have at least two hundred and twenty!"

"It's the coal," he answered, sullenly; "a rotten lot of slate and other truck. You can't stoke with such rubbishy stuff."

"It was the best Welsh steaming," I retorted "for I sent General Czareska's order myself. Stand aside there; I want to have a look at the bunkers." McLeod made as though he would bar my passage, but quickly thought better of it, and I stepped into the fire room. The stokers were hard at work, and the furnaces were apparently in full blast. I picked up a piece of coal and examined it carefully. It was undoubtedly Welsh and of the best quality. McLeod had lied to me, and he must be purposely wasting his steam.

"If you please, sir," and one of the coal-passers touched my sleeve. I turned and inquired what was wanting. "We're running very short in the bunkers, sir. At this rate they will be out before morning."

I stared open-mouthed at this messenger of doom. "You are crazy, man," I said, roughly, having found my tongue at last. "The bunkers were full up when we left Havre, and they are big enough for a month's steaming."

"Then there is some kind of devil work aboard," he returned, excitedly. "Will you look in here, sir?"

He led the way into one of the bunkers. The compartment seemed to be three-quarters full of coal, but when my man plunged a heavy fire-bar into the mass, it struck hard on some planking that lay only a few inches below the level of the fuel.

"And it's the same in all the others" he insisted, stubbornly. "There's this false bottoming in them all, so that they look to be full when they're only carrying about a quarter of their bulding."

In a few minutes I had satisfied myself that such was actually the case. Here was another finger-mark of Mrs. Verriker's clever hands. Just how the trick had been played was beyond my knowledge, but the fact remained that we would be out of fuel within twelve or fifteen hours.

Crioche I knew to be above suspicion, and the job of putting the false bottoms in the bunkers might easily have been done during his absence from the yacht two weeks ago, when the General had summoned him to Paris to receive his final instructions.

But there was one person who must have known about this dirty piece of business, and that man was, of course, McLeod, the chief. He had been in charge at the time when the yacht was coaling, and he was either directly concerned in the plot or criminally neglectful of his duties.

I went back into the engine-room with one hand upon the revolver that I carried in a side pocket. I glanced at the steam gauge. It indicated two hundred and fifteen pounds, and just then Berton, the first assistant, entered to begin his watch.

"You will act as chief until further orders," I said, calling him up to me, "and I want the very best that you can get out of her. I will see you again in a moment."

I turned to McLeod. The man's face looked like a piece of wet paper, and his knees were shaking. "Match!" I said briefly, and I forced him to precede me up the companionway. There was no need for any more words, and he went into his state-room without the least show of resistance. Then returning to the engine-room, I had a short talk with Berton. He denied all knowledge of the crooked work in the fire-room, and insisted that he only wanted a chance to prove his good faith. I told him that he could have it but I was very plain as to what I expected of him. Coal or no coal, the *Sea Fox* must continue to make from twenty-eight to thirty knots an hour until further orders.

Going on deck I looked again at the log. We were making twenty-six knots, and should be gaining on the *Douane*. At our present rate of speed the coal should hold out until two or three o'clock in the morning. In the mean time we must open the gap as wide as possible.

All this meant a complete upset for our plans, but there was no help for it. Without coal, we could not hope to keep at sea indefinitely, and assuredly I had no fancy for being overhauled by the torpedo-hunter stryer and carried back to France to answer to the serious charges that would be brought against me. Of course, if we made port to-morrow, I should have failed to carry out General Czareska's orders, and the Baron would have his liberty a week ahead of time. But, after all, what difference could it make whether the banker owed his release to the captain of the *Douane* or to the French consul at Lisbon? We were beaten in either event.

It was a long, anxious afternoon, and I spent it in pacing the quarter-deck, with one eye always on the patent log that was spinning astern. And I must have made at least twenty trips to the engine-room. Berton was doing splendidly, but the furnaces, under forced draught, were eating up the coal at a fearful rate. We calculated that it would be out by three o'clock in the morning if we kept on driving the yacht at her maximum of speed. Yet there was nothing else to do, at least until darkness fell. In the mean time I smoked more than was good for me, and almost succeeded in keeping pace with the Baron. At seven o'clock I had a bit of supper served to me in the chart-room, and then waited with growing impatience for the twilight to darken into night. At eight I could no longer see the hands of my watch, and I determined that the time had come.

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stern in which to make the final dash for Lisbon. Excellent strategy, but it depended upon the presumption that the captain of the *Diane* would be obliging enough to overrun us by just that necessary margin of two or three miles. As a matter of fact, he would probably discover without delay that we had

natural that his sympathies should so evidently incline to our side.

"The first blood, Baron!" I cried, exultantly. Then my voice died away in my throat; I became conscious that I had crowed a bit too soon. The *Diane* had suddenly shown both her side lights again, and

my door replaced," remarked madame, icily.

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Verriker. The door will probably be needed for another purpose, and since you have not retired, I really think you would find it more comfortable on deck. Allow me."

Of course she had to obey, and I left her in charge

"I FOUND THE BARON IN THE CHART-ROOM."

stopped our engines, and his first thought would be to bear straight down upon the *Sea Fox* rather than to keep running away from her.

It was an old, old trick that I had in mind. Nothing more than a false floating-light, the last resort of the salt-water novelists. But it had come to that with us. If the trick worked, we should get that coveted inside place, and have at least a run for our life.

Crioche had been at work preparing the weighted barrel that was to carry the lantern, and at a given signal our side and mast-head lights were extinguished, and the floating beacon lowered into the water. Then the *Sea Fox* was headed away on a long diagonal to her former course, and on a line which should bring us plump across the destroyer's bows. But we calculated that the Frenchman, having noticed that our false light was stationary, would change his course, and bear down upon it in the hope of finding the yacht disabled from some accident to her machinery.

They were assuredly keeping a sharp lookout on the *Diane*, for hardly five minutes had elapsed before her red port-light flashed into view, indicating that she had changed her course, and was running down upon our floating beacon. It seemed too good for belief that the trick had really come off, but the *Sea Fox* was doing her best now, and in a very few minutes

this meant, of course, that she had discovered the trick, and had spun round on her heel to take up the chase after the real quarry. And apparently she had picked us up without the smallest appearance of uncertainty, for she was plunging along at full speed, dead in our wake.

Well, we are holding our own again, but still the sharp bow of the torpedo-boat destroyer keeps pointing dead on our stern-post, and she is marking us down as exactly as though we had been lit up for a bait. And yet, cabin and deck, the *Sea Fox* is in absolute darkness, not the glimmer of a match-head showing anywhere, and, as I have said already, the night is cloudy and darker than the ordinary. It is very perplexing, and even more alarming. Is the *Sea Fox* leaving a veritable scent, that these dogs-of-war are running her so closely?

The patent log was working unerrably, and I thought it possible that it might be partially fouled with seaweed. I leaned over the taffrail and gave the cord a jerk or two in order to free it. As I did so my eye caught a yellow glint of light shooting out over the half-acre of foam churned up by our screws. There it was again! There could be no mistake—a light must be showing at one of the cabin stern-posts. Then I remembered that Mrs. Verriker was a prisoner in an after state-room, and I anathematized my stupidity.

of the Baron, who would see that she did not get into any new mischief. Then I sent for Berton, and received his assurance that the coal would hold out until after two o'clock. In the mean time I should be preparing another kind of diet for those insatiate gluttons, the furnaces.

The *Sea Fox* was a topsail schooner in rig, and I quickly had men aloft sending down the lighter spars and yards, which the carpenter and his mates proceeded to cross-cut into convenient lengths for the fire-boxes. Then the topmasts were unshipped and lowered—a heavy job, but old Crioche understood his business, and the *Sea Fox* carried a large crew. Fortunately we had plenty of axes and saws, and every man could be put to work. Even the cook and the cabin stewards could be employed in ripping out the cabin fittings and lighter wood-work.

At fifteen minutes after two o'clock Berton sent word that the coal was about gone, and I organized a line of passers to hand the new fuel down the fire-room hatchway. And then the sport began in earnest.

The wood was light and dry, and burned freely in the intense draught of the furnaces. There was a continuous stream of sparks at the funnel-mouth, and the incandescent particles shooting high in the air made a beacon that might be seen for miles. It was a true pillar of fire for the guidance of our enemies, and of course any further concealment of our posi-

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Verriker. But the Baron! Ah, the incomparable Baron! Actually he did the work of two or three men, cutting and sawing with the best of them, joking with the valiant, cheering the faint hearted, and never forgetting to keep one eye on the patent log and the other on the *Diane's* mast-head light. What should we have done without the help of this excellent man? Who could resist admiring this large-hearted sportsman, who could sink all personal feeling so completely in his generous ardor that the game should be played to a finish? My compliments, Baron Kerker.

"Oil," suggested the Baron. A happy thought, and instantly adopted. A barrel of kerosene was hoisted out of the forepeak, and the Baron, arming himself with a watering-can, set to work with all the enthusiastic energy of a *pétroleur*. The wood was thoroughly sprayed with the oil, and under the fierce draught of the blowers it melted away in the fire-boxes as though it had been so much tissue-paper. Again the needle of the steam-gauge pointed to a working pressure, and the *Sea Fox* sprang ahead for one last effort. And there was Lisbon light dead on the starboard bow.

waved his handkerchief, and we went on our way.

Two hours later and I stood on the landing-quay at Lisbon, having left Urioche in charge of the dismantled hull of the once beautiful *Sea Fox*. Mrs. Verriker, the Baron, and du Midi had gone ashore with me, but I had received no intimation of their intentions. There could be no compulsion now: it was for every one to go ahead and do what was right in his or her eyes.

While we were waiting for the baggage to be examined, I noticed that the Baron and du Midi were engaged in earnest con-

my folly," he said, with passionate quickness. "But even now it may not be too late. I go to rejoin General Czareska by the first train out. You were my friend, Cary, and perhaps you will judge me less harshly when you know all. But not here—the railway station—here is an empty coach—in with you, Nicholas, for God's sake!"

I turned to the Baron. "And you?" I said, inquiringly.

"I will take the box-seat," returned that gentleman as he mounted nimbly to the driver's side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RECENT POLO SEASON AND ITS PROMISE

BY DAVID GRAY

MR. H. L. HERBERT, who might very properly be called the "Dean of American Polo," some years ago ventured a prophecy which the past year has given good promise will be fulfilled. "Polo," he said, "is a game which is bound to win a wide-spread and lasting popularity in America. Americans have the dash, the nerve and

horsemanship which the game requires. It appeals to them. It is a game which requires comparatively little ground. It can be played near large cities. Most important of all, it requires relatively but little time. It is a game which business men can play, and it is a game in which they will find the most complete relaxation."

When Mr. Herbert made this prediction, the eye of faith was needed to foresee its fulfilment. Polo, for what seemed a long time was restricted to a few clubs in the vicinity of New York and Boston and the club in Buffalo. To-day there are no less than twenty clubs in the National Polo Association, extending from Philadelphia to Boston along the Atlantic coast and reaching west to St. Louis, and still polo as an American sport is yet in its infancy. A quarter of a century is very young for a game that in India has been played since the dawn of history. But already it has made great strides, and it is reasonable to expect that the next quarter of a century will work a much more rapid spread of the game than has the past.

In view of certain circumstances the past season might very properly be looked upon as the beginning of a new era of American polo. Match play, which usually begins in May, began this year in March. An Association tournament was actually held at Aiken, North Carolina, in that month. And long before the fields in other northern localities were in condition to be played upon, the mild climate and sandy soil of Lakewood, and, above all, Mr. George Gould's interest, brought about a series of excellent matches and almost daily practice. In fact the three polo-fields maintained by Mr. Gould at "Georgian Court" has made Lakewood a conspicuous polo centre, and a new and important factor in the development of the game. The effect of beginning the season two months earlier than usual was noticeable in the increased interest in polo all over the country, and perhaps also in the better form shown in the earlier tournaments in the North.

Another significant fact which the matches of the past season have established is the very general improvement in the class of play on the part of the newer clubs. During the early days of American football it will be remembered that Harvard, Yale, and Princeton were in a class by themselves. No other teams could even give them a hard match. Very much the same conditions have prevailed at polo. The championship has lain between the Rockaway, Meadowbrook, or Myopia players, and no other teams have been able to compete with them on even terms. The team put in the field by Westchester several years since, on which the Messrs. Waterbury made their appearance, foreshadowed a change in the situation, but it is only now that the standard of play and of horses may be said to have improved so generally that the original triumvirate of polo clubs must look closely to their laurels. The performance of Dedham in winning the championship at Brooklyn, although entered in the

junior branch of the championship tournament, shows what may be expected from almost any club where good but not necessarily brilliant players make a close study of the game, and drill themselves in combination.

A significant instance of improvement in form consequent upon the springing up of new and younger players is to be found in the results of the season's play at Buffalo. The club at Buffalo was the second club to be formed in America, and the first match between American polo clubs was played between a four from Buffalo and the team on which Mr. F. Gray Griswold and Mr. August Belmont played at Newport in 1877. For over twenty years four of the Messrs. Cary of Buffalo have played almost continuously, and have been the mainstay of polo interests in their community. During the past September, however, they were decisively beaten by a team of younger players, two of whom, the Messrs. Milburn, were boys under twenty years of age. Many of the older polo clubs are having similar experiences, all of which point to the healthy growth and development of the sport.

Though polo has been somewhat slow in gaining the support of the classes to which it might reasonably be expected to appeal, its strength is a sound one. Tennis and golf each spread upon its introduction into this country with the contagion of a fad. It was necessary in the case of tennis to wait until golf put in an appearance to estimate its real strength as a national sport, and it will be necessary to wait until the wane of the golf fad to weigh truly the real popularity of golf. Polo, however, came unassisted by any such hysteria. The expense, if not the activity, which the game demands prevented weak-minded young men from playing at it merely because it was "the thing." The men who have played polo, and have brought it to the present stage of its development, have played because it appealed to them, and because they believed it the best of games. And the number of such is likely continually to increase. As there is no fad to collapse, it is unlikely that there will be abandoned polo-fields as there have been abandoned tennis-courts. No man who has ever played polo well will contentedly devote himself to another game. Its speed supplies an exhilaration and a certain excitement which once tasted is never forgotten. The almost limitless possibilities for developing accurate play on both sides of the horse furnish a problem which no man can ever absolutely master.

Unlike almost all other games, polo is nearly as interesting to the spectator as to the player. The polo match already has become a feature in our social life. Whether the onlooker is familiar with the game or not, from the time the ball is thrown upon the field to the time the gong marks the end of the last period there is never a dull moment for him. The object of the game is obvious. The hard hitting, the dashes down the long stretch of green turf, the clever angle shots for goal, and the riding-off appeal to the layman as to the expert. The apparent confusion of men and ponies going at top speed,

suddenly wheeling, jostling, turning, and twisting, missing collisions by the breadth of a hand—all furnish an apprehensive excitement which is the vital element of all absorbing spectacles. Between the periods the traps drawn up along the side lines, and the people who visit among them, lend a gayety and life to the scene which is lacking in other games.

The welfare of polo and the development of high-class play very largely depend upon the existence of two or more teams in the same neighborhood, so that inter-club matches are possible without shipping the horses long distances. Such conditions already exist along the Atlantic coast. There are two well-established clubs at Philadelphia, and a third during the past season has opened a field at Bryn Mawr. In the vicinity of New York, that is to say, at Hempstead, Cedarhurst, and Westchester, there have been more or less regular practice and yearly tournaments. The permission granted by the Westchester Country Club to Troop A to use its excellent field has done much to revive the interest in polo at this latter point. There is, besides, a polo club at Staten Island. In the vicinity of Boston two clubs, the Dedham and Myopia, play regularly, and there is a third polo field at the Country Club at Brookline. In the three Western cities, Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Louis, where the game is played, the advantage of near-by rivals does not exist. But it is only a question of a few years, in all probability, before the conditions which inspired polo at these places will be repeated in such cities as Cleveland, Detroit, Rochester, St. Paul, and Cincinnati. This would result in an active rivalry between the Western clubs and the possible establishment of two or more teams in the larger of these cities. Chicago, for example, is quite as able to support three polo clubs as Philadelphia and is not unlikely to do so in the course of the next twenty years.

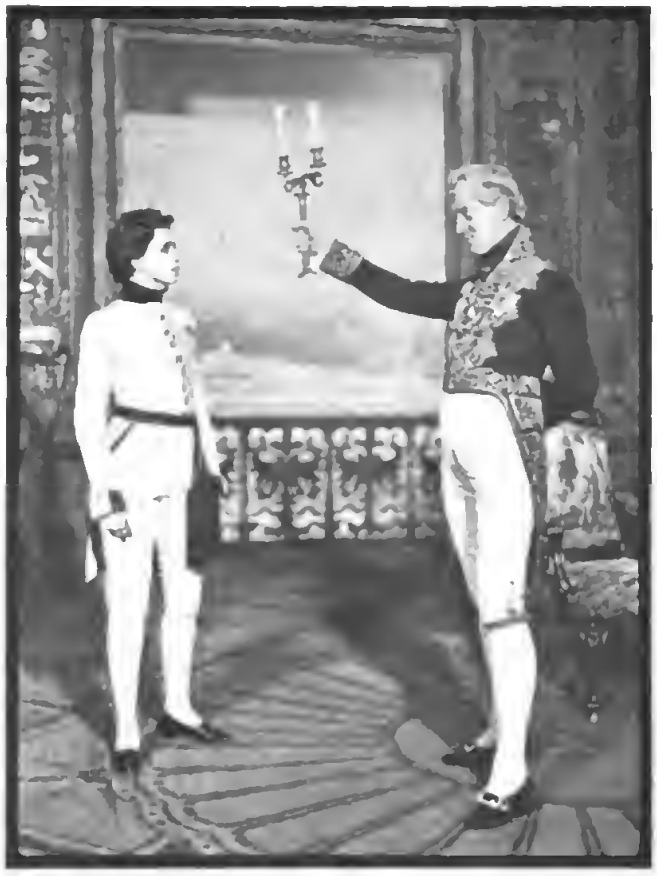
The American system of handicapping while often criticised, has abundantly vindicated itself, and is admirably calculated to assist in developing the game. The results of the matches of the past season prove that it has been applied in the main with success. In England all matches are played without handicapping. With us every player who belongs to a club that is a member of the National Polo Association is rated as being worth from zero to ten goals to his team. In a match the aggregate number of goals allotted to all the members of each team are computed, and the difference is allowed to the side with the smaller total handicap. Thus a weak team may play practically on even terms with a strong one, for it begins the game with points to its credit, which its opponent must make up in actual play. As a class of players more nearly equal is developed the need of this system decreases; but it has certainly proved a most effective way of classifying players, and no serious suggestion thus far has been made to abolish it.

a day is a real dramatic genius. The first of his works to awaken the admiration of the world might have been an accident that would never be repeated. But "The Eaglet" possesses nearly every quality that made the Cinerary drama great, and it shows in some respects an advance over the playwright's art as it existed when that was written. Rostand is a poet as well as a dramatist, and that quality gives greater beauty to his works in French, even though it is not appreciable in their English form. It would take as much of a poet as the French author to do his verse into English with the same power it possesses in the original, so that element in the French success of his plays has never been effective here. Deprived of it and remained to an atmosphere in which the merely national features of the work have little or no value, if they are not a positive defect from some view-points, the two plays of the author's have easily proved the most notable contributions that the literature of the stage has known in years. Louis H. Parker's translation of "The Eaglet" is finished, serviceable, and quite without inspiration. It serves its purpose and does it better than the English version of the dramatist's play which Richard Mansfield used. The merits of the drama are not to be obscured, however, by any weakness in its language. "The Eaglet" would remain a great play through the beauty and imagination of its episodes if its speeches were clothed in the crudest words. None of the recent French plays that have treated the Napoleonic theme are in its same grand style. "Mme. Sans Gêne" was the work of a skilful playwright, and "More than Queen" an episodic series of spectacles. "The Eaglet" is not of their kind. Imagination, pathos, tragedy, and poetic beauty are to be found in this play as they exist only in the works of the great men of the theatre, and these are so rare to-day that one must look in vain for these qualities in every contemporary play but "Cyrano de Bergerac." That the author has used historical facts with an eye to his own purpose, rather than the perpetuation of the truth, does no harm to the value of his work. That has always been the privilege of the dramatist, and the greatest example of it can be found in our own literature. The Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon Bonaparte and Marie Louise, was doubtless much more the dissipated weakling of history than the ambitious, irresolute, despondent, yet in the main attractive hero of Rostand's play. If the dramatist has altered history to his own purposes, he has done it with such effect that criticism cannot reasonably be uttered against it. If it were necessary to defend his action, it might be said that the real Duke of Reichstadt would have furnished no inspiration whatever to a dramatist, whereas Rostand's creation, half imaginative, half real, is the excuse for this fine drama.

THE play uses only the last years of the *Duke's* life. *He* is at Schoenbrunn with his mother and under the care of *Metternich*, who keeps him a prisoner, in fear of the outbreak which so many are plotting. The *Duke* has just reached his majority, the French under Louis Philippe are talking affectionately of him, and the efforts to keep from him the knowledge of his father's career have failed. The youth is sullen and rebellious under his servitude to *Metternich*, and dreams vaguely of the heritage that should be his. The beginning of the conspiracy to carry him back to France and revive the glories of the Napoleonic days, the feeble *Duke's* half-hearted and halting desire to carry out the plan, his defeat by *Metternich*, and his death, are the episodes seen in the play. They are diversified by beautiful incident, such as that in which the Eaglet with his toy soldiers, painted first in the Austrian colors in order to remove all suggestion of his father's armies, gives a pathetic parody of the great warrior's triumphs. Other episodes that stand out from the general progress of the drama come when *Metternich*, determined to crush forever all ambition in the youth's mind, takes him before a mirror and bids him study his weak face and learn how incapable he is of ever fulfilling his ambitions, arousing in the youth such a paroxysm of rage that he dashes the candelabra into the glass and shatters the image; and when at the meeting of the conspirators on the haunted field of Wagram, the *Duke's* faithful servitor, *Flambeau*, kills himself rather than surrender to the police, and the moaning wind seems to the frightened Eaglet, in the presence of death for the first time, to be the voices of the wounded and dying in the great battle. It closes with a strikingly dramatic moment. The little *Duke* in his anguish

LITERARY men, and Rostand deserves that distinction if a dramatist ever did, have won recognition in the theatre for infinitely less poetic verse and imaginative scenes than "The Eaglet" contains, and playwrights who possessed less skill in their craft have achieved renown for their technical facility. "The Eaglet" combines both these qualities in a high degree. Victorien Sardou might have devised its most interesting scenes, but could never have suggested its poetic or literary quality, or its freedom from the narrowness of the average dramatist's range of subjects. The big emotions that inspire the action of the play, its comprehensive view of humanity, and its contemplation of life, are of course impossible to any other dramatist of the present day in France or out of it.

IT is only in representing these qualities of the drama that its performance at the Knickerbocker is unsatisfactory. None of this great spirit that the situations so frequently demand is present to animate the scenes and give them their just value. So much of the dramatic interest in the piece depends wholly on the character of the *Duke of Reichstadt* that *Flambeau* and *Metternich* are the only other rôles that would tax the actor's skill to any degree. This mentioned fault of performance seems to arise from a misconception of the style in which such a play should be acted by nearly all of those concerned, with the exception of Miss Adams, and in the Wagram scene she strikes the right note of the performance so truthfully that the absence of power and any large emotion in the acting generally makes itself felt. Nothing else that the charming representative of "The Eaglet" does in the play quite



Miss Maude Adams as the "Duke of Reichstadt," in "L'Aiglon," and Mr. Edwin Arden as "Prince Metternich."

of what she actually accomplishes, it would be unfair to call the result of her experiment in such an arduous rôle other than entirely successful. Her assumption of masculinity is, in the first place, as thorough as any actress could make it, and one never thinks of her as a masquerading woman after the first few scenes of the play are over. Not a trace of the character escapes her understanding, and if there are emotions to which she cannot give full expression and force, there are none that she does not suggest always with her intelligence and the graciousness of her strong personal charm. The part of "The Eaglet" touches nearly every note in the range of theatrical expression. Not alone vehemence and emotion are there, but so are repose and ease, that are sometimes so much more difficult to assume. Miss Adams comes creditably through every episode, when she does not deserve higher praise. During the breadth and power revealed in the climax of the Wagram scene, she was naturally at her best when her humor or tenderness could assert itself in the same way that has won so many admirers for her in the past. The general performance is adequate, if it can be conceded that such a method of acting a great play can ever represent its beauties fully. The long list of characters contains few that have many words to speak. It suggests the historic personages of the time more strongly than the action of the play, for not many of the subordinates are distinguishable in the groups that contain them. Some of these less in the foreground are *Fanny Elsler*, oddly made an agent of the Bonapartists, the plotting *Comtesse Camerata*, the *Emperor Francis of Austria*, *Doctor Malfatti*, and *Thelberg*. The costumes they wear are beautiful and appropriate, and they move in scenes that could not be improved on by any facilities of the American stage. Charles Frohman has given the performance of Rostand's work every care it deserved, and the representation is, as a whole, highly creditable in the manner that every detail of it has been cared for. It is only in the spirit with which the actors have approached such an imaginative and impassioned work that there is fault to be found. Louis Parker's text is generally well adapted to delivery, and most of it reaches the audience. The ensemble scenes of the play, if they may be described in that way, are especially difficult, because there is scarcely a line spoken by even the most unimportant figures that has not its particular significance. This is shown by the opening scene, which well reveals the situation at Paris, where the son of Napoleon is sharing the revival of affection for his father. These scenes must be alertly and clearly played or they lose their value and are merely confused tedium. They have their full meaning in the present performance, and it is generally true of the representation that the purport of its main scenes is kept distinctly in view.

THERE are other parts of the play than its glorification of the dead Napoleon that do not appeal with great force to an American audience. Its revision has been well done, although it seems that some of the Napoleonic rhapsodies might be further eliminated. No less uninteresting are the episodes in which the *Duke* discusses his rumors. Luckily there is little of this, and interesting as it may have been to French audiences, its suggestion could be spared entirely in English. The patriotic outbreaks must have added greatly to the enthusiasm with which the French people received the play, but they are wearisome here, and interfere with the progress of the action.

MRS. LE MOYNE, who was not so well placed in her first appearance because she could no longer be made the heroine of amatory adventure, has once more attracted attention by acting in a strange little play, by Israel Zangwill, who calls his drama "The Moment of Death," or the "Never, Never Land." Mrs. Le Moyne played two of the scenes admirably, but they were the shortest in the little drama. For its most engrossing episode she is not so well suited, and possibly for that reason Mr. Zangwill's original, absorbing, and depressing sketch will probably be seen for only a short time. It will always be much more interesting to students of the theatre than to the public, which is inclined to look for entertainment. The author's purpose in writing such a drama is more evident than the wisdom of presenting it on the stage.

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who the W. C. T. U. should not join Professor Atwater, at least to the extent of taking advantage of his labors in behalf of temperance. Some of Professor Atwater's conclusions as to the nature and effects of alcohol have been so fiercely assailed by various Prohibitionist bodies and journals that there is danger of forgetting that the experiments which led the professor to the conclusions he has published were instigated, not by the rum power, but by a committee of gentlemen who were impressed by the evils of drink and were desirous to abate them. His discourse in the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE on "Alcohol Physiology and Temperance Reform" makes it clear that he is as much inclined to fight the drink evil as any one is. But he believes in being as near right as possible before going ahead, and that statements that won't hold water won't hold rum. He points out what he considers the inaccuracies of statement in the temperance text books provided for use in the schools. He would have these inaccuracies corrected, not that the influence of the text-books may be lessened, but that it may be increased. The evident purpose of his article is not controversy nor self justification, but simply the disclosure of the truth. It behooves all assailants of him and his recent statements to read what he says, and thereby qualify themselves the better for intelligent and effectual action in behalf of temperance, the need of which he feels quite as strongly as they do.

IN a speech made last month at a Bryan meeting in New York, the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, of Boston, is reported to have said: "With our backs to the wall, we (of Massachusetts) promise the Democracy of New York that Leonidas-like, we will hold the bridge." The captious Boston newspapers are after him because they can't recall that Leonidas held any bridge. Maybe not, but the great trouble with Mr. Fitzgerald's assurance is that the bridge which it was expedient to hold for Bryan was not in the Bay State, but at the upper end of Manhattan Island. No man who could hold the bridge over the Harlem against the up-State Anti-Croker host need be beholden to history for a name.

THERE is a disposition which seems praiseworthy to minimize the use of armor by football-players. A fashion has obtained of wearing helmets made in part of sole leather, and of using sole-leather pads on the elbows and knees, of which some of the football purists have been complaining. The objection is, not that these pads protect their wearers, but that they damage the other fellows. Contact, it will be recalled, is frequent and fierce in football. It is complained that when a heavy player armored on top with sole-leather plunges headlong into a bunch of players, he hurts the men he hits more than is consistent with the best interests of the game. So, too, sole-leather knee-pads and elbow-pads make the points they cover unduly hard. It feels bad to be nudged in a soft place by a man with heels on his elbows. It is a rule of football that no player shall wear projecting nails or metal plates on his shoes, or any hard substance on his person that the umpire thinks may injure another player. Helmets are thought to be inconsistent with this rule. At Yale, we are told, they have been given up because they did too much execution in practice games, and now Yale men merely tie their ears on with tapes. The Pennsylvania men, also, are opposed to helmets. It seems as if there ought either to be more football armor, or less. If players could be induced to play barefoot it would save some hard thumps and induce caution, or if complete suits of sole leather could be provided, that might do. What does not seem right is that points of offence should be made hard, and receptive surfaces left unprotected.

A RAILROAD that stirs the imagination is that now in course of construction from Sault Ste. Marie to Hudson Bay. It is all on Canadian soil, but it runs north and south. Forty-five miles of it are finished. A hundred miles more will be completed next year, which will carry it up to the line of the Canadian Pacific. From there north the land is absolutely wild, and its possibilities are little known except as the prospectors sent out by this road—the Algoma Central—have reported on them. They tell of enormous forests with spruce enough to make the world's paper for centuries, and other woods in proportion, of mines of all sorts; of farming lands, and miscellaneous richness. No doubt persons already infirm may live to see the Northwest make its annual trips to London by way of Hudson Bay.

IT is rather unwelcome news that Mr. Kipling wants to sell his house at Brattleboro, Vermont, but it is hardly unexpected. He has been growing more and more British for two years past, and more and more inextricably associated with British imperialism. By either of these reasons that he is shaking our dust off his feet, nor yet from any doubt of our interest in him, or of our appetite for his deliverances. Doubtless it is only because he cannot live in two countries, and prefers the one that he belongs to. He had some vexatious and irritating experiences at Brattleboro, which doubtless shook the hold that his home there had on him, and it is likely that he has still other personal reasons for not wishing to go back there, so we must be resigned to losing him as an American land owner. As a writer, the air of New England unquestionably agreed with him. He wrote as good stories in Vermont as he ever wrote anywhere. We wish he were coming back there to write more. His home now is at Rottingdean, near Brighton.

THE last week to October saw the end of two famous Englishmen whose names have been known to American readers for the last half-century. One was Sims Reeves, the famous tenor, born in 1821, who showed remarkable musical gifts in his childhood, and was trained in music. As he grew older he developed a wonderful voice and dramatic talent. He studied under competent masters in Italy, and made his début in opera in London in 1847. He was by far the best English tenor of his day, and England has not since produced his equal. His throat was delicate, and he used often to disappoint his audiences, which cost him some favor and much money. He was a spendthrift, too, and though his earnings were great while his voice held out, finally, when it failed, he came to bankruptcy and a Queen's pension. He died on October 26.

Two days later died Professor Friedrich Max Müller the great philologist. He, too, was an old man (born at Dessau, Germany, in 1823) and like Reeves, he showed a precocious talent for music. But at the University of Leipsic he found his true bent, studied Sanscrit, Hebrew, and Arabic under Brockhaus, and translated Sanscrit fables into German. This work made his first book. Continuing his studies in Berlin, he learned Persian, and went on to Paris, where he began the translation of the Rig-Veda. In this work the East India Company became interested, and that took him in 1847 to England and to Oxford, where in 1850 he became Professor of Modern Languages. In 1858 he became a Fellow of All Souls, and in 1868 the Corpus Professorship of Comparative Philology was created for him. The great work of his life, besides teaching, was the study of the literature of India, and the publication of many volumes of texts and translations of the sacred books of the Brahmins, the Sacred Hymn, and other monuments of Sanscrit literature. During the later years of his life he did a great deal of miscellaneous literary work, wrote his Reminiscences, which made an interesting and popular book, and was engaged upon his autobiography when he died. In 1896 he was appointed a privy councillor. His collection of learned degrees is said to have been the most complete in Europe.

A CONTEMPORARY institution, the usefulness of which is recognized just now in many communities, is the rummage sale. Several very successful ones have been held in Boston, and they are popular in most towns which have existed long enough for household effects to accumulate in the residents' garret. They are held for the benefit of any worthy object that needs help. Persons interested in the object rummage about at home, gather all the trash they are tired of storing, and send it to the sale. The household junk thus collected is sorted and sold for what it will bring. What is one woman's trash turns out often to be another's treasure. Old clothes sell readily, particularly old finery. Worn-out rubbers when gathered in sufficient quantity are readily disposed of by the pound. Shoes, pictures, carpets, furniture, books—anything that anybody doesn't want—seem to find buyers, and the buyers seem to find bargains. These sales are amusing, profitable, and very useful in providing an advantageous redistribution of property. Folks whose garrets are clogged get relief without having to burn their houses down, and folks whose houses are bare get something to fill them up with. Worthy objects get money, women get bargains, collectors get odd things in which they see a value, and children and cartoons get what is left.

THE amount of all moneys received up to October 1 by Governor Sayers of Texas for the benefit of the sufferers from the storm was $656,433 61, of which sum $148,571 came from Pennsylvania, $88,616 from New York, and $81,408 from Texas. There were other relief funds besides that in the hands of Governor Sayers, so that his report by no means covers all moneys given. In due time, when we have a report which covers all the relief which the Texas calamity called out, it will be possible to judge how amply the duty of succoring our distressed countrymen has been performed. What one most wonders at when he has read the story of the storm at Galveston is that there was any one left alive there to be helped.

worked before. When there is not too much wind it can go up and make a circle in the air and come down gently. So much it has done. But it is clumsy, and the believers in the aeroplane think little of it. In appearance it is like a steamship in the air, for it is a long, narrow balloon, made in compartments, with propellers to drive it and rudders to steer it by. Its projector has now got to the point where he can make his trials and experiments in the air instead of on land, and that is undeniably an advantage.

THE Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of *In His Steps*, had lately an interesting experience of Sabbath-keeping in this exaggerated city. He thinks that no one should work on Sunday but ministers, and disapproves the running of street cars and all public and private conveyances, except, doubtless, on errands of necessity or mercy. His Sunday engagements a fortnight ago included morning service at Carnegie Hall and evening service at Sterling Place in Brooklyn. He was staying in Brooklyn. He walked from there over to New York to the day service and back to Brooklyn for his evening service, arriving an hour late for the latter and keeping 500 persons waiting. Some of the brethren who are less sweeping than he in their Sabbath-keeping convictions are disposed to smile at him. Nevertheless, he did well. There is nothing so instructive to a preacher, and especially to a rigid Sabbatarian, as to practise rigorously what he preaches. Nothing else will help him so much to arrive at a conclusion as to the precise point at which Sunday work should stop.

THE Yale Sophomore societies have settled their difficulties with the Yale faculty and taken out a new lease of life. The official announcement of the terms of settlement reads:

"Inasmuch as the Sophomore societies have formally voted to increase the aggregate number of men taken into the three societies to seventy-five in each class, by a system of gradual progressive election, and to deter until after Easter all hold-offs or pledges to Freshmen, the faculty has allowed these societies to take in their members elect from the class of 1903."

This seems to mean that each society hereafter will have twenty-five members. The gains that come by the new plan, as President Hadley sees them, include an increase of members, which makes the societies more democratic; a better system of selection which provides that men shall be judged by their own classmates, and more than heretofore on their merits as shown in college; the lessening of the connection between school politics and college politics by the postponement of pledges.

AT a meeting of Universalist ministers in Boston last week one of the brethren opened his heart on the subject of ministers' salaries. He felt deeply that they were too low, and thought ministers were paid only about half as much as lawyers and doctors of equal ability. He thought, for one thing, that a minister should be paid for officiating at funerals, where the family is in a position to give fees and are not attendants at his church. That point, at least, seems to be well taken. No reason suggests itself why under such circumstances as stated, a funeral fee should not be willingly paid and accepted with resignation. The question of funeral fees often comes up, because cases in which they seem due are not uncommon, but they are rarely paid, and are omitted in most instances because the bereaved family does not feel at liberty to offer one.

ONE of the impressions that is received from reading the recent voluminous narrative of the abstractions of Mr. Alvord from the First National Bank in New York is that a misapprehension has hitherto existed as to the best use of the cages in which many bank officials work. These cages are very common. Mr. Alvord worked in one, and committed all his ingenious indiscretions behind a strong barrier of woven wires. But the purpose of the cage was not to keep Mr. Alvord in, but to keep other folks out. Now, if the banks could only extend a bit the use they make of cages, and employ them for purposes of retention as well as of exclusion, it would seem as if the safety of their valuables might be very greatly promoted. If the higher bank officers, who could not well be kept caged, should wear a prescribed costume, so that they might be more readily identified in public places, and their habits and general behavior kept under advisement, that, too, would be a useful innovation and one that would tend to ease the anxieties of depositors. The costume need not necessarily be striped, or unbecoming, or very conspicuous. Decent clothes as unobtrusive as those that clergymen wear would do, if only they told the story, and made every observer aware that their wearer occupied a position of trust, and ought not to be seen at horse-races, or in brokers' offices, or near a ticker, or indulging at any time in riotous pleasures.

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Plaquette by Victor Brenner.

Commemorative of the Participation of the United States in the Paris Exposition of 1900.

*Mr. Dooley: Closes the Campaign**

MR. DOOLEY closed the Presidential campaign last night to a small but interested audience of Mr. Hennessy.

"This is th' last chanst I'll have to admonish ye before th' election," said Mr. Dooley, "an' I want ye to give attention to what I say. Next Choosdah ye'll go to th' polls an' perform that act which, me fellow-citizen, afther providin' f'r th' fam'ly, holdin' down a job, securin' a good night's r-rest, lookin' out f'r th' salvation iv ye'er soul, mendin' th' kitchen stove-pipe, hatin' th' childher, payin' th' rent, cuttin' th' cards, lavin' out th' pitcher f'r th' milkman, bringin' in th' coal an' windin' th' clock, is th' most sacred privilege iv an American citizen. How will ye exercise this proud birthmark, me countryman? Answer me that."

"How ar-re ye goin' to do it ye'erself?" Mr. Hennessy demanded.

"Don't interrupt me, ye hobse, ye hooker, ye vile, ignorant voter. Free speech is wan thing an' etiquette's another, ye leader. Th' questions before this people cannot be settled be such ruffyanly interruptions as th' likes iv ye. They must be decided be cu'm, quite, sober statesmen like Turrble Tiddy an' Dreadful Dooley, ye scoundhrel. Not another wurrud durin' this meetin'. As I was sayin' whin I was interrupted, it is f'r ye to decide next Choosdah whether th' flag iv this country shall be dhragged in th' mire or left to fly there; whether this country shall take its place among th' nations iv th' earth, or someway else's; whether ye shall wurruk at a dollar an' a half a day f'r th' thrusts or f'r th' men composin' th' thrusts. Whin ye go into th' sacred temple iv American pathrietism in Mulligan's barber shop, an' th' high priest iv constitoosional rights, Sarsfield Darsey, that was took up last year f'r steelin' coal, hands ye th' ballot that makes all men free, I bid ye thrust aside with riverent hands th' curtains iv th' holy cell on ye'er right, near th' cigar-case, after a brief prayer an' find th' lead-pencil. Whin ye've got it, think iv th' condition our common country is in with nobody to live in it but people, an' nawthin' to grow but crops, an' nawthin' to sell but goods: think iv th' dangers iv th' ship iv state bumpin' ar-round fr'm rock to rock like a mountain goat; think iv Wash'ngton not bein' here, or Jefferson or nunyaan except th' livin'. It's up to ye to settle this question wanst an' f'r all again. Poor, poor Hennessy, what a weight is on ye'er bowed shouldhers; what cinchries to some must be guided be ye'er ability to make a mark in th' dark with th' stub iv a pencil in Mulligan's barber shop. Countless generations yet unborn, as they pick up th' nawsin pa-aper an' r-read it another battle in th' Philippeens, or dig down in their pockets an' find nawthin' but silver there at thirty cints a bushel, may curse or bless ye'er name.

"Glory be to Hiven!" exclaimed Mr. Hennessy. "All I'm goin' to do is to vote."

"I know," said Mr. Dooley, "but little do ye reck or cale'late or even think iv th' consequenses. If ye don't spile ye'er ballot ye may be condemnin' th' ages to servitude. So I say, approach th' shrine with poms reflections, an' thinkin' on'y iv th' good iv th' counthry an' th' blessin's iv civilization an' th stars an' othrips an' what not, put aside all other considerations an' vote f'r me."

"F'r you?" Mr. Hennessy asked, aghast at the suggestion.

"That's r-right," said Mr. Dooley, complacently. "F'r me. Anny other way roon lies. If ye vote f'r Bryan ye vote f'r an empty dinner pail. If ye vote f'r Mack ye vote f'r an empty coal scuttle an' indygisthion. If ye vote f'r Woodley ye vote f'r an empty can. If ye vote f'r Debs ye vote f'r an empty head. Ye're sure to cast ye'er empty vote f'r something empty anyhow. If ye wud keep th' millstone iv th' Philippeens ar round th' neck iv fair Columbia, vote f'r Mack. If ye'd take it off an' give th' poor ol' thing somethin' else in th' neck, vote f'r Bryan. Wud ye be a slave to th' thrusts at a dollar an' a half a day, vote f'r Mack. Wud ye be a free wockin'-man at a dollar a day, vote f'r Bryan. Ar-re ye in favor iv a debased nhin no wan's lookin'. As f'r thrusts, I'd destroy thim. I'd take th' strongest measures. I'd tur-rn th' directors over to th' people that bought their stock a year ago.

"But thim questions is thriyal. Hennessy. If illected by ye'er proud suffrage, I'll not bother ye'er poor head with Philippeens an' finance an' thrusts. All thim things I'll r-run meself without assistance fr'm th' highpoh—which is ye. I promise ye if be anny chanst I rise to this lofty an' well-paid position, I'll see to it that ye wurruk whin they're wurruk to do an' ye want to do it: that ye'll have ye'er house free, except f'r th' r-rent; that ye'll sleep whin ye haven't insomnya; that ye'll eat whin ye have food an' apetite; that ye'll live to a comfortable old age, if nawthin' happens to prevint, an' that ye'll die. I promise ye th' last without reserve. If it don't happen I'll pay th' dhrinks. Afther that I have nawthin' to do with ye. Ye can go to th' divvie. I'm in favor iv mumy things I haven't mintioned. I'm in favor iv ivrybody bein' r-rich an' prosp'rous, th' r-right man gettin' th' r-right girl, th' childher growin' up f'm angels to saints, dhrunkon' without dhrunkenness, life without sickness, th' glories iv war without th' list iv casualties, th' abatement iv fun'rals, gas-bills, an' discontint. But what I favor an' what I promise is two diff'rent things. Not bein' a pollytician much, though wanst I was without aked, an' havin' to live here where ye can throw a brick through me window whether I'm illected or not, I'll not offer to give ye th' things I'd like to see ye have, but th' things ye're sure to get. Now, ar re ye with me?"

"Sure, I am not," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ongrateful man," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye have missed th' chanst to give ye'er counthry a Prezidint such as it has niver had, thank help America. It will now be no bether off Wenadah thin it was Choosdah."

F. P. DUNNE.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[Adv.]

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THE NEW ORLEANS SUGAR EXCHANGE—BRISK TRADING.

Drawn from Life by W. A. Rogers.

a few planters grew both—sugar on their front or well-drained lands, and rice on the rear lands liable to flood, for the rice plant can stand an amount of water that will kill sugar-cane. Many planters planted their places in rice after a crevasse had killed the cane. The two crops were thus so kindred and allied that it was thought a single exchange would suffice for both. In the past ten years, however, they have been separating farther and farther, until there is now little bond of union between them. The rice industry has moved westward and settled on the prairies of southwestern Louisiana, and but little of the cereal is now grown in the sugar district. The methods of cultivation have changed the very farmers themselves, for the rice industry has largely fallen into the hands of Western men, who have dropped the old creole methods in vogue and have adapted to rice the agricultural implements and machinery and the methods used in growing wheat in the Northwest. The rice merchants have therefore dropped out of the Sugar Exchange, and carried their business to the Board of Trade. The Sugar Exchange now confines itself to the sugar industry alone.

The exchange was organized in 1883 when the present building, on the river front at the foot of Bienville Street, was constructed. At that time the sugar industry was in the most chaotic condition, with no fixed prices, and fluctuations that were ruinous. The Exchange stands all by itself, a stone and glass building with some pretensions to architecture, but designed more especially for business purposes, to give the most ample room for the display of samples of sugar, and to be thoroughly lighted and ventilated.

In front is a small place or triangle planted in palms—"Sugar Exchange Place." No exchange could be more centrally located, and perhaps no industry in the world is better concentrated. Immediately in front of the building, and within one hundred feet of it, is the sugar-landing, where the steamboats running in the sugar trade on "Upper and Lower Coasts" (of the Mississippi), Bayous Teche, Lafourche, and Courtableau, and the Atchafalaya River, discharge their cargoes. On the right, across the street, are the "sugar sheds," belonging to the city, but which have been leased for twenty-five years to a private corporation. The lease has just expired, and the city has decided not to extend it, but to retain the sheds as a free warehouse for sugar. In front of the sheds and the Exchange run the Southern Pacific and other roads which bring the sugar by rail from the plantations, so that when it is discharged it has to be rolled but twenty or twenty-five feet to the warehouse. Facing the sugar sheds on the upper side are the two big sugar-refineries, one—the Louisiana—to refine the home crop, and the other for imported sugar; and next to this is the cooperage where the barrels are made in which the sugar is sent to market. On the neighboring streets are the offices of the merchants, brokers, buyers, and others dealing in sugar. A merchant therefore has to walk less than a block to see his sugar arrive by steamboat or railroad, to see it stored in the warehouse, transferred to the refinery, or shipped to the Northern market. The business is concentrated in a space of three squares and therefore conducted with a minimum of trouble and expense.

There is the same concentration about the sugar industry of Louisiana. Although it supports 500,000 persons, its area is limited and the fullest information is obtainable. The exact acreage of the crop is known, the exact status of the cane at any time, and long before it is harvested the size of the crop can be told with wonderful accuracy, save in a case like last year, when, for some reason not yet explained, the cane contained only three-fourths of the sugar it should have had. The statistics kept by the planters are complete and thorough, probably the most thorough in any agricultural industry. This is possible because, while several thousand raise sugar cane, the actual manufacture of sugar is confined to two hundred sugar houses or refineries.

The New Orleans Sugar Exchange includes not only the sugar merchants and brokers, but the more prominent planters and the manufacturers engaged in manufacturing sugar machinery. This gives it a broadness not usual in commercial exchanges. Its organization, and that of the kindred Louisiana Sugar-Planters' and American Sugar-Growers' associations, which meet there and may be considered part of the exchange, have revolutionized the business in New Orleans and Louisiana, and it now claims to be the most progressive and scientifically conducted in the world. Information is received by the exchange

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cane-growing and sugar-making, which school is patronized by Cubans and South Americans, and finally, the manufacturers of sugar machinery in Louisiana, nearly all of whom are members of the exchange, have made such progress of late years that they are now supplying most of the machinery needed in Cuba, Mexico, and Central and South America, and a very considerable portion of that used in Hawaii.

In all considerations of the sugar tariff by Congress the New Orleans exchange has been asked for its views, and they have generally been found of great value in framing a satisfactory measure.

Notes of a Bookman

THERE is a steady demand for thoughtful books that search out the problems of contemporary life. There is also a demand that never wavers for books of pure entertainment for the use of persons who don't want to think about the harassing concerns of the hour, or who have already thought too much, and want change and refreshment for their leisure. Here are four books, all of that order, and each of them excellent. That large group of readers, chiefly of the gentler gender, who have mourned so heartily the death of the author of *The Duchess*, are invited with confidence to help themselves to Miss Arabella Kenealy's *Charming Renée*, and sit down and be happy. An admirable book of its kind; an English story of country and village life, with a fascinating ogre-man in it, who might almost have been borrowed from *Jane Eyre*, with a plot ingenious and adequate, and a great deal of easy, entertaining dialogue. A successful light novel is a considerable boon, and does not happen by accident. There is plenty of sound literary merit in this story. Some of its characters are very well conceived and worked out. Renée herself, a handsome, healthy, well-mannered young woman, is excellent company, even though some of the situations that she is placed in call for greater gifts of vituperation than she possesses. Her mother, pretty, dainty, worldly wise, devoted to small delights, is a remarkably limber and diverting puppet, and perhaps the best-drawn character in the book. It is an excellent book, though not an important one; excellent trash, maybe; but trash has its uses and its merits, and if this is trash it is so by preference of its author, whose choice, rather than her limitations, seems to have determined the character of her work.

Mr. Connor is open to the suspicion of having written novels with a purpose. He seems to have intended to do good by promoting piety, and, as has been noted, he seems to have succeeded. Mr. Charles Frederick Goss, the author of *The Redemption of David Corson*, seems also to have had it in his mind to impart spiritual truths in a work of fiction, but it is by no means the only thing he has had at heart, nor is it quite plain how far this particular desire—if he cherishes it—has been realized. David Corson, like David the son of Jesse, whom the Lord loved, was a person who deviated very seriously from the path of rectitude. Like Mr. Allen's Kentucky hero, his early training was strongly religious and bore early fruits, but there was unruly blood in him, and presently it broke out. The trouble in his case was not a defect of faith which left his righteousness unimpaired, but a crushing descent from grace, which demoralized his righteousness and left his faith to rust out by disuse. If David had been a prudent man of decorous behavior, his need of redemption would not have been obvious enough to warrant a book about it, but Mr. Goss has made a very considerable sinner of him, so that no reasonable person can question his need of being redeemed. It is not certain that Mr. Goss has not overdone the job of accumulating sins for David. He has made him run away with another man's wife, and since that is wrong, and since David at the time he did it had extremely little practice in wrong-doing, he has made it appear as his opinion that if a young man feels an imperative need of carrying off another man's wife, it is the natural, if not the justifiable, thing for him to do.

(*Continued on page 1073.*)

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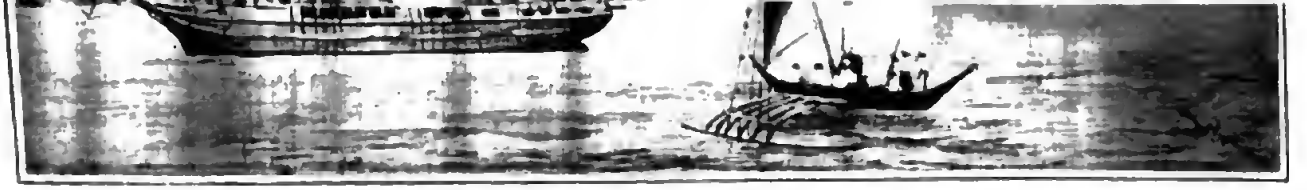

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

GERMANY'S purchase of the Caroline Islands from Spain had already drawn public attention to this little-known Pacific group, when a suggestion was made to America which is certainly entertaining, though hardly to be entertained. The King and head man of Kusaie, one of the easternmost of the Carolines, sent a petition to Congress, representing that as they had been in intercourse with the American people for forty-seven years—that is, with American missionaries, traders, and whalers—and had, both in this manner and otherwise, acquired a knowledge of our institutions, they wished to be annexed to the United States. It is assumed that the people who expressed this amiable preference did not know that they were about to be acquired by Germany.

The Caroline group includes, besides coral islands, five mountainous islands of basaltic formation, beautiful and fertile with rivers and springs. To the north are the Ladrone Islands, and to the west are the Philippines.

Among the many queer legends of these children of the Pacific, there is none more highly improbable than their theory as to the origin of these islands and their inhabitants. They think they themselves were very strong in the water—in fact, they lived in it. The story goes that a woman and her children were floating around on the reef, when a man appeared from the west with a basket of soil on his shoulders. He had started out to make an island with a mountain on it. One of the children cried out to him, "Give us a little soil to make a place for our mother to rest, for she is very weak and cannot swim." He took out a handful of the earth and threw it down, making an island. As the man was going on his way over the water, the son slyly made a hole in the basket; so, as he proceeded on his way, he left a trail of land behind. Suddenly he became conscious that the basket seemed light, and looking around, he saw the land. In his anger he turned about and trod upon it, and thus the islands were formed.

They look very picturesque as you approach them, with the white shining sands of the beach in the foreground dotted with their queer-looking canoes; then the cocoanut palms, lifting their tufted feathery heads seventy or eighty feet in the air, the long drooping leaves of the pandanus-trees, and the dark, shining foliage of the bread-fruit, while beneath all one can here and there catch glimpses of the thatched huts of the natives.

With a closer inspection, however, the beauty vanishes, and the barrenness and isolation of the island are realized. The heat is intense, and there are heavy languor and lifelessness in the air, which is heavy with the odors of decaying vegetation and the rancid copra, as well as the odor which seems inseparable from heathenism. Narrow paths wind here and there under the trees, and near by are the huts of the natives, more like large dog-kennels than abodes for human beings. Some are thatched roofs, open on all sides, and under these the people live; the floor and furniture—they are all one—consist merely of a coarsely woven mat, on which the people sit, eat, and sleep. On other islands these thatched roofs extend to the ground, and the ends also are thatched; there are no doors or windows, only a small hole at one end, through which the people creep. An average hut would be perhaps four feet high, and here they herd more like apes than like human beings.

The main products of the coral islands are bread-fruit, pandanus, and cocoanuts; on some of the islands there is a coarse plantain, and a poor variety of taro is raised. These things, with fish when they are to be caught, form the entire sustenance of the people the year round. When a man is hungry he has but to climb a tree and gather his food, or he goes fishing; taking his spear in hand, he wades waist-deep into the sea and spears his fish, running through the water and throwing the spear with an accuracy born of long practice; or, with hook and line, he paddles his canoe into deeper waters and catches his dinner. A common mode of killing the smaller fish is by biting off the heads. The natives realize that fish are best when freshly caught, and frequently dispense with the preliminary of cooking, eating them from the hook.

It is a relief to turn from the coral islands and their inhabitants to the beautiful high islands of the Caroline group, with their luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Mountains rise abruptly from the sea, with the bolder peaks and the headlands clad in living green. In the valleys are winding rivers, here gliding gently over sandy beds, there dashing and tumbling tempestuously over high rocks in their musical rushing to the sea. No unsightly emblem of death mars the scene, for every old tree or fallen limb is covered with a mantle of moss, and from it rise ferns, long and drooping, or tall, feathery spikes, while trailing vines lend their willing aid in making it a veritable fairy-land.

In the Caroline group we find peoples of divers tongues and various characteristics. The Kusaians are a gentle folk; it is hard to realize that they too have seized ships and murdered the hapless crews for plunder. At Ponape and through the other high islands of the group are other warlike races, and for the past ten years the Ponapeans have "kept their hands in" on their Spanish oppressors. But by far the worst heathen are found in the western Carolines—men with erect graceful figures, bright eyes, and for the most part rather intelligent faces, but covered from head to foot with a vivid red and yellow paint and cocoanut oil, which is used freely by all the island peoples. Their long black hair is held in a tangled mass on top of the head by a comb of curious make; immense apertures in their ears are filled with ornaments of shell or coral, and they are naked save for a strip of calico or two strips of native cloth thrown over the shoulders.

The people are governed by chiefs of various ranks on some of the islands, and on others by kings who are absolute monarchs, and to their ruler they render a servile obedience. They crouch in his presence and approach him on the hands and knees. Whenever he appears they sit with their heads bowed until he passes them, and if he speaks to them they reply in a slow monotone. On one of the islands there is a stone which is said to play an important part in the history of these peoples. It is a small stone, perhaps four or five inches in diameter, and the natives say it is the mother of their chiefs. It came to the island in some miraculous manner. If you ask "how," the instant answer will be, "It brought itself." Some years ago a band of sceptical natives came up from the south and stole the stone, carrying it far out to sea, and throwing it overboard; but before they got rid of it, it wrecked the canoe, killed several of the men, and returned to the island. "If the stone should be destroyed or taken away we would have no chiefs" they say, and they are all very much afraid of it.

They are, as a whole, a superstitious rather than a religious people. They have no idols, but believe hordes of spirits of the departed infest the air, and have to do with their every act. On some of the islands there are sacred trees, the haunt of the spirits, which they fear rather than worship. The natives bring offerings of food and, in these modern days, of tobacco for the spirits; here they bring their sick, and place them in the clearing about the tree. When one dies, the body is placed on mats in the centre of the house, and rubbed with cocoanut oil till the flesh is entirely gone, then the bones are thrown into the sea or kept for future use; from the shin bones of their friends they sometimes fashion the long needles which they use in making mats.

The people are not cannibals, nor is there any proof that they ever have been, though they drink the blood of their enemies slain in battle. "As savage as a South Sea Islander" is a common expression, and doubtless means much. Yet these same South Sea folk have shown themselves kindly disposed to those who go among them with friendly intent. Neither the German Commissar in the Marshall Islands nor the English governor in the Gilbert Islands has had anything to fear, nor the missionaries in these or the neighboring Carolines. But with Spain in the latter group, it has been and still is a story of wars and rumors of wars. There is a native tradition of a boat's company having landed on one of the islands long, long ago, who had such peculiar skins they could only be killed by piercing their eyes, and from that time to this the Spanish have needed their coats of mail. To establish protectorates over any of these groups must be purely philanthropic work—a laying up of treasure in heaven, for there will certainly be none to lay up on earth.

A CHIEF'S HOUSE.

A CAROLINE ISLAND VILLAGE.

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are strenuous on a good book—a very good *first* novel—by a clergyman who sees life as it presents itself to one whose professional concern is the welfare of souls in the State of Ohio.

Robert Herrick seems to be a thorough modern, and his *The Web of Life* is a somewhat violently modern story of a modern town. The town is Chicago, and a singularly dreary, sordid place he makes it out to be. What any city is to any man depends of course, as much upon what is inside of the man as upon what the city's limits encompass. Dr. Sommers, a young physician, is the person through whose eyes we see the Chicago that Mr. Herrick offers to us. He is a good man, with a reasonably active conscience, excellent skill in his profession, and not too intense a regard for the conventions that govern contemporary life. How he started out on a career of professional success and how he put it aside because the conditions of it conflicted with his self-respect and professional aspirations, how he fell in with a worthy family and a nice girl, and missed marrying the girl; how he fell in love with a beautiful woman, the wife of an unworthy man, and what happened when the man died—these are the main incidents of the story.

One cannot say that *Chloris of the Island* sets the mind deeply at work on the problems that underlie human conduct, but as a novel of entertainment it is highly successful. Its time is the time when Napoleon had intentions of invading England. Its scene is a coast village. Its folks are chiefly smugglers—gentleman smugglers, especially; its heroine is feminine raw material of a good quality, and its hero is a person exceeding set in his purposes, who seems to lack capacity to be afraid. We follow him from hazard to hazard, and until we get fully acquainted with him we tremble from page to page for fear something really serious may happen to him. But he plucks the nettle danger day after day with impeccable unconcern, and lands without much damage on top of every catastrophe. If Stevenson had put a man through such adventures we would have had cold chills and beads of sweat and tremors of apprehension. Not so has Mr. Marriott Watson formed his hero. He has set up a strong man, whose heart beats steadily under all circumstances, and who has substantial grounds for his opinion that the opposed has better cause to beware of him than he to beware of the opposed. And Chloris is as far from the common run of women as the hero is from the common run of men. One would like to meet the descendants of such strenuous and redoubtable ancestors. Does not Mr. Marriott Watson know something of the experiences of the next generation of Warbartons, and won't he please confide them to us?

FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

THE settlement of the anthracite coal strike was finally effected by the leading companies posting at their mines notices which practically conceded what the miners had asked, but implied no recognition of the union through which the demands had been made. This included a 10 per cent. advance in wages, with a guarantee of continuance until April, 1901, the abolition of the sliding scale, and the reduction of the price of powder to $1 50 a keg. Though some in-

is likely to give it considerable power hereafter. The anthracite miners will be included in "organized labor," as they have unquestionably found their advantage in it, and will continue to be allied with the bituminous miners, forming with them one of the most powerful unions in the country. This will tend to force the coal-mining and transportation companies into a closer combination, for if they must maintain a uniformity of labor cost in mining coal, regardless of local conditions, they will have to equalize other matters, including the cost of transportation and the selling price of coal. The tendency will be toward further consolidations, with the absorption of weaker operators, and a closer co-operation of the coal roads. The final result is likely to be a higher and more uniform level of prices for coal, the consumers paying for the additional cost of labor, and the corporations being in a more advantageous position than before.

There is visible improvement at last in the iron and steel industries, though their revival seems to be slow and laborious. There is a small advance in prices for pig and bar iron, and a general hardening all along the line, with more activity at the leading works, and more liberal orders for the products from railroad companies and builders. Probably the political situation has held the reviving movement in check.

The settlement of the coal strike and the more promising condition in the great "basic industries" of iron and steel have somewhat helped the stock-market through the favorable effect upon railroad prospects. At all events there have been more activity and a general upward tendency in prices. With few exceptions traffic reports still compare favorably with those of a year ago. Statements are made of shifting control in some of the great lines in the direction of unifying the transcontinental systems. For instance, it is reported that the powers which control the New York Central and its West [illegible] including the Lake Shore [illegible]

[illegible] have begun to [illegible] from the drain and to increase their cash reserves, which were reduced to near the legal level. The money market is one of comparative ease, with the rates for loans little changed, though money on call rules now at 3 to 4 per cent., with occasional spurts upward when a sudden demand comes from the Stock Exchange. Conditions abroad exhibit no special feature, and the international gold movement is stayed for the present, awaiting events. The peace negotiations in China have a hopeful aspect, and at this writing the people of the United States are waiting with calm confidence for the results of the Presidential election.

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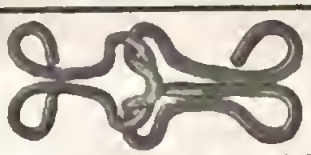

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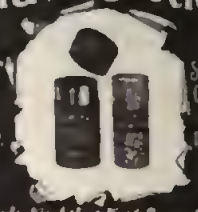

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The President-Elect

PRESIDENT McKINLEY is to-day the most enviable of men, and if he goes his way with a beaming face that dims the effulgent glory of the mid-day sun, no man lives who may properly blame him for so doing. To have secured the overwhelming endorsement of the American people, which came to him at the polls on the 6th of November, is an achievement and a compliment of which he may well be proud. No other Executive since President GRANT has been similarly honored, the nearest approach to it being the second election of Mr. CLEVELAND, after an intervening period of four years of retirement. Mr. CLEVELAND's triumph was rather a personal than an official one, since, having been out of office during President HARRISON's administration, he had no immediate official performance upon which to go before the people. In Mr. McKINLEY's case the victory involves much of both. It is a personal triumph as well as an official one, for many of those who voted for him with great reluctance four years ago did so this year with an alacrity born of a newly acquired confidence in the man himself, a constantly growing respect for his dignified demeanor in all his relations in life, public and private, emphasized by his bearing during the campaign, and positive admiration for the qualities of statesmanship which he has unquestionably developed in the four stressful years of his occupancy of the White House.

All the weaknesses and fallacies of Bryanism aside, it is a fortunate thing that the election has resulted as it has. It would have been a pity if the tried and faithful servants of the people had been turned out of office with their work still far short of its full fruition, after having conducted the affairs of the nation since 1897 so admirably, with such wholesome vigor, and with such a high degree of wisdom. Even had Mr. BRYAN been stronger, and his supporters less open to criticism, and his platform less defiant of those principles which appeal to the conservative mind, in view of all the perplexities which have confronted the Administration and the sagacity with which the problems thereby presented have been met, it would have been an act of great injustice, if not of base ingratitude, to have denied to the President the satisfaction and the reward of a re-election to the office he has filled so well.

A further cause for self-congratulation Mr. McKINLEY will find in the opportunity which the tremendous vote of confidence just recorded places within his reach. He knows now what he could not be wholly sure of before: that the American people believe in him and propose to stand by him in the pursuit of such policies of the Administration as he in his wisdom may elect to follow. Strong Republican as he is, he is no longer to be regarded merely as the leader of his party or as the pliant instrument of those who stand high in its councils. His certificate of re-election is a declaration of his independence which an analysis of his vote makes altogether clear. Rather more than any man who has occupied the Presidential seated by this fortunate circumstance, and will give to the affairs of the nation for the four years to come the faithful attention and intelligent direction which the complications ahead of us require, the experience of the past gives us the right to predict with confidence.

The Vice-President-Elect

ANOTHER gentleman who has reason to smile so that his historic teeth will show unanimously is the Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT. It is hardly necessary for us to say that we hold Governor ROOSEVELT in the highest esteem, but we must admit that throughout the campaign we have watched his course with much fearsome interest. We are not aware if the Governor has ever been duplicated in the history of the human race, except possibly in the case of Samson, and while we have always had the utmost confidence in his sincerity and judgment, we could not quite assure ourselves that at some time or another he would not tug so strenuously at some particular campaign pillar as to bring the whole structure clattering down into chaos. It takes an unusually strong man to make such a tour as was made by the Governor in the last sixty days of the conflict, giving voice to from three to nine speeches a day, without somewhere in an unguarded moment putting his foot in it. Especially difficult is it to one given to plain speaking and pure unadulterated candor to differentiate between the things he should say and the things he would like to say but would better not. That the Vice-President-elect has withstood the trying ordeal so well, and has kept his foot in the right place as well as his heart, is a matter for which he and we must all feel profoundly grateful. We congratulate him most heartily upon the new distinction which has come to him, and we shall look forward with much interest now to this masterful individual's course in the new office for which he has been chosen. It will not be a case of a lion among lambs precisely, for however leonine may be the qualities of the Vice-President to be, there are not many lambs in the Senate. Perhaps his position will be more like a lion at bay when he finds himself in the chair of the President of the Senate, with a number of strong men, accustomed to having their own way, to be kept in a state of orderly subjection. Whatever he may turn out to be eventually, however, as a presiding officer we have little doubt that he will impart to his office certain qualities of energy and influence which it has hitherto somehow seemed to lack. It may be that a Corliss engine can operate the delicate machinery of a stop-watch with as much success as the more easily broken hair-spring to which we are more accustomed.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Stevenson

AS for the gentlemen who have gone down into defeat, we honestly think that they too are to be congratulated, although as yet they may not be able to see it in exactly the same light. Mr. STEVENSON at his advanced time of life will find the air and restful qualities of Bloomington, Illinois, far more to his taste than the rigors of the Washington climate, made more difficult to withstand by the vexatious duties of the Vice-Presidency; and if Mr. BRYAN can only take to heart the lessons of the two campaigns in which he has been so interesting a figure, and benefit by the teachings of his repeated defeats, he will ultimately come out of his experience a stronger and a better man. As we have regarded Mr. BRYAN's career, we think he has cause to find pleasure in the fact that a great many thousands of people like him in spite of his "friends." That he is a man of wonderful force and inherent power his most ardent enemy will not deny, and that some day his powers may be so developed and matured that they may be of vital influence in the affairs of the nation is not altogether beyond hope. The defeated candidate is as yet a very young man, as men in public life go, and it is reasonable to expect that having experienced so bitterly the resentment of the people against his bad associations and pernicious principles, after a brief period of retire-

A Peaceful Battle

ONE of the most edifying features of the election was the peaceful manner in which the day passed, and the quick and good-natured acceptance of the inevitable by the thousands of disappointed people who thronged the streets awaiting the returns. Reports from all over the country indicate that that fine good-nature which is one of the most remarkable qualities of the American crowd was no less in evidence this year than it has been in the past. Party passions and resentments of all kinds were forgotten in the face of the verdict of the people, and crowd after crowd of shouting Bryanites in the twinkling of an eye were found as vociferously cheering the President-elect. It may be doubted if New York city ever presented so extraordinary a spectacle as upon the night of election day, and in view of the fact that the city was far from being what Mr. BRYAN once called it, "the enemy's country," the jubilation of the throngs, and the almost entire absence of disorder and conflict, were most remarkable. A day whose dawning some anxious persons looked forward to with dread turned out to be one of the most peaceful and orderly in our history, and great credit is due to all, authorities and people alike, that upon so momentous an occasion, and after a period of agitation which bade fair to arouse some of the most strenuous passions of men, all went as well as if the occasion were a festival and not a desperate battle between two great opposing forces. Issues were no more. Gold and silver entered into the minds of none. Imperialism was forgotten. Not a man, woman, or child gave any evidence of that awful apprehension which the dawning of an era of empire and of forts close to the big cities for the oppression of the people would have justified. Everywhere there was a note of jubilation, and a thrill of patriotism that boded well for the temper of the American people.

We think it doubtful if any other people on the face of the earth could have gone through such a period without serious manifestations of disorder and conflict.

As to Aguinaldo

SOME one should see to it that a full report of the election returns is sent to the Hon. EMILIO AGUINALDO, of the Philippine Islands—his exact address is unknown to us. With this should be sent a statement of the significance of the verdict just rendered by the jury. We think he will find it to his advantage to take in the full import of that verdict in so far as it relates to him and to his individual fortunes. It should not take him long to discover that the great-hearted, easy-going American people do not propose, because they are great-hearted and easy-going, to have their authority questioned or their responsibilities ignored. He will learn that the freer the people the more insistent do they become upon the preservation of law and order, and that we do not to any considerable degree in this country countenance rebellion against the accredited authorities. If the Tagal chief is a sensible man, and will accept the inevitable at once, he will take the longest stride toward securing real and lasting liberty for his people that he has yet taken. If, on the other hand, he continues defiant in the face of the stern message of the voters of this land on Tuesday of last week, he should be made to feel the iron hand of justice, and be given to understand that whatever may ultimately come to his people, his own personal liberty is something he must shortly lose, and forever. From this time on every hour of delay in the submission of the Philippine rebels should add to the rigor with which their leader should be punished. He may no longer claim to be misguided as to our intentions in so far as these relate to the particular work he has in hand, and unless he peacefully recedes from his untenable position his shrift should be short! The Administration, now that its policy is no longer hampered by political considerations, will probably use drastic measures to bring affairs in the Philippine Islands to a full and final settlement.

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LITERATURE

By G. E. Woodberry

IF it were true, according to the old saying which is by some reputed wise, that the nation is happiest which has no history, the same maxim might hold of a people without a literature; for literature in its great forms is in some sort connected with times of national stress and upheaval, and genius which is its medium is made active by a similar unrest and excitement in itself. The secondary character of American literature in its first century, its inferiority in mass and quality to the contemporary production of England and France, is everywhere acknowledged; and the youthfulness of our national life, our absorption in material and professional pursuits, in subduing nature and applying self-government and developing economic and social relations, and generally in finding ourselves, which is the business of youth, besides many other similar considerations, are alleged as concurrent causes of this delayed and incomplete success in literary creation. In any exposition of our national achievements of this century the fine arts, and among them literature, would occupy a small corner in comparative importance when set in competition with the general results of our total human labor. Perhaps one reason for this, as great as any of those just summarized, is the prosperity, the usually regular and free movement of development—in a word, the happiness of the people; the general peace, the absence of revolt, of sudden and profound change in ideal ends, of revolutionary aspiration, of all that makes for desperate battle and deep desire in the spirit of man. Great as our political and social growth has been, powerful and broad as the forces of humanity and freedom have shown themselves, and deepening down with wider inclusions among the whole body-politic, the marvellous thing has been the gentleness of the process on the whole; only one principle was "raised in blood," and the dawn, save for that, was without the traditional "thunder-peal" of a new age. And what is true of national life has been similarly the case with individual genius; our men of letters, taken together, have been men of quietness.

The great European movement of the century in literature, on the other hand, was that romanticism which was the blossoming lower where the blood of the Revolution was turned to forms of beauty and passion and marvel; its leaders were restlessly alive, and remote as their work in imagination and intellect and sentiment might be from anything obtusely political or social, verse and prose alike were fed from centers of moral, intellectual, emotional strife, from a movement in the minds of men seeking new gods and revealing new gospels in every part of man's and nature's life. It is a vain task to look for anything corresponding to this in the literature of our era of good feeling, though as we were an intellectually dependent and colonial-minded people and importers of literary fashions, some traces of the romantic evolution may be found in our earlier books; but these are truly "naught," if the scale of the century be applied to them. The early American romance with which our imaginative prose began, however interesting to ourselves historically and to a literary student as an illustration of taste, was an offshoot of the operatic and sentimental tale, the wonder novel and its congeners in the radical school, and was secondary to the works of Mrs. Radcliffe, Bedwin and Lewis. Charles Brockden Brown's novels, which have resisted resurrection more pertinaciously than any other victims of the publishers' mania for the unconyrighted, marked a moment, but marked it with a rare instead of an immortality; and Allston, with his thin *Monadh*, and the elder Dana, with his Byron-Bulwer stripe, exhaust the list of remembered names in fiction till Sir Walter Scott's great tradition of the romantic treatment of history and humble life was taken over by Cooper, who was its earliest and last American master. Meanwhile, the classical manner of Addison, both in humor and all else, had survived the extinction of the manor-line at home by transplantation here in Irving and his successors, whose pleasantness in letters has continued to the days of Curtis and Warner. These three strands of the early pseudo-romance, the historical romance and the Addisonian light essay constitute our characteristic borrowings from the mother-country, and they are all in prose. In poetry there was no such appropriation; Shelley and Keats, Tennyson and Browning, Swinburne and Rossetti, have found no continuance here in any native work of enduring worth, and the same is true of later prose authors of England in respect to American imitation. On the small scale and among our minor writers there has been imitativeness in tone and theme; there have been little Dickenses and even little Mrs. Hemanses, the Matthewses and Sigourneys of our middle period; but in the main and on the part of our national writers the English tradition has been incorporated in our literature by a broad academic culture from the past rather than by immediate and conscious imitation and transference in the present day.

Our colonial dependence in literature, in fact, has not been so pre-eminently English as is commonly thought. It has been far more a European matter than is appreciated. Longfellow, our first poet of culture, is the representative case; and his service in making Continental poetry known in this country is too much neglected. To others, as to him, the past whose charm won on the imagination and affections was one of the castled Rhine, of lovely Italy, of romantic Spain, of French cathedral towns, and the picturesqueness of Holland, quite as much as of the mother-country. The German influence was dominant in transcendentalism at Boston, and the long line of Dante scholars from George Ticknor to Charles Norton at Harvard is significant of a live tradition in poetic outlook and taste; and the mention of Ticknor, with his history of special literature, recalls the curious closeness of Spain to our own literary land. In the histories of Prescott and Motley, and from trying to Lowell. Howells, too, has in his earlier days borrowed from Italy for description and literary history, and in his later career has done, in some measure, for Continental contemporary fiction what Longfellow did for the treasures of verse; and in our own fiction the tribute of *The Marble Faun* to Italy is a supreme instance of international gratitude. It is to be observed that this connection with the Continent, so natural, so continuous, so radiant with what it gave to us, was one through culture, either literary or artistic, and not one through action; it was the past of these lands, not their present—the antiquity, learning, and sentiment of their past, not the romanticism of their still vital present—that attracted the American interest, except in the late and single case of Howells in fiction, and of this culture and its effects in art and taste, Longfellow, as has been said, was the clear star. Try as he might to be American in theme, in "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," and the "New England Tragedies," and in many shorter pieces, his art owed its simplicity, its mellowness, its adequacy, its golden success, to this culture working out in the new soil of an American nature its refined charm in expression. This same power of culture, less perfect because more exclusively English, gave dignity to Lowell's verse, and matter also to his prose. It was brain-culture through contact with the old books of the world, and with what then passed for neoplatonic and Oriental thought, which gave atmosphere to Emerson's universe. Wherever the subject be taken up, it will be found that what is called our "colonialism" is very much misapprehended if it be thought of as an English one only; we have not been in this century intellectually an English colony; but we have been deeply indebted for impulse and guidance, for outlook and method, for a thousand subtly shaping influences, to the world beyond seas where both thought and life are old. It is singular that our recognizable dependence on France seems so slight; it is, perhaps, only to be seen in Henry James.

It would appear, then, that our literature has been sundered from the great movement of romanticism abroad and its incarnations of democracy, philanthropy, and science, its experiments and pilgrimages; and that our contact with the Continent has been with its past in history, sentiment, poetic form, critical canon, artistic impression and the like, from which our men of letters derived culture, and a certain dignity and grace of literary demeanor in the scholarly group of which Irving, Longfellow, and Lowell are typical names. But if sundered, the nation has had a life of its own, less turbulent and perplexed, less liable to chaotic and eccentric motions, less on the grand scale of internal battle and social upheaval, but rather a life of assured self-command, intelligent and slow change, conservative in its essence. If one forgets Wordsworth, he will become aware more surely in Bryant of the crystalline horizons, the clear-seen mountain lines and the bald hill-sides of our rugged but ether-bathed landscape; and will find something of the elemental in nature portrayed in his poems with a severity and grand simplicity that befit the new land yet uninhabited save by the far-off water-fowl; it is an original, powerful, almost Biblical note, fit to be the first verse of our chapter. Something of the same simplicity, serenity, ascetic power, but belonging rather to air than earth, as if granite were spiritualized into light, there is in Emerson, as elemental in the sphere of thought as Bryant in that of nature; and it is not in the bleakness of one or the awkwardness of the other that the American quality is found, but in this simplicity which is so absolute and least as almost to evade statement, and in their vision and thought, rendered in literature, is what Grant and Lincoln are, rendered in character. Emerson was intellectually cultured, as was said above; but his power of expansion in poetry was lacking in fluidity, roundness and ease; his poetry, artistically, is Byzantine in its crudity, like his very figure, so stiff, so serious, so formal in its formlessness; but that is the accident of the body; the insight, the imagination, the flash of originality from within or of beauty caught from without, make the inwardness of the verse, and judged by the great qualities of the spirit, and especially by that greatest one of an absolute unconscious simplicity, Emerson's poetry pierces heaven at the highest altitude of all our bards. His prose essays, liberating as they are to the mind and stimulating to the spiritual life, are on a lower level; his patriotic sayings, his great American lines—and no poet has so many, bright as the lightnings of Zeus—are in his verse; but his essays are the flower of transcendentalism, which stood in American life for religious revolt sympathetic with the movement of enlightenment on the Continent, and they are the result of that internal conflict consequent on a change in ideals in the spiritual sphere which has so often been the motive power of great works in literature, but was here attended by none of that dark stress which is shown in the revolutionary poets of all Europe, and even in the life, though not the works, of Cardinal Newman. The whole transcendental movement, in its literary record, is a striking instance of that absence of turbulence, of desperate battle and deep desire, in our literature, which has been emphasized as characteristic in our men of letters. In Hawthorne only is there found the sense of spiritual peril, and he presents it objectively and historically as a primary experience in the moral life of the founders of New England, most significantly in *The Scarlet Letter*, and again less dramatically and more speculatively in *Donatello*; but in none of his work is it a religious struggle, but it is a moral catastrophe that he illuminates. Hawthorne is, for this reason, the most profound and vitally spiritual in his expression of human experience, the deepest prober of the breast, of all our authors, whether poets or prose-writers; and he comes to this overmastering interest in sin, rather than crime, and in the operations of conscience and the recovery of the soul through suffering and its entrance on a greater life thereby, because of his American inheritance and environment, his American genius. Bryant is a fading and almost Ossianic figure, a wintry ghost, to most of us; Emerson and Hawthorne, a figure of light and a figure of darkness, are the companion spirits, American through and through, who now seem the greatest American writers of this closing century. Longfellow and Lowell, associated together in fame as in life, may find, the one a wider acceptance, the other an academic vogue. Longfellow's poetry is less valued now by the critical class, but it is not likely that his hold on the homes of his countrymen has lessened; the critical class has lost in the sense of refinement, and is dull to the quality of Longfellow; but his trust, his humanity, his hospitality to the joys and sorrows of domestic life, his tenderness, his consolation, his noble nature, his just taste in what to say and what to leave unsaid about the crises of lives, not tragic, but touched with human things that "have been and may be again," his companionableness for souls not over-strenuous, but full of all the pieties of life endearing life—these things give him long trust of fame; and within his unemphatic range he has an unsuspected variety, and thereby expresses without weariness, except to the life-jaded, an American nature of such sweetness, refinement, and purity that it has become almost exemplary of an ideal of the literary life on this soil. Lowell has not touched his people to the same degree; he is over-intellectual for some, and has defects of taste which repulse others, and great unevenness,

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challenged.

The works of standard authors, accepted by a nation, constitute its true achievement in literature; but in so strict a definition the bulk of writing in any age is lost sight of, and the sense of real performance is less than it should be. There have been hundreds of American writers in this century, and scores of them have been successful novelists, nature-writers, humorists, dramatists, poets; and in a more minute view they would be seen to have contributed much that would deserve recognition in a fuller statement, the like, distinction has been won as high in those provinces of expression as any in the pure literary art. But to examine our literature in this comprehensive way in order to exhibit our true performance would be as vain a task as to endeavor to show our inventive genius by a catalogue of the patent-office instead of by those supreme examples which have been gifts to all the world. The national life, it is true, has found expression in many authors besides those of genius, and in many men of literary faculty approaching genius—its moral experience in Whittier, all others who are reckoned as second in England, and Emerson, Hawthorne, and Poe are unique each in his kind. The work they have done, and those associated with them, has been distinguished by artistic conscientiousness, to a degree rarely paralleled, and also by purity; no nation has so pure, few so painstaking, a literature; it falls of the highest rank only because it lacks inspiration, passion, that deep stirring of the spirit of man which, with all its cost, is the cause of his highest reach in imagination, intellect, and desire.

Men of the Fourth Goorkhas.

THE FOREIGN TROOPS AT SHANGHAI

BY

GEORGE P. DYER, U. S. N.

A Hindoo Cook.

SHANGHAI, *September 13, 1900.*

THERE is probably no more obstreperously cosmopolitan place in the world than Shanghai at the present moment. There are several, no doubt, that can furnish a more numerous variety of types of the different peoples of the world, New York for one, but they are so much larger, and in environment so similar to that of the homes of most of their foreign visitors, that strangers are swallowed unnoticed in the crowd. It is true, Shanghai teems with hundreds of thousands of native Chinamen, who swarm the country about it, and, as servants and ministers to the small wants of the foreigners, penetrate to the farthest corner of the Settlements; but, different from all, they serve as a background merely to the continuous cosmopolitan show going on in the narrow confines of the foreign concessions, just as China at large now serves but as the scene for the play of European diplomacy. In China, one not a native is instantly remarkable. The effect may be imagined, then, of more than doubling the foreign population in an area so small, comparatively speaking, as foreign Shanghai, and that with as diverse additions as could be found in the world. From its ordinary foreign population of between six and seven thousand in the American, British, and French concessions—embracing strays from many home lands, Americans and Europeans, Parsees and Sikhs, Malaymen from the Straits, and Filipinos, Japanese, Koreans, and Asiatic Russians, each carrying out the customs of his country more or less, because of the lack of a native standard to follow—to more than once again that number in Frenchmen from Tonkin, Germans straight from home, Japanese sailors, Sikhs, Rajputs, Baluchis, Goorkhas, with British officers, on shore, and sailors from the Italian, Dutch, and other men-of-war, human contrasts are made hard to equal anywhere.

Of course the sudden increase is due to the arrival of the various contingents of allied troops. In the days before the middle of August, when the extraordinary facts about Peking were still uncertainties, and all China was thought to be under which a spark might light, and when Shanghai depended for protection on its force of volunteers and what assistance landing parties from the ships in the stream might render, it was thought by many that the plight of the Settlements might become precarious at any moment. That period is happily over now. More than four thousand British-Indian troops, over seven hundred Frenchmen and Annamites, six hundred Japanese, and about five hundred Germans are here, camped in various parts of the town. The British were the first to arrive, some of the troops ordered to Tahn, to their huge disgust, being diverted to Shanghai, doubtless because of the vigorous and reasonable protests on the part of British interests and consular officers at leaving the safety of the place in any doubt whatever. For days after the transports arrived it was uncertain whether these troops would be landed, after all, strange as it may seem, because of objection on the part of Chinese authorities. This remarkable incident is one of the many strange situations brought about by the acrobatic diplomacy necessary in treating China alternately as an empire and as a loose confederation of independent provinces, and in maintaining the fiction of a state of peace when opposing national armies were actively engaged in the field. But these officials, the viceroys of the Yangtse provinces, had hitherto been protecting foreigners and suppressing disturbances, and it was felt their requests should be considered. Shanghai residents protested so forcibly against the policy of bringing troops and then failing to land them, thus giving soil for Chinese stories of the foreigners' timidity, always of a rank growth, and increasing the danger of what was already a grave situation, that the authorities decided to land the troops in the face of all objection.

Three regiments came ashore and camped themselves in tents on vacant lots in the American concession. Officers as well as men went under canvas. After a very short time the camps were well drained, well cleaned, and running in perfect routine. I visited them several times out of curiosity to compare the Indians with our negro troops, talking with the officers and moving about among the tents. I was struck by the primitive life of the men and by their lack of physical development. When not on duty their dress is far from clean or whole—but their equipments are spotless. Each has his little brass pot for cooking and eating purposes, and all squat upon the ground, use dishes or table ware, to eat their cakes of coarse flour, dipped perhaps in a sort of vegetable soup; and all are content to turn in higgledy-piggledy on straw, with anything for covering and without the formality of taking off their clothes. None of them have the fine muscular development we so often see in the negro of the United States. They are a slender lot with pipe-stem legs—sinewy perhaps, but spare. The Indian is not so agile, either. His awkwardness in playing at football and usurping double-time has convinced me

An Indian Regiment's Camp.

Indian Troops Pitching Camp.

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A Sikh Non-commissioned Officer.

Typical Group of Baluchis.

A Private of the Goorkhas.

on that point. Altogether, except in one point which will be mentioned later, the comparison is in our favor. Our negroes are better educated, more civilized, stronger men, and if we would but see it, as fine material for the rank and file of an army as the world can muster. Whoever revives the old argument that the negro has not the endurance of the Indian soldier should learn the story of Bachelder's march from Dagupan to Aparri, and of others hardly less extraordinary, in the Philippines.

Among the Indians, for activity the little Goorkha hill-men impress one most. Accustomed in Nepaul, where Everest rears its mighty head, to living in mountainous country many thousand feet above the sea, the quick step of these little fellows with the high cheek-bones and sharp eyes, their officers say, can tire out many a larger man. They are not graceful, nor particularly clean, out of uniform, but they look what they are—game, and a race of fighters. Their wicked native knives, more like a Moro barong than any weapon I have ever seen, have been added to their equipment. These are used for everything—chopping wood, cooking, eating, and, one of the officers told me, are nursed to a razor edge for a campaign. Their little black caps, like a Turk's fez without the tassel, would distinguish this regiment if the lack of stature in the men did not. In hot weather this cap can be covered with a khaki cover, making it look not unlike a helmet—a good thing in campaigning, since it makes the officers in helmets indistinguishable from the men at a slight distance.

Marching, the Goorkhas swing along with guns held at the balance and trailed horizontally, at a step which seems half again as fast as that of the larger men. Their bagpipes and drums step out in front, preliminary taps on the bass-drum are given, and off they go.

Nothing is more interesting than to watch these Indian pipers. Three of the four regiments now stationed here have them. The brown and black faces staring from above the plaid thrown over the shoulder and the plaided pipe tucked under the arm, the bass-drum's fancy contortions, and the drummers, holding the crossed sticks before their mouths in the intervals of their playing, are irresistibly funny at first. But they make stirring music, and are much better employed at that than at brass instruments, if the regimental band which I heard at the hotel in Hong-kong was fair evidence of the Indians' capacity for producing conventional music.

The Fourteenth Sikhs were the last to arrive at Shanghai. The Sikh is, apparently, above all other Indians, dignified. In this one respect our negro is not his equal. The Fourteenth in ranks, tall, erect, black-bearded almost to a man, with the sides of the beard rolled up and twisted and the strands carried in front of the ears, in "puttles," khaki and turbaned head-dress of uniform brown, makes a fine-looking body of men. In close columns of companies the serried lines are a splendid sight, unexceeded in calm immobility, and in snap in executing orders only excelled by the Germans. In camp they are like all the rest of the Indians—semi-primitive still, to Occidental eyes. I saw in this camp, however, a tent for worship, set apart in a prominent place. The floor was covered with clean white cloths. At the back, under an embroidered canopy and behind a covered mound with overhanging silver bell, was a calm, clear-lined man, evidently the priest, quietly talking to two or three men who had left their slippers at the door and now sat cross-legged, listening.

When the British troops landed, the French hastened to put a detachment ashore, first a landing-force from the man-of-war *Pasquet*, then a battalion of the Ninth Regiment, brought from Tonkin. Expecting to be but four days on their transport, they were kept eleven, and they arrived woe-begone specimens indeed. In their white helmets and working-suits of dungaree they were marched up to buildings in the French concession, to be quartered pending the construction of bamboo and plaster barracks some distance out in the suburbs.

With a small stock of French I asked permission at the door to inspect them in their temporary quarters. An officer most courteously granted it, and, without inquiring further, took a deal of trouble in showing me about. For this I wish I could praise what I saw. The quarters were good, but not kept in good order. The men's bedding in some cases had evidently been disturbed since inspection and not remade, and was undeniably dirty. The men themselves were inclined to be careless in respect to the presence of an officer. They did not look healthy, being undersized for the most part and of pasty instead of ruddy complexion. Their uniform adds an appearance of slovenliness and paniness, in one case being a blue dungaree of uncertain shade, and helmets so big that they look like candle-snuffers on the little men, and in the other a heavy blue flannel with the exaggerated cadet cap so familiar in French cartoons. On the march the soldier carries a tremendous knapsack, surmounted by blanket and cup, which seems as though it must weigh down to earth the poor man struggling beneath it. The mounted officers of the battalion, some of whom are more notable for girth than height, ride little Annamite horses no larger than Shetland ponies, which look odd when the French artillery battery follows with tremendous mules drawing the guns and packing the ammunition.

For perfection of manual and movement and for vim in executing orders the German First Asiatic Regiment is the best I have seen. It is said that these troops are all volunteers from good German regiments. Individually they are fair, gawky-looking men with eyes and mouth wide open at the sights they see about them. This bayoneed appearance is increased by their wide-brimmed straw hats, baggy blue tunics, and khaki trousers tucked into cowhide boots—but in ranks they are wonderful. On parade, in spite of the goose-step, which to one unaccustomed to it deforms their marching, they drilled better and kept better alignment than any of the other troops.

It was very pleasant to visit the quarters of the Japanese. These are sailors drawn from the three naval stations, two hundred from each, and sent until troops could be forwarded. On the upper floors of a spacious cotton-mill some distance down the river from the Bund, in a place easily defended and absolutely dry, the Japanese commodore keeps his men. He pays a high rent, but his men are comfortable and safe. On the ground-floor are the kitchen and armory with two field-pieces, and above are the quarters. In an outbuilding is a well-appointed dispensary and hospital, in another a guard-room, and in a proper place a canteen for the sale of saki.

I went up to the quarters. Everything was spick and span and shining. The calking-mats of white matting were laid out regularly in eights for the men to sleep on. At the head of each was the owner's bag, with fleecy blankets neatly folded on it. At one side of each square of mats was a rifle-rack with equipments. I picked up a rifle at random. It was a repeating arm made in Japan, and was perfectly kept. There was not a speck of dirt to be seen.

The Indian Regiments' Camp at Shanghai.

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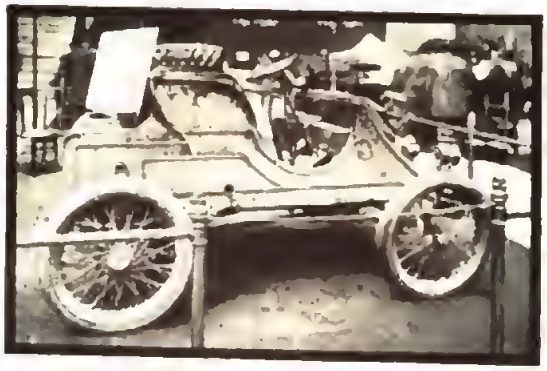
An Obstacle Race.

Backing Down Grade.



American Challenger for the International Race.

General View of the Interior of the Garden Amphitheatre.

THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

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years, giving evidence of industry and energy which brought him the offer of a better job from a dry-goods merchant in Mansfield. Eight years later, in 1853, when he was twenty-six, he came to New York, to work for the large concern of L. O. Wilson & Co. That house failed in 1857. Mr. Strong then took service with Farnham, Dale, & Co., which firm, after several changes, was dissolved in December, 1869, and was succeeded by William L. Strong & Co., a firm which has continued for over thirty years and still exists. Under Mr. Strong's direction it succeeded from the start, and became one of the best-known dry-goods houses in the country, with branches and connections in many cities. Mr. Strong quickly took

William Lysong Strong.

Born March 22, 1827. Died November 2, 1900.

streets of New York were cleaned for the first time. He appointed Mr. Roosevelt a Police Commissioner, and though the Police Commission was an inharmonious body, a great deal was done to improve and purify the Police Department of the city. A great deal of money was spent, and well spent. Streets were asphalted, especially in the crowded districts of the city; bigger and better school-houses were built than had ever been built before. New parks were made where breathing-spaces were most needed. The great water-main was brought down Fifth Avenue, the viaduct was completed at 155th Street. A standard of administration was set up of which New York still feels the benefit, and ideas of what good municipal government is were illustrated in so many striking ways that the memory of what was done under Mayor Strong is still an effective practical argument for better city government in future.

PITTSBURG INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

THIS year's annual exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, is only a little behind preceding ones in quality. Such lapse as there may be from a very high standard is due to deficiencies in the display of foreign work, which would seem to have been gathered too exclusively from certain sections, and does not, in many cases, represent the individual painters at their best.

It must be acknowledged that this yearly gleaning from foreign harvests is a very difficult task, involving incredible work and much disappointment. Painters are loath to send their pictures so far and to part with them so long.

One foreign set of pictures which offers much interest to students and the public is that of the Scotch group of landscape-painters, loosely classed together as the Glasgow School, notwithstanding their very differing characteristics.

One of these Scotch painters, Robert W. Allan, has received an honorable mention for his "All Hands on Deck," a fine study of deep blue water stirred by a gathering breeze, which already throws up white flecks against the bows of two fishing-smacks. They move; the water heaves; the air is bracing, while a strip of green-yellow coast line gives an extra note of freshness and also a contrast of stability.

The Gold Medal this year has been conferred upon the French painter André Dauchez, for his picture "The Kelp-Gatherers." It represents a curve of sandy shore with groups of figures, near and at different distances, collecting the scattered sea-weed into carts, a dull-hued canvas of browns, grays, drabs and buffs, powerfully suggesting the colorless, stern lives of those who wring their livelihood from the sea. It is not an isolated experiment, for another picture here by this painter, and several that represented him at the Paris Exhibition, are cast in the same heavy mould. They belong to that dreary view of labor indulged in nowadays by some painters and poets. Far more beautiful in feeling and not behind in technical skill is the Silver Medal Prize landscape by Ben Foster, "Misty Moonlight Night," in which the moon is not visible, yet pasture and trees are bathed and the sky impregnated with its tremulous luminosity. It is singularly subtle in its discrimination of tones; sincere and tender. For comparison one may turn to Charles H. Davis's "Midsummer Night." It is equally sincere, and has its tender suggestions, notably in the sky, softly pulsing with trembling pink and green and blue; but its sum of impressiveness is less. The sloping pasture, entirely in shadow, has its roots in strong deep soil; its color is adhered to dark velvet, and it glows against the faint sky like a slumbering giant. George H. Bogert shows two strong landscapes, both arrangements of rich browns and blues, yellows and pale gray. One is a scene in Holland, the other "Autumn Afternoon—Moonrise," and it is interesting to note that, while each is virile in conception and method, there is a vein of conscious tenderness in the homely subject, which makes one feel the painter's personality more intimately expressed. An honorable mention has been given to W. Elmer Schofield, who exhibits "Twilight" and "January Woods." The latter is hardly as good as some of his previous snow scenes, while the other, very clever though it is, shows more than a little tendency to affect certain French methods, whereas he has proved himself a painter of truly original feeling, and will be far better advised to follow his own star. Two very beautiful snow scenes are shown by Birge Harrison, quite remarkable for their apparent economy of means and yet fulness of suggestions, and for the solemnity of snow that one is made to feel beneath the magical tenderness of the surface. Just a reverse of these effects is seen in the two winter pieces of J. H. Twachtman: "Hemlock Pool" and "Brook in Winter." In these one is conscious first of the rude and desolate character of the scenes, and only later discovers the tenderly caressing atmosphere, gray and dry and silent. The subtle fidelity to nature is admirable. Examples of moonlight gleaming on the white cottages of a village street are sent by Edward F. Rook and Bruce Crane. While differing in method, they equally succeed in reproducing the phenomenon—the former with more feeling for the variable and illusive effects of moonlight, the latter with more suggestion of its inherent sentiment.

Conspicuous among the figure-pictures are three portraits by Anders Zorn, the well-known Swedish painter. His portrait of the Hon. Grover Cleveland is a triumph of pictorial realism, in which the subject's inward and outward personality is expressed with convincing truth to life, and with a freedom and control of brush-work—the latter a quality not invariable with this painter—that conceal all effort. Alongside of it, John S. Sargent's portrait of Hon. Joseph H. Choate is a tame affair, though he recovers himself in the dignified picture of the Hon. James C. Carter. Another amazing example of realism is Thomas Eakin's portrait of Mr. Louis Kenton. To say that it is utterly unattractive as a picture is to lay greater stress on the skill with which the painter has compelled us to admire. Briefly, it is a study of a man standing, absorbed in some mental problem, unstudied from the point of view of making a picture, but with every detail uncompromisingly subordinated to the action of the man's brain. The unity is thus complete, and the grip upon one's interest so firm that one is fascinated.

"The Kelp-Gatherers."—By Andre Dauchez.
Awarded Medal of the First Class.

"Misty Moonlight Night."—By Ben Foster.
Awarded Medal of the Second Class.

A portrait of a boy, "Gilman Nichols," by Wilton Lockwood, is pictorially handsome and distinguished in treatment, with much suggestion underlying its simple straightforwardness. Miss Cecelia Beaux is not seen at her best in a bust portrait of a young lady, in which dexterity is too obviously revealed and a shallowness of feeling thereby suggested.

The picture selected for the Bronze-Medal Prize was Sergeant Kendall's "The End of the Day," a mother bending over the sleepy head of a little child that tries to assert an interest in a picture-book. The little one is charmingly rendered, and the beautiful feeling throughout the picture helps to condone a rather crude color scheme and some incomplete modelling in the lady's arm and hand. A very agreeable figure-subject, decoratively treated under the title of "Hydrangeas," is shown by Robert W. Vonnoh. It represents a lady daintily attired in a softly clinging dress, sprinkled with pink and lilac blossoms, standing by the flowers on a lawn flooded with sunlight and rimmed with trees; a most delightful conception realized in true artist's spirit; the best this clever painter has done for many a day. Henry O. Tanner sends a "Christ among the Doctors," an essay in a more diversified arrangement of colors than he usually attempts. One believes it may be very true to the conditions he has studied in Palestine, but pictorially it is ill digested, so that the picture lacks the intense earnestness so apparent in his other work. Edmund C. Tarbell is represented by a "Girl with Mirror," exquisitely refined in drawing and color, and by "Child with Boat," a sunlight study by the edge of the sea, a charming record of light and air and movement, both of which were seen at the latest exhibition of the Ten. There, too, appeared Robert Reid's "Autumn," a decorative subject of three girls with bunches of rich colored foliage; a composition that makes itself felt by the simple grace of its main lines as well as by the intricate overlay of direct and reflected lights. By Robert V. V. Sewell is shown a study for a mural decoration, "Psyche before the Throne of Venus," which has admirable possibilities. From Americans residing abroad, more than usually excellent and [illegible] Miss Mary Cassatt [illegible] Nourse, and [illegible] of his wife by J. [illegible] sumptuous [illegible] satin and picture [illegible] toned [illegible] effects [illegible] dignit[illegible]

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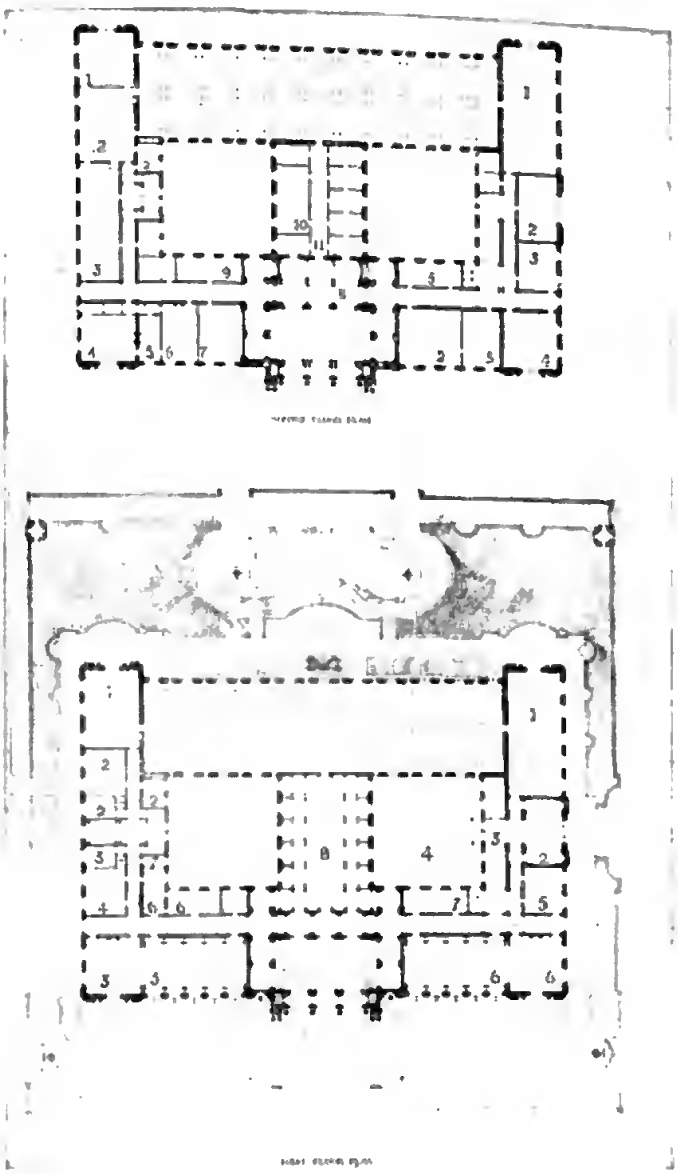
PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

modation. There is all the more need that this building, when completed, should be entirely satisfactory. The trustees have the advantage of those who move slowly; they can profit by the example or warning of others. In this case, Dr. Billings, the director, has made an exhaustive study of libraries, both in this country and in Europe, and it is understood that the accepted design of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings fully embodies the results of his investigation; so, not only by New Yorkers, but by all who are interested in public libraries, the interior arrangement of this one will be carefully examined.

The growth of a building, like that of a tree, is from the ground up. An architect begins with his ground-plan. Upon the lay out of this depends the value of his scheme, for the floors above it must be organically similar in character; not necessarily subdivided in the same way, but following the same general disposition. By the time he has agreed upon the number and arrangement of his floors, he is in a position to develop his façades, which must grow to, belong to, and suggest from outside the internal arrangement. Hence it is fair to assert that by his ground-plan he will succeed or fail, for it is the premise from which everything else proceeds logically.

The ground-plan of this library is a rectangle with its front upon Fifth Avenue and bounded north and south respectively by Forty-second and Fortieth streets. For general characteristics it has two interior courts, one open from the ground up, the other covered with glass just above the floor of the first story. The book-stacks occupy almost the entire west side, fronting Bryant Park. On the opposite side of the building is the provision for a grand entrance; there is another on the north side, and a third on the south, which last has a driveway into the open court. A main corridor runs north and south through the building, terminating at each end in a window, and from it, at each end, runs a shorter corridor at right angles. Lastly, in the centre is a block with provision for a large room. A study of the illustrations, with particular reference to these main features, will show that the layout is very simple, that the communications in every direction are easy and intelligible, and that the provisions for natural light are abundant. The ground-plan also suggests that there is opportunity for a monumental entrance, with striking vistas through into a handsome central hall. We shall expect that these features will be preserved in the other floors, and shall not be surprised to find that the uninterrupted stretch of book-stacks is continued upwards, and reaches its climax in a spacious reading-room that from its size will be the conspicuous feature of the building, to which everything else will be in a way subsidiary.

So much for the general plan. Examining the basement in detail, we find that the greater part is devoted to the service, and that a gate, to be placed across the corridor in the northeast corner, will confine the public to a strip of rooms on the north face, communicating with the adjoining court. There is a drop of eight feet between the level of the ground at the entrance from Fifth Avenue and that on Forty-second Street. This enables the architects to make this north entrance an imposing one. It will be three steps above the street, and there will still be a height of fifteen feet for the rooms. The vaulted vestibule will extend through the basement and first floor, and lead directly into the lending delivery-room, which will be devoted to the circulation of books that are carried away for reading at home. It communicates directly with the book-stacks, and naturally the books listed for circulation will be shelved close by. This lending-room will be covered with glass a little above the level of the basement ceiling; to speak more accurately, just below the sills of the first-floor windows. In equally convenient proximity to the book stacks will be the patent-room, in the northwest corner, which will be well lighted on two sides, and be easily accessible.



admitting into the open court. To sum up the basement: it contains provision for the outside circulation of books, the patent-reference room, and general service accommodation.

While studying the first floor, it must be borne in mind that from this point up there are two open courts within the building. This floor is the bel étage, and there are two approaches, a staircase and elevators leading up from the north door and the grand entrance on Fifth Avenue. The latter opens into a hall of monumental proportions, 80 feet by 40 feet; treated with columns and arches and a vaulted ceiling carried up through the second floor. It thus forms the most important æsthetic feature of the interior. That portion of the corridor which passes in front of it is to be vaulted, and a second row of columns on the opposite side of it will lead into the large exhibition hall, lighted on two sides by windows commencing eight feet from the floor. With the exception of a small group of rooms in the southwest wing, devoted to the necessities of the service, the whole of this floor, besides the hall and exhibition-room, is given to various reading rooms. On the left, as one enters, is provision for the children, and on the right for periodicals. Each department consists of two rooms, an arrangement which allows one for shelves and the other for quiet reading. Across the corridor from the periodical-room is one for the blind. In the northwest corner is the newspaper-room, 98 feet by 40 feet. The entrance to this is by a corridor, which forms a gallery as it passes across the north vestibule. The staircase, leading up to it, is ingeniously designed to economize space

second floor, landing the visitor in the vaulted vestibule at the entrance to the great reading-rooms on the third floor. This arrangement, besides providing a direct and easy communication by stairs between the main entrance and the chief rooms, is æsthetically commendable.

The second floor is in the nature of an entresol, being only fifteen feet in height, as compared with twenty-two and a half feet in the first and third floors. The height of the floors is regulated by the requirements of the book stacks. Experience has shown that the most convenient height for each tier of shelving is seven feet six inches; so the floors have to be multiples of this—the basement containing two of these tiers, the first floor three, and the second two. The plan shows that the south wing of this floor is reserved for official purposes. Above the receiving and checking rooms of the previous floor are the rooms for accessions (books received but not yet placed), and catalogue and index rooms, and close by are the offices for the trustees and director. The latter is thus placed in immediate communication by stairs and elevator with all the human machinery of the building. The rest of the floor is assigned to special reading rooms, and the individual collections, such as public documents, music, maps, and Bibles.

The third floor is divided between reading and exhibition rooms. The whole front is a splendid suite of galleries, destined for collections and exhibits, for the Stewart collection, which has to be kept separate, and for pictures. In fact, the characteristics of this floor are a noble spaciousness and prolonged vistas. This stretch of galleries helps to balance the great reading room, which is approached, as the reader will remember, by a handsome vestibule. This great room will be T-shaped, the dimensions of the arms being 280 feet by 70 feet, and of the upright 100 feet by 70. The delivery desk will be placed at the point of intersection, communicating by elevators with the second tiers of shelving immediately below it. In this feature the New York Library will resemble that of St. Geneviève in Paris. As a solution to the problems of securing the utmost amount of light and freedom from noise, and of bringing the reader as close as possible to the books, this arrangement would seem to be the very best. Æsthetically it may not be so acceptable. The main feature of a building should, if possible, occupy the place of honor, whether judged from the interior or the exterior. Bates Hall at Boston corresponds with the main façade; but the practical result is that it is inconveniently far from the book-stacks, and delivery is slow. At Washington the great rotunda and the reading room are identical, and the books probably as conveniently placed as is possible in so large a building. At Chicago the delivery-room and stacks are on the second floor, the reading room on the third floor and at the opposite end of the building. The smallness of Columbia College Library enabled the architect to satisfy both the utilitarian and the æsthetic requirements.

In larger buildings a compromise seems inevitable, and Messrs. Carrère & Hastings in the New York Library have given preference to the utilitarian. But they have done all that was possible to counterbalance the placing of the great room at the rear by making a fine approach to it in direct communication with the grand entrance. The book-stacks are estimated to hold 1,700,000 volumes; and the elevators will be such as Mr. Bernard R. Green devised for the Library of Congress. This necessarily brief survey would seem to show that the interior will adequately provide for the central and subsidiary requirements of a great library; and that admirable facilities have been allowed for the storage and handling of books in the most approved scientific way. It shows, moreover, that the architects have segregated the official and the public requirements, and have allowed their scheme to grow naturally and logically from the ground floor up.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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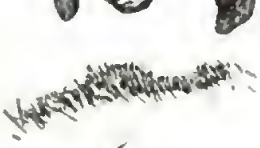

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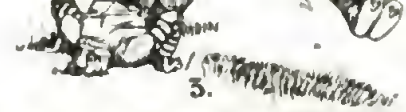

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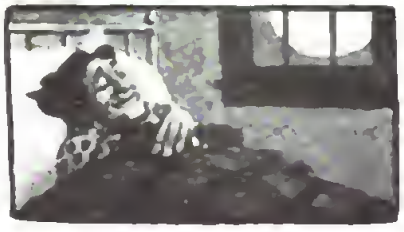

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THE QUARTER

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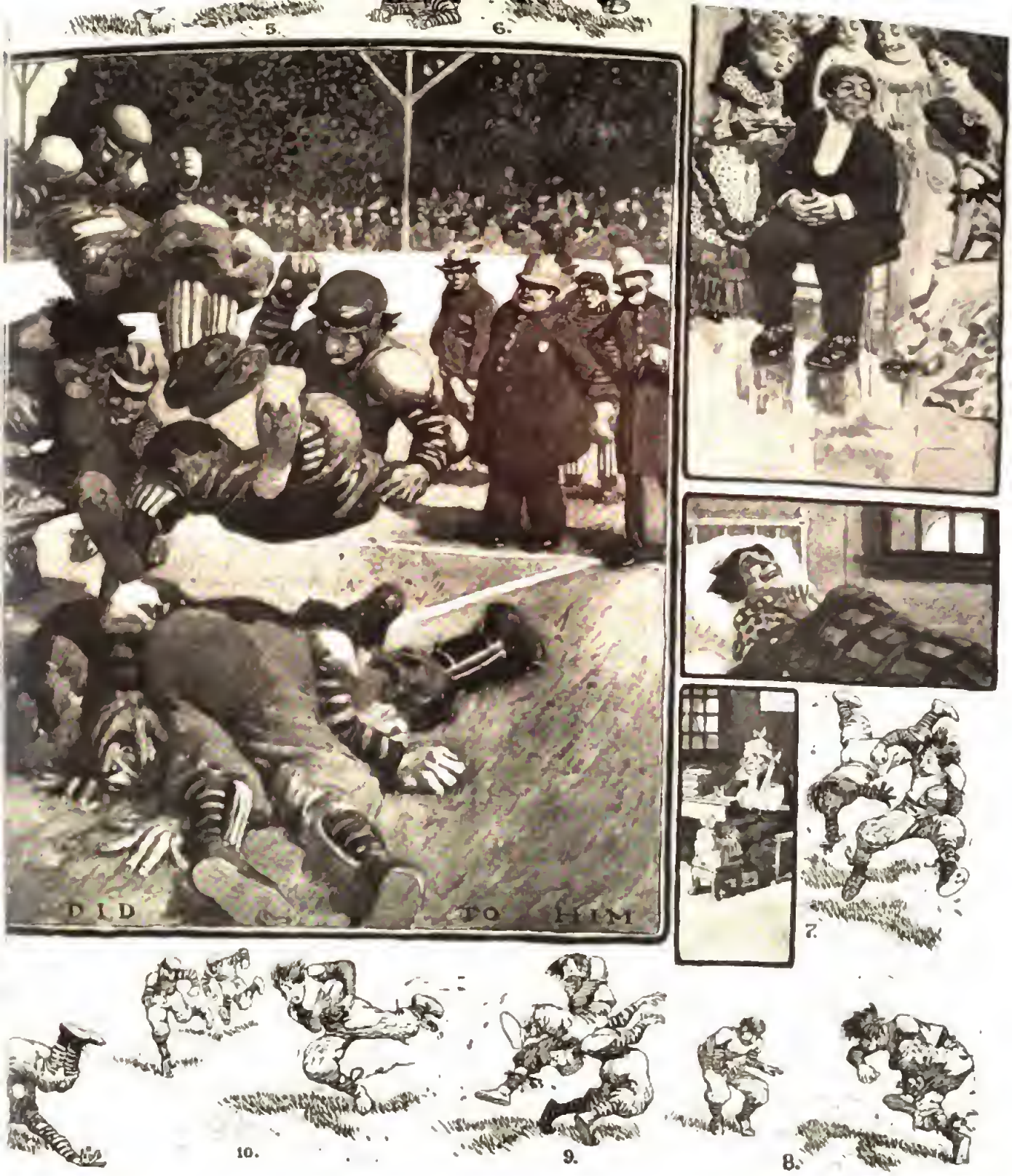

BACK'S DREAM

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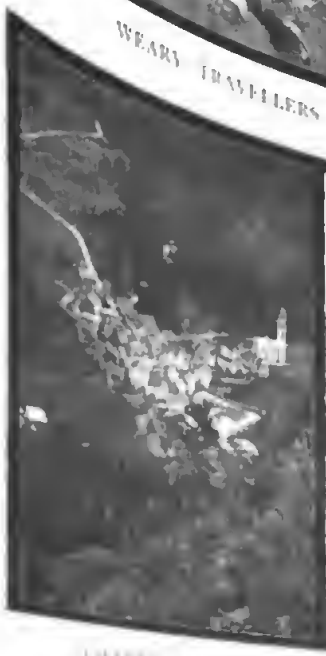
WEARY TRAVELLERS

THE MARKET, COLOGNE

ON THE UPPER RHINE

A CHILDREN'S PROCESSION, COLOGNE.



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CYCLING IN THE TIROL.

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ONE WAY OF SEEING SWITZERLAND

IN SCHAFFHAUSEN

THE DILIGENCE.

AN ARTIST'S CAMERA IN EUROPE.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS OF SWITZERLAND AND THE RHINE COUNTRY

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OUR CHOICE

THERE are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the Ivory; they are not, but like all imitations, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it. Ivory Soap is 99 44/100 per cent. pure.

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London Times publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czaroska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czaroska, and determines to solve the mystery. He obtains possession of the jewel, but it turns out to be only a clever imitation of the original. It develops that du Midi is the rightful heir to the crown of Aetolia, now worn by a usurper. The ruby is being used by his enemies, chief of whom is a certain Captain Coventry, to secure a loan from a well-known Paris banker. The Czaroska kidnap the banker and carry him off to sea on a yacht, thus preventing the consummation of the financial transaction.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LADY IN BLACK

THE Chevalier, the Baron, and myself are seated in the private saloon of a train denominated express by courtesy, and we have just crossed the frontier into Spain.

The Chevalier has made a clean breast of the whole perplexing business, and I know now what I have suspected all along to be the truth. From the first the boy had been nothing more than a tool in the hands of that rascally pair, Mrs. Verriker and Mr. Coventry. It was they who had contrived to cast suspicion upon the loyalty and good faith of General Czaroska, and little by little the young man had yielded himself completely to their influence. Hence the incident of the "Cardinal's Rose." Coventry had persuaded du Midi that upon the possession of the great jewel depended the success of the entire movement. The ruby was the family property of du Midi, and surely he was justified in taking possession of his own wherever and whenever he could.

Finally, it was through Mrs. Verriker that Coventry had been able to keep in such close touch with his dupe. The Chevalier was to understand that all their plans would be ruined unless he obeyed instructions to the letter. He was to fall in with the General's wishes in order to avoid suspicion, but he must always be prepared to assert his independence when the word came. Consequently, he might go aboard the *Sea Fox* with the Czaroska party, but he was not to leave the yacht without direct instructions from Coventry. And of course those instructions would never come so long as there was a chance that the patriot cause might be strengthened by the personal presence in the field of the young prince, their rightful lord.

It seemed incredible that Coventry should have been able to get du Midi so completely into his power, but as I thought it over I could make allowances for the boy. Yes; I could understand all that, but how to account for du Midi's sudden return to sanity? The Baron had undoubtedly informed him of Coventry's double-dealing, but the boy would still have demanded absolute proof. Had that been forth-coming? I looked at the Baron inquiringly.

"That is my secret for the present," he answered, smilingly. "It is enough that our young friend at last knows where he stands, and that we are on our way to Aetolia."

"Surely, Baron, you don't include yourself in that 'we'?"

"I am still on my well-earned vacation, and if I wish to take a little jaunt into Central Europe, who is there to object?"

"The detectives, perhaps. Remember that you are still the victim of an outrageous abduction, and half the secret police of Europe are anxiously seeking fame and fortune."

"True," returned the Baron, gravely, "and I shall accordingly proceed to shave off my beard."

With the aid of a safety-razor the Baron succeeded in changing his appearance to a marked degree, and at our first important stopping-place he managed to procure a red wig from a hair-dresser's stock. The metamorphosis is now complete, only the Baron has rather overdone it, and his extraordinary get-up is well calculated to attract the very attention that he is presumably anxious to avoid. The ill-fitting suit of ditto, the blue spectacles, the red wig—all these things fairly scream out the information that the gentleman is in disguise. However, the Baron carries it off with a humorous gravity, and I really think that he has regarded the whole affair as a joke from the beginning, and that he proposes to extract from it the last possible atom of mirth.

Rhodopolis at last! after fifty hours or more of jolting over those abominable Spanish and Italian railways, and with innumerable changes of cars. Here is the real beginning of our journey; we are in the heart of the enemy's country—I mean Soulia—and our every forward step must be beset with perils, both seen and unseen. But what would you, and to-day is July 8!

Rhodopolis is the most important railway junction in Soulia, and the terminus of the one line into Aetolia. Of course, we have been devouring every newspaper that we could obtain *en route*, and they have given a fair amount of attention to the Aetolian imbroglio. In brief, this is how the affair stands:

General Ghika, with a few thousand revolutionary troops, is at Markana, a village about six miles distant from Kar, the capital. Jehan is behind the walls at Kar, and has with him two regiments of Soulian regulars and a small number of Aetolian militiamen, who are in his service as a paid body-guard—the latter a poor lot, in every sense of the word. There have been a few skirmishes, but nothing in the way of a decisive engagement. Jehan's policy is to wait, and

Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2023.

"My Compliments!" roared the Baron.

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I drew Rein before the great Gates of the Castle.

and with innumerable cups of scalding

The meal, such as it was, at least served to pass away the time, and the station clock showed that it

felt inclined to grumble, for anything excepting a cup of tea since we left Rhodopolis, and we should have been enough for a fair chance at the despised fare of the railway eating-house. But it was not to be, and consequently the Baron grumbled.

"You will have time to snatch up a chicken sandwich and a handful of olives at the buffet," I suggested, maliciously, and the Baron actually went into a fit of the sulks and declined to speak to anybody.

But when we had pulled into the station at Mitkoff he determined with a sigh to try his luck after all. "Perhaps they may have sausages," he said, more hopefully, as he plunged into the crowd around the copper samovars.

The fresh engine had been coupled on, and the guards were requesting the passengers to resume their places. Where was the Baron? Ah, there he comes, and with a smoking frankfurter in each hand; this is luck indeed!

"Hurry up!" I called, and then noticed for the first time the stout man in a tweed suit. He was blocking the Baron's way, with great deference, it is true, but none the less effectually.

"The Baron Kerker?" he inquired, politely. "At honor, indeed, gracious sir. This way, Volkmar," and two other men in plain clothes came up from behind and took their stations on either side of the financier.

The Baron understood, and so did I. Under the stimulus of a reward of one hundred thousand francs these intelligent gentlemen had taken it upon themselves to rescue the kidnapped king of the Bourse from his humiliating captivity. It was of no use to make denial—they knew the Baron, and they also knew their business. With entire respect, but with irresistible force, the three detectives began to edge their prisoner little by little out of the crowd and away from the train. But the Baron was not to be taken without a struggle, and, recovering from his first surprise, he shook himself free and jumped forward. The stout man received the shock obsequiously, and at the same time contrived to turn the Baron off at nearly a right angle to his projected course. It was excellent "interference," but I too knew something of that trick, from those old-time Thanksgiving days on Manhattan Field. In an instant I had jumped behind the Baron and had clasped him about the waist. There was a crash, and the stout man went down, while the man on the right fell back, disabled for the moment by that sharp jab with the elbow point that is so effective in blocking off a too eager opponent. We were all but clear, with the door of our carriage before us. I jumped aside and wrenched it open.

"In with you, Baron," I cried, for already the train was moving.

The third man was close up. He forgot himself so far as to place a detaining hand upon the Baron's coat sleeve.

"But, monsieur—" he began.

"My compliments," roared the Baron, and he straight out from the shoulder. The secret-service philanthropist fell into a disorganized heap, and Ste-

Then

for the apprehension of General Czareska and of my insignificant self.

As matters stood, our party would make a fine haul for some hard-working detective, and it was quite probable that the entire secret police of Europe were eagerly looking out for us. But, after all, I might have been mistaken about the "lady in black," and little by little the incident faded from my mind.

We had reached Rhodopolis about eight o'clock in the morning, and of course our first anxiety was centred upon the question of our further progress. Was the line to Knr still open?

To my relief the official answered that the regular train would leave as usual at nine o'clock. It was reported that the insurgents had appeared in force at Markana, which is six miles from the railway, but as yet they had made no effort to interrupt railway communication. Still, the danger existed, and the company could not insure our safe arrival at Knr. If we took passage it would be at our risk. It is needless to say that the fear of being held up by General Ghika's cavalry did not trouble us much. Once across the Aetolian frontier and we could do very well for ourselves. Our plan was to leave the train at Nissa, the nearest point to Markana, but it would be hardly politic to intimate our intentions to the Soulian officials. So I told Stephan to have four passages booked through to Knr, and, if possible, to secure us a compartment in an empty carriage. He came back in a few minutes and handed me my change in gold and notes.

"For three napoleons they have promised to put on a saloon-carriage, and it will be at the rear end of the train. Have I done right in engaging it, Excellenza?"

"Perfectly, Stephan. I would have given ten if necessary."

"I learned something interesting, Excellenza," he went on. "The train is to take up a large sum of money for the payment of the Soulian troops now in Knr. The treasure is in a van that is to be placed immediately ahead of our carriage, and it is to be guarded by a squad of regulars. Ah, now, if we

wanted but fifteen minutes to the hour of departure. The train was standing at the platform, but the doors were still closed, and would not be opened until five minutes before starting-time. It was hot and stuffy in the refreshment-room, and a couple of small coins induced the doorman to let us out on the platform. The Chevalier went at once to our reserved carriage, but the Baron and I took a turn or two in order to finish our cigarettes. Suddenly the remembrance of the "lady in black" came back upon me. If it really was Mrs. Verriker, we had been lucky indeed to have escaped without receiving some token of her ill-will, and I said as much to my companion.

"Don't be too sure that we are through with her," he answered, coolly. "If I am not very much mistaken she is standing this very moment at the window of the booking-office."

I followed the direction of his eyes and recognized the "lady in black" as madame, without a doubt. But she had not seen us, and we had only to get into our carriage and draw the curtains. In my curiosity I thrust my head out of the carriage window. Provoking! for at that instant Mrs. Verriker passed down the platform and our eyes met. She favored me with

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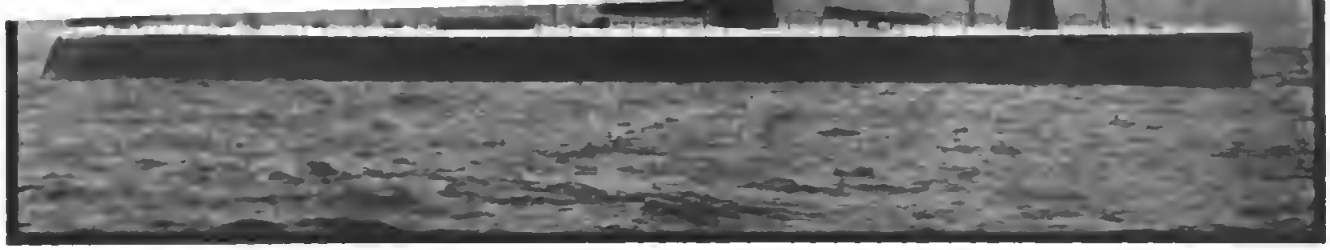

The Torpedo-Boat "Arrow."

The "Arrow" was recently launched at Nyack on the Hudson, and is designed to attain a speed of Forty-two Knots.

phan and I pulled the Baron on to the foot-board as the train rolled out of the station.

"The scoundrel!" panted the Baron. "Tried to deprive me of my vacation, did he, and expecting me to pay for the damage done? When I am ready to go back to Kerker & Company I shall rescue myself and claim the reward of my partners. Have a frankfurter?"

Of course it had been Madame Verriker who had prepared this agreeable interlude for us, by means of a telegram from Rhodopolis to the police department of Mitkoff. She could hardly hope to detain either du Midi or myself by this sham rescue of the Baron's person, and certainly it was too late in the day to expect that he would fulfil that old financial agreement. Probably her idea had been simply to punish the Baron for the part he had taken in thwarting her plans.

"A word with you, Excellenza," said Stephan, at my elbow.

"Well?"

"A despatch has just been received, saying that the revolutionists were advancing towards the railway. I overheard the commander of the soldiers talking with the guard ahead there."

Action at last! This was good news; our friends would be coming to meet us.

"And so the train will run through to Kar without making any stops. The riders are to pass the dangerous point at Nissa at full speed.

Indeed! But this was not so pleasant. If the Nissa stop was to be cut out, how were we to leave the train? Must we remain quietly shut up in our compartment until we were within the walls of Kar, and delivered like so many valuable express packages to Jehan and Captain Coventry? We looked at each other in dismay.

CHAPTER XX

THE "RED COCK" CROWS

STEPHAN is a resolute fellow, and his clever plan seems feasible. Just beyond Nissa there is a heavy up-grade of a mile or more, ending with a tunnel through the summit of the ridge. After the train has entered the tunnel he proposes to step out upon the foot-board and cut loose our carriage, which, as you will remember, is attached at the end of the train. We shall be carried back by the force of gravity to Nissa and to our friends, while the rest of the train goes on to Kar.

"You are sure that you can cut out the connections?" I inquired.

"Perfectly, Excellenza. I worked when a boy for two years in the machine-shops at Mitkoff."

"But we shall be smashed to pieces running backward down that steep grade."

"There is a braking wheel on this coach, Excellenza."

Really there is no reason why we should not make the attempt. The tunnel makes the success of the ruse almost certain, for in the darkness the loss of the carriage will not be noticed at first, and the down-grade will be responsible for the rest. And so it is decided.

Three o'clock, and, as Stephan had predicted, we are passing the straggling little village of Nissa at express speed. It slackened as the train struck the heavy up-grade, but we were still going too fast to run the risk of a broken leg by jumping. Patience! and we should soon be making our entrance into Aetolian company comfortably seated in our private car and with the dignity becoming our importance.

The darkness of the tunnel fell like a curtain across the windows, and Stephan swung out upon the foot-board. Two, three minutes, and then I felt that our car was gradually slowing down. Now we had come to a standstill—we were beginning to move backward. Daylight again, and Stephan, black with dust and smoke, runs quickly along the foot-board and mans the brake on the rear of our carriage. Brave boy! He has done the trick with consummate neatness. The carriage rushes down the incline, rocking from side to side.

Ping!

It was the unmistakable sound of a modern military rifle. Again it came, and yet again. But who could be firing the shots, and whence did they come? A perfect fusillade this time, and now it was certain that the firing proceeded from a point directly behind our carriage, bearing in mind that we were now running in the contrary direction.

The Baron smiled knowingly.

"What is it, Baron?"

"Why, I ventured to make an amendment to Stephan's plans. I suggested it to him just before we entered the tunnel, and it seems that he accepted the hint."

"Kindly explain."

"Nothing, except that it was just as easy to cut out two carriages as one, and the van immediately ahead of ours contains the treasure-chest."

"And also the guard of soldiers," I retorted. "It's something like carrying off a bee's nest, isn't it?"

"Well, there's nothing like honey," replied the Baron.

It was indeed a brilliant stroke, and as a matter of fact we ran but a small extra risk. The soldiers had, of course, discovered that something must be wrong, but they were securely locked up in their van, and were stolidly contesting themselves with fire-firing through the windows. There was neither sense nor argument in this sort of rejoinder, but the Soulian soldier was doing his duty according to his lights, and it was not our ammunition that he was wasting.

A crowd of wild-looking horsemen were galloping up and down the one street of Nissa as Stephan brought our "special" to a stop. Evidently they looked upon our arrival with suspicion, as well they might. What devil's train was this that had come out of the enemy's country, with no visible means of propulsion and towing that thundering volcano of a treasure-van? Some new and terrible engine of warfare, without a doubt. "To arms, brothers!"

The revolutionaries rallied nobly, and now a shower of bullets spattered spitefully around us. Luckily our patriotic friends were firing too high, but the situation was an uncomfortable one. Stephan was doing his best to enlighten his fellow countrymen as to our identity, but in the noise and confusion his shouts and gesticulations passed unheeded. Then I remembered that I had a small Aetolian flag in my hand-bag. I routed it out and gave it to Stephan. He waved it vigorously, and the firing stopped. An officer rode up cautiously, and prepared to investigate. The Soulian soldiers in the treasure-van were still discharging volleys with monotonous regularity, but the direction of their fire was never altered, and it was consequently possible to approach our end without danger. A few words of explanation from Stephan and the officer appeared at the door of our saloon-carriage, cap in hand.

"The gentlemen expected by the General?" he said, inquiringly, in good French.

I managed in a few words to make the situation fairly comprehensible, and the young officer laughed heartily and invited us to descend.

"General Ghika is with the main body, and should be here within the hour," he went on. "You had better remain with me, gentlemen, but, in the mean time, what are we to do with the moving fort that you have brought along with you. *Prste!* My ear-drums are cracking already, and they have turned the railway station into a perfect sieve. I was instructed to have it put in order for the General's headquarters."

"Uncouple the van and have it pushed up the track for a hundred yards or so," suggested the Baron. "Then the 'yellow-legs' can use up their cartridge-belts without annoying any one, and after that you can bag them at your leisure. In the morning we can begin to pay off our brave men. May I be permitted to offer my services in a clerical capacity?" he adds, modestly. And forthwith the Baron Kerker is commissioned Paymaster-General of the Aetolian army, and authorized to open his ledger with the contents of the Soulian treasure-chest—when he gets it.

The advance-guard of the main body are beginning to come in, and the preparations for the bivouac make up a lively scene. Odd-looking soldiers, these poorly dressed peasants, their obsolete fire-arms eked out with scythes and billhooks. But they are a wiry lot of men, and even though they may be undisciplined and poorly equipped, the enemy is not much better off.

We have seen and talked with General Ghika, and the situation is beginning to clear up. He has but four or five thousand men with him, but they are all veterans, and the presence of Prince Infelix has put new hope into every heart. "We shall win! We shall win!" is heard on every side, and the tide of patriotism is rising fast. Already signal fires are blazing on the mountain-peaks, and mounted messengers are spurring in every direction. By to-morrow we shall have ten thousand men to fill up our scanty ranks. None too soon, seeing that to-morrow is July 9.

General Czareska and mademoiselle are not with the army, but are occupying their own château of Saint Ilo, a scant league from the walls of Kar. It seems that the General has been unwell for the past few days, and it was thought best to keep him out of the saddle. At his own house he can be made more comfortable than anywhere else, and mademoiselle is of course taking care of him.

"But the position is an exposed one," said du Midi, frowning.

"Perhaps not so much as your Highness thinks," returned General Ghika, with easy assurance. "Our scouts have informed us that Jehan has withdrawn all his forces behind the city gates. The country-side is as bare as an egg."

"What force is there at the château?" I inquired.

The General had to admit that it was only a small detachment of infantry—a mere guard of honor. But what could happen? The enemy, as he had said, had shown no disposition for offensive campaign. They were safe behind the walls of Kar, and they had only to wait patiently for their deliverance to come to them.

"How far is it to the château?" demanded du Midi.

"Ten miles, your Highness, and a rough road."

"Mr. Cary and I will spend the night there, and you will detail a troop of cavalry as our escort. And now, General, for a soldier's supper!"

It was long after midnight before we were finally in the saddle, and, as General Ghika had informed us, the road was anything but smooth. The night, too, was intensely dark, and, until I learned to let my horse pick his own way, my steed and I were very far from being one. Naturally the intelligent quadruped objected to being forced into ditches and gully-holes, and as his protests generally culminated in an abrupt stoppage, with his forelegs planted widely apart, I spent most of the first quarter of an hour uncomfortably spread-eagled upon his neck. After that I gave him his head and we got along better.

It must have been about half after two when we entered a deep defile, the crags on either side ominously overhanging our path. And the darkness! I could not even see my horse's ears.

"Courage!" called back Narbo, for the young captain commanded our party in person. "The next turn and we shall be out in the open, and a scant mile away from the castle walls. If it were moonlight we should be able to see the château."

"And there comes 'Old Oliver,'" I answered, cheerfully, as we swing around a shoulder of the hills. A sullen glare hangs low on the horizon: the moon of war is rising blood-red.

"The moon! and in the west?" mutters Stephan.

And then we all spur madly forward as a great sheaf of sparks stands out upon the midnight sky. The "red cock" is crowing from the ridge-pole of the Château Czareska.

My horse is the best animal in the whole cavalcade, and I draw rein alone before the great gates of the castle. They stand ajar, and pinned by a pointed point to one of the heavy oaken planks is something small and white, and oblong in shape—a man's visiting card. It reads, in the fashionable block type, "Major Arthur Cavendry, Imperial Soulian Engineers, Aetolian Contingent." And underneath, in pencil, are scrawled the initials "P. P. C."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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I ... at its face value anywhere in the civilized world. A Chicago man, who lately travelled about in Europe and went to most of the countries which travellers visit, was asked by the National Business League to report whatever he noticed that seemed worth telling about. This need of an international money was one of the things that impressed him. He took with him a ten-dollar Treasury note and had it changed into the money of every country he visited. When he got home it had shrunk through these processes of money-changing to $8 64. Of course the money that travellers use as they go along is not changed so many times and does not shrink so much. But it loses something every time it is changed, and though the travellers' loss is the money-brokers' gain, the support of money-brokers is not a public duty, whereas the saving of the lands of travellers is a matter in which increasing multitudes, especially of Americans, have personal interest.

A gentleman who carried some cigars with him in his wanderings over Europe, and computed what those he finally had left had cost him when the duties he had paid were added to the original cost, was of the opinion that for a traveller who was too fastidious to smoke the cigars of each country as he went along, smoking was a very expensive habit. There may be need of an international cigar, from which all countries shall agree not to derive revenue. That need, however, might be difficult to meet. But international money might be arranged for without serious difficulty if the governments of Europe and the United States could be brought to believe that it was worth their while to do it.

IN Poland a great story-writer is still a national institution, and his countrymen regard him as something more than a worker at a gainful trade. Doubtless, novel-writing in Poland is less gainful than in England and America, because the multitude who read Polish books is not such an illimitable host as that that now reads English. The great contemporary novelist of Poland is Henry Sienkiewicz. He is fond of country life, and as his labors seem not to have made him rich, his countrymen lately determined that they would provide for him a home that should be to his taste. About a year ago they began to raise 100,000 rubles (about $50,000) by popular subscription. The money came in, and when the fund was completed it was invested in a country estate in Kielce, about 140 miles southwest of Warsaw. The place includes several hundred acres of farming-land, well stocked, and with all the implements, buildings, and vehicles that are proper to country life. In this country the gift of a big country-place and farm to a writer who was not rich would mean something very much like ruin, but it must be different in Poland, for report says that Sienkiewicz has been installed with great rejoicings in his new home.

THE recent welcome in London of the returning Volunteers from South Africa was so strongly flavored with alcohol as to have stirred Lord Roberts to appeal to his countrymen not to show their good-will for his soldiers by getting them promptly drunk on their arrival home. His men, he says, have behaved well, and "borne themselves like heroes in the battle field, and like gentlemen on all other occasions." "I therefore beg earnestly," he says, "that the public will refrain from tempting my gallant comrades, but will rather aid them to uphold the splendid reputation they have won for the Imperial army."

We know that Lord Roberts's standard of conduct is high, but it will be hard for even him to elevate the ideas of London in respect to hospitality. The Anglo-Saxon sentiment is deep-seated that the way to show good-will for a man is to buy him a drink, and if the feelings still demand expression, another drink, and if enthusiasm still continues, as many more drinks as he can hold. If anything can keep this sentiment within bounds in London when the Volunteers come home, it will be an appeal from Lord Roberts. It is like him to bestir himself in such a cause.

THERE are mental agitations which are possible to a city of the second or third magnitude which a city of the first magnitude can hardly hope to experience. Boston, for example, can be pervaded by waves of emotion which would diminish into ripples before they reached the limits of the greater masses which compose New York. Boston, again, may be stirred by demonstrations of individual energy which New York would notice in a less degree. In this superior sensitiveness there are advantages. Just now, for instance, Boston is a good deal stirred up about a house which one of her citizens is building on the outskirts of the town, and its agitation is rather enviable, for the builder is a citizen of note, and the house promises to be a structure the like of which there is not in this land.

Mrs. John L. Gardner is the builder, and the site is in a part of Boston newly discovered—newly made, very likely—bordering on the region known as the ... strong individuality. She is building her house with as much secrecy as possible. She once bought an old marble palace in Italy, had it taken apart, and brought the stones of it to Boston. This palace, it is believed, is to be incorporated along with other architectural loot into the new house, which is itself to be a palace, and is planned to be in harmony with its seasoned materials. Access to it is denied the curious, but the Boston *Transcript* has been making such observations of it as propriety admits, and tells of entrances that are architectural treasures brought from Europe, of Italian-Gothic balconies that are boarded over as soon as they are put in place, of columns, capitals, and carved window-frames, of a huge room 150 feet long and two stories high, of a cloistered court-yard, and so on. But what it reports serves rather to whet curiosity and inflame interest than to satisfy either. The builder's intention seems to be that her house shall make its first appearance in public as a finished structure.

Very interesting it all sounds. Mrs. Gardner has many remarkable paintings and great store of collector's junk, which will doubtless find a fit home in this building. Once the house is finished and filled, it will be seen, for there is nothing of the recluse about its owner.

IN South Chatham in Massachusetts the Robins family have lived for 60 years, or maybe more, in a house surrounded by a grove of chestnut-trees. Every one who has chestnut-trees on his place knows that in the fall swarms of marauders come to gather the chestnuts. The Robinses had suffered duly and long from the annoyance of these visits, but being subject to strong democratic convictions, had never been quite willing to put up trespass notices. They had discussed it for years, and resolved, and thought better of it, and re-resolved and hadn't done it. Finally, the place fell to C. Robins, and after meditating every autumn for eight years on the chestnut problem he hardened his heart and put up two notices. One read: "These chestnuts are for the children of South Chatham; other persons are requested not to take them." The other notice read, "Children of South Chatham will be welcome in this grove on Saturdays from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M., but not at other times." There is no more trouble about chestnuts in South Chatham, and the Robinses still feel easy in their democratic minds.

Doing things right is such a pretty art! Now as we look back how many of us are there who don't believe that the Philippines misery was mainly due to bad handling? C. Robins would have been warranted in issuing a proclamation of sovereignty in his chestnut trees, for they were really his, but he thought of a better way. The worst way seems to have been good enough in the Philippines from the start. From nothing that gumption or timely courtesy could have saved us have we been saved. And yet our land fairly abounds in diplomatic persons who do their handling with their hands and their heads, and not with their feet. To gain the maximum of advantage or relief at the minimum cost of disturbance is the gist of diplomacy. What it has been in our hearts to say about the Philippines has been, "These Islands are for the children of the Filipinos; other persons are requested not to take them." But because of distance, and because we had not eight years to think about it, and for other reasons, those notices have never been successfully put up.

SEVERAL times in this page of the WEEKLY reference has been made to the great stone wall in Copiah County, Mississippi. At irregular intervals the newspapers print something about this wall, and the stories are so extraordinary and so well authenticated that it seems odd that some institution of the country which includes antiquarian research among its aims doesn't send a competent examiner, with a hammer and a camera, to the State of Mississippi, and get to the bottom of whatever is there. The latest tale about these Mississippi wonders is printed in the New Orleans *Picayune*. It gives Mr. Thomas Watson, of Hazelhurst, Mississippi, as authority for the statement that in the southeastern part of Claiborne County there is a collection of structures made of stones, each 6 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 2 feet thick, which pervade an area four miles square. These stones are said to be joined together with excellent cement. They are thought to be a continuation of the great wall "which seems to begin below Raymond, in the southern part of Hinds County, and which is traceable through Copiah County. It is broad enough to accommodate two or three wagons abreast, and is one of the wonders of the world."

So says the *Picayune*, which seems to be quoting from the Hazelhurst *Courier*. Its general description of the wall tallies with others that have come from other sources. The Hazelhurst *Courier* says that Mr. Watson aforesaid knows more about the wall than any one else. He calls it the "Brandywine Stone Wall," and speaks of it as a structure, or parts of structures, for the most part buried in the earth, in the southeastern part of Claiborne County, and lying against the Copiah County line on the slopes overlooking the valley of the Brandywine Creek from the west side. At one place the top of the wall is exposed ... feet. The sides and angles of the big stones are described as so perfect as to be like pressed brick. Mr Watson also speaks of carings-in of the earth which suggest caverns, and are evidence to his mind of the existence of a great buried city.

It seems considerably easier to believe that Mississippi is carrying a large and valuable line of prehistoric ruins which are in pretty good repair than that all these stories which seem so explicit and so well attested are either untrue or substantially misleading. It seems strange that our own Museum of Natural History, which has been so zealous in investigating the ruins of Mexico and Central America, has not bestowed attention enough upon these tales from Mississippi to determine what there is in them.

A MEMORIAL to William Black, the novelist, is to be set up in the form of a beacon, on Duart Point, in the Sound of Mull, near Oban. Every one who knows Black's stories knows Oban, in the West Highlands of Scotland. A throng of tourists, including many Americans, go there every year, and will see the memorial. The beacon, a stone tower, has been designed by William Leiper, Esq., R. S. A. Its first cost will be about $5000, and when it is finished the Northern Light-house Board will undertake its care and maintenance. The Board considers a beacon on Duart Point necessary. The lack of one cost two wrecks last winter. It was at first proposed to establish a life-saving station in memory of Black, but the equipment of that would have needed renewal, and a beacon seemed simpler and better. Of the money needed, an American committee, consisting of Mr Alden, of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and Messrs. R. R. Bowker, Andrew Carnegie, J. Henry Harper, and W. M Laffan of the *Sun*, has agreed to raise $1500. The money has already been advanced, but it is desired that the fund shall be as representative as possible. Mr. Black's friends and readers in this country are invited to send their subscriptions to Harper & Brothers, New York.

FOR the enlightenment of a number of inquirers it is hereby disclosed that the "Young Queen" who is the subject of the poem by Rudyard Kipling, in the WEEKLY for October 13, is Australia. She sent troops to South Africa to help the "Old Queen" out, and she lately formed a confederacy of her constituent colonies. The latter incident gives Mr. Kipling the occasion for his poem; the former one has doubtless to do with furnishing him with inspiration. The wonder is, when one considers the frequency and merit of Mr. Kipling's imperial poems, that Mr. Alfred Austin hasn't sued him for trespass.

ONE of the details of the benevolence of Mr. H. L. Higginson, of Boston, the chief promoter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and of Boston's new Symphony Hall, is a provision to sell, every year, a large number of seats at 25 cents apiece to lovers of music who cannot afford to pay a higher price. The idea, it seems, has found favor in the estimation of a Baltimore gentleman, Mr. Wyatt, who has bought forty season tickets to the Symphony concerts in Baltimore, which he divides between two institutions, for distribution to indigent but appreciative persons. No rights are reserved in this idea, and persons who are pleased with it are welcome to make use of it.

THIS year's enormous wine crop in France is welcomed with enthusiasm and popular rejoicings, and by none more sincerely—if the correspondents tell us the truth—than by the foes of rum. Drunkenness and alcoholism have been sore evils in France of late years, as all readers know, and there has been widespread organization to fight them. But all the mischief that intemperance does in France is laid to spirits. That there is harm or danger in any reasonable use of wine is something the Frenchman does not readily include among the ideas that govern his conduct. The laws which have lately been tried or discussed in France for the regulation of drinking have had to do with spirits. The tax on spirits has been increased (without perceptible good effect, we are told), the Norwegian system and the South Carolina system have been discussed, "anti-alcoholic" cafés have been opened, temperance instruction has been given in some schools, but the whole movement is against spirits. The idea that sound French wine is a mischief seems not to be entertained. When wine was universally drunk in France and there was plenty of it, there seems to have been little trouble about drunkenness. France was then a temperate country, and had the reputation of being so. Even now a great majority of French wine-drinkers are temperate. But spirit-drinking has increased enormously and done great harm. It is the hope of sagacious observers that if wine grows more abundant and cheaper the use of spirits will decrease, and so they welcome this year's enormous crop of grapes, and watch with solicitude for its effects upon the habits of the people.

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NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

IF Miss Braddon's story of *The Infidel* is a novel with a purpose, the purpose is successfully concealed. The infidel is a girl, whose father, an unfrocked clergyman, brought her up to disbelieve in Christianity. Her disbelief causes her no particular distress, and no anxiety, but in the course of an active and adventurous life she gradually parts with a great deal of it, simply because she develops a strong need of religion, and because the Christian religion turns out to be practically sympathetic to the aspirations and needs of a strong and noble character. It does not redeem her after she has played fast and loose with obligations, but it consoles and supports her in a struggle to be true to her conceptions of duty, and faithful to a rash and unlucky undertaking. It is a sweet and wholesome book that Miss Braddon has written about her infidel. It is an eighteenth-century book, with Whitfield and the Wesleys in it, with much about the great Wesleyan revival and a little about the French-English war in America, with echoes of Selwyn and Horace Walpole, and edifying associations with the London court and the London slums. There is a good deal of religion in it and no court at all. It begins in religion where Mr. Lane in his book leaves off, and incidentally, and without sign of purpose prepense, it works to a fairly satisfying conclusion the problem that Mr. Lane gives up. Mr. Lane's man, trained in the faith, lost faith and took to science, which may have brought him back to faith, though Mr. Lane does not suggest it. Miss Braddon's woman, trained in infidelity, took somewhat desperately to good works and the Bible, and ignoring theologies, found faith enough to live by and live nobly, which is all that any of us needs.

If it is an objection to a novel of entertainment that it is hard, once we read it, to get it out of one's head, *The Lost Continent* is open to that objection. It tells the story of the collapse of *Atlantis*, which happened, if it happened at all, in prehistoric times and so far back that all we think we know about it rests on the thinnest fable. So Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has had nothing to go by except some soundings in the South Atlantic and the surmises of scientists about mundane conditions in the early days of earth. All the rest of his book—practically all of it—is a product of the imagination. One opens such books gingerly, protesting that they are not true anyway, and that they are probably more or less dull, and not worth spending, or even wasting, time over. That certainly is not true of Mr. Hyne's book. It is a lively story, written in an excellent style, and interesting from beginning to end. If any one is prepared to assert that it is not a true story, in that Atlantis and its people were probably not such as Mr. Hyne has represented them to be, he is welcome to that opinion and to the arguments that may support it. At any rate, Mr. Hyne's Atlantis will be a good enough Atlantis for most readers. His head man, who tells the story, is one Deucalion, the hero of his age, sent to govern the province of Yucatan, and recalled when Atlantis had come under the dominion of the Empress Phorenice. The main interest of the story is a human interest, which centres in Deucalion, who may be compared to a Roman of the Republic brought suddenly back into the Rome of Nero. And there is Phorenice, the bad empress, prodigious in her abilities and without fear or compunction; and Zaia, strong and lovely, fit mate for Deucalion; and Ylga, the fern-girl; and Tob, the mariner; and Zaemon, the high priest—all well-drawn characters and alive. Mr Hyne has dealt ably, too, with the possibilities of his setting. His prehistoric sea-voyages, planned in the hope that at least half the crew will survive the scurvy; his wonderful sea-monsters; his man-eating birds, and enormous lizards, and cave tigers and mastodons; his high magic; and his earth, half baked still, but already peopled with formidable and progressive humans—it is all very cleverly and intelligently worked in. The author seems to know his geology, his biology, and whatever other branches of science could throw light on his work, and also to have read the Bible.

We know that in the early days there were such animals as he describes; but were there such men and such women; and was there ever on earth such knowledge of Nature's mysteries and such command of her hidden forces? Nimrod was a mighty hunter; Semiramis was a mighty queen. Moses did strange things in Egypt; there seem to have been floods in the earth since it became Man's home; a race that has utterly passed away built great cities in Yucatan; as long ago as the Book of Job was written there was a philosophy in the earth as profound as any philosophy of our day. As far back as any record goes we find the wise men of earth as wise men in many particulars as any of the wise of our own generation. Mr. Hyne's book is more than merely amusing. The thoughts in it are grown-up thoughts. One does not lay it down and say that it is diverting nonsense. He wonders if in the old, old days the earth and its people were really anything like that.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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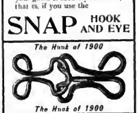

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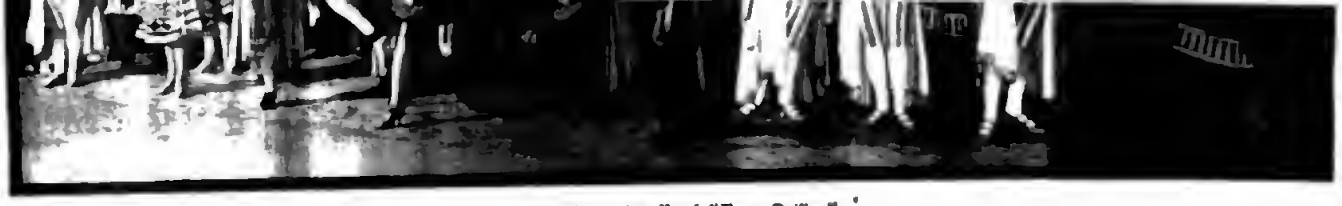

Serenade in Act II. of "Foxy Quiller."

THE DRAMA

COMIC opera seems to meet the most exacting requirements satisfactorily nowadays when it provides entertainment. There has long been lamentation in certain quarters that this form of musical art had lost the qualities that once made its purpose somewhat higher. This view always made it necessary to recall regretfully the best days of Offenbach, Gilbert & Sullivan, and Strauss, and draw from their works when in their bloom discouraging conclusions as to the worth of contemporaneous composers and libretto writers. The futility of this view became more and more apparent as the operettas continued to appear, and were quite the same in character that they had always been since talk of their decline in quality began. There were no new Offenbachs or Sullivans to compose scores equal to the work of these two men in their prime, and there was no W. S. Gilbert to inspire them if such men had existed. Comic opera is always in demand, however, and it had to be provided by the men who could do it best, even if they were not equal to the greatest. The grade of their talents made comic opera what it is to-day, and it must be judged by other standards than those used to estimate the work of the most famous men in the field. Viewed in this light, contemporary comic opera reaches a commendable level, and this is, indeed, the only just way to regard it.

TWO specimens of this art form have been on view recently in New York, and it needed only a knowledge of both to realize how impossible it would be to measure their merits by the same criterion. One of these was "The Mikado," a masterpiece in its field, and the other is "Foxy Quiller," the latest result of Reginald de Koven and H. B. Smith's collaboration. The Gilbert & Sullivan work represents, of course, the best specimens of English operetta in existence. The new American work is a very admirable example of the later-day comic opera, that is devised merely to entertain and is made to do it without any particular standard of selection where the means to this end are concerned. The older work has indeed entertained more audiences probably than any other comic opera in the language, but other characteristics were kept in view when it was written. One of the most notable differences in the schools represented by the two operettas is found in the importance placed on this feature of the work. Every comic opera is, of course, written to entertain its hearers. Whether this is to be done in any way whatever, or only by the most artistic and legitimate means, is the point at which the makers of these contemporary operettas depart from the example of their predecessors.

"FOXY QUILLER" gets its name from one of the characters that H. B. Smith created for "The Highwayman." The stupid, blundering, and conceited detective of that operetta has been made the principal figure in the new work, and is acted by Jerome Sykes, who embodied Mr. Smith's comic hero in his first form. In the present instance he is involved in a Corsican vendetta, through his efforts to catch a thief, who he finally decides must be himself. He is so convinced of his own guilt that he is on the point of suffering the penalty for it when the real robber confesses and saves him. Mr. Smith's detective has the same amusing habit of referring to himself in the third person, and some of his speeches have a degree of comicality that does not come from this device. Mr. Sykes's fund of natural humor may not be deep or unctuous, but he is a finished comedian, his personality is agreeable, and he has a good enough singing voice for his purposes. He and Mr. Smith made an amusing and taking hero out of the thief, and the character has been elaborated expertly, for it is emphasized and expanded just enough without being made tiresome or unduly preponderating. This feature of the librettist's work is the most satisfactory. The intrigue is not novel nor very ingenious, and wit in the lines is not frequent. The amusing detective is placed among picturesque scenes, however, and his adventures supply fairly diverting action and attractive episode. The Klaw & Erlanger Comic Opera Company is the strongest organization of the kind that New York has heard in a long time, and would lighten any librettist's task. So its members were able to add charm to parts of "Foxy Quiller" not nearly so good humanly as the scenes in which the detective appears. Mr. de Koven's score contains one or two numbers equal to the best he ever wrote. It is generally marked by the simple rhythms characteristic of his music, and its harmonic effects are not complicated. The score of the first act is somewhat monotonous, but contains one charming number, and the peddler's song is certainly to be included among the composer's happiest efforts. The book and music represent the work of two experienced men, who know what the public demand is in works of this kind, and always succeed in varying degree in supplying it. "Foxy Quiller" shows Mr. de Koven in better mood than usual in his later operettas, for the rest of a year has freshened his inspiration, and Mr. Smith's libretto is rather above the average. So "Foxy Quiller" meets the prevailing standard and supplies a good entertainment. As little more is demanded now it may rightly be put down as a very successful effort in its class.

MAY IRWIN and Peter Dailey are tried entertainers who might seem as well displayed in one play as another, since their personal qualities are in an unusual extent the source of their success; and whatever the share of their associates in a play may be, or whatever the scene in which they may appear, it might be thought that Miss Irwin or Mr. Dailey must be as amusing as ever. But the personal note in these performances is not always so predominating as it seems. Miss Irwin is, to be sure, more of "The Belle of Bridgeport" than she ever was of any play in which she appeared, and potent as her personal humor always is, this has been found to be one of the faults in the farce that has introduced her this year at the Bijou. She is as soulful and unctuous as ever, and sings a few songs below her usual quality with the same appreciation of negro humor and unique ability to express it comically and without vulgarity. She is shown in the play in charge of her father's department store, conducting it according to her own ideas; in control of a rehearsal of amateur actors; and presiding at the business session of a woman's club. These are situations of the kind that show Miss Irwin's fun at its best, and there was every reason why she should have been seen in them to as much advantage as ever. Glen MacDonough, who has already written several clever and serviceable farces for the same actress, proceeded in this case in accordance with his customary formula. But his work fell below what he had done for her in the past. If the play alone had been below her average, Miss Irwin's return to New York might have been more successful. But her eight songs had less merit than her usual répertoire contains, and if there were actors in the company capable of improving the general effect by their talents they had no opportunity to do it. Miss Irwin was as funny in the main as she usually is, but her present play proves that even the most popular personalities can rarely afford to rely on their unaided efforts. In the case of this actress it must be borne in mind that Miss Irwin has now returned to New York for four or five seasons in plays so generally alike that it is difficult in recollection to remember the little difference between them. Her audiences have grown familiar with the kind, if not weary of it, and betterment, rather than deterioration, would seem necessary. A large part of her public would like to see her in a somewhat more ambitious line of work, and so make an effort at plays in which her skill as an actress might be tested. For she has talents in that field that are more attractive than her facility as a mimic or a singer of negro melodies. But the actress probably feels that she knows best what her public demands, and clings to the musical farce in which she was first popular. Peter Dailey relied with equal confidence on what he could do without assistance when he came forward in "Hodge, Podge, & Co." at the Madison Square Theatre. That farce is said to possess a remote German ancestry. Beyond Mr. Dailey's Teutonic costume there is little or no trace of it now. There would seem, indeed, little dramatic origin of any kind in the work as it stands. Songs by Mr. Dailey, songs by his associates, and then songs by the chorus make up the monotonous progress of the entertainment. Some of the scenes are attractive, and the comedian has in Christie Macdonald at least an assistant of very positive charm. But, like Miss Irwin, he has relied on himself, rather than anybody else, and in the lack of any suggestive dramatic material in his play he has undoubtedly followed the only possible course. What the ultimate effect of that will be depends entirely on the degree to which his admirers will be satisfied with only his talents. His audacity in humor, his spontaneity, naturalness, and elephantine grace, were never better displayed, and for admirers of Mr. Dailey that ought to be enough to make his entertainment liked.

Adolf Zink, Harry McDonough, and Jerome Sykes in "Foxy Quiller."

THE season of opera in English at the Metropolitan has found its greatest material and artistic success so far in Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta "The Mikado." The performance fully deserves the popular favor with which it was received. The music has never before been so well sung in New York, and, contrary to expectations, the wit of the lines was not lost in the great auditorium of the theatre. The singers spoke them audibly, and generally with intelligence, and they enunciated the verse of the lyrics clearly enough to give them their full value. The large chorus, more numerous and better drilled than any ever employed before in local representations of the work, gave an interesting spectacular element to the proceedings. The success of this revival will probably turn the attention of the managers of the company toward comic opera, and so long as such admirable performances are given, its greatest opportunity seems to lie in that direction. There are evidences of public indifference to its generally competent representations of grand opera in the vernacular. Whatever their quality may have been, it was always possible, after the first week or two of the season, to enjoy the opera which was sung. Those persons in the audience who were attracted by an admiration for the work itself, and a desire to hear that, had no reason to be dissatisfied. The orchestra and the singers were capable of efficient and intelligent interpretation of the works they attempted. "Faust," "Carmen," "Lohengrin," "Romeo and Juliet," and other operas were well enough done to meet the requirements of audiences that wanted to hear the music and witness the action of the works they were fond of. But it is the singers that the New York public desires to hear, rather than the music. So "The Mikado," given exceptionally well, has been preferred to the fair performance of the serious operas found in the Metropolitan répertoire during the regular seasons.

LAWRENCE REBER.

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feel as though I was livin' back two hundhred years, with a soord in me hand, a row iv tucks on me pants, an' me face full iv onfamilyar wurruds. Bodzooks, I do, Hinnissy."

"What's a historical novel?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Marry come off," said Mr. Dooley. 'Don't ye know? Todslones, if I had me cleaver on th' bar I wud smack thee f'r a hum-headed flake. Idgins, I wud. Odswounds, egad, th' wench speeks th' thruth."

Mr. Hennessy moved cautiously away, and measured the distance to the door, but Mr. Dooley's fit was over. He smiled proudly, and resumed his ordinary speech: "Th' historical romance is a story, Hinnissy, about something that didn't happen befure ye was bor-rn. A few years ago Hogan, that does most iv me r-readin', was hurtin' his eyes over what he called realism. That's where a modest sewin'-machine marries a rayspictable grocery store, an' they talk f'r th' r-rest iv th' book about who shall wind th' clock. Hogan says they was a revulsion agin' this sort iv thing. It came with prosperity. Durin' hard times people r-read about Dinnis comin' home at night an' throwin' a plate iv warrumed-over mutton at th' wife, an' they'd exclaim, 'Great Hivens, how thrue to nature!' But whin people begun to get dividends fr'm th' busted banks, an' pay day become less jerky an' irreg'lar, they had to have a taste iv rale raytined life, an' th' historical novel come in. I always want to believe sthrange things, an' th' on'y thing that prevints in they don't seem probable. Ye see, Hinnissy, a romance is what happens to people ye don't know an' can't guess. So th' game's over now. Th' judis have hilt it.

"But people have got to have thim, so th' romancerers pushes th' story back a few hundhred years. I niver cud think iv George Wash'nton without knee breeches, a coat with tails onto it, an' his hair done up with a rat in front an' a bend behind. Don't ye tell me he iver wore a night-shirt an' hung his wig on th' back iv a chair. I know he wint to bed in thim clothes, with th' constitootion iv th' United States in his hand an' a soord at his side. Poor Mrs. Wash'nton!

"Well, annyhow, with th' time far enough off th' r-rest is aisy. Th' hero ought to be fr'm Virginia or Maryland; it makes no difference which. People will believe annything about them States. 'Tis not essintial that he shud be a frind iv George Wash'nton, but he ought to be. Th' number iv frinds George had, 'tis a wondher he wasn't ilicted Prisidint forty years befure he wint in. Well, sir, this la-ad is th' greatest thing that ever happened. He rides horses that 'd make a bronco buster think he was settin' in a rockin'-chair beside th' fire; he can shoot th' eye out iv th' Goddess iv Liberty on a dollar as far as he can see a dollar, an' that's as far as th' human eye can reach; he's th' gr-reatest soordsman that iver lived; he's as larned as th' librarian iv a circulatin' library; an' he can thrack th' dusty savage to his lair be th' dents his mocassins makes on th' autumn leaves. But he's picked up all these things in th' dur-rk, mind ye. He's told no wan. On'y Joshosh, his nayger slave, an' Uminmunimipapa, th' faithful Indyan chief (Harvard, '81), knows what th' la-ad can do. But th' r-reader is on, an' 'tis th' business iv th' rommancer to keep puttin' champeens iv all these games again' th' unknown. First come, first served: give or take tin pounds: white or r-red. Lord Philip Flutters, th' best soordsman at th' Coort iv King Mike I., insults th' flag iv his counthry, an' th' boy sticks him through th' vest. Th' Indyans bust into th' settlemint, an' with wild savage yells murdher women an' childher. Darin' Dick chases thim to th' distant woods, an' sthrews th' ground with th' luvin's iv thim. Th' R-right Rivrend Aloysius Moses McGlen, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., attempts to put him out iv th' business on th' question iv whether Lamrxas, or what-d'ye-call him, said so, an' Dick proves be quotations fr'm th' warraks iv Max Appendicitus an' th' larned Soadulajinus iv Athens that such is not th' case. He does all thin f'r th' love iv a beautiful girl an' to sell th' book. Does th' girl love him? She does, faith. Says he, 'D'ye love me, Mary Ann?' Says she, 'With all th' wealth iv me young heart.' 'Gawd help me,' says he. 'I will force ye to care f'r me.' An' he goes on bustin' horses an' killin' frinds. No way like that to win a girl. What a woman needs ar-round th'

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it?' says th' gallant young American, crossin' th' king to th' pint iv th' jaw. 'Whiniads, but it lares ill with nony rotchen folden footh iv monarchy,' he says, 'that hists an American citizen,' he says. 'Who is yon fearless divle?' says th' king to wan iv his gang. 'Gramercy, but he's made me rile face to ache like it has not since dashin' Nelly Gline won me love be bastin' me with an orange basket,' says he. 'That's Dick Playbell, th' American welter weight,' says th' courtyard. 'He's a welter all r-right,' says th' gay monarch. 'I'll have to take him ar-round an' inthrajooce him to th' la-ads,' he says. So he carries him off to a gin-mill where th' king done his dhrinkin' in thim days, an' inthrajooces him to Willum Shakspere, Charles James Fox, Queen Victorya, Impror Willum, Alexander th' Gr-reat, Joolyus Caesar, Willum Jennings Bryan, Robert Fitzsimmons, Punchus P. Pilot, Lord Guffe, an' all th' gr-reat heroes iv antiquity, who ar-re shakin' dice f'r th' dhrinks, an' he makes barren iv all iv thim at larnin', at doolin', an' at dhrinkin'. Alexander th' Gr-reat, who is fall iv r-rum, becomes angry at th' la-ad's popularity. 'Can ye r-ride a horse betther thin I can?' says th' monarch. 'I can make ye'er majesty look like a leather bed on a camel,' says th' lad. 'Bedad,' says th' king, 'but that was a hot wan. Be me holy dome, me troth, che, i'faith, th' American hands thim out sthraight fr'm th' chafin'-dish.' 'I'll bet ye,' says Alexander th' Gr-reat, 'eight millyon bolums that ye can't,' says he. 'Done,' says Dauntless Dick. So they throts out Bucephalus, that Hogan tells me was Alexander's horse, an' he bucks th' monarch off an' breaks his collar bone. 'Wot rot!' exclaims Charles James Fox, 'cand-fish! but his majesty made a dent. He was horsed be his throne, an' now he's thrown be his horse.' This is th' first time this joke was iver sprung. 'Now lave me thry,' says Dare Divle Dick. An' he wint up to th' plug that was leapin' over th' tops iv houses an' breathin' fire like as though his nose was the blast at th' rollin' mills. 'I wint up to him in th' manner I had been taught be George Wash'nton, an' spoke to him in his ear some wurrads I was taught be me faithful Uminmunimipapa, to wit, "Soo boss." Then suddenly I jumped into th' saddle as he was crouchin' at me feet an' away we wint. Up Tottenham Coort Road, beyond th' railroad thracks, across th' Liffey, over Parlymint, into Cinthral Park, leapin' church spires an' over fixed stars, an' crushin' in our path dukes, duchesses, flower girls, shop girls, policemen, editors iv newspapers, an' kings, we flew, but he cud not shake me off. He bucked an' jumped, rolled over like a puff-ball, sat first on his haunches, an' thin on his head, dove into th' river, an' floated undher wather f'r manny miles, but he cuddn't dislodge me. I pulled th' snaffle, loosed th' curb, an' brought him to a standstill on th' table in th' tavern where I'd left th' comp'ny. Even thin he reached ar-round an' thried to bite me, but I thrust me leg to th' hip down his throat, an' thin crookin' me knee, a thrick I had been taught be Willum Penn, I give him a cross buttocks throw that I'd larned fr'm Cotton Mather, an' hurled him onto th' form iv his prostrate masther. "A horse on Alexander," says Shakspere, laughin' heartily, an' th' king ordherin' up a ton iv sack, they pledged me health in brimmin' shawmuts.'

"Ye can see, Hinnissy, that thin la-ad cuddn't happen nowadays. He cuddn't find th' horses nor th' s'ciety. But he was good thin. I won't undhertake to tell ye iv th' things he done in deetail to win th' heart iv th' lovely girl who was tellin' him that she loved him through a megaphone. He jined Paul Jones, an' sailed his ship across Scotland; he fought a duel a day, an' come to in th' ar-rms iv th' cruel woman whose love he sought. Afther stickin' all th' nobility in England with his soord, he come home an' took charge iv th' Rivolution, which he won in a canther. Thin he sought out th' woman he loved, an' she threw her ar-rms ar-round his neck, an' befure they cud be split out th' parson crept up behind him an' marrid thim. All these things he told to his gran'daughter, who set thim down with her own fair hand."

"His grandmother!" said Mr. Hennessy.

"No, his gran'daughter," said Mr. Dooley, "and she believed him."

"Thim things cuddn't happen," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Annything cud happen that far back, whin they wore romantic clothes," said Mr. Dooley. F. P. DUNNE.

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FOLLOWING DRAG-HOUNDS

BY RALPH N. ELLIS, M. F. H., MEADOWBROOK CLUB

FOX-HUNTING is a very old sport in America. Whenever a new colony got secure enough not to be hunted by Indians, or to do hunting for the mere value of the food obtained, the wily fox soon became an object of the chase. And it has continued to the present time, even in New England, where the game is pursued by very intelligent but not very fleet hounds and finally shot by one of the hunters. In Pennsylvania, in Virginia, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, and several other parts of the South fox-hunting is a well-established sport. But in some of these places does it resemble in a very intimate way the English fox-hunting where the hunters ride to hounds—that is, after and in sight of the hounds till the fox be caught and killed. In the distinctively American fox hunting the dogs are for most of the time out of sight, and the riders follow along roads and paths, being guided by the tongues rather than the sight of the hounds. This is easy to do, as the American hound has more tongue than his English cousin, an American couple being able to make as much music as the regulation twenty-two couples of an English pack.

Riding to hounds with a fox as the quarry is not commonly in this country on account of the extensiveness of the cover that our large and numerous wood lands afford. It may be also that our national impatience has something to do with the fact that following a drag is more popular than taking the chance of a run by compelling a fox to break cover. With the drag the riders are absolutely sure of a run every time they go out, for there is no uncertainty about it whatever. In real fox-hunting there are many elements of chance, and even in England a run straight away of five or six miles is so uncommon that if it be obtained once in a fortnight they feel that they are having very good sport. In England the covers are so small and so placed that they may be said to be artificial, and as the earths are all closed at night while the foxes are feeding, it seems reasonable to expect a good run whenever the hounds go out. Even there, however, it is not the case; here it would be much less so. Therefore the drag has been adopted by some hunt clubs to provide rapid and certain sport for those impatient spirits who prefer riding to anything else.

We have borrowed drag-hunting from England just as we borrowed fox hunting. And we have modified it somewhat just as we have changed the fox-hunting itself. In England the drag-hunt was invented by cavalrymen stationed in sections where there was not proper cover for foxes. It is recognized there as a very proper form of sport in its place, though the Duke of Beaufort, in his Badminton Library, does not mention it with entire approval. He says, however, that it "is at least as good a sport as hunting the carted deer, and for the most part much better fun." Strictly speaking, as we practise it in America, following the drag-hounds is not hunting at all, but a prolonged steeplechase, the hounds marking the course for the horsemen, the course being previously marked for the hounds or pack by the men who laid the scent under the general direction of the master of the fox-hounds. The sport, however, needs no apology. It has been ridiculed by newspaper men who knew nothing of it, but every genuine sportsman who has ever been out with the Meadowbrook hounds knows that it is quite worthy of respect.

For this kind of sport the part of Long Island hunted by the Meadowbrook pack is unsurpassed. The soil, until the hard weather of December, gives admirable footing for horses, and in spring there is sure to be six weeks of hunting, practically unknown in other parts of the country. Then, again, the farmers and other landowners in the Meadowbrook bailiwick are on most excellent terms with the club. The land-owners have been treated with consideration and paid promptly for any damage done to their crops or fences. Then, again, they are quite aware that the hunting has brought so many people of wealth to that section of Long Island that the land is now worth three or four times what it was twenty years ago. They look upon this "unearned increment" with complacent satisfaction, and are not disposed to quarrel with those who brought it about. Nevertheless, they need to be handled with tact, and always treated with above-the-board frankness. Men follow the course run over by the Meadowbrook hounds and repair the damage so far as they can by mending broken fences and pay for that which cannot be repaired. In this way the good relations are preserved, and the things represented in the comic papers, such as a farmer with a pitchfork putting a whole field of hunters to rout, are really never heard of.

A run on Long Island will usually be about eight miles, and will take something like thirty minutes. The hounds are very fast, and if they were not interfered with by the frequent fences through which they have to scramble it would take a very fast horse under a light weight to keep up. As it is, however, the runs are very fast, and none but good horses have any business with these runs. Most of the hunters are thoroughbreds or nearly so, some of them being brought from Ireland, and some bred with a strain of American trotting blood. This cross assists in making the ideal hunter, but as some strains of the American trotter trace back to a nearly thoroughbred ancestry, these hunters are not much colder than the horses in training on the turf. The jumps are chiefly stiff timber, so the sport is not just as it is in other places where there are generally stone walls, banks, and ditches. An Englishman will not be inclined to say that the going is faster than is common in his country, but such, however, is the fact. It is also so different that horses should be especially trained for it. An Irish hunter trained before being brought here would be of no service. But it pays to train a good horse for Long Island hunting. In England a hunter's legs are lucky if they last three to five seasons. Because of the easy landing usual on Long Island a hunter's legs will last as long as his age permits him to be fast enough to go the pace, and it is never surprising to see a man well mounted on a horse that is close to the voting age! Indeed, the horses that gallop with the Meadowbrook hounds are a rarely good lot, and there are not a few which would be dangerous in the steeplechases with the riders wearing silk.

The Meadowbrook Hounds.

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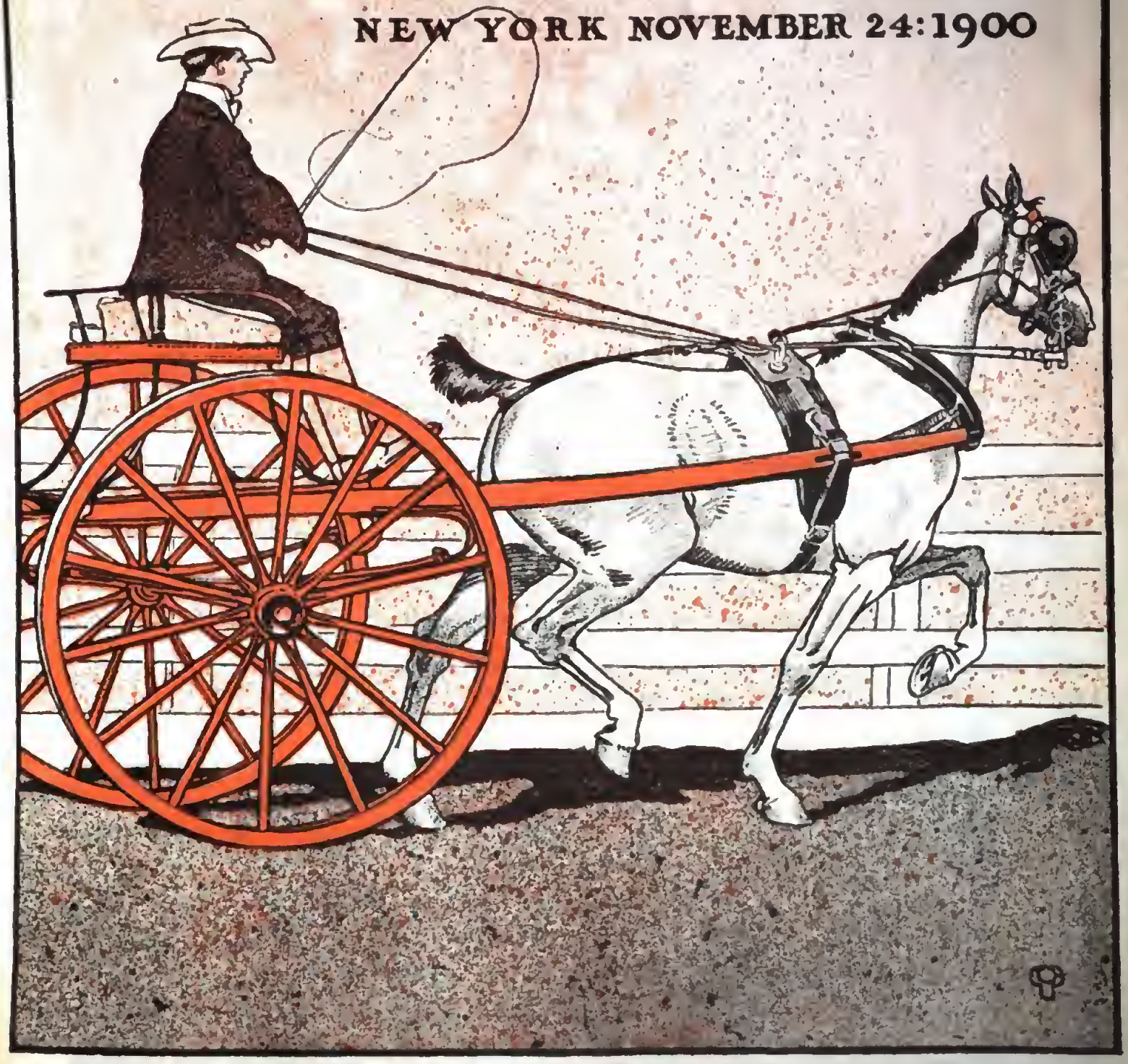
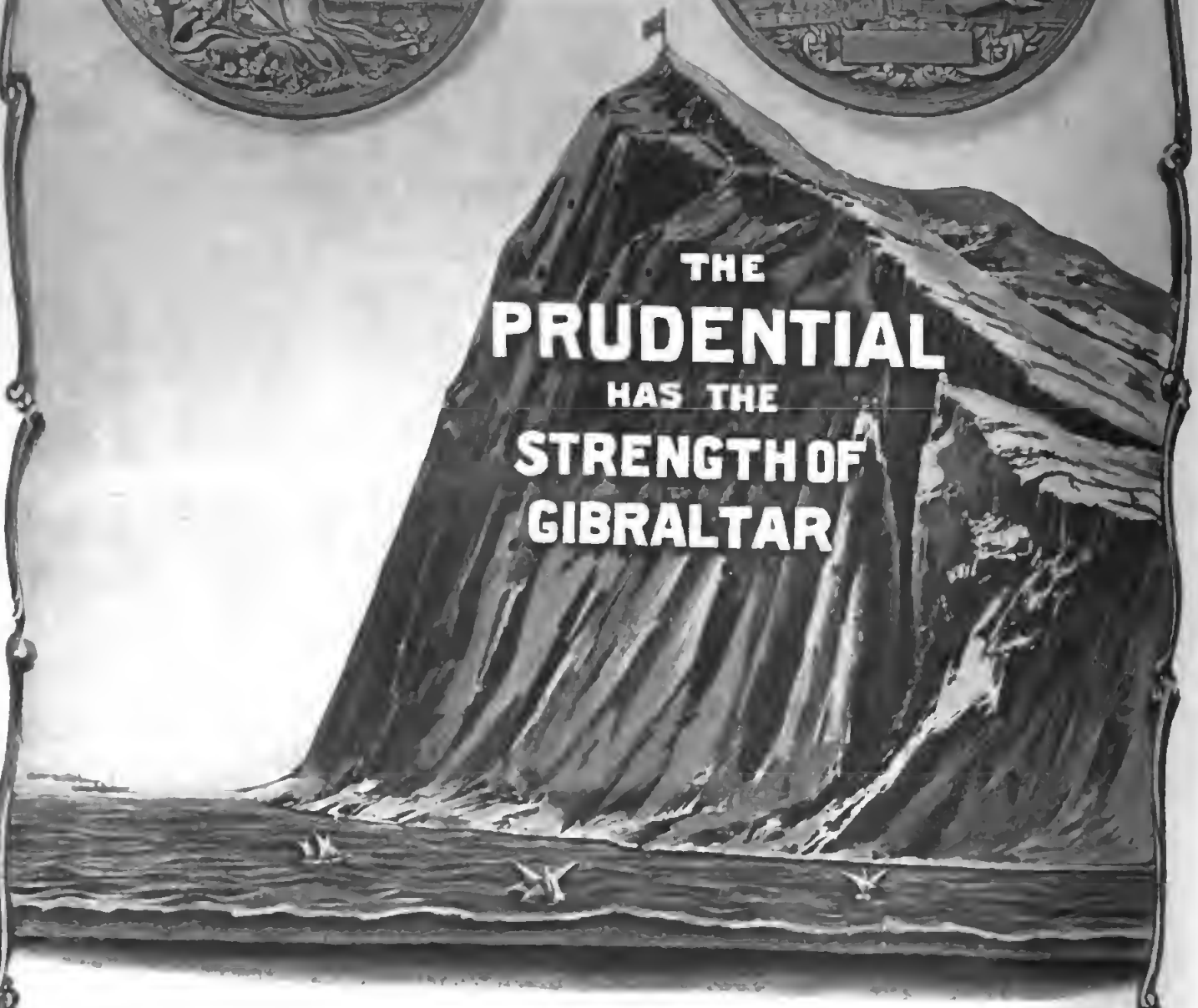
WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 24:1900





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LI HUNG-CHANG, IN THE PALACE, TIENTSIN.

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ASSOCIATED

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 24, 1900

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The Ideal Newspaper

THE venerable Dr. PARKHURST has once more broken silence and has come forth with a statement as to the qualities a newspaper must possess to be considered ideal. It appears from certain things that Dr. PARKHURST says that in his judgment up to the present time this journal of his fancy does not exist, but he intimates that there are actually living to-day a number of good people who stand ready to give substantial financial aid to the project which shall remove the perfect newspaper from the realm of things dreamed of to the world of stern reality, and we are given reason to hope that erelong we shall find the millennial journal delivered at our homes in time to give zest to our breakfast, if we choose to welcome it within our doors. There is no doubt that all that Dr. PARKHURST says about the journal he would have established is true. The qualities which he enumerates as essential to perfection are one and all eminently desirable, and have for many years been recognized as such by competent editors everywhere, and in so far as they have been permitted to put them into operation on the newspapers in their control, the principles laid down as guiding ones by the eminent divine have been adopted by editors and proprietors everywhere. Indeed, it is probable that the good doctor has unconsciously absorbed his ideals from a study of the public prints themselves, and that so far from being an iridescent dream, the perfect newspaper is actually in existence to-day, unrecognized by the bulk of us perhaps, since men's ideals differ, but none the less a concrete thing. We do not ourselves know of a newspaper which we consider wholly perfect, but we do know of plenty of newspapers which are as nearly ideal for the particular clientele they seek as they can ever hope to be, or as we can ever hope to have them. Qualities which we admire in one journal may be conspicuously absent from another, and yet the journal which lacks these particular admirable qualities may possess virtues which the first one lacks, and which would bring irretrievable ruin to the first one if it had them. As a matter of fact, in newspapers, as in everything else in this world, one must cut one's cloth to suit the occasion, and it is no more possible to settle upon a definite ideal of a newspaper for all men than it is to adopt a suit of clothes of a standard size and quality and say that it shall fit and be becoming to everybody. A point that gentlemen like Dr. PARKHURST and others seem to forget is that newspaper proprietors are not in business for their health wholly. No doubt they would like to be, but it is an unhappy fact that the production of a daily newspaper is an expensive affair, and as yet like in the journals of the day, but we fear they would have little influence in spite of these ideal qualities. The very first thing a newspaper editor must do to be of influence in the world is to secure the ear, and through it the regard, of those to whom he speaks through the types. If he fail to do this, he may hope for no good results, financial or moral, from his efforts. It would be an absurd kindness to a lover of one of the so-called yellow journals to send him gratis the *Evening Post* or the Boston *Transcript* for a year. He would not enjoy them; would shortly cease to read them, and would remain true to the paper of his choice; and yet each of these newspapers has a distinct value to the community in which it is published; virtues which are peculiar to themselves, each its own; and an influence which would be materially lessened in every case if the methods of the one were to be adopted in the management of the others.

On the whole, it is probably the fact that it is not so much the newspapers that need to be reformed as the readers of newspapers. If readers do not care for the sensational and the vulgar things of life, they will soon cease to have them thrust upon them. There is in all things a law of supply and demand, which will ever be potent in shaping the destiny of all human enterprises; which insures success or predicates failure, accordingly as it is observed or ignored. It is to the question of the demand that our reformers should look, and in uplifting the quality of this it is our earnest conviction that Dr. PARKHURST will be acting more in the line of his intellectual gifts than in the editing or the formulating of the kind of newspaper that will do the greatest good to the greatest number of readers. If Dr. PARKHURST will provide 500,000 ideal readers for the enterprise, there can be no doubt of the success of his ideal newspaper. If he fails to do so, the old ideals now in operation will doubtless continue in vogue for as long a time as the public seems to care for them.

WE have been interested to note a conspicuous revival of the discussion of whipping as a punishment for crime. The general impression among well-informed men is that our penal institutions are too popular among criminals to be strongly deterring influences. The penitentiaries have been developed along lines which are too purely ideal from the offenders' point of view to act as a restraint upon their evil tendencies, and it is felt in many quarters that something less comfortable than free board and lodging for a term of years, with a modest amount of daily toil to increase the appetite, is demanded to make crime more unpopular as a profession. Whipping seems to be the most feasible and humane deterrent available. It certainly fills the offender with a wholesome dread, and physical pain is something which most of the hardened criminals fear more than the loss of personal liberty, to which by degrees they become used. Certainly, whether or not the whipping-post be revived—and there are potent arguments against its resurrection—we have latterly been surprised at the attitude the man in jail has been permitted to assume in the eyes of society. Our penal institutions provide not only bread and butter, three substantial meals a day, lodging, and absorbing occupation for the malefactors who have been sequestrated for a period by the operations of the law, but much entertainment is afforded them. Evenings of magic, and even authors' readings, have been provided for them; musicales are a frequent source of entertainment, and there is to-day published for their amusement and exploitation a prison journal, edited and contributed to by those who are serving terms of imprisonment for various crimes—a journal from whose columns the prison-made jokes are quoted as freely by metropolitan newspapers as are those of the free and independent comic papers. We do not exaggerate the situation when we say that the prison life of the offenders of the day is made far pleasanter and more comfortable for the

The Revival of Whipping

possibly be far more effective as a preventive than a period of comfortable sequestration upon the banks of the Hudson River or in any other of the first-class criminal hostelries of the country.

THEY have a strenuous President in Costa Rica. This statesman, having decided in his own mind that certain recent fires in Port Limon were of incendiary origin and prompted by a desire on the part of over-insured owners to dispose of their property in the easiest, quickest, and most profitable manner, has decreed that hereafter there shall be no such thing as fire-insurance in his bailiwick. President YOLESIAS holds that if there had been no insurance there would have been no fire, and inasmuch as he considers an ounce of prevention worth quite a pound of cure, he has taken the bull by the horns and banished insurance from his state. Further than this, he requires that buildings erected to replace those destroyed shall be constructed of fire-proof material, and within two years every frame building now standing must be replaced by a fire-proof structure. Naturally so arbitrary an act as this on the part of the Costa-Rican President carries consternation into the hearts of many of his fellow-citizens, and the results of the decree will be watched with some interest. Meanwhile, while we cannot, of course, approve of this autocratic display of authority, we cannot help wishing that in our own community there were some public official—of the Dogberry order, maybe, but yet full of determination to stop abuses—who would make certain disasters of recent occurrence impossible of repetition. Several weeks have passed since an apparently peaceful drug-house in New York city blew up, destroying much property, killing a number of people, and endangering the lives of hundreds of others, but as yet no responsibility for the disaster has been fixed, and at this writing even the precise cause of the explosion is unknown. An YOLESIAS or two at headquarters, even if they made nothing but mistakes, might shake matters up somewhat in this somnolent community before a recurrence of the disaster emphasizes the need for prompt and decisive action.

A Strenuous President

IT is a good sign to see all the vigor that the respective elements of reform in municipal affairs are putting into the opening guns of their campaign to wrest this city from the hands of the Philistines. Both wings of the attacking host are expending their most strenuous energies in paying compliments of a backhanded sort to each other. Such internal warfare as must inevitably manifest itself in a combination of somewhat diverse elements is being properly waged, and if both parties will only fight their own individual quarrels fiercely to a finish now, and then get together in the common cause against the enemy, all will be well. It is far better that these differences of opinion should be threshed out at this time than that the fires of conflict should be allowed to smoulder to break out with destructive fierceness when the margin of time for reconciliation is perilously close to the limit. We earnestly hope that neither side will spare the other, now that the conflict is on and there is plenty of time left in which they may kiss and make up, for we confidently believe that out of the fierce fire of these differences both sides will emerge purified and stronger for the fray. From this on to the spring of 1901, then, let the battle wax hot, and then when the first blossoms of May begin to show themselves on the trees let the olive-branch be mutually extended, let coats come off, and the contending parties stand shoulder to shoulder, presenting a common front to the enemy.

The Fight for Reform

These preliminary scrimmages should have no greater significance than those between two foot-ball elevens of the same university. The final eleven is always the stronger for a series of preliminary battles between the "scrubs."

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MUSIC

By Philip Hale

ARREY VON DOMMER, the author of a singularly accurate, clear, philosophical, sane, and concise history of music, ended his book with the death of Beethoven (1827), although he signed his name to the preface of a revised edition as late as 1878. A student of the shifting fashions in music, he was not prepared to admit the abiding influence of any composer that worked after the first performance of the Ninth Symphony: he was not willing to treat as solid and substantial that which he felt to be still undetermined in form, or liquid, or vaporous; he felt himself too near these successors to judge of them with any unerring sense of perspective; he had no desire to play the prophet: he was not impressed by the shout, "Hats off, gentlemen: a genius comes!"; nor was he stunned by the drums and trumpets of contemporaneous and tumultuous praise. To him the development of music ended historically with the death of Beethoven. Has there been any true development since the Ninth Symphony and the last enigmatical string quartets of the same composer?

A man might claim seriously and without a passion for paradox that in certain ways music has not developed during the nineteenth century. Take, for instance, the tools with which orchestral writers work. There are no string instruments that rival those made by the old Italians. If you should mention the names of Böhm and Sax as improvers of wood-wind and brass, he might reply that the oboe, clarinet, flute, bassoon, horn, and trumpet have, in a measure, lost their distinctive qualities, that their *timbre* is not to-day so sharply defined; and he might say that certain instruments of peculiar charm have been allowed to disappear from the orchestra. He might ask: In choral music has any composer of this century equalled or even approached the music of Palestrina, di Lasso, Bach, Handel? Has Wagner with all his genius and the resources at his command surpassed Gluck in his directness, truthfulness, intensity? Has Verdi with his "Falstaff" driven "Le Nozze di Figaro" from the stage? Do you claim for a moment that programme-music is an invention of this century? You forget the choral programme-music of Jannequin, the piano programme-music of Kuhnau, the symphonic programme-music of Dittersdorf? And go back again to instruments; the organs of Cavaillé-Coll are, indeed, masterpieces of art, and yet have they the sonorous diapason quality of an organ by Silbermann? The modern grand-piano is a formidable, a wonderful machine; but is it a musical instrument? Is it not swollen, bombastic, out of proportion; a thing that demands a great hall, a full orchestra, an athletic, acrobatic pianist? Even now is there not a desire on the part of the thoughtful to return to a more modest instrument, which will be content with the inherent, inevitable limitations, and not clamor for a position to which it has no right? Nor am I prepared to admit that the popular interest to-day in music is greater proportionally than in preceding centuries, when even in England handicraftsmen and laborers of all kinds sang at their tasks, when princes, popes, and cardinals vied with each other in cultivation and support of music, when the wandering virtuoso was consulted in affairs of state, when thirty thousand gathered themselves together in the church of St. Peter at Rome to hear the organ played by Frescobaldi.

Now music is not a fixed art: there must be progress or a step backward; and even the lover of paradox would admit that, upon the whole, there has been development. This development is necessarily shaped by the character of each successive period. Especially is this true of the opera, which, like the play, reflects the liking of the audience. The musician that deliberately writes to gain the favor of this audience enjoys only temporary fame; but there have been men who, accommodating themselves to the spirit of their period, through sheer genius have so vitalized conventional formulas that their music has survived the music of less richly endowed contemporaries, and it gives delight to-day; witness the "Don Giovanni" and the "Nozze di Figaro" of Mozart, who, never a revolutionary in dramatic work, accepted the formulas of his period and glorified Italian opera. There have also been men, as Gluck and Wagner, who, with prefaces and theories, exerted an influence that was felt outside the theatre. These men founded no schools, for their deliberate imitators have been few and short-lived. The influence that endures is leaven — not a replica, not pattern-work.

No man can escape wholly from hereditary and traditional modes of thought and expression, or from his milieu; and the period in which he lives shapes his way after he has sifted the gold from the dross of periods that have gone before. Bach could not have written the operas and the more dramatic oratorios of Handel any more than Handel could have written the Passion Music according to Matthew. Individuality, after acceptance and rejection, changes gradually the spirit of the period. There was a time in the eighteenth century when the chief end of music was, to use the words of Athenæus, "to soften moroseness of temper, dissipate sadness, and produce affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy." There was no intense passion: there was the thought of classic beauty. The chief characteristic of Mozart is an olympian serenity, and when he is intense, which is seldom, there is the cool and harmonious passion of the antique frieze. Then came the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars that influenced the operas of Spontini, the wave of romanticism that swept the continent of Europe and moved musician as well as poet and dramatist. Life became more complex, the nerves more easily thrilled, and it is to-day a neurotic world that acclaims Wagner, Tschaikowsky, and Richard Strauss. To-day sees the triumph of the dissonance. And yet the lover of paradox would tell you that the field of music has been sown with dissonances since "Sumer is icumen in" was sung in England.

What men since Beethoven have had the most to do with the development of music? or if you prefer the word "change" to "development," what men have been chiefly instrumental in shaping music into its present condition? I think that nearly all the students of musical history would agree upon these names: Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner. Schubert was a solitary singer, like the hermit thrush. The genteel Mendelssohn had genteel imitators, especially in England, where the aggressive morality of his life and his intercourse with Victoria and her consort made him a favorite and established him as a tradition. We are too near Brahms to judge how far his influence will extend. At present men without melodic invention and with technical skill attempt to pour their sluggish thoughts into his mould. Tschaikowsky is an eclectic with a passionate voice of his own. Grieg and many of the neo-Russian school are intoxicated with nationality; and parochial music, however it may interest as an exotic, has no abiding influence in another parish. Haydn employed Croatian folk-song, Beethoven used Russian themes; but this employment of national melody is not in their works an essential element of the beauty or the strength of the music, and the hearer would not know of the employment were it not for antiquarians and commentators. The influence of Ponchielli, as also that of Verdi—O thrice honored name!—has been strongly marked of late years in Italy, but it has not crossed the Alps to convert or colonize.

Schumann, a romantic poet of the piano and of song, quickened knowledge and appreciation of rhythmic devices, infused individuality into old forms, and created what may be called tone-miniatures, tone-cameos. A symphonic writer of inferior rank, he stands next to Chopin in his use of the piano as a medium of personal expression. His best songs, while they have not perhaps the artlessness of Schubert, who sang with the *naïveté* of William Blake, while they have not the easy lyric sweep of Schubert, are, nevertheless, inimitable, incomparable, in their cry of distress, aspiration, passion. Unfortunately, Schumann wrote much that shows merely the desire for dry technical proficiency and the dull working of a wearied, distracted brain. The voice of Schumann is heard distinctly to-day in every land. Full appreciation of his genius is of comparatively recent date. And now there is not so much direct imitation as unconscious absorption of his romantic spirit, poignant intensity, and curiosity in rhythm. As a thinker in orchestral expression he is without any authority whatever, but in the best piano music of the last twenty years you find Schumann, whether the composer be Russian, German, or Frenchman.

Chopin revolutionized piano music. A devout student of Bach, he thus influenced mightily the harmonic structure of all modern music. He killed forever the dreary belief in form only for form's sake. Not that he rejected form, but by his use of things indispensable to coherency and homogeneity, by the beauty of his poetry and the rare felicity of his language, the dry bones of formalism are covered so completely that they are no more thought of than are the mere materials of Botticelli, or the grammatical rules forgotten by Pater. Much nonsense has been written about his melancholy, his patriotism, his amours; but no praise of his wondrous poetic feeling, his exquisite originality, his fastidiousness in detail, can be extravagant or fulsome. He did not teach by pamphlets or verbal instruction; he showed by music itself that conventionality in music is an absurd offence, a boresome crime. His genius violated long-established rules, not through caprice, not through any spirit of vainglory, but with the inevitableness of the supreme artist. He, as Schumann, was great in small things. They proved beyond doubt and peradventure that a masterpiece is not necessarily a concerto or a sonata, just as Poe maintained that the impression made by a work of art, the effect it produces, rather than the time it took to impress effect or "the amount of 'sustained effort' which had been found necessary in effecting the impression," should be the chief factor in the final judgment. Their task, their triumph, was, to quote Poe again, "the rhythmical creation of beauty." In this creation lies their influence, an influence as deeply rooted, as wide-spread, as that of Wagner, who followed them, although it is not so noisy and spectacular.

There were brave song writers before Schubert. Purcell, some of the older Italians, Handel, Mozart the opera maker, these left behind them imperishable melodies. But the nineteenth century is distinctly the century of the development of the art-song and of orchestration. It is not too much to say that the creator of modern orchestration was Hector Berlioz. There had been strivings and experiments before him, but there was little for him to build upon. He was the inventor, the creator, of the modern orchestra, and there is nothing in the history of music more remarkable than the courage, the audacity, the imagination, of this man, who was without marked melodic gift, without a thorough technical education, without practical mastery of any one important instrument. He not only shaped the future of orchestral expression in France, but Liszt learned from him, Wagner leaned heavily upon him, the neo-modern Russian composers, whose orchestration dazzles through brilliance of color, are his direct descendants. His pupils are now living, they are in all lands, whether they write for the concert stage or theatre. The splendor of Berlioz's orchestration is still undimmed; yea, he shines with greater brilliance in comparison with the most ambitious of his followers. For Berlioz, with all his alleged extravagance in the use of instruments, is always clear, lucid, sonorous, sane. He does not use an instrument simply because it is at hand. When he uses it, it is for an express purpose, and the characteristic quality of that instrument is at once felt; it is recognized as necessary to the fulfilment of the plan.

Absolute music was carried to its farthest possibility, as it would seem to us now, by Beethoven; for I do not suppose that any one would insist on placing a symphony by Tschaikowsky, Brahms, Bruckner, or even César Franck, for sheer sublimity of thought, fully abreast of the few great symphonies of Beethoven. The development from Beethoven was not, then, a development; it was a departure. And one of the features of music in this century is the commanding position taken by what is known as the symphonic poem, or programme-music. There was a time when music was simply the expression of musical ideas. It did not profess to be panoramic or minutely descriptive. (I have noted exceptions to this rule; but these exceptions are few, and they did not influence contemporaries or the men of the next generation.)

To Berlioz and Liszt may be justly ascribed the firm establishment of programme-music, music that depends on a close association of ideas that are not musical for success or failure, for enjoyment or disapproval. The field is a wide one, and since the apparition of Richard Strauss it is without barriers. There is the modest form of programme-music; Tschaikowsky writes "Romeo and Juliet," and the hearer is left to his own imagination. MacDowell writes "Lancelot and Elaine" or "Hamlet and Ophelia," and there is no printed text for the instruction of the audience. Smetana has his "Richard III." Others go a little farther, as Raff, Liszt, Berlioz. Saint-Saëns stands apart and looks half quizzically at his own work. "Do you hear Hercules groaning in rage? You are welcome, if thus you are pleased. Is the oboe the mocking voice of Omphale? Just as you please. Name anything to suit yourself." But there are composers of symphonic poems who are like unto

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[illegible] it is dull; some of it is marvellously beautiful and effective as music without thought of any gloss or story. The picture in *Punch* of the asthete at the piano "playing the plate" would not seem laughable to these composers of the modern school. And in truth it is no more ridiculous to illustrate musically a decorated plate than to portray in music a saint walking on the waves or preaching to the birds. Liszt, who was the father of a modern piano technic, and sworn defender of programme-music—Berlioz, the inventor of modern orchestration—these were the founders of the school of which to-day Richard Strauss is the most prominent and extravagant and able member.

Wagner, owing a heavy debt to many, among them Berlioz, Liszt—yes, and even Meyerbeer—by his prodigious skill in contrapuntal orchestration, by his scenic instinct, by his indomitable energy in the proclamation of his theories and by the devotion of friends crowned and humble, changed the form of opera. While it is true that he left no operatic school, it is also true that fundamental ideas hinted at by others but perfected and realized by him now rule in nearly every opera-house of importance. His dramatic work [illegible] the heroes and heroines were the lowest and very human mortals, not gods and goddesses and demigods. A short dramatic shriek was preferred to an approach of four hours to a climax. But even in this protest against his theories and works the voice of Wagner is heard, and it will be heard long after his pamphlets are known only to antiquarians, long after his improvements are regarded in their turn as conventionalities, if not commonplaces.

Nor do we find this spirit of the period only in opera and symphonic poem; it is in chamber-music, piano music, song, singer, player. The general standard of instrumental technic was never so high as it is to-day, and the altars of technic are smoking with the sacrifice. When a pianist plays, the chief question is, "What does he think of Chopin, Schumann, or Beethoven?" and not, "Is he a true interpreter?"; for in 1900 the individuality of the performer is of more consequence than that of the composer. The singer must, first of all, be "dramatic," and the question is "What does he (or she) make of the song?" There is the virtuoso conductor, who travels from London to St. Petersburg, and is paid lavishly for a lime-light display of temperament.

[illegible] passionate and tragic than a symphonic poem by Liszt or Tschaikowsky; that the former with simplest means creates a mood which the latter with all their striving and pother fail to awaken; but this proves nothing. Gluck in his day was an extraordinary exception, and more musicians create moods in 1900 than did their predecessors in 1774.

And we come back to the position of von Dommer. Since the death of Beethoven the development of music has been chiefly in matters and manners of expression, for what in other respects is commonly accepted as development may be only transitory phases. But the work of Beethoven belongs to this century, and he is surely among the greatest of the great. Chopin and Schumann, we know, are not merely of their own day and generation. Whatever the end of another century may say of Wagner, Verdi, Tschaikowsky, Richard Strauss, it is something to have lived during the period in which their works aroused fierce discussion. And without contending praise and blame, without angry dispute, art is stung and stagnant; it is a thing of trifling importance, which may amuse the frivolous for an hour or so, but is without reasonable excuse for being.

General Wood addressing the Delegates.

THE CUBAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, HAVANA, NOVEMBER 5, 1900.

THE most important step toward the accomplishment of Cuban independence was taken Monday, November 5, when the Constitutional Convention was held. The ceremony took place in the Marti Theatre, Havana, in the presence of a large crowd of Cubans. Major-General Leonard Wood, accompanied by his staff, in full uniform, made the opening speech, and among other things said to the delegates:

"It will be your duty, first, to frame and adopt a Constitution of Cuba, and when that has been done to formulate what in your opinion ought to be the relations between Cuba and the United States. The Constitution must be adequate to secure a stable, orderly, and free government. When you have formulated the relations which in your opinion ought to exist between Cuba and the United States, the government of the United States will doubtless take such action on its part as shall lead to a final and authoritative agreement between the people of the two countries to the promotion of their common interests.

"All friends of Cuba will follow your deliberations with the deepest interest, earnestly desiring that you will reach just conclusions, and that by the dignity, individual self-restraint, and wise conservatism which shall characterize your proceedings the capacity of the Cuban people for representative government may be signally illustrated. The fundamental distinction between true representative government and dictatorship is that in the former every representative of the people, in whatever office, confines himself strictly within the limits of his well defined powers. Without such restraint there can be no free and constitutional government. Under the order pursuant to which you have been elected and convened you have no duty and no authority to take part in the present government of the island. Your powers are strictly limited to the terms of that order."

Before leaving the convention General Wood nominated the Sub-Secretary of State to act as temporary chairman. Immediately thereafter the oldest delegate present, Señor Llorente, was elected permanent chairman of the convention. A discussion arose as to what rules should be adopted by the convention, and Señor Aleman suggested that the regulations of the Yara Convention, held several years ago in Puerto Principe, be adopted.

The convention adjourned after discussing the adoption of these regulations, but without taking any definite action in the matter, and after adopting a resolution of thanks to the President of the United States and General Wood for their attitude toward the Cuban people.

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Li Hung-Chang in his Room in the Palace.

Count von Waldersee leaving the Train.

The 3d United States Artillery, headed by the 15th Infantry Band, going to meet Count von Waldersee.

Count von Waldersee and Staff at the Railroad Station—German Volunteers saluting.

ARRIVAL OF COUNT VON WALDERSEE AT TIENTSIN, SEPTEMBER 27, 1900.

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OVERALLS and JUMPERS

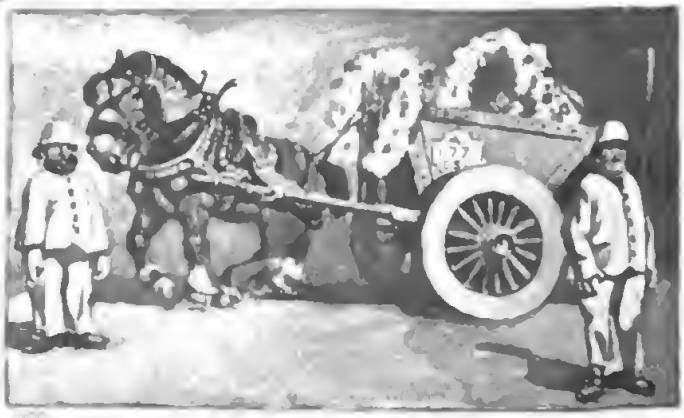
DIANA: "Well, how did you like it?"
PEGASUS "The horses were not bad — but the People!! They Wore CLOTHES"

ALBERT LEVERING

ANCIENT ARAB PROVERB
A BRIGHT COACH
MAKES
WISE HORSES

"GENTLE?" certainly, look at his teeth!

"LOOK, what wants to know if her saddle's on straight."



The City's Pride — or BILL and the Alabaster Pinions.

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[illegible] game at New Haven next Saturday bids fair to be the most sensational that has ever been played by those universities. Harvard's unexpectedly pronounced victory over Pennsylvania, and the remarkable brace of Yale since the contest with Columbia, have created the belief that the blue and crimson are not only in a class by themselves, but are very evenly matched. Both sides are confident of success. Yale men say that if their team does not win it will be a disgrace, while Harvard men maintain that a defeat at the hands of the New Haven team will upset all calculations.

When Harvard beat Pennsylvania it looked as if the Cambridge team was superior in many respects to Yale. The magnificent back field, the perfect interference, the generalship of Captain Daly, and the remarkable ability of the rush line, both in attack and defence, created such a feeling of confidence among the followers of the crimson that they could not see how Yale would be able to carry the day. Since that time Yale has also developed speed, the quality that brought Harvard to the front when Pennsylvania seemed invincible.

The Yale coaches, by deciding to support their heavy rush line with a light set of backs, established what appears to be a winning combination. In point of physical condition Yale is not outclassed by Harvard in any way. Both rush lines appear to be invincible in defence, with Yale having a slight advantage at left guard and right tackle, filled respectively by Brown and Stillman, two of the best football-players in America. Harvard, on the other hand, should have a pronounced advantage on the ends in Campbell and Hallowell. With Hale out of the Yale team, there may be a lack of line-backing power, which will necessitate constant end-running by Dupee and Fincke. But with Harvard's remarkable ends to break up Yale's interference, this method of attack may turn out to be below expectations.

Harvard, meanwhile, has demonstrated that her best offensive work lies in end-running behind interference, that has been declared to be of a higher order of excellence than that shown by Yale. Harvard also has a powerful line-kitter in Ellis, the equal of whom Yale cannot produce, now that Hale is out of it. Yale's ends have improved greatly in the past three weeks, especially Gould, but whether they can offset Harvard's attacks in their direction is a matter for conjecture. Captain Daly stands alone as the premier quarter-back of the year. Yale has nobody that can approach him in style, headwork, and all-around football. In running back punts, however, Yale has two remarkable flyers in Dupee and Fincke, though neither of them has had the experience of Daly in this respect. It is about a stand-off in punting, neither eleven being extraordinarily good in this department of the game. As the game will be played on Yale's gridiron there may be some advantage for the wearers of the blue, but it must not be forgotten that Harvard in 1898 on the same battle-ground won with the decisive score of 17 to 0.

The particular feature about the Yale eleven this year has been the unusual endurance of the rush line. With one exception the line has been the same in almost every game played to date. The coaches have been tinkering with left tackle to some degree, so that it has been a question whether Hamlin or Bloomer would ultimately get the place. But Stillman at right tackle, Brown and Sheldon the guards, Olcott centre, and Coy and Gould ends, have been fixtures practically since the team first went into training.

With the exception of Bloomer not one of these men has been compelled to lay off because of injuries, which goes to show what careful training and unusual physique have accomplished.

The noteworthy point of Harvard's make-up has been the quantity and the quality of the substitutes. At one time this season there were enough good men in practice to produce three formidable elevens. The Harvard coaches in consequence have been puzzled to some extent as to the best selections, but they have [illegible] judgment, and it is the opinion that the Cambridge eleven, as it will take the field next Saturday, is the strongest combination that can be put together from the material at hand.

The Pennsylvania eleven, which started off with brilliant prospects because of its high scores against minor elevens, was a distinct disappointment in the Harvard game. Incidentally Pennsylvania's exclusive play, the guards-back interference, was so easily handled that it has come to be regarded as a dead letter. Pennsylvania's loyalty to this play was one of the principal reasons for her unlooked-for downfall at Cambridge, for when Harvard stopped it, the Quakers had no other method of attack with which to play up-hill football.

Princeton, handicapped from the opening of the season with a lack of experienced timber, struggled gamely on in spite of defeats at the hands of Cornell and Columbia. It is doubtful whether Princeton has been so badly off for good material since the game first became popular at that university. The graduation of such noted players as Palmer, Poe, Hillebrand, Edwards, Booth, Craig, Hutchinson, and Wheeler, proved to be a severe blow to the Tiger's cause. The coaches were, therefore, compelled to work upon material that was almost entirely green, with the result that the year for Princeton has been most unfortunate.

Probably the most erratic eleven has been that of Columbia. Coach Sanford has had to contend with many serious obstacles. The new eligibility rules were so strictly enforced that several promising men who entered the university as special students were debarred from playing.

Even Shevitch, the former Yale player, who is probably the best end in the game, barring Campbell of Harvard, was prohibited from playing at a time when the eleven needed his services. Beaten by large scores at Harvard and Pennsylvania, the Columbia team was regarded as an inferior proposition, and so the men who had been coming out in large numbers stopped training. Still, Sanford kept hammering away until he had welded together a team that surprised Yale and finally defeated Princeton, and that victory was the crowning point of Sanford's success, for just prior to it there were rumblings of dissatisfaction with the head coach, whose ability had been underestimated.

Columbia's eleven, by-the-way, contains several men who would probably make any of the big varsities. The two half-backs, Weekes and Morley, for instance, have developed into crack players. Weekes has the distinction of having scored two touch-downs against Yale, both after long, sensational runs. Wright, the giant guard, is in the class with Hare of Pennsylvania and Brown of Yale. Van Doevenberg has turned out to be a splendid end, both offensive and defensive, while Austin, at tackle, has learned so rapidly that in another year he may take a place at the top.

Columbia men hope that in due time their eleven will be so perfected that the games with the "Big Four," all of which should be played in New York, will be regarded as among the most important football fixtures of the year.

Cornell has shown up much better than was expected. Coach Haughton, with Harvard methods, has developed a team of swift, aggressive players, who not only outclassed Princeton, but may also make Pennsylvania play the hardest kind of football to win on Thanksgiving day. Cornell's clever captain, Starbuck, has shown himself to be a star offensive player, and one of the keenest generals on the gridiron. The noted Carlisle Indians are not what they used to be, though their eleven is still formidable. They miss Hudson, the great drop-kicker, Metoxen, Seneca, and Cayou, the backs, and Benne Pierce, the crack guard, all of whom have been succeeded by younger and inexperienced red men. Of the minor Eastern college elevens, Brown and Lafayette appear to be on a par. Lafayette incidentally has about the best punter in the college arena in Full-Back Cure. As usual, the season will be concluded at Philadelphia on December 1, when West Point and Annapolis meet.

They have worked hard to get into trim, and neither seems to have a great advantage.

Making a Hole through the Centre.

The Double Pass.

Around the End.

For a Kick.

SOME "FORMATIONS" OF 1900.

Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly."

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The Chinese Kowtow.

From Photographs taken in Tientsin by O. K. Davis, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF NICARAGUA

BY W. NEPHEW KING

THOUGH nature has endowed Nicaragua with her richest treasures, it has changed but a tithe since the day that Gonzales de Avila landed upon the shores of Nicoya and raised that cross which to the simple-minded Indians became—not the symbol of mercy, but the omen of bloodshed. From this sleep of centuries, however, the little republic has been awakened by the demands of commerce, and will erelong assume that importance in the affairs of the world to which she is entitled by her geographic position and natural resources.

Many years ago, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte said: "If the narrow tongue of land which separates its two lakes from the Pacific Ocean were cut through, Nicaragua would command, by virtue of her central position, the entire coast of North and South America." And now the prophecy of this distinguished explorer is about to be fulfilled, for the assurance of governmental aid augurs an early completion of the great waterway, and with it will come an era of peace and prosperity to the land of Nicarao. Public interest is, therefore, centred in those pathless swamps, those dense jungles, and, above all, in those strange races that people the ancient cities.

On the sandy shores of the lake you can still see the lithe-limbed *Indiecita* carrying the water jar upon her head—her father tilling the soil with the same rude implements of agriculture, and her mother spinning *cebollo*, as in the days of the Conquerors. An eventful year in this land, so long a sealed book to the rest of the world, afforded me exceptional opportunities to study every type of humanity, from the high-born señora who traces her lineage from the grandees of old Spain, to the thrifty peon, through whose veins courses the blood of the ancient Caziques. I studied carefully their customs, their habits, and their superstitions, believing that the day would come when these would be of more than passing interest to the world at large.

An Evening Visit.

The transportation of people and merchandise is, at present, one of the most difficult problems that confront the inhabitants of Nicaragua. The two seaports through which enter all the imports from foreign countries are Greytown, or San Juan del Norte, on the Atlantic, and Corinto on the Pacific. The former has no harbor at all, and large vessels are forced to anchor far out at sea, transferring their passengers and cargoes by lighters. The action of the ocean current upon the silt deposited by the San Carlos River during the rainy season has formed a cordon or mole across the entrance of the harbor, the channel of which shifts every day and thus renders charts useless to the navigator. Each time the surf-boats run the gauntlet of the breakers, over which only five feet at the deepest can be carried, the crews expect to find the narrow entrance broken out in some new spot. Natives are, therefore, stationed forward to feel the way with poles until the dangers of this blind navigation are passed.

The rapidity of the combined action of sea and river was clearly demonstrated during a severe tornado, which struck the Central American coast in 1858. The United States frigate *Savannah* was then lying at anchor in the inner harbor, and had it not been for the timely assistance of a visiting steamer, would have been battled up, as the entrance was closed in a single night. I well remember the landing at Greytown of the last expedition under Lieutenant Peary of arctic fame. When our lines were cast adrift from the steamer, the surf fairly smoked as it curled along the entire length of the bar. The prevailing breeze of the northeast trades had not yet tempered the morning heat, and the surface of the ocean was as smooth as a polished mirror. A gentle ground-swell was setting in from the north, which, though light, had sufficient strength to throw the spray as high as the top of our smokestack.

As we approached the shoal, orders were given to seize every available rope, and all movable objects were lashed to the deck. With the Captain at the helm, two men on the bows to coax ship, and six natives sounding on all sides, the lighter was headed for the spot where the channel was supposed to be. On we dashed—now elevated to the crest of one wave, then down into the fathomless abyss of another, the water seething and hissing overhead like a boiling caldron; while the sea was literally black with the dorsal fins of half-starved sharks, more than twice the length of the tallest man, and immense crocodiles, far more hideous than those we saw as children in story-books. A slight miscalculation either way, the burying of the bow in soft sand, and the uplifting of the stern by the next wave breaking with the force of a thousand steam-hammers, and officers, laborers, sharks, and crocodiles would have formed one confused struggling mass.

The descendants of Avila seem to have inherited that susceptibility to excitement in the moment of danger that is accredited to all the Latin races, for while we were running through the surf every native on board immediately assumed command, and such a babel of voices I have never heard. Despite this confusion, we found ourselves in one of the many lagoons that form the delta of the San Juan, having been grounded lightly by one wave and floated by the next.

A mile farther in we were met by an old Mississippi River steamer of the stern-wheel type, which looked as though she had been a target for the entire Federal battery during the civil war. Passengers and freight were soon transferred, and once more we were under way. After running our bow into the mud at every bend in order that the current might swing around the vessel's stern, we reached the little settlement, whose crescent-shaped harbor, then lulled to sleep by the heat of the tropic sun, will soon be teeming with the rich merchant fleets of the world.

The harbor of Corinto being deep and spacious, the largest vessels find no difficulty in entering. The Pacific mail-steamers call here about three times a month, on the up and down passages, and all the merchandise for the interior is brought in through this port. On the San Juan River a number of old-fashioned stern-wheel steamers carry passengers and freight between Greytown and San Carlos, and on the lake there is a modern twin-screw propeller, built in the United States. Granada and Managua, and Momotombo and Corinto, are connected by railroads that were built with foreign capital. All other travelling is done either on the back of burros or in stages, which are known as *diligences*. A single journey in one of the latter, however, will furnish enough excitement

A Religious Procession.

and discomfort to last one a lifetime. After a long stay in Granada, I once had the temerity to make such a trip to Rivas, and though it afforded an excellent opportunity to study the people and the country, I never felt a desire to repeat the experience.

Among the many odd customs of Nicaragua, those relating to the dead are the weirdest to the stranger. Some of these have been handed down by tradition from the Indians, others were brought over by the Conquerors—and the two are so blended that it is difficult to tell which predominates. As soon as the *medico* pronounces one's illness fatal, word is sent to the village *padre*, who prepares to administer the last sacraments of the church to the dying person. Piercing the consecrated wafer in the *custodia*—a vessel of solid gold or silver, often resplendent with rare jewels—a procession is formed and marches through the street. A small boy, ringing a bell, rushes ahead to announce the approach of the sacred presence, and after him follows a band of music, often a single violin, playing a dirge. If it be possible to secure any soldiers, they surround the *padre*, who, dressed in brilliant vestments, is generally carried in a chair, over which four men hold a purple canopy. As the little cortege moves down the silent streets, every one bares his head and kneels, making the sign of the cross until the last soldier has passed. Woe to the sacrilegious stranger

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be heard for miles. When the hour for the funeral arrives, the priest performs the service at the house, sometimes supplementing this ceremony by another at the church if the dead man be a person of any public importance. Owing to the scarcity of carriages, the mourners always follow on foot. The procession is led by a priest and acolytes bearing wax tapers and incense, and then comes the music—sometimes a brass band, more often a single violin-player. Then follows the unconfined corpse, borne upon the shoulders of four Indians, and far in the rear the male relatives and friends. The women remain at home until the news of the body's interment is brought to them by one of the members of the family. Then, after a heart-felt "Jesus te ampara" (Jesus protect thee), and a kiss of sympathy, the women disperse and leave the family to themselves.

In striking contrast to this is not only the lack of any outward sign of grief, but the unmistakable evidence of joy when a child dies. The house is decorated with white instead of black ribbons. The bier is also white, and the infant is robed in the same color—in fact, the ceremonies resemble a marriage rather than a funeral. Throughout the long night of the *velorio*, the house is brilliantly illuminated, bands play the liveliest of airs, and there is a display of fireworks. If there is any agony in the heart of the mother she artfully conceals it, for her friends are there to offer congratulations, not to condole with her. The reason of this is that a child, before it has arrived at the age of discretion, can commit no sin, and, therefore, the moment that the spirit is released it enters heaven without even passing through the cleansing fires of purgatory. This is considered more a cause for happiness than for grief, for had the infant lived to know sin, its future would be in doubt.

Should a Protestant be unfortunate enough to die in Nicaragua, it will be difficult to find for him a burial-place, for the cemeteries are all blessed, and none but a Catholic can be interred in consecrated ground. This fact was emphasized in rather a sad manner during one of my visits to Granada. A young American girl, who had been teaching music in the "Colegio de Señoritas," died very suddenly, and though she had instructed many of the younger members of the best families, and was loved by every one in the city, it was impossible to secure a burial-place for her in one of the cemeteries. In vain did the few Americans present appeal, first to the municipal authorities, then to the bishop. It was a sad case, they said, for the young American was pure and gentle—a stranger in a strange land. Still, she was a Protestant, and the edict went forth that she must be buried without the cemetery walls.

We followed her to the grave one bright sunshiny afternoon as the tall palms nodded gracefully in the balmy breeze. The body robed in white, as spotless as her own pure soul, was carried upon the shoulders of four men. Behind them followed her little pupils, and in the rear, the Junta of the college and the few Americans living in Granada. Almost at the very gates of the cemetery we halted, as the melancholy

A Public Penance.

A Nicaraguan Funeral Procession.

wail of Indian violins announced the approach of another funeral—that of an old negro. His life had not been above reproach, but he was a Catholic and for that reason the gates that had been closed against this poor young girl were opened wide for the hardened sinner. Could there be a greater travesty upon religion? As the setting sun gilded the old volcano of Mombacho we laid her in the ground outside of the walls of the sacred enclosure. The crimson clouds grew darker, and as the pale stars twinkled in the blue sky above, I wondered which of those two souls was nearer their Creator that night—the one in the flower of her youth and innocence, or the other, whose untamed passions had, doubtless, blackened his soul, even though he might have died "within the sound of the bell."

Among the lower classes, and even some of the higher, the priests still exert a powerful influence. An old superstition, but one that is gradually dying out as the country advances, is the practice of public penitencias (penances). In former years these were so severe, the victims either contracting some disease from exposure or being so crippled from corporal punishment, that the authorities were forced to intervene. Squier in his great work on Nicaragua describes one of these as follows:

"The public penitencias, or penances, afford striking illustrations of the strength of the popular superstitions, and of the priestly influence. I witnessed one of these, shortly after my arrival in Leon. It consisted of a long procession of men and boys, one or two hundred in number, barefooted and stripped to the waist, their heads and faces covered with veils so as to prevent recognition, who marched through the public streets, from one church to another, flagellating themselves with rawhide thongs. They were preceded by a life-size figure of Christ on the cross, a score of musicians, and a crowd of priests and women (all of the latter barefooted, and some bearing heavy crosses on their shoulders), who chanted prayers, while the penitents beat time with the thongs over their own shoulders. Each one carried a little cross before him in his hand, with his head bent forward as if in earnest contemplation of the sacred symbol. It was a singular spectacle, for there were black bodies and brown, and white bodies and yellow, and the sharp strokes of the thongs in the pauses of the slow and mournful music fairly made the flesh of the spectator creep. There was, however, no special occasion for sympathy, for each penitent had it in his power to graduate the force of his own blows to his own notions of the enormity of his moral offences. Some laid it on gently—moderate sinners—merely as a matter of form, but there were others who punished themselves lustily, and drew blood from their quivering flesh at every blow, which ran down to their very heels, and purpled the ground where they trod."

Though these *penitencias* are given at all times of the year, many of them are not carried out until *Semana Santa* (Holy Week). Then, for instance, a man is told that, in a certain procession, he must carry upon his shoulder the figure representing the Saviour, or one of the saints. He must humiliate himself by dressing in some ridiculous costume and wear it through the street. He must prepare some kind of food or drink, and dispense it to the faithful at the church door. In addition to these public manifestations for the atonement of one's sins, there are others of a private nature—many of them resulting in some benefit to him who prescribes the penance. A *padre*, finding that his church needs the services of some carpenter or mason, often selects a workman of ability, and decrees that he shall perform a *penance* consisting of a certain number of days' work. Either the evil-doer merits punishment enough to complete the repairs to the church, or there are a sufficient number of sinners to have one take up the task where the other has left off. A man who is notoriously lazy will often be ordered to rise at an early hour—another to take a long journey on foot to some shrine. A young señorita who is too fond of dancing will be forbidden to indulge in this pastime for a certain period—in fact, there is always a method in the good *padre's* madness, his one idea being to keep the soul pure by denying the flesh.

Religion seems to enter into every sport and pleasure, for the culmination of all festivities in during Holy Week. The poor Indian toils throughout the entire year that he may then have money enough to purchase *aguardiente* and *bombas*. The women save all their earnings that they may appear upon the streets in new and expensive gowns which rival in colors the solar spectrum. No engagement is made, or contract entered into, without the qualification "si Dios quiere" (if God wills), and every beggar that you aid thanks you and replies, "Dios se lo pague" (May God repay you). In many houses, both among the richer and poorer classes, are religious inscriptions either written upon the bare walls or framed and hung there. Some of these are to remind one of the uncertainty of life, others to recall to the members of the household an indulgence that the Pope has granted whenever certain prayers are recited. As a servant enters the room, he exclaims in a loud voice, "Bendito y alabado sea el Santo Sacramento de Altar" (Blessed and praised be the Holy Sacrament of the Altar), which is always repeated by those present. This expression is still common among the lower classes, though the reply is not always now made by the family.

Society in Nicaragua is more Spanish than Indian. The former customs must have been adopted in the mother-country during the time that the Moors infested the peninsula, and it was not safe for any young girl to appear upon the streets alone. If a señorita desires to go visiting or shopping, she must be accompanied either by a male relative or a watchful duenna, and at all social functions the women are ranged on one side of the room and the men on the other. During the progress of the dance, these rules are, for the time being, relaxed, and the sexes permitted to be together; but the moment the music ceases, the women return to their side of the room and the men to theirs—no promenaders in the moonlight, no *tête-à-têtes* in dark corners.

After nightfall the visiting is done in the streets, as the windows of the houses occupied by the better classes are low and project several feet. In many cases they are surrounded by iron balconies, upon which the young señorita sits in the balmy night air to receive the visit of her admirers. She may be alone—looking up as the fleecy clouds sail by—but he assured *mamá* is not far away, for her watchful eye is ever on the alert. A formal call may last long enough to wish a musical *buenas noches*, but, if you chance to be a *persona grata* to the family, the señora of the household may suddenly push her head through the iron bars and say "pasa adelante" (won't you come in?). Should you chance to be the señorita's "best young man," in the centre of the grand *sala* you will find two rocking-chairs. In these you and your sweetheart are expected to sit, and though you may whisper soft nothings into her listening ear, the eyes of mamma will watch you as a cat does a mouse.

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FOUR-IN-HAND-DRIVING COMPETITIO

AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW

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CHAPTER XXI

THROUGH THE DRAGON GATE

DIMITRI, the aged major-domo, came to meet us as we rode into the court-yard of the château. By some miracle he had escaped the notice of the Soulian butchers, he alone remained of the garrison and of the household.

The Soulian attack had been made during the early evening, and the surprise had been a complete one. Within ten minutes the defenders lay dead at their posts or had sought refuge in flight. The Soulian leader had restrained his men from unnecessary violence, but had made the General and mademoiselle prisoners, and carried them away with him presumably to Kar. As for the fire, that had probably been started by one of the soldiers, angered at the prohibition against plundering. This, Dimitri's story.

The deluge was almost inconceivable, but it did us the friendly office of extinguishing the flames. Stephan started back to Nissa with peremptory orders for Ghika to advance at the first streak of dawn, and du Midi and I, throwing ourselves down on the bear-skin rugs in the great hall, slept like dead men.

It was seven o'clock when Nathe touched me on the shoulder. General Ghika and the Baron had arrived in person, and the army was on the move. Breakfast was soon ready, and we gathered around it to discuss and mature our plans. We must think and act quickly, for to-day is the 6th of July.

Having summed up the chances pro and con, it seems that but two courses of action are open to us. We can either stand off at long range and batter the walls of Kar into dust with our one piece of artillery, the terrible dynamite-gun, or we can carry the city by assault in the good old way.

But while the dynamite-gun is an enormously effective weapon, it is equally terrifying in its uncertainty. It may work perfectly, and in that case we may expect to see the white flag run up within fifteen minutes after the first shot. And again, a shell may get jammed in the tube and the monster become ten times more dangerous to its masters than to the enemy. Finally, it is twenty miles to the rear, and the storm has made the roads virtually impassable.

There remains the question of assault, a forlorn hope, perhaps, and yet to be considered carefully. We have plenty of scaling-ladders, and, from all that we can learn, the artillery defences of the city are of an obsolete and useless pattern. Obviously, though, it will be necessary to obtain more complete information about the nature of the defences. The weak points, if there be any, can only be noted from the inside.

Du Midi—for I never can remember to think of him as the Prince—has given me permission to make the attempt. It is now nearly noon, and there are no signs of the main body marching up from Nissa. It is plain that the final assault must be postponed until to-morrow morning, and in the mean time I shall be gathering useful information, and perhaps have the chance of opening communication with mademoiselle. With my face stained with walnut-juice, and dressed in Soulian regimentals, I run but small risk of being suspected. As to my lingual deficiencies, I will cut the knot by pretending to be a deaf-mute.

An hour later I had made my way to the borders of the little plateau, from which the road lies clear to the city gate. I had hoped for the opportunity of a diversion, under cover of which I might slip through the toils; and fortune again favored me. A troop of Soulian dismounted cavalrymen were cutting forage in a hay field bordering on the wood in which I lay concealed. I had only to give the word to Captain Sarbo, who with his Actolian irregular cavalry was waiting half a mile to the rear.

It was hardly a skirmish even, for the Soulians had no stomach for a fight. As Sarbo's gallant little force broke cover and charged, the enemy hastily retired towards the city, leaving the laden forage sacks to break away in all directions. I had made good use of my legs, sure that every eye would be otherwise occupied than in watching my insignificant self, as the crowd scurried to the protection of the walls. Jostled and buffeted about, I am swept along with the struggling tide that chokes the city's gates. And then they close behind me with a resonant clang. I am in Kar, and it behooves me to walk warily, as one who carries his head in his hands.

The capital city of Actolia covers some two hundred acres of ground, and in its general aspect it is a citadel rather than a town. It is a bit of the Middle Ages set down among these pine-covered hills, a feudal stronghold, and yet only a half score hours from Vienna. The cathedral and the legislative buildings stand upon the public square, but the palace is entirely isolated from all other buildings, and occupies the entire north end of the square. It is an enormous block of buildings, but rather a fortalice than a palace, the Bastile and not the Tuileries.

So far everything is mediæval, and yet within the last two or three years Kar has undergone the process

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of discovery at the hands of the makers of guide-books. It is now the "most picturesque town in Europe," and the fame of its warm baths increases daily. And so has come about the railway from Rhodopolis and other innovations of steam-heated civilization. They look oddly out of place, these smart-looking cafés with Parisian names, sandwiched between tottering gables and blackened façades. And yet even the railway must not presume too far. Under extraordinary pressure the company finally obtained permission to lay a single line of rails through the Dragon Gate and up to the great square of Saint Michael. But this is a privilege jealously qualified. The two trains that arrive and depart daily may run up to the square for the convenience of their passengers, but no other railway business can be carried on within the sacred walls. The freight-yards, the round-houses, even the business offices of the company, are all outside the city. The actual terminus of the railway is a full half-mile the other side of the Dragon Gate.

No one took any notice of me, and little by little I managed to make a thorough inspection of the line of fortifications, and having completed the circle, I sat down in an empty bullway to eat my luncheon of bread and cheese and to review the results of my observation.

With everything to lose and nothing to gain I must needs strain my good luck to the breaking-point. I had the fancy to make my way once again to the square, and, if possible, to obtain some idea of where the General and mademoiselle were confined. Perhaps I might be lucky enough to mark them down even closer, and at all events I would try. A foolish experiment, but remember that it was over ten days since I had seen Irma de Czareska.

The Via Roma runs from the Dragon Gate to the square of Saint Michael, and is the principal thoroughfare of the city. A barricade of paving-stones was being built under the direction of a Soulian officer of engineers, so as to completely close the street, and the work presented quite a formidable appearance. The barricade had been well planned, and I felt inclined to compliment the Soulian engineer upon his skill, even while regretting that he had had occasion to exercise it. A moment later he turned and walked over to where I was standing. It was Coventry, and I tried to slip back into the crowd. But he would not have it so.

"You seem interested in our modest little barricade, my dear Cary." He spoke in English, and then, without giving me a chance either to disclaim or acknowledge my identity, he took me by the arm and turned me gently through the crowd and up the street. I thought, in one mad moment, of resistance.

"Don't be a fool" he said, in a whisper, while his hand renewed its pressure upon my arm. "You must realize that you are absolutely in my power, and that the moment you open your mouth you are pronouncing your own death sentence. Now that I am offering you a chance, you had better accept it without insisting upon particulars."

There was hard common sense in this, and I walked along in silence. Arrived at the square, Coventry made directly for the palace, and I followed a step or two behind, as befitted my inferior rank. I made up my mind that I was to be subjected to an examination, possibly at the hands of Jehan himself. We passed the guard at the gateway and entered the court-yard.

"This way," beckoned Coventry. I followed him through a side entrance and up a broad staircase. He stopped before a door and produced a pass-key.

"My private apartments," he explained. "If you will be good enough to enter, we can talk over comfortably the business in hand."

CHAPTER XXII

AN EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES

THE day was warm, and yet there was a wood fire burning on the hearth. Sitting close beside it was a woman. Mrs. Verriker. We greeted each other in silence. She was making a pretence at working upon an embroidery frame, but there was no silk in her needle, and she looked pale and tired. She rose as though to leave the room.

"No, don't go, Mary," said Coventry. "Perhaps you can help me in bringing Mr. Cary to a reasonable state of mind. Hang it, man!" he continued, turning abruptly to me, "why should there be any beating about the bush between old friends. It won't surprise you much to know that Arthur Coventry is the same person as Arthur Coventry Verriker, late a captain in her Majesty's service, and the true and lawful husband of this lady. I'll engage, Mary, that you have the certificate at hand to show Cary, if he don't care to accept my word."

"But I thought that Captain Verriker—" There I stopped in confusion. I remembered that there had always been a mystery about Mrs. Verriker's married life. Something worse than widowhood—a scandal?

"Yes; the same Captain Verriker who went under a dozen years ago. You remember there was some nasty talk about a sitting at 'Vau John' and an extra ace of diamonds, and it was quite true. There's the pasteboard now that spoiled a man's life," and Coventry extracted an old playing-card from his wallet and threw it down upon the table. He went on quickly.

"But, before God, Cary, I was innocent—at least of that kind of thing. I don't deny that I made a good thing out of play, for I was poor and the mess bills in the — th ran high. I was a gentleman rook if you like, but there was never a whisper against my honor until that night when there was an ace too many in the pack. Where it came from only God knows."

Mrs. Verriker had risen and crossed over to her husband's side. She lightly brushed an infinitesimal speck of dust from his coat sleeve, and all the undying tenderness and faith of a good woman lay in that simple action. I turned away my head, and when I looked around again she was gone.

"It was she who saved me from myself," he went on, after a little pause. "You can guess well enough what happened, for the evidence against me was damning, and there was no mercy for a sinner against the code. Naturally we went to the Continent, and one must live, you know. Those were shady years, but when you have once felt the tar-brush, a touch or so more does not matter much. Finally I drifted into the Caliph's service, the genteel Botany Bay for army black sheep, and I had a good deal to do with the underground negotiations between Soulia and this hound Jehan. Of course we kept a sharp eye upon the Czareskas while they were living in England, for Jehan knew well enough that the day would come when a reckoning of the old debt would be presented at his door. It was an exciting game, and since it kept me from thinking much about myself, I played it with all my heart. Finally, in the latter part of March, we received word that General Czareska was about to go to Paris, and I knew that the hour had struck.

"As I figured it out, the immense potential value of the 'Cardinal's Rose' was the master-card in the game. No matter who held it at the start, the game would go to the side that actually played it. And so, faithful to my employer's interests, I laid my plans.

"Well, at any rate, we had secured the great ruby, and the money should go to bolstering up Jehan's shaking throne instead of buying machine-guns for the revolutionists. The bogus 'Rose' kept du Midi from suspecting our double-dealing, and I had almost completed my bargain with the money-lenders when you happened to come along—you, a beggarly Yankee scribbler, who had only to stick your thumb into the pie and pick out the biggest plum of all.

"No, I'm not flattering you; I am simply pointing out that the luck has been all on your side from the beginning. I had mistrusted you from the moment of your appearance, although it was some time before I could be certain of how much you really knew. But I could not fight against your lucky star. I had you at my mercy when I held my buttonless foil at your throat. I knew you when, as Baron Kerker's footman, you helped me on with my paletot. And yet you beat me out. I was up against it, as you Americans say.

"Well, your great coup came off, and I was obliged to hurry back to Kar checkmated. I had neither the great ruby nor the odd millions that represented its value. All I could do was to take off my coat and jump into the fight. So the matter stands."

"Well?" and I looked at him searchingly. Coventry smiled.

"Confession is good for the soul, my dear Cary, but I don't mind admitting that I have made many a sin an eye to business. But have a cigarette."

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "I am out of favor here. Jehan believes that I have played him false, and he is only keeping me on now for the sake of my professional services. There's nobody else in Kar who has the slightest knowledge of military engineering, and so for the time being I am a distinguished person. As you see, I am even accorded the honor of having a suite of rooms assigned to me in the palace.

"Now Jehan believes that I have the jewel or its equivalent in my possession, and if he once pulls out of this black hole my life would be a mighty poor risk for any insurance company. Strange things may happen beyond the Balkans without any questions being asked, and I have no friends at the Soulian court. Finally, the commissioners of the Powers will be in Kar at precisely noon to-morrow, July 10."

"How do you know that?" I asked, quickly.

"All the telegraph wires do not run by way of Nissa, my dear fellow. The line via Kavan is still working, and one end of it runs directly into the office of the Soulian Minister of Foreign Relations. The commissioner is now at Kavan with General Sarkof and a Soulian army corps. Kavan is four hours' march from Kar, and the orders to advance will be sent at precisely eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"And the commissioner of the Powers?"

"Is instructed to observe the *status quo*, whatever it may be. If Kar is in the hands of the patriots, du Midi will be recognized as King, both *de jure* and *de facto*; if Jehan can hold his own until noon his title will be confirmed by the single voice of the

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"He took Me by the Arm...."

me to see an ox-cart into which some Soulian soldiers were loading a machine-gun. A Maxim, as Coventry had said, and there were half a dozen others of the same pattern lined up against the outer wall of the machine-shop that evidently served as a rough-and-ready armory.

"But what's a gun without powder and shot?" said Coventry, with an odd inflection in his voice. "Come this way, Cary, and I'll give you another object-lesson."

He led the way down into the court-yard and over to the enormous gateway tower which afforded the only entrance to the outside world. We entered the guard-room on the left, in which half a dozen soldiers sat playing at cards and smoking, in complete indifference to discipline; indeed, not one of them took the trouble to rise and salute as Coventry passed.

At the far end of the room was a door, which he unlocked with a pass-key. Descending the stairway, we came upon the entrance to a vault. A lighted lantern hung suspended to the iron gateway, and before it, seated on a packing-box, was a Soulian soldier, [illegible] barrels, and Coventry nodded an assent. He stepped up to one of the kegs and removed a portion of the heading. The powder was of the old-fashioned variety, black and fine-grained. But it was certainly gunpowder, and Coventry stood smoking a cigarette within two feet of the opened keg. He smiled, and deliberately flung the little roll of smouldering fire into the centre of the dull black mass.

Such is the power of the imagination that for the moment I actually saw the solid walls toppling upon my head. And yet nothing whatever had happened. The lighted cigarette was dying out as it lay harmless and ineffectual upon the naked powder. "You see," said my companion, "that our Soulian army contractors understand their business. They have supplied us here with a really excellent quality of black sand, and the only keg of genuine powder was the particular one prepared for the convenience of the inspecting officer. I have tested all the others myself."

Heaped in another corner were a number of boxes filled with old-fashioned paper rifle-shells. Coventry broke one open and held the flame of a vesta in contact. "Practically, and as head of the ordnance department it lies with me which of the two is served out upon this occasion."

"Yes?" and I looked at him steadily.

"I am coming to that," he returned. "Briefly, then, there is another entrance besides the Dragon Gate to the sacred city of Kar, and I have been keeping the secret of its existence for just such an opportunity to turn it to advantage. If I choose to let you into the secret of my little wicket gate, a couple of hundred men can be quietly introduced at any time within the walls, and I need not enlarge upon the strategic importance of a position in the enemy's rear. Kar will be in your hands within an hour of the firing of the first shot to-morrow morning, and with the Soulian cartridge-belts filled with this dummy ammunition, your loss need not exceed a score of men."

"And your price?"

"The Cardinal's Rose."

"The Cardinal's Rose! How can we give something that we no longer possess? Is it even certain that the ruby is still in existence?"

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from one of my own men, for the beggars hate me well enough for even that. But what would you? The stake is a big one, and afterwards—"

He stopped abruptly and put his hand to his throat as though the words were strangling there. And then with his eyes still fixed upon the floor:

"It's a blackleg business, even against a scoundrel like Johan, but I must strike or be struck."

He looked at his watch. "Nine o'clock, and time that you were off, if you are going to pull in the same boat with me. Is it yes or no, then?"

"Yes; but I too have a condition. You know where the prisoners are confined? Of course I mean General and Mademoiselle Czareska."

"Well?"

"And you have access to them? Very good; they must accompany me when I leave Kar to-night."

Coventry shook his head; but he saw that I was resolved, and he yielded.

"It more than doubles the risk," he said, slowly, "but you may be right about the necessity of obtaining the General's consent to the legal transfer of the ruby, and the Midi may not be willing to act without it. And, if you will do me the favor, I will ask to have Mary — Mrs. Verriker — join your party. I should feel easier if she were outside these black walls."

Of course I assented, and, our conference being concluded for the time being, we started to return to Coventry's apartments. Just outside the door of the guard-room stood an iron basket full of flaring pine knots. As we passed within the circle of its radiance we came face to face with a man coming from the palace side of the court yard. The recognition, on my part at least, was immediate and unqualified—the man was Maître Etienne Vauclot.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER

COVENTRY listened gravely while I rehearsed as briefly as I might the secret history of the "yellow house." That it was a genuine revelation to him I could not doubt for an instant, and the explanation that he gave in turn was entirely credible. Vauclot had acted for a long time as a secret agent for Soulin, and when Coventry came to Paris to take charge of the underground bureau he had found him useful in many ways. Later on Vauclot had appeared at Kar, and had been given a small appointment in Johan's personal service. "Some sort of spying business, I dare say," added Coventry, indifferently. "I never did like the man, and I haven't exchanged two words with him since he came here."

"Not even to ask why he left Paris?"

"Not even that."

"Do you suppose that he recognized you?" asked Coventry, after a short silence. "Now that you have shaved off your beard, and in these clothes—"

"He has much good cause to remember me," I answered, "that I am not indulging in any illusions. I am sure that he knew me."

"And consequently?"

"We may regard ourselves as under suspicion."

"Well, it may be so, but I think that you exaggerate the peril. In the first place, he knows nothing—"

"But he can put two and two—that is, you and me—together," I interrupted.

"And in the second place, he can do nothing," he continued, calmly. "Take it easy, my dear fellow; we shall be busy enough with the things that will really happen before the night is over. And now, if you will follow me."

As I had surmised, this feudal stronghold was prison as well as palace, and the apartments reserved for prisoners of state were situated at one end of this same wing in which Coventry had his suite. We passed down the long corridor and entered an anteroom belonging to the official apartments of the chief jailer. A few words from Coventry and a turnkey was ordered to conduct me to the rooms set aside for the use of the Czareskas.

"Only ten minutes, mind," whispered Coventry in my ear. "I will prepare Mrs. Verriker for the new move, and you must have the General and mademoiselle in readiness the instant that I return."

Mademoiselle looked up, her face white and startled, as the bolts shot back and I entered the apartment. Then she sprang to her feet, and we stood waiting for the fellow to make his clumsy exit. How small her hand was and how cold! It fluttered in mine as though it had been some frightened bird and I an eaglish boy, uncertain whether to be feared or shamed at that which he had captured. And then, gathering but the *verba ipsissima*, they are not to be written down here; they belong to her who heard rather than to him who spoke them, and every man must choose his own when he seeks a woman's love.

Coventry was knocking impatiently upon the door as the General finally appeared. I explained the plan which Coventry and I had in mind, and although the old soldier bait his brown at the mention of the former's name, he announced his willingness to do whatever I thought best. Mademoiselle was already in hat and cloak, and without further delay we joined Coventry in the corridor outside. Only the stiffest of salutations were exchanged.

"I have prepared an order directing the jailer to transfer the prisoners to my custody," whispered Coventry, "and we have only to carry off the matter with a bold face to succeed. It is understood that I am taking the prisoners to the King for examination, and you, being in Soulian uniform, are supposed to be a guard detailed to assist me. Here is a rifle," and with that he pressed a gun-barrel into my hand. "Steady now, and remember that these Soulians are born fools and achieve stupidity."

At the entrance to the big court-yard Mrs. Verriker met us. The enclosure was full of men and soldiers, and here, if anywhere, we might have difficulty. But the sentry at the gate accepted our uniforms as an all-sufficient passport, and no one else vouchsafed us more than a passing glance. The night was dark and starless, and once we had plunged into the nearest side street we felt comparatively safe.

So nearly as I could judge, we were heading towards the northeast quarter of the city, but, in the labyrinth of crooked streets that is old Kar, it was difficult to keep one's bearings. Still, Coventry never hesitated for an instant, and we followed without asking any questions.

Finally, the enormous bulk of the city wall loomed up ahead of us, and we turned into a street that ran roughly parallel to the fortifications. For the last quarter of a mile we had not met nor seen a single person. The houses looked shut up or deserted; to all appearances we might have been passing through a city of the dead.

For some six or seven hundred yards we proceeded in single file, keeping close to the shadow of the tall buildings, and then our leader made a sharp turn to the left, straight down a cul-de-sac that ended plump against the city wall. The last house on the left abutted on the wall itself, and here Coventry stopped. Taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked the street-door and motioned us to enter.

As I afterwards came to know, the house had been built against rising ground, and the street level at the rear coincided with that of the first story proper.

ed with extraordinary cleverness. Even after Coventry had opened and closed it two or three times, I still found it difficult to see where the lines were broken into the wood-work, and it cost me half a dozen trials before I could put my finger upon the spring.

"And now," said Coventry, "let us be sure that we understand each other. As you have probably guessed, there is a passageway behind the panel that runs clear through the city wall and opens upon the ravine at the northeast corner of the fortifications. From there, as you will see, there is a practical path leading to the great plateau. By four o'clock it will be gray-eat light, and you and your men—"

My finger was upon his lip. To my sharpened fancy it seemed as though the suspended figure in the tapestry had suddenly advanced towards us, menacing and terrible. And then, with clearer perception, I realized that it was only the tapestry bellying out from the wall as though stirred by some wandering current of air. A simple explanation, and yet what had caused the draught? We had closed the street-door behind us, and the front windows had remained as we had found them, tightly shuttered and bolted. The door in the passage was open, and I walked over and stood for a moment upon its threshold. In the semi-darkness I could barely make out the outlines of the stairway leading to the story above us. It seemed to me that I felt the chill of passing air sweeping down from above, but the vesta that I lit burned with a flickerless flame. If a window, a door, on the ground level at the rear of the house had been opened, it had as certainly been closed again. I glanced back into the room. The tapestry hung flat and motionless against the wall.

"What is it?" demanded Coventry, impatiently. But I could only shake my head. Since he had noticed nothing I might as well keep my misgivings to myself—and, to tell the truth, I was a little ashamed of my precipitancy in materializing a bogey.

"A rat, perhaps," I answered; "or it may be that my nerves are a bit too fine drawn. It doesn't matter, only let us be getting along; I understand perfectly."

"Just as you say," he returned. "Now, then, mademoiselle, if you please."

We passed one by one through the door in the wainscoting, and so into the secret passage that lay beyond it. This latter was about thirty feet in length, corresponding, of course, to the thickness of the city wall. The stone curtain at the further end looked solid to the eye, but Coventry showed me that the great slab in the centre was really fixed upon pivots, and could be turned edgewise by means of levers worked from within. There was just room on either side of the huge leaf of stone for a man to squeeze through, and we had some difficulty with the General, who had been taking on weight during the last few days. But with Coventry to haul and I to push we got him through at last, and the way to deliverance was clear before us. In front the ground fell rapidly away into the deep gorge, upon whose edge the city stood, but stretching away on the left was a narrow ridge that reached upward to the level of the plain. It was hardly more than a goat walk, but we were not particular so long as it led to our friends and to liberty. Coventry took me aside for the last word.

"At four o'clock, then, and the signal will be three raps upon the swinging stone. Remember that the price must be in my hands before I close the bargain; not a man shall enter until the 'Cardinal's Rose' is formally handed over to me. I'm a businesslike villain, I'ary, and can't afford to take any risks. Finally, not more than a hundred men; they should be enough to do the trick, and with a large party the risk of discovery increases inversely. And now is there anything else?"

"Nothing; I understand perfectly the part that I have to play."

"Then, my dear fellow, you do your part, and I shall be waiting for you when 'Big Michael' brings out at four o'clock."

Coventry bowed formally to the General and to mademoiselle, and exchanged a whispered word or two with his wife. Then he stepped back into the passageway and waved his hand in final salute. The great block of stone swung slowly into place, and we were left alone upon the little space of level ground that finally narrowed off into the dangerous passage of the "Razor Edge." Five minutes of rough scrambling and we were safely over and out upon the plain. The night was still intensely dark, but a mile away a scattered light or two twinkled against the hill-side. We were within sight of the Aetolian camp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the Tapestried Chamber.

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… an organization of which he has been so long the leader and controlling force that it is better known as the Gerry Society than by its lawful name. For twenty-one years Mr. Gerry has ruled it. He says he is no longer young, has many other duties, and feels that it is time for him to pass along this particular burden to a younger man. Mr. Vernon M. Davis is the man chosen to be Mr. Gerry's successor, and he has agreed to undertake the work.

Mr. Gerry, as we all know, has always been a rich man, and has had houses and yachts and hired-men, and such attributes of affluence in liberal measure, and has apparently got as much fun out of them as other folks who have them do. It has seemed these many years an admirable and exemplary trait in him that with as much excuse as any lazy man would need for shirking all public duties, he chose for himself a hard task of benevolence and made it, really, the chief concern of his life. In peace and in war, in good report and evil, he has stuck to it, nor has his work in defence of childhood ever been scared out or tired out or worried out of his devotion. The work is a great work. The name of the Gerry Society appeal to every one who has feelings; its duties are of superlative importance, and its great powers of interference with the concerns of individuals are commensurate with them. Mr. Gerry has been criticised for apparently using these powers in some instances arbitrarily, but the great value of his work, as a whole, and the energy and constancy with which he has carried it on, are universally recognized and honored.

It is very much to be desired that rich men would oftener devote themselves to the public service as Mr. Gerry has done. Such work is extremely good for them, and makes life taste far better than it does when it is given up to money-making and play. A great many American millionaires know that, nowadays, and act on their knowledge, but there is room for more.

CONTRACTOR REID, who owns most of Newfoundland already, and aspired to add the government of the colony to his other properties, was routed in the recent election, and will have to recast his plans. Reid ran his solicitor, Mr. Morine, for Premier, against Mr. Bond, and one of his representatives ran for the legislature in each of the thirty-six districts of Newfoundland. Reid made the full dinner-pail as much of an issue as he could, and his slogan was "Vote for work and wages." He carried less than a third of the legislative districts, and his candidate, Morine, was overwhelmed. Mr. Bond will be Premier, with a legislature that will support him, and Mr. Reid will not be able to carry out his plan to turn over all his holdings to a stock company with a capital of $25,000,000.

The situation in Newfoundland has been exceedingly interesting, and the details of it have already been told in the WEEKLY. Reid found the island in a very bad hole, the government practically bankrupt and many of the people starving. He brought money, energy, and great administrative ability to the development of Newfoundland's resources. Undoubtedly he got some great bargains in lands, railroads, and franchises, but it is his money and labor and genius that have made the properties valuable. One is bound to sympathize in some measure with his desire to dominate the country that he has helped so much and risked so much for. But he ought to have been beaten in the election. No one who reads a full report of the situation can doubt that, unless he believes that a commercial despotism is the form of government that would do Newfoundland most good. The island undoubtedly needs Reid, and his interests there are far too great for him to abandon or neglect. Somehow he and the islanders must work together.

A GOOD many plans have been made since election for Mr. Bryan, and one person with a liking for sensational announcements has averred that he is almost certain to get a commission from the Presbyterian Church and turn preacher. That is not likely. A public man cannot turn preacher off-hand, even though he has been beaten in an election. Preachers, as a rule, are born to their business. A born preacher may be slow in coming to his own, and may try to escape his fate. Bishop Potter tried business for a time, Lyman Abbott began as a lawyer. But it is vastly easier for the pulpit to gather in the man who belongs to it than for the man whose calling is doubtful to help himself to the pulpit. Preaching will hardly do for Mr. Bryan. He might make a remarkable actor, but that won't do either, for actors, too, must inherit their trade or begin it young. Of course Mr. Bryan might practise law, but he would have to learn it first, and it is doubtful if he would care to undertake that. The most natural thing for him to do is to turn lecturer. His reputation as an orator has been so widely advertised that thousands of persons are curious to hear him speak, and would willingly pay money for that privilege. As a lecturer he ought to be able to make enough money in six months to maintain him in comfort on a farm, where he could combine agriculture with philosophical reflections, as old-time statesmen were wont to do in off years.

vember 12. Fifty-eight years seems hardly long enough for a man who took so strenuous an interest in life to spend in this world, but at least it may be said for Daly that he compressed a vast deal of hard work, hard play, and success of a certain sort into his career. He came to New York a young boy without money or acquaintances, got a job as errand-boy in a store, saved most of his small wages, and in a year or two (about 1855) had enough laid by to carry him to San Francisco. He soon got to the gold-diggings and became a miner. He worked hard with his head and his hands, and doubtless had great physical endurance to sustain him. At any rate he became an expert about mines and mining and got to be foreman of Mackay, Flood, & O'Brien's Comstock mine in Nevada. Then he was employed by the Walker Brothers as a mining expert, and when on his recommendation they bought the Alice mine in Montana, he became its manager. He saved money and bought mining stocks. Among other properties with which he became concerned was the Anaconda mine, near Butte, Montana. It is said that he paid $30,000 for it, buying it as a silver-mine, but it turned out to have in it a streak of copper of immense value, so that it was estimated not long ago to be worth $35,000,000. Hard work, knowledge of his business, thrift, and great natural capacity for organization and management combined with some marvellous turns of luck to make Daly so excessively rich that he could afford in later life to indulge himself in a great farm, a racing-stable, a private car, and to spend as much time as he chose in New York. He was very fond of racing and an exceedingly good judge of horses, but his chief and most laborious and costly recreation for a good many years has been to fight the political aspirations of William A. Clark. Clark was formerly his partner in the Anaconda mine, but they fell out and Daly bought his interest. Clark, as will be remembered, subsequently set up as a copper king on his own account, and with distinguished success. Daly's immense fortune is partly, of course, the result of luck, but much more a result of bringing a qualified man into touch with immense opportunities. While opportunities abound, men qualified to grasp them are scarce and always will be. Daly can't be said to have earned his fortune, but he certainly earned his qualifications, except, indeed, the very important ones that he was born with. According to his lights he seems to have been a good man, who inspired regard, dealt liberally with his neighbors, managed his workmen very well, and lived, apparently, up to David Harum's rule of doing unto others what they would do to him, and doing it first.

IT is reported that Mr. Villard left behind him the manuscript of a volume of reminiscences to be published twenty-five years after his death. It is good news except the detail of delay in publication. If only more men who have been active in doing the world's work would stop working betimes and attend to their memoirs, a great many interesting stories would be saved to the world. But, as a rule, only the men who have acquired the writing habit will bother with autobiographies. Ben Franklin is an example, Mr. Villard another. General Grant was an exception. Most men are indifferent to the claims of posterity upon their pens. They pass down their accumulations, if they have any, and let it go at that.

MR. VILLARD was one of the few money-makers whose success in finance seems rather to have been an incident in his career than its logical outcome. His training, as will be seen from the notice of him elsewhere in this issue of the WEEKLY, was rather that of an observer and writer than of a railroad-builder or financier. Perhaps to that it is partly due that he had an indifferent nose for panics and seemed unable to scent them afar off. He had the imagination and the grasp of affairs that belong to a great constructor. All that he foresaw in his railroad operations seems to have come true. The only trouble was that it didn't come true soon enough. One thinks of him as having some great qualities in common with Cecil Rhodes. Perhaps the redoubtable James J. Hill belongs in the same group, but Mr. Hill, so far, has been able to make his imagination keep step with events; or possibly it is that he has been powerful enough to constrain events to keep up with his imagination.

When Mr. Villard had money in quantities to bestow he had very much of the grand manner in his use of it. His keeping up the State universities of Washington and Oregon, when they had no funds, was a most useful service. His gifts to the Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York were important, and were the expression of a mind that had many cultivated sides. His large gifts to charity and education in Germany were handsome and fitting acknowledgments of the confidence of his German friends, as well as of his obligations to the country of his birth and early training.

The most wonderful thing about Mr. Villard seems to have been his power of inspiring his associates with blind confidence in his good faith, his capacity, and his foresight. That is something that men speak of as his foresight, as has been suggested, though sound in the main, seems to have been defective in particulars.

MR. VILLARD'S benefactions in Germany suggest the observation that it is much more common for Germans who come to this country and get very rich to show practical affection for their father-land than for Irishmen who have a like experience. Instances have been known where German brewers, who have made great fortunes here, have gone back to Germany to live. The Irish in America have sent many millions of dollars home to support their relatives, but they don't go back themselves to live in Ireland, however much they have been prospered, and very rarely does any considerable sum of Irish-American money go into Irish estates or Irish charities. We don't read that Marcus Daly cared to leave any monuments on Irish soil. Neither did any of the mining kings—nearly all Irishmen—with whom he was associated. When John Mackay goes abroad he goes to London. When the families of the rich Irish-Americans invite themselves to an experience of European life they go to London and Paris and Italy, just as all the other Americans do. They don't buy themselves country-seats in Ireland, nor care to make a great figure there. It would be different perhaps if Ireland had home-rule. It might be different, too, if Ireland had been able to do more for her children who have crossed the sea. As a rule, as in Daly's case, they have come here very poor, and with only the bare rudiments of education, and their affection for the land they left usually shows itself in hatred of England and the desire to bring their kindred to America.

IT seems safe to expect a prompt and hearty response to the call for a fund which shall provide an income for the widow of Rear-Admiral J. W. Philip and a memorial of the Admiral himself. Admiral Philip, who died last June, left very little property, and the pension which the government provides for his widow amounts to less than a dollar a day. A committee of well-known men, of which Mr. William Sloane, of New York, is chairman, proposes to raise a fund of $100,000 to be known as "The Admiral Philip Memorial Fund," of which the income shall be paid to Mrs. Philip during her lifetime, the principal at her death to be used for the maintenance of the Home for the Protection and Comfort of Sailors on Liberty. This work of looking after sailors ashore was one in which Admiral Philip was greatly interested, especially during the closing moments of his life. Through his efforts money was raised for a building now in course of erection at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but there is no fund for its maintenance. One of the most satisfying memories of the Santiago fight is Captain Philip's "Don't cheer, boys; the poor fellows are dying." That was a comfort to all of us who hate war, and realizing that wars are still inevitable, would have them no more brutal or hateful than must be.

Subscriptions for the Admiral Philip Fund are received by J. P. Morgan & Co., New York.

MR. HENRY C. LEA'S *History of the Inquisition* (Harpers) has received the compliment of being translated into French and published in France. This, while not an unprecedented compliment, is unusual, for the work is a large one, and when books on European history by American authors are republished in translation abroad it is a reasonably convincing testimonial of their merit. Mr. Lea is fortunate in his translator—M. Salomon Reinach, a member of the Institute, well known for researches of his own, and not a man who would concern himself with an unimportant book. The French edition has a bibliographical introduction by Professor Paul Fredericq, of Ghent, who knows as much about the Inquisition as any man in Europe.

BY way of encouraging young men to qualify themselves for leadership in industrial pursuits, the Manufacturers' Association of New York has appropriated $2000 to pay the tuition and incidental expenses of one young man of Greater New York through a four years' course of industrial training. The beneficiary will probably be chosen by competitive examination, arranged by a committee of gentlemen, who will also determine the details of the course of training to be followed.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, in his Thanksgiving proclamation, invites his fellow-citizens of New York to be prayerfully thankful for the innumerable benefits conferred on them this year, for the material well-being which they enjoy, and "for the chances of moral betterment which are always open to us." These are all sound reasons for thankfulness, especially the last, and make us regret all the more that our fellow-citizen Mr. Croker seems likely to be on the seas on the 29th of this month, and will not be able to join his acknowledgments with ours.

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at his disposal. It was in keeping with his cynical indifference, his almost sardonic sense of humor, to allow his friends as well as his enemies to amuse themselves by reconstructing his cabinet; to permit a paper usually so well informed as the *Standard*, which has been such a staunch supporter of Lord Salisbury and all his works, to make the *ex cathedra* announcement that Lord Salisbury had no intention of relinquishing either the Premiership or the seats of the Foreign Office, while all the time he had picked out Lord Lansdowne as his successor in the Foreign Office. There could be no more unpopular or unfit appointment. There could be no appointment which so strongly exhibits Lord Salisbury's lofty contempt for his fellows. Lord Lansdowne, through a long career of office-holding, has never been a success; he has frequently been a distinguished failure. He is responsible, as Secretary of State for War, for many of the blunders which marked the conduct of the Boer war. He showed singular ineptitude and a singularly nerveless grasp of the situation. When Lord Salisbury went to the country a few weeks ago, it was accepted as a foregone conclusion in the event of his being returned to power that one of the first things to follow would be the dismissal of Lord Lansdowne, to be succeeded by a strong man, a man strong enough to break down the old army ring, to brush away the old caste prejudices and aristocratic traditions which came so near to wrecking the British army, to cut loose from red tape and antiquated methods, and substitute genuine reforms which should make the army a fighting machine of the first order. So thoroughly was this believed that the ministerial organs discreetly fostered the idea. To have dismissed Lord Lansdowne before the election was impolitic; it would have been a confession that the criticisms aimed at the War Office were justified. Retain Lord Salisbury in power, said the ministerialist supporters in press and private conversation, and you will see the reforms for which you have been clamoring. By common consent all the cabinet builders retired Lord Lansdowne from the cabinet slate, and in the reconstructed cabinet Lord Salisbury was to be relieved of the dual duties of Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and place at the head of the Foreign Office a man like Lord Cromer or Lord Curzon or St. John Brodrick or Mr. Chamberlain—the last, it is true, with some misgivings—but no one dared to imagine that Lord Salisbury would so utterly disregard public sentiment as to promote Lord Lansdowne to the Foreign Office. Next to the Premier, the Foreign Secretary is the most important member of the cabinet.

LORD SALISBURY is an enigma. He cultivates public opinion to the extent of shaping his policy to make it acceptable to the great body of Englishmen, to that nebulous but yet well-defined quantity "the man in the street," but for individual opinions he cares absolutely nothing. And the curious contradiction of his character is shown in that while he wants the man in the street to approve of what he does, if the man objects Lord Salisbury goes about his business in his own way, and trusts to himself to gain approval later on. Most statesmen when in doubt send up a *ballon d'essai* to test the sentiment of the country. Not so with Lord Salisbury. He lets no inkling of his purpose be known until it is *fait accompli*; then he calmly tells the Empire what he has done, and takes it for granted that the country will accept it as another evidence of his statesmanship. He knows that his political opponents will denounce him in any event, and he never cares what his opponents say. The Salisbury philosophy is that somehow or other things will come out all right in the end, and that the special providence which has the keeping of the British Empire in its possession will enable the government to "muddle through"—to use the expression coined by a member of the present cabinet—and somehow or other, not due to any special diplomatic skill or extraordinary adroitness, the government does manage to muddle through, as often to its own surprise as to that of its adversaries. Lord Salisbury is a pupil of Beaconsfield, and to some extent patterns after his prototype. Like Beaconsfield, Salisbury loves a *coup*, but Salisbury lacks the color and imagination which made Beaconsfield's *coups* so intensely dramatic. Beaconsfield always had an eye for effect, and he could arrange a climax with the skill of a playwright working up to a situation which would bring down the curtain with applause both from stalls and gallery. His purchase of the Suez Canal shares; his creation of an imperial diadem for the Queen; his triumph at Berlin, where he won "peace with honor" and picked up Cyprus; his melodramatic sensation in bringing native troops from India and landing them at Malta—were the things he delighted in. They appealed to the spectacular instinct which was always strong in him; they appealed to Englishmen, quick enough to appreciate a strong dramatic situation when it is placed before them; the boldness of his moves won half-grudging praise from even his enemies. Salisbury has tried the same thing, but never with the same success.

LORD SALISBURY was of course aware of the demand for a reconstruction of his cabinet. He might said of the cabinet that "it is anything but an effective committee for managing the affairs of the British Empire, and for the reason, as we have ventured more than once to point out, that it is too large and is sadly lacking in youth and vigor," the average leader of a great political party would have bowed to the storm, and jettisoned a portion of his cargo to save his ship. Had he called a strong man to the War Office, and an equally strong man to the Foreign Office—Lord Cromer, for example, the maker of modern Egypt—he would have immeasurably strengthened his position. Lord Salisbury could have retired from the Foreign Office without loss of dignity. The work of the Foreign Office is all-engrossing, and few men in these days of great international questions have the physical and mental vigor to be Premier as well as carry the burden of a great department. Lord Salisbury had been urged by his best friends to leave the Foreign Office and devote all his energies to a general supervision of the policy for which he is responsible, but which more recently he has left largely to the discretion of his associates, owing to his indulgent nature and his boldness for "muddling through."

Why, then, should Lord Salisbury have made an appointment so unpopular and seemingly so uncalled for as that of Lord Lansdowne? There are two explanations. Lord Salisbury felt that the duties of the Foreign Office were too exacting, and that it was necessary for him to lighten his load. In this connection it is interesting to read what the late Henry D. Traill, the biographer of Lord Salisbury, wrote nine years ago. "The duties of the Foreign Department," he says, "are in these times too exacting, not to say exhausting, to allow him who is charged with them to exercise the general supervision of ministerial policy, which is to-day, perhaps, more needed than it ever was. It is difficult, as has been hinted, to believe that a minister so full of work can find time to study the general political situation in its almost daily changes, or energy to accommodate to it the tactics of his party. And it may be that Lord Salisbury's heroic attempt to combine the two incompatible tasks has had its share in the history of more than one untoward episode in the career of the present administration." Traill, be it observed, was no unfriendly critic of the present Premier. Lord Salisbury having felt it necessary to retire from the Foreign Office, he might have called to his side a man who would have been in fact as well as in name Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, under the general direction, of course, of his chief, or he could place in office a man who would be Foreign Secretary in name, but actually little more than a superior clerk. Lord Salisbury did the latter. He doubtless remembers Lord Lansdowne as Viceroy of India, Lord Lansdowne suspended at the end of a telegraph line and hectored by Viscount Cross, Secretary of State for India, a very fitting secretary for such a viceroy.

In the Foreign Office Lord Salisbury will still continue to speak, although it will be through the mouth of Lord Lansdowne. And another reason to explain this appointment is that Salisbury, among his other qualities, has the virtue of sticking to his friends, and believing that his judgment of men is always the right one. He put Lansdowne in the War Office because he believed him to be a military genius, which, unfortunately for the British Empire, he is not, and perhaps for the same reason he now transfers him to the Foreign Office.

LORD LANSDOWNE typifies the monopoly of political power in England. The Beaconsfields and the Chamberlains and the W. H. Smiths are rare enough in English political life—so rare, indeed, that they are eagerly exploited to show that in England genius overcomes everything—but the Lansdownes are the type. Once an Englishman of position and fortune gets into power he retains it to the last; "the Mandarins of the two Front Benches are as unchangeable as Li Hung-Chang," as a recent writer has wittily remarked. It is perfectly true. Government is a close corporation, and its proprietors, whether Liberal or Conservative, are very jealous of admitting outsiders. Once an office-holder always an office holder may be said of a certain class of Englishmen to whom politics is a profession, not for the money in it, but for the honor, because a gentleman who has no fondness for the army or navy or the Church must be a politician if he is to be something more than a mere gentleman. Lansdowne, a man of immense wealth, with a great social position and a long and historical lineage, commenced his political life at twenty-four, when Mr. Gladstone made him a junior lord of the Treasury. Three years later he was made Under-Secretary of State for War, and held that office for two years, when he was transferred to the India Office as Under-Secretary, but he served only a few months, and resigned because he refused to follow his leader into the home-rule camp. Three years later Mr. Gladstone was magnanimous enough to overlook this defection, and appointed him Governor-General of Canada, where he served his full term of five years. In the mean time Gladstone had lost power and was succeeded by Lord Salisbury; and Lansdowne, like many other Liberals, deserted Gladstone because of his Irish policy, and joined the Unionists. Salisbury transferred him from the dignified but comparatively unimportant post of Governor-General of Canada to India, where a man whose public career extends over thirty-one years, who has been given many opportunities to leave his impress upon the public service, but who during his more than three decades of office-holding has only called attention to himself by doing that which his partial biographer will touch upon as lightly as is consistent to escape the charge of falsifying history. Neither in the Treasury, the War Office, nor the India Office did he do anything to justify hopes of his coming greatness. As Governor-General of Canada, an office largely ornamental, which any man of average tact and common-sense can fill acceptably, he left the Dominion without leaving any sense of strong individuality behind him—in marked contrast, for instance, to Lord Dufferin, who was something more than a mere figurehead. It was during Lord Lansdowne's term of office that the Riel rebellion occurred. It would perhaps be unfair to charge the responsibility to the Governor-General, and yet a more vigilant Governor, one more able to detect the signs of the times, might have brought about such reforms—and much of the discontent of the half-breeds was attributable to the criminal indifference of the government—as would have prevented the uprising. From Canada to India is a long jump, but the distance from Ottawa to Simla is not greater than the qualities required between the Governor-General of Canada and the Viceroy of India. The one has practically no real power, and is merely the shadow of the sovereign; the other has power almost autocratic, and appeals to the imagination of nearly 300,000,000 Asiatics as the concrete embodiment of the power to which they are vassal.

ALL Europe during the next few days will turn its eyes to Paris and watch with keenest interest what follows the meeting of the Chambers. For more than six months the political prophets in and out of France have been predicting *après moi le déluge*, "moi" in this case being the Exposition. The French Europe has been told, were too canny to invite trouble until the Exposition had closed its gates, and the last centime of the last visitor had been garnered, but when the golden harvest had been safely housed anything might be expected to happen. The present government stands for peace abroad and the perpetuation of the Republic. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has determined to meet the issue boldly. The most insidious enemies of the Republic are the clericals and their organs; the same men and the same newspapers which made of Du Paty du Clam and Esterhazy heroes, and who used anti-Semitism and *l'affaire* Dreyfus as their weapons. If Waldeck-Rousseau is overthrown and the Nationalists are triumphant, it will cause an uncomfortable feeling in every European capital. For the last twenty years the anti-Republicans, which means not alone the Royalists, have been looking for the man on horseback. He has not yet been discovered, but he may be any day between night and morning, so quickly does the political kaleidoscope change in France, and then will there be another bloodless *coup d'état* or another bloody Commune?

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S triumphant return to power is a precious illustration of the ease with which political parties borrow platforms from their opponents. In the days of Sir John Macdonald, "the Bismarck of Canada," whose creative force welded a few scattered provinces into a Dominion and infused a national spirit into a people, the Conservative party was looked upon as more loyal to England than Englishmen themselves. Because of this intense devotion to British interests Sir John and his party were regarded as unfriendly to the United States, and Americans who hoped for closer commercial and political relations between their country and Canada prayed for the success of the Liberals. Sir John died, and Sir Charles Tupper succeeded him, holding power for eighteen years, until he was turned out by Sir Wilfrid Laurier four years ago. Laurier rode in on a promise to reduce the tariff and endeavor to obtain reciprocal commercial advantages from the United States. His reciprocal tariff concessions were spurned by the United States, and as a set-off he offered Great Britain a preferential tariff on her goods. An act so gracious, which promised so advantageously to material British interests, caused Canada to be held in high favor in England, and the British Empire about that time was in a high state of patriotic emotion, aroused by the Queen's jubilee. Laurier was made much of. When the Boer war broke out Canada gave freely of her sons for the defence of the mother-country, and no man was more of an Imperialist than the Premier, a Frenchman by birth, a Catholic by religion. And it was because of his imperialism that Sir Charles Tupper asked the electorate of the Dominion to turn the Liberal party out of office. It must have made stately old Sir John, the very father of Imperialists, turn in his grave—Tupper, who fell heir to the Conservative leadership, denouncing Sir Wilfrid for having granted too many favors to England, of having gone too generously to the support of England in the hour of her extremity! Laurier's re-election means still closer relations with England and less likelihood of the Dominion making concessions to the United States at the expense of Great Britain.

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Henry Villard.
Born 1835. Died November 11, 1900.

Marcus Daly.
Born 1842. Died November 11, 1900.

Henry Villard

A VERY remarkable man was Henry Villard, who died on November 11, and a great deal could be written about him without overdoing the subject. His life was crammed with action and adventure. He had tremendous ups and downs. The events he took part in and the things that happened to him, if adequately told, would carry willing readers through many pages of narrative. But the man himself was even more interesting than his adventures. He was a writer, a dreamer, a man of sentiment, a man of action, a financier, a philanthropist, and in his dealings with other men he seemed at times almost a wizard.

He was born in Speyer, Bavaria, in 1835, of a good family, which for several generations had furnished ministers to the Reformed Church. His father was Gustav Hilgard, who became a judge of the Supreme Court in Munich. The republican spirit was strong in the family, and an uncle of Henry's had come to America and settled in Illinois. The boy got an excellent education in the German schools, and at eighteen left the university he was in and determined to come to America. The father objecting to this move, the son—an only son—dropped his family name and assumed that of Villard. He came to this country in 1853, and in the course of a year reached his uncle's farm at Belleville, Illinois. There he began writing for the local newspaper, and after studying law for a time at Peoria, went to Chicago and began work as a newspaper correspondent, writing first in German and presently in English. He reported the Lincoln-Douglas debates for Eastern papers, was legislative correspondent at Indianapolis and Springfield for the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and for the same paper in 1859 reported on the new gold fields in Colorado. Then came a season of work in the Lincoln campaign for the New York *Herald*, and then the civil war, and active and brilliant labors as a war correspondent. The close of the war found him associated with Horace White and Adams S. Hill (now a Harvard professor) in the management of a press bureau in Washington. In 1865 he became Eastern correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, of which Mr. White became managing editor. In 1866 he married a daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston. The next two years he spent abroad, still as a newspaper correspondent.

After living three years in Boston, he went abroad again in 1871, and being intrusted with the negotiation of certain American securities, formed associations with leading bankers in Frankfort and Berlin, to whom he made himself very useful in matters relating to American railroads. The panic of 1873 followed, and in 1874 he came back as representative of very large German railroad interests in the Northwest. Thus started as a financier he dealt very successfully for his clients, and after handling their interests with great ability through many complicated transactions, he became, in 1881, the president of the Northern Pacific Railway, which was completed under his leadership in 1883. Then came a panic which disabled that property and swept away most of the fortune which Mr. Villard had built up for himself. He then went back to Germany, raised more money, repaired his own fortune, and retrieved his reputation as a financier. Again he returned to railroad management, and in 1889 became chairman of the Board of Directors of the Northern Pacific, but retired in consequence of the disastrous results to that road of the panic of 1893 and the resulting business depression. From this second disaster Mr. Villard's reputation undoubtedly suffered, with how much justice cannot here be said, for only expert and dispassionate judges can determine the rights and wrongs of operations in railroad extension and high finance and Mr. Villard's critics though some of them may have been expert, were certainly not dispassionate. His private fortune suffered severely again, but was not wiped out, and with what was left he is said to have dealt so skillfully as to leave an ample fortune to his heirs.

In 1881 he bought the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, joined them and put them under the editorial management of Mr. Schurz, Mr. Godkin and Mr. Horace White. Mr. Schurz soon retired. Mr. Godkin continued his labors until last year and Mr. White is still in the harness.

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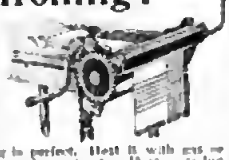

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*Mr. Dooley: On Cross-Examinations**

MR. DOOLEY put down his newspaper with the remark: "They cudden't get me into court as a witness; no, sir, not if 'twas to hang me best friend.

"'Tis hard enough," he said, "with newspapers an' cuncils officers an' th' min'ry iv cob-dhrivers to live down ye'er past, without bein' loosed to dhrill it in a r-red coat aw' with a brass band ahead before th' eyes iv th' multitood. I did it wanst; I'll do it no more. Wanst I was summoned to appear in th' high temple iv justice where Timothy Duffy is th' presidim' janius, as Hogan says, to give me priceless tistymony as to whether th' plumbin' in Harrigan's house was fitted to hold wather. 'Twas my opinyon, havin' had a handful iv thrumps I held in Harrigan's parlor spiled be Lake Michigan dhroppin' through th' ceilin', that said plumbin' was conthrary to th' laws an' ordinances iv th' county iv Cook, State iv Illinois, S. S. made an' provided an' th' same I put on a high hat an' a long-tailed coat an' left a man in charge iv me business, an' wint down to Halsted Street an' swore to, as solemnly as I cud, knowin' that Harrigan wudden't pay th' text anyhow. An' what come iv it? I was two minyits givin' me tistymony, an' two hours thryin' to convince th' bom'rable court—a lawyer be th' name iv Duffy—an' th' able jury that I hadn't stolen th' shirt on me back fr'm a farmthry wagon. Th' court was goin' to confine me in jail f'r life f'r contempt; th' lawyer f'r th' defense strongly intimated that I was in th' neighborhood whin Charlie Ross was kidnapped, an' th' jury asi to be allowed to bring in a verdict iv manslaughter again me without extra pay. As I wint out iv th' court two or three women in large hats hissed me an' a man at th' dore threatened me with an umbrella untill I made a counther dimonstration with me hoot. Justice, says ye? I tell ye Hogan's r-right whin he says, 'Justice is blind.' Blind she is, an' deef an' dumb, an' has a wooden leg! Niver again will they dhraw me to a court. I'll take th' rude justice iv a piece iv lead pipe without costs or th' r-right iv appeal.

"Here in th' pa-aper they're a piece about a lad that had throuble with his vallay—"

"What's a vallay?" Mr. Hennessy interrupted.

"A vallay," Mr. Dooley explained, "is a retired English gintleman hired by millyionaires who ar-re goin' into bankruptcy to wear their clothes. Naked a millyonaire comes into th' wurruld, an' naked he vallay leaves him. Th' vallay's a kind iv he-chambermaid that sees that th' millyionaire doesn't go to wurruk in his nightshirt, an' r-reads his letters. I can't make out what all iv his jooties is. He rubs th' millyionaire's head an' rubbers on his love affairs, an' afther awhile leaves him an' goes to wurruk f'r a society pa-aper. 'Tis an o' sayin' iv Hogan's that no man is a hero to his vallay. That's three. Th' vallay's th' hero.

"Well, this millyionaire I've been r-readin' about, he had a vallay, an' th' vallay lost his eye woundherin' who th' lady was, an' then he dipped too sthrong into th' Florida wather an' th' millyonaire bounced him. He fired him out. 'Lord Roland,' he says, 'go,' he says. 'We've lived too long together,' he says. 'People can't tell us apart, we stagger so much alike,' he says. 'I'm gettin' so used to ye that I have no fear iv ye,' he says. 'It was bad enough whin ye give me blue suspinders with me r-red pantaloons,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'whin I asked f'r an orange an' ye brought in th' bootjack, I felt that we cud no longer associate on terms iv equality,' he says. 'Ye'll have to go back to th' House iv Lords,' he says. An' he fired him out an' wudden't pay a cint iv wages he owed him f'r th' rest iv his life. So Lord Roland sues him an' has him in court.

"Th' millyionaire thrips in thinkin' to himself: 'Tis on'y a question iv whether I shall pay this jook what I promised him or what he ought to injict fr'm a millyionaire. Do I or do I not owe Lord Ronald eighty twa dollars f'r curry-combin' me in th' nex' cimbry. I'll lave it to an impartial jury iv honest Americans, who have always buttoned their own shirts, an' r-right will conker an' I'll keep me money.'

"That's where he was wrong. He had th' same experience I had, except mine was a case iv plumbin' an' his wan iv personal decoration. Afther he explained to th' jury that he didn't owe Lord Roland annything, because his Lordship got a dhrogan' eye fr'm dhrink an' frequently give him th' same collar ivry week, he was tur-ned over to th' attorney f'r th' prosecution, who cross-examined him.

"'We will pass over th' question iv ye'er financial relations with me client,' says th' distinguished barrisher, 'an' come down to ye'er own private life. To begin with, ar-re ye or ar-re ye not a man iv th' most dissolute morals?' 'Answer yes or no,' says th' court. 'He admits it,' says th' lawyer. 'You were dhrunk in 1892?' 'I can't raymimber,' says th' millyonaire. 'Put it down that he's always dhrunk,' says th' lawyer. 'Where did ye get ye'er money? Ye don't know? Th' jury will take note iv th' fact that he probably stole it. Ye'er father is dead. Did ye kill him?' 'I think so.' 'Now that ye ray-fuse to pay Lord Roland what's not comin' to him, how about ye'er wife?' 'My wife isn't in this case,' says th' prisoner. 'Th' divvle she isn't,' says th' court. 'I want ye to know that ivrybody is in this case. We play no fav'rites. Whin th' clear sunlight iv American justice is tur-ned loose on a matther iv this charackter wawthin' can be hid. Go on an' tell us about ye'er wife. Th' court wishes to know. Th' court is human,' says he. 'Isn't it thrue,' says th' lawyer, 'that ye'er spouse is pettish an' disagreeable be nature, an' that th' colors iv her hair ar-re not fast, an' that Lord Roland frequently peeked through th' dore an' seen ye talkin' to her? Answer me, ye fiend in human form, don't that lovely golden sheen upon her locks come out in th' wash? Tell me, monsther, tell th' bom'rable court that's now leanin' eagerly over th' bar to catch ivry pint, tell th' jury that wud like to carry home some society chit-chat to their own tired wives, tell this intelligent concourse iv American citizens behind me, an' th' gallant knights iv th' pen in fr-ront iv me wastin' to spread th' details to th' wurruld, tell me, rufflyan, is Hiven or Peroxide iv Hydhrogen th' author iv th' splendor? An' about her teeth—ar-re they her own? Will ye swear to it? Raymimber ye ar-re on oath. Will ye uphit ye'er hand an' swear that th' left bicuspid is not acquired? Is her complexion her own or fr'm day to day? Did ye iver see her before ye were married, an' if so, with whom? An' about th' other women Lord Roland saw ye with. Were they no bether than they ought to be or not as good as they might have been. I can't recall their names, but ye might tell us who they ar-re. Give us their names. Dhrag th' wretched crathers fr'm their hidin' places in th' vaudyville theatres, an' have thim to sthand in th' clear sunlight iv American justice,' he says, 'an' be amirched,' he says.

"There was scarcely a dhry eye in th' roort whin th' farmed council concluded. Th' ladies in th' audjeence applauded hyrony as name afther name was brought forward. Th' judge said that he had th' time iv his life, an' th' jury, afther securin' eleppin's iv th' prisoner's wife's hair, raytumed a verdict findin' Mrs. Hard Cold guilty iv peroxide in th' first degree, without extenuatin' circumstances, an' added a rider recommendin' th' ladies Lord Roland seen with Hard Cold be tur-ned out iv their lodgin's. It was a gr-reat triumph for th' r-right. It shows that th' courts iv our fair land will put down with a stern hand th' growin' peroxide vice, an' that justice will find out evil-doers—whin they ar-re women—if it has to take th' bandages off its eyes an' hide in a clothes-closet."

"It serves th' man r-right f'r havin' wan iv them vallays ur-round th' house," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, it shows that," said Mr. Dooley. "An' it shows th' disadvantages iv wealth. No wan cares to hear what Hogan calls 'th' short an' simple scandals iv th' poor.' But I wasn't thinkin' about th' man in th' case."

F. P. DUNNE.

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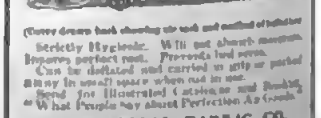

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Horse Show Standards

VARIOUS people have various ways of regarding the horse shows which are held annually in many of the larger American cities. Probably the great majority regard these affairs almost purely from a social standpoint, and look upon the horses that are exhibited as incidental to a gathering of fashionables, who show themselves and their fine clothes with much personal satisfaction and edification to the public. I have no reason to quarrel with those who take this view. The horse shows, however, are worthy of serious consideration as such. There was never a more interesting period than this for those engaged in the breeding, the training, and the sale of horses. And it is at the horse shows that the guiding standards of excellence are made and maintained. A few years ago steam power and electric power came into very general use on urban traction roads. Multitudes of horses were thrown out of business, and the price of horses in this country was reduced some twenty-five per cent. per head. In the next few years, though the number of horses was reduced, the per capita value still declined, and the horse owners of the country were obliged to realize that the aggregate value of horses in the United States had fallen off more than five hundred million dollars. This was a most serious depreciation, and the bulk of it fell upon those the least prepared to have their prosperity dwindle in value. The average horse as a usual thing belongs to an average man; the fine horse is usually the property of the rich man. And it was the average horse which fell so seriously in value, for it was his occupation that had been curtailed, not that of the fine roadster or well-bred and well-gaited saddle-horse.

To be sure, there was a time when the vogue of the fine horses used for pleasure seemed to be threatened. That was when the bicycle fad was at its height. Hundreds of horsemen of my acquaintance gave up their horses for what they poetically called their "silent steeds," because, they argued, the latter gave them as much exercise and as much fun, and did not eat oats. In New York one of the oldest riding-schools failed because of a declining business attributable to this cause. There is no use in dwelling on the decline of the bicycle. That is apparent to every one. And the reappearance of the saddle-horse in numbers very much greater than ever before is apparent in every city or neighborhood where there is a leisure class. Before the bicycle had received its quietus the automobile began to appear, both as a pleasure and a business vehicle. Then the mechanical optimists and the equine pessimists were at one. The horse was doomed. I fancy there is not a newspaper in the country which at one time or another did not print an article called the "Horseless Age." Indeed, there was a monthly magazine of some pretensions which had a title something like that. The horse had outlived his

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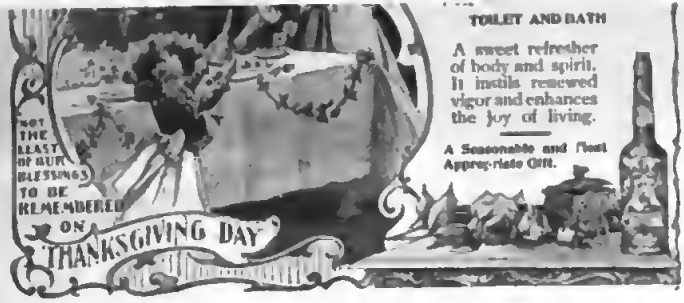

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purposes. [illegible] the Agricultural Department at Washington that in the three years from January 1, 1897, to January 1, 1900, the horses in the United States increased in value $13 a head, and in the aggregate $151,320,046. It was during this very time that electrical traction in the cities and suburban towns became universal, and the automobiles became so common that they attracted no attention either in city streets or on country roads. But, as has been said before, the horse of the present that commands a good price must be a superior animal, and it is quite certain that in ten years from now the standard will be placed even higher than it is to-day. At this time the horse trade in America is in a very wholesome condition. The demand at home is steady, and there are always European buyers in our horse-markets looking for animals to be shipped abroad.

It is usually considered that we have only one distinctive American type of horse—the American trotter. To be sure, that is the greatest and most signal achievement of American breeding, as there has been created the fleetest, the gamest, and most shapely harness-horse the world has ever seen. At the sales of trotters there are always European agents on the lookout for horses to be used on the trotting tracks of France, Austria, and Germany, and also for stallions and mares for breeding purposes. Harness races between trotters have grown in popularity on the Continent, and the American horses win everything in sight. But we have also developed the best good all-round horse in the world. And these horses are in great demand for cavalry service of the various armies. The very pick of these good all-round horses may be seen in the saddle classes of the horse show. And these best show breeding agility, beauty of conformation, intelligence, and capacity to carry weight. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that in no country in the world is it easier to get a good mount than in America. It is likely that the number of horses bred for the saddle will increase, for the demand is sure to grow. Horse-back riding may be a little more popular at one time than another, but it is never likely to be really unpopular. There is nothing of the fad about it. The sensation of pleasure afforded by the feeling that a good horse is under you has been recognized ever since the birth of civilization, and men will appreciate it as long as they appreciate anything. Therefore this admirable exercise will never be neglected. The horse breeders, in looking over the cold and unmoving for opportunities, should see that there will always be a good market for animals for the saddle. It is not likely that they will command the stilt-prices which fine harness horses bring, but there will be safe money in breeding for this particular class, as any reasonably active horse can be trained into a serviceable saddle horse. Only this week I heard of a sale in New York of a four-year-old Kentucky gelding at nine hundred dollars. The breeder of that horse surely had seven hundred dollars clear profit in this transaction. As it is, however, and without having paid any particular attention to it, or made any especial effort to achieve a distinct type, we have the best saddle horses in the world, and this means we have the best cavalry-horses. At the horse shows the judges, by their selections of winners, are always giving practical illustrations of what types the breeders should aim at. With the best basic stock to start from, it seems to me that very wonderful results could be obtained in the course of twenty years or so.

At this time the United States, as a horse producing country, is only second to Russia, Argentina being third, and Austro-Hungary fourth. In value, however, the American horses are far ahead, both in the aggregate and the per capita value. The wild horses in this country are comparatively scarce; in Russia they are numerous, and in Argentina much more so. This accounts for the higher value of the horses in America. Range-bred horses will get scarcer always here, as the grasslands are rapidly being taken up by farmers. Farmers are the great horse-breeders in America, and considering the haphazard way in which they manage the business, it is quite wonderful that we have achieved the position we have. The old-fashioned country fairs used to set the standards, and in some localities they still maintain them, but even the country fairs now get their standards from the horse shows.

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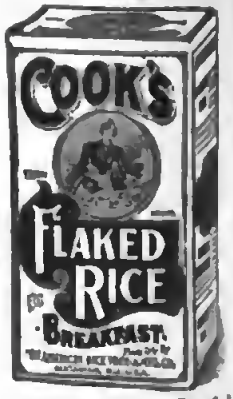

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The next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, December 8, 1900, will be the Christmas Number. It comprises fifty-six pages of text and illustrations, and is the largest issue of any illustrated weekly periodical yet published. It is richly illustrated in color, and is in the fullest sense of the word a Christmas issue. A more detailed statement of its contents will be found on another page of this number.

Thanksgiving

THE recurrence of Thanksgiving day sends the mind of the reflective man harking back a twelvemonth in a search for those things for which we should be devoutly grateful to a benign Providence. Individuals will differ, naturally, in the fervor of their gratitude for benefits received, since all have not been blessed with equal good fortune; into the lives of many affliction and misery have come; joy has been the lot of one, unhappiness the measure of another's days. Yet in all probability the good old feast of Thanksgiving finds most of us this year in a responsive mood, and if some of us are unable to uplift our voices in psalms of joy exactly, all things considered, the great bulk of those who think about the general situation, and who take the trouble to penetrate the darkness of the clouds by which they are oppressed in search of the sunshine that is back of them, find reason to bow their heads in reverential thanks to the great disposer of all mercies. If we cannot rejoice in our own condition, we may at least participate in the ceremonial of thanksgiving in which our neighbor, who has been enriched, in his gratitude is indulging; in the depths of sorrow and ruin ourselves we may yet rejoice that health and prosperity have come to others, and in a philosophical contemplation of the joy and gratitude of the prosperous find forgetfulness of our own tribulations. To the properly constituted human being the good fortune and happiness of others are among the most satisfactory things in life to contemplate. The father oppressed by the cares and anxieties of business feels this when he gives something to his child that he knows will brighten the little chap's days. The mother feels a thrill of supreme happiness even in the stress of pain and sickness when she contemplates the radiance of her little one's face over some trivial incident that has made her child happy. And so it may be with all of us, even though we may be staggering under a load of trouble and misfortune that fills our souls with despair. The contagion of happiness is great, and on Thanksgiving day it is so much in the air that most of us should catch it, and having caught it, be properly thankful therefor. Even if there is little in the per year through which we have passed, with its wars and its rumors of wars; with its conflicts, political and otherwise; with its moments of awful apprehension lest some dreadful tragedy had been enacted in a far country which would have plunged us into a desperate quarrel with a barbaric people—when we think of these things and consider how gradually the clouds have lifted, and the sunshine of peace has lightened up the dark places and left us unscathed and even stronger for our trials, as a people, at least, we should be on our knees before the throne of the Great Master of Human Destinies. The year of nineteen hundred has been one of fearsome interest, of grewsome apprehension, of deep and soul-stirring anxieties for the American people more than any other year since the civil war. That shortly before its close we are permitted to witness the clearing away of its anxieties, and to breathe the sigh of relief that comes from a surcease of impending troubles, is in itself a sufficient cause for all men and women in the land, irrespective of their own benefits or misfortunes, to join in all heartiness in that sincere offering of thanksgiving for which the day has been set apart.

A GENTLEMAN of respectable parentage, and of some note as a professional reformer, speaking recently on "Dangerous Classes in a Republic," is reported to have given expression to the following remarkable period.

Dangerous Classes in a Republic

"If you want to find the dangerous classes in this city," he cried, "do not go into the East Side among the ignorant, the criminal, and the poor; do not go into the Tenderloin or any other like locality to find them. You would not find them by going to Tammany Hall or to the Chief of Police. But if you had stood at the doors of DELMONICO'S last night as the members of the Chamber of Commerce filed in to sit down to the annual dinner of that organization, or had you stood on the streets of this city when the Sound Money paraders passed by, you would have found them—guilelessly innocent that they were, but none the less the most dangerous classes in this city and in this republic."

This is a fine sentiment to find falling from the lips of a man of decent extraction, of no little culture, and of some position among the reputable elements of society. It is not the thief, the gambler, or the dive-keeper; it is not the derelict chief officer of the municipal police, whose eyes are closed to the unspeakable crimes that are day after day and night after night going on under his very nose; it is not the corrupt and imperial organization that gains its strength from the cohesive power of public plunder, and that has notoriously enriched itself by trafficking in the bodies, souls, consciences, and liberties of human beings, that is the great menace to the safety of republican institutions—but the one hundred and ten thousand patriotic men who, at the risk of their health, and irrespective of party affiliations, made a powerful demonstration in behalf of the nation's financial and commercial honor who are the rogues; it is the great business organizations of the leading city of the country, made up of men of the highest integrity, of the purest motives, of the keenest sense of personal honor in meeting every obligation in life, which must be accounted as the agency of destruction by which the guiding principles of the republic are to be dragged down into the mire!

It is a wonder that the Rev. HOWARD CROSBY, of cherished memory, does not rise up from his grave and protest. We think he might tell his distinguished son that a worse menace to the community than any of those enumerated is the man with a gift of language, of education, of standing in the community, who prostitutes these advantages to an abuse of the blessed privilege of free speech by giving utterance to wicked libels upon the most honorable elements represented in the whole social order.

THE Cuban Constitutional Convention is getting along very well. At this writing nothing of importance as regards the instrument under whose provisions the new republic will be governed has been accomplished, but in the their pent-up eloquence bursts forth with a torrential force that is overwhelming. It is interesting to note that one of the chief topics for debate up to the present has been the publicity of the convention's sessions. Certain of the delegates oppose with fervor the article in their rules providing that the sessions shall be public except when the convention is dealing with matters concerning its own decorum, or when for some special reason the convention chooses to deliberate behind closed doors. It is not easy to understand why persons who have so strenuously advocated the liberties of the people for so many years should at this time desire to withhold their confidence from the people in a matter so vitally affecting their interests as the framing of the charter of their rights, and in our judgment Señor ZAYAS, in advocating public sessions, hit the nail squarely on the head when he called attention to the fact that the convention, according to the articles to be discussed later, would be divided into committees, which, holding private sessions, would enable all the delegates to express their views without cause for timidity. He added, with much force, that the delegates should be protected against suspicious people, and that their only protection was publicity. All Cuba is eagerly watching what the convention is doing, Señor ZAYAS said; and the convention, in its turn, needs to be accompanied by public opinion, which will be a great help.

Considering the temperament of the Cubans, and their proneness to suspect others of a desire to infringe upon their rights, it is important that everything that is done should be accomplished in the broad light of day. It is quite as important for ourselves, too, as it is for the Cubans. There must be no possibility of an after-criticism of the instrument that certain provisions have been inserted for the promotion of the selfish purposes of Uncle Sam: and whatever influence Americans have in Havana at the present time should be exerted to give to the deliberations of the convention the widest publicity.

MARK TWAIN is daily showing himself more and more of a philanthropist, as well as a humorist. It is not at all difficult for him to make the world laugh. It is in him to do it. He is in his essentials the kind of a man to whom the humorous expression of an idea is the natural one, and to be funny is as easy for him as it is for most people to talk. But when it comes to standing up for the rights of the oppressed as against an aggressive oppressor, that is not an easy task for any man, and that the genial Twain should drop his laughing exterior for the moment and assume the stern inflexible manner of a Daniel come to judgment against the tyrannical exactions of the Metropolitan hackman will endear him to the hearts of thousands who have suffered at the hands of this most rapacious class of highwaymen.

Twain the Philanthropist

We know of no Trust that is so dangerous to the pocket of the citizen as the free and independent Metropolitan John who is doing business on his own account. Many of them, it is true, are possessed of a conscience, and in many matters outside of the question of what is the proper fare for a drive of a mile or two have in them the making at least of good, true, and virtuous men, but when it comes to the question of the tariff for a short course or a long one the average cab-driver is no more reliable in his conclusions than the general run of handwriting experts. Most of us, encountering an Ali Baba on the box, or a DICK TURPIN enthroned behind a hansom, suffer extortion rather than subject ourselves to the annoyance of an encounter with our Chesterfieldian Mayor, but Mark Twain is built of sterner stuff and submits tamely to no such outrage.

Would we had more of such strenuously good citizens! With a hundred CLEMENSES in New York, the stranger within our gates having two or three hundred dollars in his pocket might ride a block or two in a cab and after paying his fare have enough money left to telegraph home for more.

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IT is difficult to decide whether recent improvements in the methods and content of education have been largely the cause or largely the effect of the progress everywhere seen in the application of the exact sciences to the industrial arts. There is, however, no difficulty in deciding that progress in pure science, as developed by the schools, was the cause of the great beginnings in industrial life which marked the middle of the nineteenth century. The conservation and the transformation of energy, the laws of chemical union and analysis, thermodynamics, the theory of structures, the strength of materials, and the fine art of drafting preceded nearly all the important inventions and improvements in manufacture and transportation on land and sea. Thus the scientific schools did much to develop the very agencies which since that time have furnished the greatest encouragement to the educational system itself.

I shall leave it to others to point out the educational progress of the century in the direction of literature and historical research, and in the higher analysis and criticism of the literature of other centuries. History itself is getting to be an exact science, and not chiefly an interesting account of what might have been, and what to a certain extent probably was. Intercommunication, the publication of early records, and the careful preservation of historic archives give to the student of history opportunities which were formerly denied.

The characteristic progress of the nineteenth century in education has been based upon a minute study of the material universe, and the laws which hold in the manifestations and utilization of mechanical energy and force. In other words, during the last fifty years the great technical wing of the educational army has been created. A school for civil engineers was organized in Troy, New York, in 1835. Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth followed the example of Troy in 1847, 1848, and 1852, respectively. There are now, according to the latest report of the Commissioner of Education, over sixty technical institutions which in appointment and in educational opportunity far outstrip what the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was fifty years ago. The students in technical courses of college grade now number some 20,000 young men.

The Land Grant Act of Congress in 1862 called into being a College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts in every State. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, organized in 1865, is perhaps the most successful technical school in the world. The material outfit of these technical schools embodies vast expenditures for educational appliances which were not dreamed of sixty-five years ago.

No longer does a "log with a college president on one end and a student on the other" satisfy the chief educational demand. Noble scholarly men are in greater demand than ever, but even scholarship has taken on new and wider meanings. One hundred years ago a "scholar" was one who was critically familiar with all classical literature; who could quote ancient authors with accuracy; who was as much at home with the disquisitions of the fathers as with the poetry of Horace or Homer; who stoutly maintained that every lawyer must read Quintilian and the Institutes, every physician must read Galen, and every theologian must read Aristotle and the New Testament—all, too, in the original tongues.

Today one may achieve high scholarship along many different lines—ethnology, geology, natural history, experimental sciences, modern languages, sociology, or pedagogy. The reaction against the traditional curriculum which mainly cultivated the memory and which appealed so largely to authority has found expression most fully in the organization and support of "modern side" schools of secondary and higher grades.

This great change in the extent and character of higher education has had its legitimate influence upon secondary education, in which many things have been developed which the academy and high school of fifty years ago knew nothing of. This development has been directly brought about by an attempt to give an elementary knowledge and culture in the direction of the natural sciences, which should form a proper basis for higher technical courses, in the same manner that an elementary knowledge of Latin and Greek furnishes a basis for the higher studies in ancient literature which are offered by the literary departments of colleges and universities.

As a consequence, chemical laboratories came into existence about forty years ago, modelled somewhat in this country upon the chemical laboratories of Germany.

Later came physical laboratories, where not the instructor alone, but all the pupils of a class, in systematic order, are enabled to test, illustrate, and sometimes to discover physical laws. The development of well-equipped laboratories and well-planned courses of laboratory work in physics for secondary schools are scarcely twenty years old; but at the close of the century they form a most striking feature in secondary school-work.

Still more recent than either chemical or physical laboratories are laboratories for the study of botany and zoology in secondary schools. The number of such laboratories is still small, but their growth in number and in quality at the present time is very rapid, and it is safe to predict that within ten years no good secondary school will be without its biological laboratory, with individual appliances for the examination, analysis, and record of typical plants and animals.

Side by side with the development of laboratories has during recent years come a great development in the department of instrumental or mechanical drawing, and the co-ordinate and closely related department of manual training (which term is sometimes made to include both the drawing and the tool-work). I shall speak more in detail of this work later on. I wish at this point merely to call attention to the organization of these several departments, which, when combined with the study of mathematics, English composition, and literature, and more or less study of other languages, make up the curricula of many modern secondary schools.

It is scarcely fifty years since the State of Massachusetts passed a law requiring every town of 500 families to maintain a high-school in which the pupils should be prepared for college. Some six years since, it passed a law requiring every city of 20,000 inhabitants to incorporate manual training into its high-school course of study.

What has been done for manual training in Massachusetts by legislative action has been done by private individuals, or by separate communities, in nearly every State in the Union, with the result that secondary education now looks out in more directions, aims at more kinds of culture, and appeals to a very much larger proportion of the school population than it did twenty years ago. This deliberate and systematic attempt to provide an education which shall bring the child directly in contact with the natural world on the one hand, and existing institutions of human activity on the other, is characteristic of the education at the close of the nineteenth century, and it stands in sharp contrast with the secondary education with which the century began.

In those early days there were no public schools in the country. Secondary education, when obtainable at all, was to be found at private schools and at endowed academies. In fact the few colleges of those days were scarcely more than secondary schools, and in all of them the training was regarded as directly preparatory to a career in one of the three professions—law, medicine, and theology.

At the present day one dare not limit the number of professions. Engineering has been divided and subdivided. Architecture is no longer one, but many, in view of the specialties of steel structures, churches, libraries, factories, and railway architecture. Even commercial education is taking on new rank and new dignity; and the end is not yet.

Manual training, as this term was first used and as it is now generally understood, refers to the systematic and progressive study of typical tools, and the materials of construction, chiefly wood, iron, and steel. Intimately connected with this concrete work is the art of the draftsman, an art essential to all mature designing and useful to all the arts. This limitation of the meaning of manual training is due to the fact that the manual training school itself was originally organized as in part preparatory to a school of technology.

It had been clearly recognized in England, France, and Germany, and it was coming to be clearly recognized in America, that the technically educated man must be familiar as a matter of course not only with practical drafting, but with the processes of construction and with the materials to be used. It was also seen that the typical tools and the correct theory of their use, as well as the rudiments of drawing, involved only simple elements which were suited to the secondary school. A great deal of time could be saved to the student engaged upon the study of civil, mechanical, mining, or electrical engineering, or upon the study of architecture, if he could learn his elementary drawing and get systematic practice in tool work during the period of secondary education.

It was also evident that in many of the ordinary arts of life exact drawing and systematic tool-work enter in such a way as to form the basis for all the attainments of the skilled mechanic. It was thus felt that the boy who expected to be a mechanic in some one of the many trades would greatly profit by a systematic course of instruction and practice in drafting and manual training in a secondary school. The systematic instruction here referred to was not obtainable anywhere under the existing industrial system. All commercial establishments were organized and managed in the interest of the proprietors of the shop. It was necessary that an establishment should be organized which should be managed in the interest of the boys who came there to be educated and trained.

Another important motive which led to the support of the first manual-training school was the desire to furnish opportunity for the development of natural aptitudes, thereby furnishing ground for an intelligent choice of occupation. It was seen that the great majority of boys stepped out into the world with an adequate knowledge of themselves, so that their choice of occupation, if choice it could be called, was a matter of whim or environment, with no clear knowledge of natural and inborn fitness. The man who first contributed money towards the organization of a manual-training experiment in St. Louis did it with a distinct understanding that it was to be a department in which a boy might find out what his natural and legitimate bias was, if he had one, so that his future career might be selected advisedly.

Finally, it was felt that many boys have such a dislike for grammars and dictionaries involving mere memory, and such a strong taste for physical activity which calls into play both mental and physical functions, that they prefer to be called stupid, dull, and ignorant, rather than endure the restraints and ennui of the ordinary school. It was believed that the introduction of shop-work and drawing would give such boys an opportunity to consult their tastes, to exercise their powers, and that, as a consequence, school would become attractive, and those who had been called dull and unhappy and troublesome might become bright, happy, and successful students.

Thus there were four distinct reasons for organizing the first manual-training school, which may be recapitulated briefly as:

First.—Preparation for a higher technical school.

Second.—Preparation for active work in a mechanical field.

Third.—An opportunity for making a judicious choice of occupation.

Fourth.—The enriching of the school curriculum by the introduction of manual features, thereby making it attractive to boys, active physically as well as mentally.

The necessity of the manual element in education was felt long before a practical solution of the problem was reached. Since the days of Locke and Rousseau there have not been wanting advocates of the manual element, sometimes in the education of particular classes of boys, and sometimes for all boys and all girls alike. But how to combine an education in the mechanic arts with an education in books seemed to be a practical problem of great difficulty. In the trade schools of Germany and France, in the elementary schools of Sweden and Finland, an education to practical work along special and narrow lines was early established. There was, however, in this work no attempt at general training, but the definite purpose was that of teaching an occupation in the most direct and efficient manner. In the United States, with the exception of two or three schools in the city of New York, trade schools properly so called have gained no foothold. America has evolved not trade schools, but manual training schools, the first one of which was organized in St. Louis in 1879, and which began its regular work in 1880.

The difficulties attending the organization of these schools were largely overcome by the adoption of some ideas put into practice in the Imperial Technical School of Moscow by the Director Della Vos in 1868. This Russian school was not a school for general education. On the contrary, it was exclusively for the training of government engineers, but the course of shop work instruction contained an element which has proved to be of very general value.

The course of training in the Russian school extended over six years. During that time the students learned the theory of the tools, the nature of materials, and the fundamental principles of construction. During the last three years they applied the principles already mastered and the knowledge and skill already gained to practical work upon constructions needed by the Russian government.

The educational part of this course of training was what interested the external world, and this was fully exhibited at Philadelphia in the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and was reported upon by Dr. J. D. Runkle, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It was at once seen that the method of educational tool-work was discovered. There was no longer any question like that which had been bandied back and forth in England for several years, viz., whether the school should be taken into the ordinary shop, or the ordinary shop should be taken into the school; on the other hand, it was clear beyond question that the school should have a shop peculiar to itself, and that the method of tool instruction should more resemble the method of the physical and the chemical laboratory than it should the work in progress in commercial establishments. It was believed that the school should not be converted into a factory, and that the more it resembled a factory the less it would resemble a school. It was agreed that the commercial idea should be kept out of the shop as much as it was kept out of the chemical laboratory. The science of education should dominate the methods of the shop as well as the methods of the drawing room and the department of biology. In the judgment of the writer this recognition of the science of education was the most valuable feature in the organization of the St. Louis Manual-Training School in 1879.

The prospectus and the early reports of the St. Louis school attracted much attention throughout the

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several hundred; so that the question of the introduction of manual training into secondary schools no longer exists. It is already there.

No better evidence of the public demand for the manual-training high-school could be found than in that furnished by the statistics of the Manual-Training High School of Kansas City, Missouri.

The city already had a well-equipped and well-attended high-school of decidedly superior quality, but it was claimed that it only in part met popular demands. After full discussion and in consequence of a clear popular demand, a manual-training high-school was started three years ago, with the same conditions of admission as the old high-school. The building and its equipment cost $150,000. It now has 1500 pupils, and the old high-school has practically the same number of pupils that it had three years ago. The report from Philadelphia is equally significant.

The four reasons which led to the organization of the manual training school have been given above with great distinctness because they were clearly seen and appreciated before the school was opened. It is but the simple truth, however, to say that the most important argument in favor of manual training was not in the beginning recognized to any great extent. Manual training had proved to be a better thing than any of its supposed. It has surpassed the most sanguine expectations. What was thought to be particularly valuable for certain classes in the community has been found to be of great value to all. A certain amount of manual training seems to be almost essential to the healthy development of the intellect and the moral nature. Self directed activity, the intelligent use of tools and appliances, the recognition of the laws of action and reaction, of force and energy, the necessity of accuracy, forethought, and system—all lead to the mastery of material things and to the cultivation of executive power. I have repeatedly called attention to the strong moral influence of manual training and to its fine effects in promoting clear and definite thinking. I am happy to quote a few words on this point from Professor William James, of Harvard University:

"The most colossal improvement which recent years have seen in secondary education lies in the introduction of the manual-training schools, not because they will give us a people more handy and practical for domestic life and better skilled in trades, but because they will give us citizens with an entirely different intellectual fibre. Laboratory-work and shop-work engender a habit of observation, a knowledge of the difference between accuracy and vagueness, and an insight into nature's complexity, and into the inadequacy of all abstract verbal accounts of real phenomena, which, once wrought into the mind, remain there as life-long possessions. They confer provision, because, if technical education. Its purpose, like kindergartening, is that of gymnastic, symmetrical development of the powers of the child."

It was not supposed that tool instruction could be made as elementary, analytical, and logical as are the fundamental rules of arithmetic, but such has proved to be the fact. Disorder was feared, but well-arranged shop-work is no more a cause of disorder or laxity in school discipline than is a chemical laboratory. On the contrary, the natural craving of a healthy boy for physical activity, for the handling of tools and instruments, for practice in manipulation, is satisfied to so large a degree that the superabundant energy of boyhood has little occasion to break out into disorder.

In the beginning it was greatly feared that the introduction of such common and vulgar matters as carpentry, forging, metal-fitting, etc., into the daily work of pupils would tend to lower their tastes and to make them more or less sordid in their aims. It was believed by some that pecuniary values would enter so often and so prominently into the daily régime that the high ideals of art and polite learning would be driven into the background. The editor of one educational journal went so far as to predict that "the graduates of manual-training schools would probably form a mass of degraded operatives." Highly cultivated parents often gave utterance to a suspicion that manual training would naturally lead a boy to seek associates among the carpenters and blacksmiths of his neighborhood, thus having a tendency to lower him in the social scale. In sharp contrast to this very natural but unnecessary apprehension is the striking indifference of parents to the degrading associations of intercholastic athletics, which so universally bring schoolboys and college students into the companionship of professional sports and betting-men.

These fears, suspicions, and predictions provoke a smile to-day, for every teacher of experience knows that the fears were groundless and the predictions false. Nowhere does one find young men of higher character, of nobler aims, of more refined tastes, than he finds among those who have taken a thorough course of manual training as a part of their educational work. It is true the boy comes to respect skill and leadership and to look up to the accomplished engineer and man of science, but he respects equally the artists and the makers of good literature. It is not too much to say that manual training has proved itself an element of moral, intellectual, and artistic worth, and its wholesome effect is manifest industrially and commercially, and its healthy social influence is beginning to appear.

The twentieth century will recognize the necessity of an education to things as well as to books. The aim of the past has been to make a few men thinkers things. Sometimes light wood-work with keen-edged tools; sometimes it is with woven fabrics and the use of the needle, thread, and worsted; sometimes it is with food elements and the agencies of heat and acids; sometimes it is with the art, the economics, and the management of the house and home. Both the subjective and the objective value is as marked for the girl as for the boy.

Domestic science as well as manual training has secured permanent footing in grammar grades. No longer will any city school system be considered complete which does not furnish to every boy elementary tool-work during the seventh and eighth years of his school life, to the amount of two or three hours per week as a minimum; and to every girl of the same grades either the same as the boys get, with the promise of household economics in the secondary school, or the elements of needle-work, plain cooking, and tidy housekeeping in the seventh and eighth grades.

It is only just to say that it is in the schools of Boston that this work has been most successfully inaugurated. It is not necessary to name either the generous patrons, the wise officers, or the devoted teachers who have joined forces to do the work. They are worthy of all honor and grateful remembrance. In Boston Swedish Sloyd has been fairly naturalized. The world owes a great debt to Herr Solomon for showing how much of moral purpose, of technical method, and of manual skill there may be in the simplest constructions with a few of the most elementary tools. To the primitive work of the Swedes has been added the use of the principles of real constructions, with the result that *Sloyd* is now in many ways admirably adapted to the first steps in manual training.

Any review of educational progress during the last few decades would be manifestly imperfect if it did not refer to the origin and to the development of the kindergarten. It is scarcely sixty years since Froebel organized his Little Children's Garden, and since he published to the world his theory of education, yet the kindergarten is now well established in every progressive community, and the underlying ideas are more or less incorporated into our whole system of education. The watchwords of the kindergarten—Unity, Continuity, Self-Activity, Freedom—characterize the New Education from first to last, and they readily cover all that has been done in nature study, sloyd, manual training, and in the laboratory methods of higher education. The work of Elizabeth Peabody and Mrs. Quincy Shaw in Boston, that of Miss Susan E. Blow and Dr. William T. Harris in St. Louis, marked the beginning of a great era in education; but the subject is too large for the limited space assigned to me, and I feel sure that it will be properly dealt with by other and abler hands.

TO NEXT THANKSGIVING

BY KATE PARSONS LATHROP

'TIS not to him who has his friend
And sits about his turkey,
That we propose this humble toast,
All hasty, short, and jerky:
But unto him who sits alone
And dreams of bygone revels;
And unto him who dines to-day
With well-known dark blue devils;

And unto him that's sorrow's guest;
And unto him who, chaffing,
Drinks down the gall and hides it all
Beneath a mask of laughing—
We merrymakers lift our cups
And cheer: "May next Thanksgiving
Bring better luck to every chap
Who's sorry now he's living!"

Arrival of General Wood at the Convention.

Enrique de la Torre, *Santa Clara*

Manuel Sanguilly, *Havana*

Jose Braulio Aleman, *Santa Clara*

Juan G. Gomez, *Santiago.*

General View of the Convention from the President's Chair.

Emilio Nunez, *Havana.*

Jose Fernandez Castro, *Santiago.*

Pedro Gonzalez Llorente, *Santa Clara.*

Enrique Jose Verona, *Secretary of Public Instruction.*

THE CUBAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION NOW IN SESSION AT HAVANA.

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The South Front.

A Bed-Room.

A Louis XIV. Room.

Main Entrance-Hall.

The Western Facade.

The Library.

The Dining-Room.

A STATELY AMERICAN HOME.

The Residence of Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Ashbourne, Pennsylvania.

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The Demolition of the Dewey Arch.

*Mr. Dooley**

XLVIII.—ON THANKSGIVING

"WHIN I was a young man," said Mr. Dooley, "I often heerd Thanksgivin' day alluded to fr'm th' altar as a pagan festival. Father Kelly don't think so. He says 'twas founded be th' Puritans to give thanks f'r bein' preserved fr'm th' Indyans, an' that we keep it to give thanks we are preserved fr'm th' Puritans. In th' beginnin', Hinnissy, 'twas a reliyous festival, like th' day afther Hiction in th' synagogues. Ye see th' Puritan fathers, whose dayscendants mostly live in Kansas now, had had such a divrle iv a time inthrajoocin' relijion an' slavery amongg th' savage r-red men that they found huntin' th' wild cranberry in th' neighborhood iv Salem, Mass., that whin th' job was completed they set apart a day to thank th' Lord for his opportune assistance in their wurruk iv rayformin' th' wurruld, an' with a few feilla added in th' way iv food th' custom's been kept up to this very day. In ivry city in this fair land th' churches is open an' crowdy, the fleet anise-seed bag is pursued over th' smilin' potato-patch, an' th' groans iv th' dyin' resound fr'm manny a futbull field. We're givin' thanks that we're preserved fr'm hunger, fr'm thirst, fr'm free silver, fr'm war an' pestilence an' famine an' each other. But don't ye f'rget it, Hinnissy, 'tis none iv these things we really give thanks f'r. In our hearts we're grateful f'r on'y wan blessin', an' that's on Thanksgivin' day we get th' first good crack iv th' season at th' Turkey bur-rd an' his r-runnin'-mate, th' Uncle Cranberry Sauce. Ye bet ye.

"Th' Prisidint iv the United States says diff'rent, I know. He's got to. 'Tis part iv his job. Mack wrote a Thanksgivin' Proclamation about a month ago, an' he must be ashamed iv its mildness now. He'd like to dhraw it in an' substitute wan r-readin' like this: 'To th' people iv th' United States: Hurroo! Hurroo! Hurroo! Willum McKinley.' But he didn't know thin, an' no more did I. He thought to himself: 'Maybe I'll cook th' dinner an' thin have to worry a bone in th' wood shed. Maybe whin Thanksgivin' comes ar-round I won't have so blame much to be thankful f'r.' An' he put it mild. He says, to continue his utthrances: 'Tis th' custom iv'ry year to issue a Thanksgivin' proclamation, an' I'm not goin' to call th' public attention to me in me quite rethrest be fallin' to do as me illustrious predecessors has done. We've had a good year, takin' it all an' all. Th' Raypublican Naytional Comity has spread th' bounties iv nature with an unsparin' hand. Be invitation iv Joseph H. Manley, th' peach-threes has give abundant store iv fruit, th' smilin' fields have coughed up their goolden threasures iv wheat, corn, oats, hay, barley, potatoes, cowcumbers, spinach, egg-plant, etcethry, etcethry, except in Dakota where th' crops has been kill be th' Popylists. We have peace at home an' abroad in spots, an' disease is not as rampant as it was undher a Dimmyceratic Prisidint. Be th' terms iv th' Dingley Act, th' sun is allowed to rise iv'ry mornin' whin th' clouds iv Popylism an' free silver don't obscure it, an' life is happy, happy, happy in Wash'nton, D. C. Oh, boys, if ye on'y knew what a good thing ye're got ye wudden't have go iv it. So I ask ye all to gather in ye'er accustomed meetin' places, at th' precinct clubs, lavin' ye'er bustin' barns, granaries, bonneries, banks, an' mercantile houses to give thanks to th' cause iv all these blessing. Ye'er's thruly, William McKinley. P. S. If anything should happen to me on November sixth this goes with a copper onto it.'

"But nauthin' happened—to Mack. What happened to William Jennings Bryan I don't know. He 'ain't been dug up. Annyhow, seein' that it come out th' way it did, an' this counthry ain't goin' to be handed over to th' likes iv ye, we ought to celybrate Thanksgivin' if necess'ry with achin' hearts. I'm always in favor iv givin' thanks—f'r annything. 'Tis a good habit to get into. 'Thank ye kindly' is bettther thin 'bad luck to ye,' annyhow. Even whin I sneeze I say, 'Gawd bless us kindly,' an' f'r th' slender blessin' iv livin' at all I say, 'Praise be.' So we ought to be thankful. We have a big counthry, an' 'tis growin' bigger, an' we ought to be thankful f'r that, an' pray that it may stop growin' in width an' grow a little more in height. Th' farmer is thankful he has a good crop, an' I'm thankful I'm not a farmer. Ye cud always find room f'r thanks that ye'er not some wan else, if ye cud know how th' other fellow feels. A few days ago I wud've said that I'd like to be the t'zar iv Russhia, but I wudden't thrade places with him to-day if he'd throw in th' kingdom of Boolgabrya to make th' thrade good. Crowned though he is, he lies on his back while a trained nurse pipes hot milk an' lemon-juice into him, while I go across th' sthreet an' hurl into me dissyperatic frame two furlongs iv corned beef an' a chain iv cabbage. Me timp'rature is normal, sure whin I'm naked I'm money. Me pulse bates sivnty to th' minute, an' though I have patches on me pantaloons, I've ne'er a wan on me intestines. (I touch wood to keep off bad luck.) Sa, I wudden't be the t'zar iv Russhia. An' I wudden't be th' Impror Willum an' have women peggin' hatchets at me. Think iv woman bein' that pissed she cuts an Impror! I'm thankful I'm not th' Impror iv Chiny, whoever he is or wherever he is. I'm thankful I'm not John D. Rockyfellur. f'r I know I can't get his money, an' he thinks he can get mine, an' I'll fool him. I'm thankful I ain't Mack, f'r whin me day's wurruk is done, I can close up th' shop, wind th' clock an' go to sleep. If th' stars an' moon don't shine, if th' sun don't come up, if th' weather is bad, if th' crops fail, or th' banks bust, or Hinnissy ain't illicted director iv th rollin'-mills, no wan can blame me. I done me justy. Ye can't come to me wn' say, 'Dooley, th' north star wasn't at wurruk last night—what have ye done with it?' Or, 'Look here, Dooley, what ails ye, sindin' rainy weather before th' hay is cut?' 'No, siv,' says I, 'I promised ye nawthin' but five cints' worth iv finde cythract is hell f'r fifteen cints, an' ye got it. I'm not responsible f'r th' vagaries iv th' Illoints. If I was I'd be sellin' umbrellys, not runn,' I says. But Mack can't escape it. He has to set up at night steerin' th' stars sthraight, hist th' son at th' r-right moment, turn on th' hot an' cold fassit, have rain wan place an' ice-rost another, salt mines with a four years' supply iv goold, thrap th' mickrobes as they fly through th' air, an' see that tin dollars is akelly divided among wan hundherd men so that each man gits thirty dollars more thin anny other. If he can't do that he's liable to be arrested th' first pay day f'r obtainin' money be false pretences. So I'm thankful I'm not Mack.

"But I'm always thankful f'r these things. Be thankful f'r what ye have not, Hinnissy—'tis th' on'y safe rule. If ye're on'y thankful f'r ye'er possissions ye'er supply won't last a day. But if ye'er thankful f'r what others have an' ye have not, an' thankful ye haven't it, all th' wurruld conthributes to ye'er gratichood. Ye set here like a poor box in th' back iv th' church, an' iv'rybody throps in his bad money an' swells ye.

"But as I told ye, Hinnissy, afther all, th' Turkey bur-rd's th' rale cause iv Thanksgivin'. He's th' naytional air. Abolish th' Turkey an' ye destroy th' tie that binds us as wan people. We're wan race, hitched together be a gr-reat manny languages, a reliijon apiece, thraditions that don't agree with each other, akel opporchunities f'r th' rich an' poor to continue bein' rich an' poor, an' a common barn-yard food. Whin iv'rybody in a nation eats th' same things that all th' others eats, ye can't break thim up. Talk about th' dove iv peace! Th' Turkey makes him look like a gause cock. Can I help ye, Mr. Hinnissy? White or dark? Th' leg, p'raps, or maybe th' part that goes over th'—"

"Some iv us," said Mr. Heanessy, gloomily—"some iv us will be atin' another kind iv bur-rd this fall."

"Ye're wrong there, me lad," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye're wrong there. Ye're wrong. They're no such thing as crow. Thanksgivin' day comes too quick afther illection. We're all r-ready f'r th' blackest crow that ever Dimmyceat ate, an' we have our noses in th' air. An' thin we look down, an', lo an' behold! 'tis *Thanksgivin' Turkey.*"

F. P. DUNNE.

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A STREET SCENE IN PANAMA

A CENTRAL-AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY E. A. HACKETT

TO be thrust suddenly into the centre of a real, live Central American revolution is an experience that does not often befall the traveller in those parts. The contemplation of such a happening is not entirely appalling to the average American, who has been educated to believe that such events do not carry with them that degree of danger which warfare usually implies. Indeed, it was remarked by a passenger on the steamer which carried us to Colon that one ran more personal danger in crossing busy Broadway half a dozen times than in traversing an entire district in Latin America when a revolution was on. Our observations and impressions at Panama reveal an atmosphere entirely different from that which is supposed to attend these uprisings. If the assault upon that old stronghold of the Spanish on the Pacific, the sea-walled city of Panama, is a fair example of the petty warfare so frequently waged in Central and South America, the personal bravery of the troops must be placed upon a much higher standard, while the military ability of their officers must be lowered in the same degree.

When we left New York, toward the end of July, it was generally known that a revolution had been in progress in the United States of Colombia for several months. The newspapers had from time to time published cablegrams, reporting the seizure of one city by the Liberals, or insurgents, and a few days later the recapture of the place by the Conservative government troops.

At Colon, as the old port of Aspinwall is now called, the residents were in a state of suppressed excitement. The Liberals were expected to attack Panama that day, with a very promising prospect of taking the city, due to the weakness of the garrison and the fact of the sympathies of the people being with the attacking force. We were advised that we might have an interesting experience if we took the morning train over. As we learned upon inquiry that the same state of affairs had existed for several days, since the defeat of the government forces at Corozal, a few miles from Panama, we decided it might still hold good for another day, by which time we would be safe aboard our respective steamers on the Pacific.

We were much amused *en route* at the groups of barefoot soldiers (of the government, of course), ranging in color from the jet black of the pure negro blood, through the variants of the swarthy brown of the Indian, to the pale yellow of the mestizo, or mixed-blood element. They were moved about in a business-like way, but with little enthusiasm. The equipment was comical to behold. Arms of all ages have found their ultimate resting-place with these troops, apparently, and yet there was no paucity of the modern, high-powered Mauser. How it is possible to supply ammunition for such a diversity of weapons is hard to imagine, but the belts were swelling with the fat Remington .44 cartridges, the delicate but deadly Mausers, and where the men had no belts, as was frequently the case, the cartridges were crammed in small cotton bags, slung over the shoulder, from which they occasionally dropped to the ground when the squads moved quickly. In the matter of clothing there was the same variety, but more so. The uniform of the common soldiers consists of a blouse and trousers of rough cotton goods—unbleached muslin would be the nearest thing we know to it. The original color is blue, indicative of the conservative character of the party in power, but the shades of color, evidently widely variant in the first place, were now such that a detachment of a few men resembled the samples of a textile manufacturer—all shades mixed on a card, from the darkest to the lightest. Hats were aplenty, and often two apiece—the broad-brimmed palm sombreros surmounted by military caps of a pattern long since extinct in civilized countries. Guns were carried at every conceivable angle, with no attempt at regularity, and the men moved along in a slipshod way, making no effort to keep step. In age they range from lads in their teens to decrepit old fellows of sixty. Many of the men are "volunteers"—at the point of a musket, and "peacefully" persuaded to sign on at the barracks, where they are escorted in a friendly way with ropes around their necks, need as leaders. The officers were fair-looking men, with the most gaudy of uniforms in every condition of ill repair. It would be hard to imagine a more attractive rig for an enemy's sharpshooters than the outfit of the officers we noticed.

The forty-seven-mile trip across the Isthmus is a very interesting bit of railroading in itself. The road crosses and recrosses the canal route, and the excavated portions in the lowlands are almost constantly in view. The Chagres River, from which the fever prevalent on the Isthmus takes its name, is frequently seen from the windows. It is a dull, mud-colored stream, with an apparently sluggish current. When the heavy rains fall back in the mountains, however, the Chagres becomes a torrential river of the most violent character; it has been known to rise over thirty feet in a few hours. One wonders at the boldness of the French engineers in attempting to control it—the plan on which the canal company is now proceeding, the sea-level project having been abandoned after the collapse of the old company.

The train passes miles upon miles of materials of the most costly character, nearly all of it unused and obsolete. Such of it as might be available for future use is but poorly cared for or protected from the elements, which play havoc with wood, iron, and steel in a comparatively short time in the tropics. The huge cut at Culebra, one of the greatest earth-moving projects the world has ever known, is decidedly impressive. One can follow the outline of the original mountain through which the company is excavating a trench to a depth of 120 feet above sea-level. They are down now about 140 feet above the tide, and it is not difficult to understand why De Lesseps's original plan of a sea-level canal has been abandoned when one sees the ground through which it was purposed to construct it.

Just before reaching Panama, at the base of the hill where the splendid canal hospital is located, our thoughts were brought back to the revolution rather abruptly by the steady crack, crack of rifle-fire. The train slowed down, the engine blew the whistle in several long blasts to attract attention, and the train came to a stop a short distance from the end of a trench on the railroad embankment. In a few minutes the firing ceased altogether, the whistle was blown again and we started slowly forward. On the right bank of the shallow cut of the railroad the troops were entrenched behind barriers made of every conceivable material that could be pressed into use. The basis of the breastworks was railroad ties, piled waist-high before the trench, which was about knee-deep. In front of the ties were sand-bags, mounds of earth, trunks of trees, and what not. In front of all was a covering of corrugated iron roofing, and in some places a mesh-work of barb-wire. The men were the government troops, easily distinguishable by the bits of blue on their hats, in contradistinction to the red worn by the Liberals. In the trench, almost shoulder to shoulder, were wild-eyed little fellows, their brown faces aglow with the excitement of the battle. They shouted their "vivas" and responded to the urgings of the officers mounted on the diminutive horses of the country, who made wild rushes along the line, filling the gaps with fresh men from the rear, and doing their utmost to better their positions and the distribution of the men in the brief interval of inactivity. Both sides had agreed not to molest the railroad property. The insurgents couldn't, because they couldn't get to it, and the government troops only "bornowed" the ties and galvanized iron, barb-wire, and rails. Both had also agreed not to interfere with the free movement of the trains. After the engineer and conductor had made a short sortie to satisfy themselves that the track was undisturbed, the train moved slowly ahead. It consisted of a baggage-car, one first-class and two second-class coaches. The insurgents were in the dense brush on the left of the train; nobody knew how far away, as they were not showing themselves any more than was necessary. As the train passed the trench the troops cheered us hysterically, repeating their "vivas" again and again. We were all a bit nervous, but everything seemed to be going along smoothly until the rear car passed the end of the trench which we had first sighted, when the bloodthirsty little demons, unable longer to restrain themselves, opened fire, seemingly right over our heads. The train, being in a shallow cut, could not have been visible to the rebels in the brush, or else they did not care to see it, for they immediately returned the fire, and before any one could realize it, the rifles were cracking all along the trench, and we were between the line of battle in a practically open cut, moving at but three or four miles an hour, and nobody knew how long those lines were. For unanimity nothing could have surpassed the movement with which every soul in that car dropped to the floor. It seemed as though the bullets whizzed in a steady stream through the open windows. Nobody cared to investigate whether they did or not at that particular juncture. German merchants, English salesmen, a fat Jamaican negress, a Spanish priest, a lawyer and railroad man from New York, a distinguished English explorer, all were endeavoring to reduce themselves to pancake thickness—a somewhat difficult operation in the case of the black woman and the German engineer, who wished they had not lived so well as to acquire a goodly degree of rotundness. It seemed hours before the train finally came to a stop some 200 yards beyond the government mountain battery, placed on the railroad bridge at the Caledonia road, and the bullets still whistled too close for comfort. The track was blocked by the train which had preceded ours, and there was nothing for it but to make a rush for some refuge. The station proper was full of wounded government soldiers, and was being used as the base of ammunition supplies; its corrugated-iron sides and roof were pierced at frequent intervals by the Liberal bullets, offering but little prospect of security. We moved *en masse* toward the engine-house, some few hundred feet down the railroad track, only to find it already filled to overflowing with Jamaican refugees. The railroad warehouse was crowded with the same dusky people, their *Lares et Penates* consisting mainly of beds, stoves, pigs, and children, the last in a vast majority—not very pleasant elbow neighbors, even on such an occasion, in a yellow-fever country. All of our party were ignorant of the topography of the town, which was, so far as we could see, shut tight, with doors and windows doubly barricaded. Although the firing was rather lively along the streets next to the shore of the bay, near where the revolutionists had landed early in the morning, the American flag on the railroad wharf seemed to offer the best refuge, and, during a brief lull in the fire the entire party of passengers crossed the street to the wharf, where two lines of loaded freight-cars, about twenty feet apart, offered some protection. Our attempts to reach the steamers in the bay, which anchor some four miles off shore, in the lee of a small group of islands, were entirely futile. The negro boatman, with whom we had made a preposterous bargain to take us off, had his ardor very much dampened by a shot from the government house on the sea-wall, which dropped just across his bow—a sufficient warning to all of us that

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French Excavator at Work in the Canal near La Boca, Panama.

Unused Materials, Panama Canal, near La Boca.

we were not desired to move abroad. A small launch, under the English flag, anchored some 200 yards from the pier end, refused to answer any of our hails, either in English, Spanish, or French, which our polyglots attempted. In the distance we could see the launch of a British man-of-war, too far out to be attracted by our frantic hand-wavings or shouts, and no one in the entire group had anything resembling the flag of a civilized country. So we were compelled to stay four hours on the pier, making ourselves as comfortable as we could, getting the best protection possible from the freight-cars, hungry as bears, and with stray bullets making leaks in the corrugated-iron roof every few minutes. Three or four non-combatants on the pier with us were wounded—not seriously, but none of us relished being picked off by a stray bullet in a fight not of our own making. Fortunately, none of our party was hit. The rifle-fire had given no sign of decrease; the small mountain-guns punctuated the steady crack, crack of the musketry in a way that made the echoes follow one another from the hills in valleys. Some of us had become so accustomed to our new environment that we got over the habit of dodging every time the shrill whistle of a bullet passed near us. The pier on our left, owned by the English steamship company, was closely packed with British "objects," as the West-Indian negroes proudly call themselves. From time to time fowl wails in that direction betokened the danger of stray bullets. Finally, toward the middle of the afternoon, a negress was shot through the breast. Flesh wounds had ceased to worry us, but when they became mortal we decided that some move was imperative. One of our Americans, with full powered lungs, essayed again to attract the attention of those on the launch nearest shore, and finally succeeded in having a boat put out for the launch of the cruiser *Leander* of the English navy, which had fortunately touched at Panama on her way from Esquimault. When those on the launch realized that the boat was on some errand from the pier, they quickly raised anchor and steamed in to meet it, then on to the end of the pier. A brief but forcible interview with the boatswain in charge continued him that it was his duty to aid us, even if he was awaiting orders from his captain, ashore at the Consulate, and while he could not take us to the steamers at anchor off the islands, he readily agreed to put us aboard the merchant launch or one of the small coasting-schooners lying further out. The twelve of us made it rather uncomfortable sailing with the eight or ten jackies on the launch; we preferred that, however, to stopping on the wharf or the merchant launch near shore, which we ascertained was being held at the orders of Governor Alban, in case the city should be taken. We were finally installed on the forward deck of a small Colombian schooner, the *Panama*, with a bit of an awning to protect us from the rain and sun, which alternately beat down upon the deck with all the vigor of the tropics and less warning. The British boatswain apologized for not having answered our hails in the early morning, loaned us his field-glasses to watch the battle, and promised to protect us with his rapid-fire gun if the hostilities doubt be transferred to the waters of the bay. A double brewing of very black coffee, with splendid sea-biscuits, satisfied the cravings of hunger, which we all experienced, despite the excitement. The inner man attended to, we calmly watched the progress of the fight, which was visible in little patches. A small field-gun, mounted on a knoll, was admirably handled by the insurgents, but destroying all hope of sleep. In the morning, after twenty-four hours of battle, a truce was arranged to permit of the killed being removed and the wounded attended. Many of the latter had lain the whole twenty-four hours without attention. The *Leander* landed a numerous party of men for ambulance-work; the men labored to the best advantage, but were utterly unable to cope with the great number of injured requiring their attention.

In the interval of the truce the shrewd Governor, General Alban, rushed some 175 men across from the

Engineers' Quarters near La Boca—The Government had Krupp 2-Pounders beneath the Cross-Arms of the Signal-Pole on the Right.

was finally silenced by the fire of the American gunner with the government two pound Krupp gun mounted on the railroad bridge. Toward evening our friend from the *Leander* came out to us and informed us that the English consul had sent word we would be safe at the hotel, and placed the launch at our disposal.

The hotel was quite full of the better residents of the city and beleaguered travellers who had not been able to get away before the attack, but we were made comfortable, two in a room, and enjoyed very fair food, considering we were in a besieged city.

The firing continued all through the night, effectively Atlantic side by train, which the insurgents failed to dynamite, as they had threatened to do if such we were made of the railroad. The re-enforcements saved the day for the government. The Liberals, in spite of their extremely heavy losses, fought desperately through the night, but to no avail. After a few hours of desultory firing on the following day, the third of the battle, and about the fortieth hour of the fight, the insurgents capitulated, being forced to accept the same hard terms they themselves had sought to impose upon the city scarcely a week before.

The Governor promptly proclaimed a general amnesty, and though one of the generals, named Herrera, fled, the majority of the rebels laid down their arms and were fed and cared for by the government and the citizens. The *Leander*'s men continued the good ambulance-work, and many were the stories of fortitude in suffering, even of mere boys, in the rebel lines.

In the afternoon the town began again to take on a lively aspect, the government band gave a fairly good concert in the main plaza, and by nightfall the stories of the fight and of the town began to circulate.

It seems that many of the sons of the leading families of the city had joined the rebel forces, and the stories of their bravery cannot be questioned. One mere youth, named Diaz, was picked up, shot through the body, within a few yards of the government trench.

The point of attack on the trench which had been selected was absolutely the worst possible from a rebel view point. Had they made their rushes against either flank or followed the beach and rounded the end of the trench, there can be but little doubt that they would have gained the day.

A government general, Lozada, who had personally been vilely threatened by the chief of the insurgents, fearing the town would fall, had taken refuge aboard the only war-ship in the harbor on the first day of the fight. When things didn't go as badly as he had expected, he returned to headquarters, was promptly reduced to the ranks and sent under guard to the trenches. He redeemed himself there as a common soldier, and was shot through the arm in repulsing a wild rush.

The dead were uncared for for many days, and animals in all stages of putrefaction were scattered over the road, in the trench and the bush. It is remarkable that Panama escaped a pestilence. When the people finally realized the danger from such a situation, after three or four days, the bodies of men and animals were burned with kerosene in the wreckage of the native huts in the vicinity of the battle-field.

Ambulance Party from H. M. "Leander" passing through the Streets of Panama.

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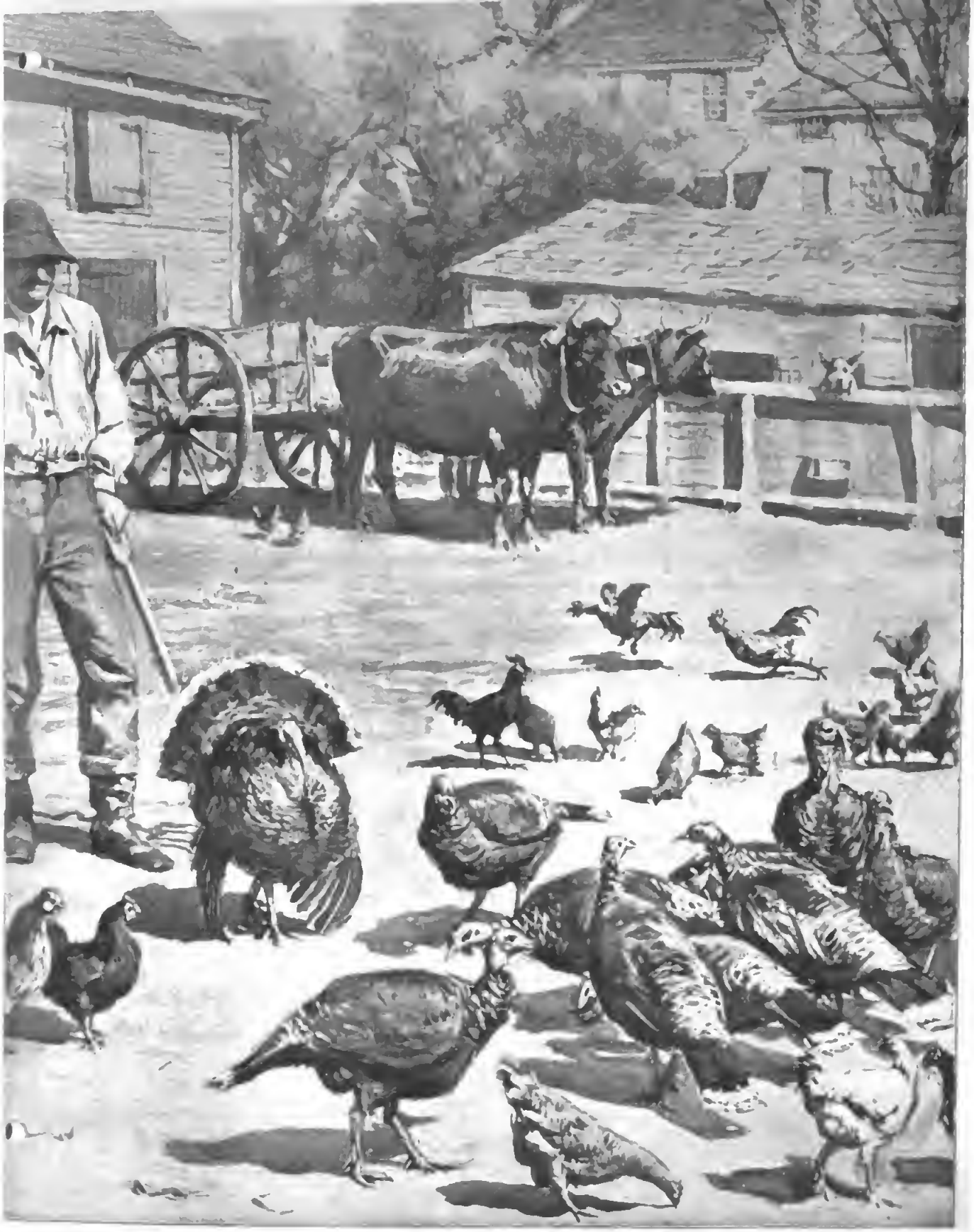

HE TURKEY

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CHAPTER XXIV

ON THE "RAZOR EDGE"

IT was both good and bad news that greeted us upon our arrival in the patriot camp. The ranks of the insurgent army had been steadily filling up, and fully five thousand men had straggled in during the last dozen hours. But for the most part they were poorly armed and entirely undisciplined.

"They are brave enough, I dare say," grumbled the Baron, as we paced the platform of the railway freight station, the headquarters of General Uhika, "but a word from the mouth of the dynamite-gun is what is really needed to settle our argument with Jehan."

"Where is the gun?"

"Still on its way, and the roads are getting worse, if anything."

"Then you had better superintend its transportation in person," I answered, earnestly. "My hundred men inside the walls can do nothing unless the main assault is successful."

My argument could not be refuted, and the Baron, with many groans, caused himself to be hoisted upon a horse, and set out for the scene of the delay. But before his departure the good man was called upon to assist at a little dramatic climax, and, since I was a witness, it may as well be set down here.

An orderly had summoned us to the conference in the station house, and on entering we found General Czaroska alone with the Prince.

"Mr. Cary," said the Prince, as he motioned me to a seat, "I have just been informed by General Czaroska of Mr. Coventry's proposition; we must accept it without hesitation."

"You can fulfil the conditions, then?" I asked doubtfully. "The Cardinal's Rose—"

"Baron Kerker can help us out there," said the Prince, turning to the banker. "Let me at last relieve you of your trust."

The Baron unbuttoned an inner pocket in his coat, and handed a pearl case to the Prince.

The Prince took the little box and looked at it for a moment in two as it lay unopened in his hand. Then with a sudden movement he sank down on one knee and offered it to the General.

"And handsomely done too," whispered the Baron to me, as we bent over the table upon pretence of examining the big military map that lay there. "The boy has stuff in him, even if he did make a mess of it at the start."

The Baron had departed, and it was now close on to two o'clock. It was decided that our party should start at half past four, and this gave me the opportunity for a little broken sleep.

It hardly seemed that ten minutes had passed before Stephan touched me on the shoulder, and told me that it was a quarter after the hour. The Prince still sat at the table as I had left him. He was writing busily, and had evidently not slept at all.

"I am going with you," he said, quietly; and then, raising his hand, "No, the question does not admit of argument, and the General will understand when he gets my note."

He sealed the letter and addressed it. "When one has wasted many days, my dear Cary, he counts even the minutes precious. Let us be off."

Narbo and his picked men were in readiness, and we left the camp on the stroke of the half hour. A quarter of an hour later and we had reached our taking-off place, and were preparing to string out along the jagged line of the "Razor Edge."

"Some one is coming," whispered the Prince, as I took my place at the head of the column and was about to give the word. It was Stephan, panting, and holding up a letter as he ran. Narbo lit a lantern under the shelter of his cap, and the Prince and I devoured the hastily written scrawl. It ran:

"DEAR CARY,—These Balkan children know nothing of the noble science of bridge building, and our precious dynamite-gun is even now at the bottom of the Sankla gorge. I may add, however, that I propose to have one final fling at the dice-box, and am preparing for double-sixes. Not that they are sure to turn up, but I think the chance good enough to let you know of the possibility. So decide for yourself whether or not you will go on. Ever yours, KERKER."

"He must be pretty sure of his next move, or he would have contented himself with the bare statement of the accident," commented the Prince.

"Precisely," I returned, "for otherwise he would simply be sending us into a trap."

"Let us go on," said the Prince, briefly. It was still dark, but a faint glimmer upon the horizon's eastern rim showed that dawn was at hand. We picked our way along without accident, and now we were under the deeper shadow of the walls themselves. In the distance we could hear the calls of the sentries upon their rounds, but this angle of the fortifications had apparently been left unguarded. Coventry must have succeeded in getting the guards withdrawn from this particular point; at all events, we had crossed the danger zone without being discovered, and in five minutes more we were all gathered upon the little piece of level ground in front of the secret entrance. Two knocks followed by one was the prearranged signal, but my uplifted hand fell to my side as I stepped forward. The door stood wide open!

Irresolute and confounded, I stopped short, my eyes fixed upon the formless blackness of the passageway beyond. What had gone wrong? What was it that waited upon the threshold of that open door?

Something—some one had brushed by me, and was even now upon the threshold. I realized blindly that I must follow, since a braver man had led the way. I hurried forward; some instinct told me that the door was closing. My outstretched fingers grazed the edge as it swung inward, but they could get no hold; my naked fists were beating uselessly upon the rough surface of the stone. The door was shut.

Some one was coming down hand over hand on a rope that had been flung from the overhanging parapet. The dark figure straightened up as his feet touched the earth; his voice rang out stridently: "Back! for your lives!"

A sudden line of fire ran along the topmost course of the battlements, and bullets shrieked stormily in our ears. "Back! to the "Razor's Edge," or we are dead men!"

The fire from the ramparts was almost continuous, and if the marksmen had been a trifle cooler headed they could have wiped out the lot of us in no time. But for the most part the Sonians shot wildly, and our line was soon spread out along the ridge and half shrouded in the dense mist of a foggy dawn.

I was closing the file and was perhaps halfway across when my left arm suddenly fell as though by its own volition, and the shock spun me half way round on my heel. The tall fir-trees, whose tops just showed clear above the level of the precipice, bent over and made as though they would catch me in their swaying branches. I had an odd sort of feeling that they meant kindly—surely they would hold me securely until help came. I had only to fall quietly into their friendly arms. Then a strong hand seized me, and I felt myself pulled up and onward—

Coventry was bending over me as I opened my eyes.

"It is nothing much," he said, cheerily. "A bullet through the forearm, and the tourniquet has stopped the bleeding."

I sat up and looked about me. We were in a little grassy hollow, a couple of hundred yards back from the gorge, and in comparative safety. The men were scattered about just as they had flung themselves down after their hard run. Narbo came over to where I was sitting. He had a bandage bound around his head, and his face was white and drawn with pain.

"You have lost—how many?" I asked.

"A dozen, perhaps, not more."

"And the Prince, where is he?"

Narbo looked at Coventry without replying.

"Will you answer?" My voice died away in my throat.

"The Prince," said Coventry, gravely, "is among the missing."

CHAPTER XXV

THE BARON'S DICE-BOX

COVENTRY'S story was soon told. He had made his way back to the palace without difficulty, and been busy for a couple of hours in overseeing the serving out of the ammunition—the defective lot, as you remember. So far there had not been a hitch in the programme, and his arrest at four o'clock, when about to leave the palace for the secret rendezvous, came as an unpleasant surprise. My forebodings had been amply confirmed, we had been suspected and followed and spied upon, and there was only one man who could have thus tripped us up—Maître Etienne Vaudet. "You were right in fearing that he had recognized you," concluded Coventry, "and with that thread in his hand it was an easy matter to explore the labyrinth."

"But you were arrested, you say?" and I looked at Coventry as though I doubted his material presence.

He laughed. "Well, they did go through the formal ceremony, but my legs moved quicker than their wits, or even the bullets of the sentries at the gates. I had nothing to gain by submission, and I might be able to warn you in time."

We reached the camp, and I went at once to General Czaroska with my story of loss and of failure. He heard me patiently and with never a word of reproach. The Prince had chosen to go his own way, and the burden of his rashness must rest upon his own shoulders. But I, being sore both in body and in mind, would not accept these consolatory platitudes.

"But opera-bouffe war is over," I said, bitterly, "and in the eyes of Europe we are nothing more than a pack of naughty children who deserve to be well tawed for our behavior. To-morrow the commissioner of the Powers will give us all a wigging and send us home in disgrace. And the day after that our punishment will begin—in the comic weeklies."

And then, having vented my spleen, I went incontinently to the other extreme, and, in the fervor of new-born devotion to the cause, I offered to lead the forlorn hope, an assault of the walls by means of scaling-ladders. It is charitable to conclude that I was a trifle light headed from the fever of my wound. I have an indistinct recollection that it was mademoiselle herself who held the composing draught to my lips, and I doubt if I would have received it from other hands than hers.

It was wonderful what those two or three hours of rest did for me, and when, at eight o'clock, Stephan brought me coffee and a handful of biscuit, I was quite ready for anything. I gulped down my breakfast and hurried outside. A beautiful day and July 10.

Neither the General nor mademoiselle was visible, and I concluded that they must be in the camp, a quarter of a mile away. I could see that the lines were being formed. Could it be possible that the attack was in contemplation?

A hundred yards down the track was a low stone building, and opposite stood a car of the ordinary gondola pattern. Two or three men were engaged in loading it from the storehouse, and Coventry and the Baron were watching the operation.

"The dynamite-gun?" I questioned.

"Alas! no; but still I am hoping to make my lucky throw. See, they are filling the box now with the dice."

"And loaded ones, too," put in Coventry. "Hardly a square game, my dear Baron."

I had recognized at once those peculiar-looking cylinders that the workmen were handling so carefully—giant-powder cartridges, such as are used in mining and in railway work.

"The single track, you know," said Coventry, "runs directly through the Dragon Gate, and the trestle bridge across the old moat is still in position. Once over the hill, the force of gravity will take charge of the Baron's dice-box and see that the 'bones' are scattered. It will be more magnificent than if it were war."

And, indeed, nothing could be more simple. An engine would push the car up the grade to the summit of the hill a quarter of a mile away, and then let it go for that final downward rush, which would hurl it and its terrible cargo against the defences of the city. With the breach once made the army would be responsible for the rest. I turned to the Baron and took off my hat.

"My compliments, Baron. Your dice-box is plainly a lucky one, and I predict that the throw will be double-sixes. Are you going to toss the box yourself?"

"Of course there will be some one at the throttle of the engine," said the Baron, "and the honor is naturally mine—"

"But you have already agreed to resign in my favor," interrupted Coventry.

"All right, my boy," said the Baron, equably. "It was a fair toss up, and you shall have your place at the levers. And now, my dear Nicholas, let me recommend that you rejoin the General. It is already half after eight, and the dice-box is to be shaken at nine precisely."

There was nothing that I could do here, and I might be of some use to the General at the camp. And so, with a parting grip from Coventry's strong hand (I am glad now for the impulse that made me offer my own in farewell), I walked up the track to the grassy plateau upon which the patriot army was massed, a heterogeneous mob, out of which the few officers who understood tactics were trying to form something resembling company lines.

Step by step I edged along until I came to where the General sat like an equestrian statue, his binoculars fixed upon the Dragon Gate, and his other hand holding his opened watch. He bent over his saddle-bow to greet me.

"Irma is with Stephan on the other side of the track," he whispered. "Will you go to her? Stephan has a horse for you."

I nodded assent and hurried off, for it lacked but a few minutes of the hour, and I wanted the opportunity to exchange a word or two with mademoiselle. And yet when I rode up alongside of her I felt that the seal of the common silence had been pressed upon our lips also, and that we must not break it.

And now with the first boom of the big bell in the cathedral clock-tower a curious thing happened. As though swayed by some inexplicable but overmastering impulse, the watchers on the house-tops and the soldiers on the walls were seeking safety in flight. Helter-skelter, Sonians and city together swarmed down like disturbed ants from their peaks of vantage, and the walls of Kar were tenantless. A few officers did their best to check the rout, but their voices could not contend against the clamor of the panic-stricken throng, and they were quickly swept aside. Well, so much the better that the victory should be a bloodless one.

The last stroke of nine merged insensibly into the steadily augmenting hum of the rails at our feet—

Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July.

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[illegible] that in the next instant hung before the scene prevented me from grasping even the smallest among the subsequent details of the catastrophe. Nor had my ear been able to register the echoes of the explosion; I could only realize that the earth-wave born of the shock was at this instant passing under our feet. I saw Irma's lips go white and felt my own head spinning. Then, with the passing of the qualm, I realized that the curtain of smoke and dusty haze was growing thinner; there! it was lifting in the wind, and we could look straight up into the great square of Saint Michael over the razed and shattered fragments of the Dragon Gate. And for fifty yards on either side there were great breaches in the solid walls, room enough and to spare for all who might care to enter. And so the orange and black banners swept forward, and the men of Artolia stood in the breaches of the city, and there was none to withstand them, seeing that great fear was fallen upon all the inhabitants of Kar.

Irma insisted upon going on, and we followed the rush at a distance that accorded better with her impatience than with my ideas of discretion. As we trotted past the shapeless heap that had been the Dragon Gate, I caught sight of the driving-wheel of a locomotive among the ruins. And lying there under the wreckage was a brown Alpine hat, in whose band a gay little cock's feather had been stuck jauntily. Irma's voice recalled me.

"I thought you knew," she said, softly. "He waved his hand to you as he went by."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE "HEART OF KAR"

ELEVEN o'clock, and the "Heart of Kar" still holds out against us. The King's palace, as you remember, is a fortress, a citadel in itself, and it is ill work cracking nuts with one's teeth. And yet it must be smashed if we are to enjoy the fruits of victory. Behind the frowning walls of the "Heart of Kar" still sits intrenched the *de facto* government of King Johan; his royal standard yet floats from the topmost pinnacle of the Red Tower. And if these were not good and sufficient reasons, be it known that our Necessity rides with even a sharper spur. Prince Infelix is held a prisoner within the "Heart of Kar."

But we have a six-pounder with us, and even now it is being rolled forward to within point-blank range of the great iron-studded gates. I looked at my watch; it wanted a quarter to twelve o'clock.

"One moment, gentlemen."

A casement in the gate-tower had been thrown open, and a solitary figure appeared upon the overhanging balcony of stone. For the last time Etienne Vauclot and I were to stand face to face. He spoke with smooth deliberation:

"You see, it all depends upon who has the last word in this little affair of ours. You, monsieur, are preparing a smashing argument, but it is not an unanswerable one. I reply I have only to lift my hand. But you do not understand. Let me present you to his Highness, Prince Infelix—for the time being my guest."

Behind him, in the embrasure of the window, stood the Prince, and farther back in the room there was the glint of sunshine upon the steel of a rifle-barrel. Yes, I understood.

Maître Vauclot cleared his throat delicately, and went on—in French, be it remembered.

"His Majesty, King Johan, is expecting some other guests, and indeed they may arrive at any moment. Of course I am alluding to General Sarkof of the Soulian army, and our good friend the commissioner of the Powers. It is manifestly improper that these gentlemen should happen upon the unseemly spectacle of a family quarrel, and although we should not care to parley with a mob under ordinary circumstances, it is the earnest wish of his Majesty that we should come to an understanding. If you will agree the signal upon which we were all waiting. I never heard the General give the word; it must have been that the gunner had taken it muttered from his lips. Nor did my eyes follow the course of the shell as it smashed fair upon the gates, and then, exploding, hurled them from their hinges. I saw only the stone balcony and him who stood thereon.

As the Prince finished speaking, Vauclot turned to give the signal to his men within the room. It was but a little thing—a vagrant puff of wind, and the handkerchief had dropped from the outstretched hand and was fluttering slowly downward. With the darting plunge of a hawk the old man leaned far over the balustrade and clutched at it—a bare half-inch, but he had missed.

It must have been that the mortar in the ancient stone-work of the balustrade had loosened and fallen away, for the entire railing gave way under the pressure, and Vauclot, overbalanced by the shock, had no

On the "Razor Edge."

chance to recover himself. The distance to the pavement was hardly more than a dozen feet; in itself the fall was not necessarily fatal. But as the man's body plunged through the air it suddenly seemed to meet with an invisible obstruction; arrested in mid-flight, it spun completely around, was flung violently upward, and then pitched heavily to earth, a shapeless, headless trunk. Incredible as it may appear, the man had fallen directly in the path of the six-pound shell, and at the precise moment to receive the full impact of the missile.

So passed Etienne Vauclot, and with him the evil that he had done.

The court-yard of the palace was held by the King's body-guard, but they offered no resistance to our victorious rush. Cowed and leaderless, they were only too ready to throw down their arms, and the "Heart of Kar" was won.

Once again Prince Infelix looked upon his people, and even while they shouted there was the trampling of horses' feet at the gate, and an official-looking gentleman in plain clothes rode in at the head of a brilliant staff. He looked doubtfully up at the Red Tower, but Narbo had at last succeeded in getting a pull upon the halyards, and the wind was even now straightening out the heavy folds of the royal standard of Aetolia.

"Let me be the first to offer my congratulations to your Majesty," said the commissioner of the Powers, with the most affable of smiles. But Infelix looked only at the woman who had come forward before us all and placed both her hands in his.

It was just as well that I had turned my eyes away, or I should not have caught that momentary flash of sun on steel. The purple hangings of the window served to accentuate the dead-white pallor of King monstrous stone thing laughed back at me—at me whose stature already overtopped its puny height, an ant-hill that mocked at the Himalayas. But I must be quick if I would punish this insolent of a Red Tower. Already my head is striking against the vaulted sky—the blue mistiness of the empyrean is drawn as a veil before my eyes—now I have cracked the shell and I am drinking the pure ether of the upper space—the world a round ball with which children play—a pin-head—

And then all went from me as when one draws a wet sponge across a blackboard.

CHAPTER XXVII

INTO THE LIGHT

IT seemed to me that the room was very dark in which I sat, and certainly I had never left it. And yet in some mysterious way I knew that outside there were light and music and flowers, and that these were good to look upon. But in the room it was dark, and rightly so, for there is nothing worth seeing in an empty room.

Now and then it happened that people from this outside world came into the darkened room and looked sorrowfully upon me. But we did not speak, and I was never able to find the door by which they entered and departed. But each time they came it pleased me to think that they left behind them a little of that light from the world outside, and in time I came to see that my room was not so empty as I had supposed.

His name was Stephan, so he told me, and after many trials I learned to say it after him. And then my own name, but that I never cared to use; it seemed foolish that a man should need any mark by which he should know himself.

Stephan was very good to me, and he taught me many things—words, and the names of things, and how I should hold my fork at the table. And finally he brought out a chess-board and made me learn the pieces and the moves. After a little while it came to me easily, and we had many a battle. I may say, too, without boasting, that the pupil was soon more than a match for his master.

But one day things did not go well, and try as I would I could not turn the tide of defeat. From trivial mistakes I went on to egregious blunders; and yet I was not wholly to blame, for who could do anything against that detestable red castle of Stephan's? It was not content with its square on the chess-board; already it had crowded off all the other pieces; it was filling the room, and the walls were cracking under the strain. And now its enormous bulk had almost blotted out the sky. I could see the ivy clinging to its stones, the great flag waving from its battlements.

Stephan laughed and said "Check." I stared at him stupidly; what did he want me to do?

"Check, m'sieu," repeated Stephan, and then wonderingly, "No; not that! the King, m'sieu! the King!"

"The King!" and I sent the chessmen flying as I sprang to my feet. "The King! and what is it that the commissioner of the Powers is saying so politely? The King! and Irma with her hand in his, and beyond—the Red Tower!"

Then the scattered shining points resolved themselves again into the clear light of day and I saw clearly. I put aside Stephan's restraining arms and walked to the window. The trees were clothed in the invisible green and purple of the first spring, and in the garden outside my window there was a brave show of crocus-beds and of hyacinths.

"Is it spring, then?" and I looked at Stephan.

"April, Excellenza; we have had an early season."

"Ah, yes; and yesterday was July 10."

I walked over to the mirror and looked at myself. A little stouter if anything, and plenty of color in face and lips. Then I noticed the scar over my left

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"And then all went from Me."

temple, and how it ran up under the hair. Mechanically I tried to trace its course with my finger.

"The bullet, Excellenza," said Stephan. "But the operation was wonderfully successful, and you were walking around within the week, a well man, m'sieu; it was remarkable."

"Then the difficulty was here?" and I touched my forehead. The poor fellow looked embarrassed.

"Excellenza!" he exclaimed, deprecatingly. "It was only that m'sieu had lost his remembrance of things and he had to learn them over again. But now it has all come back—is it not so?"

I went again to the window and looked out. Certainly this was not Kar, and there was something very familiar in the blackened façade of a wing that ran off at an angle from the main building.

"The Château Czerska?"

"Perfectly, m'sieu. That was the east wing where the fire started, as m'sieu doubtless remembers."

So they had brought me here. I was glad that Stephan had left the room on some trifling errand; I wanted a chance to think this over quietly. It is no small thing for a man to have nine months blotted out of his life. It is a long time, and many things may happen while a man sleeps.

Nearly a year since I had sailed out of New York Harbor! By this time my few friends and relatives had sorrowfully mourned me as dead. Even Murchison must have grown tired of waiting for me at the Grand Central Station, and my subscribership at the *New World* had long since been turned over to a better man. My small estate had doubtless been administered; by this time my very name had been forgotten, unless some one had thought enough of me to have had it chiselled upon a monument at Woodlawn. I had simply dropped out of my old existence, swallowed up in the ocean of the unknown, without even a ripple to mark the place where Nicholas Cary had gone down.

Why had I not dared to ask outright for her whose name was ever trembling upon my lips—for Irma? Surely it were better to know the truth, although I could have no doubt of the answer. I would hear it in plain words, and Stephan was again at my side.

"The King, Stephan?"

"Aztolia, Excellenza, is free and happy. Can I say more?"

"And the Queen?"

"The Queen! But I had forgotten that m'sieu does not know. There is no Queen—as yet."

"As yet!"

"The wedding-day is set for to-morrow. What joy that m'sieu is himself again, and will be able to assist at the spectacle!"

Joy! Who would desire to be born again if he must pass through a second death? Would that I still sat in the darkened room, if only for this last day and for that to-morrow!

"Then mademoiselle is here—in the château?" I demanded, abruptly. The question answered itself, for as I glanced through the open door I saw her coming swiftly along the corridor. She stopped for an instant at the table to put the rose she carried into a tall water glass, and then came over to where I was standing.

She took my hand as though it had been that of a little child who needed to be guided along a difficult pathway. I did not look up; the wild thought had seized me that the old mask might still serve me for this last day. But there is a sixth sense in woman, with which I had not reckoned, and it could not be deceived. Suddenly she drew away from me with a little gasping cry.

"I did not intend that you should know," I said, quietly. "By to-morrow I should have been across the frontier. He will understand—I mean Infelix."

"Infelix!" she echoed, wonderingly. And then, with a new note in her voice: "I had forgotten that you did not know. He died quite suddenly, six months or more ago."

"But there is a King?" I stammered. "Stephan told me of the wedding day—fixed for to-morrow."

"Theodore Agriosda, of the younger branch. You know him when he was simply Captain Narbo." She tried to withdraw her hand, but I would not let it go.

"He is to be married to-morrow," I went on, stupidly.

"Well, monsieur, there are other women in the world."

An incontestable fact, but I do not think that Irma greatly resented my inability to recognize it. Feminine intuition and masculine thick-wittedness are equally matters of wondering delight to the opposite sex, and a man who has stared too long at the sun may be expected to be a trifle blind to less glorious objects.

Even as she spoke she was gone, passing through the long French window and disappearing into the green wilderness of the garden. Yet somehow she contrived that I should know how to follow her flying footsteps.

It has taken me some little while to knit up each and every ravelled end of memory, but I have them all now. And that of Infelix.

He had learned the truth from Irma's face at the moment when I was struck down by Jehan's bullet. But she did not know of this until that dreadful day three months later when Infelix lay dying, crushed and broken under the weight of that black devil of a Transylvanian stallion.

"It is better thus," he had whispered as she bent over him. "The doctors had only given me a year at the farthest, and it hurts more to be cut up by inches. Nicholas will get well, and when he does, remember that it was my wish."

So Infelix died, and they took him up and buried him in the sepulchre of the Kings of Aztolia. And all the land mourned for him many days.

Was it an accident with poor Coventry, or not? No one could ever say certainly just how the blunder happened. All we can say is that he did his duty and went down like a brave man to his death. Surely to such a one much may be forgiven of his errors in life. His monument in the cathedral is evidence that Aztolia is not unmindful of her debt to his memory.

The Baron makes us a visit every year, and the last time he was here I asked him for the solution of a little mystery that had always puzzled me.

"Baron," I said, "do you remember a rather odd circumstance connected with your abduction? At the last moment you wrote a note, which the General read and which was then forwarded to its destination. Of course, it was your own private business, and may be yet. But perhaps at this late day you may be willing to satisfy my curiosity."

The Baron looked at the General, and both laughed.

"As you say, my dear Nicholas," answered the Baron, "it is late in the day, and the business has long ago been settled up. As you remember, the letter was to my confidential agent, M. Bert. I was heavily interested in the stock-market, and I realized that my taking off would produce a mild sort of crisis. So I instructed my man to sell all along the line—a bear raid, as you would call it in Wall Street. And the slaughter, my dear boy—oh, it was terrible! Consols and Egyptians tumbled like a pack of cards and I gathered in my millions on the rebound. A good stroke, you will say, but still it was a fair game, and took nerve to win it. You remember that booby of a French lieutenant? Had the shot from the *Dame* gone through the machinery of the *Sea Fox* I should have been rescued, and it would have cost me twenty million francs to settle up my contracts. Do you wonder that I prayed to be delivered from my friends?"

And once again, and for the last time, I rise and say, solemnly,

"Baron, you are indeed a great man."

THE END.

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killed in battle, he says:

"Hardly could your illustrious sovereign, from the depths of her queenly and womanly heart, have spoken words more touching and tender to soothe the stricken mothers of her own soldiers."

The letter quoted is almost as famous as the Gettysburg speech, and to say that the Queen could hardly have beaten it sounds a bit out of tune. There seems to have been nothing more in Mr. Choate's mind than to bring home to his hearers by a familiar and apposite illustration the womanly tenderness of Lincoln's heart. It was his compassionateness that the orator compared to Queen Victoria's, not his rhetoric. In his extraordinary power of putting deathless ideas into immortal words, Lincoln might fairly be compared—especially before an Edinburgh audience—to Burns.

Mr. Choate's address, as a whole, makes delightful reading. He had a great theme, to which Lord Rosebery did no more than justice when in introducing Mr. Choate he spoke of it as "one of the most interesting subjects within the range of possibility."

Lord Rosebery has a special kindness for American heroes. In one of his houses hangs one of the most noted and valuable of existing portraits of Washington. On November 16, three days after Mr. Choate's oration at Edinburgh, he made an address himself at Glasgow, on being installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in which he allowed himself a flight of the imagination so daring that it has excited no little attention. He spoke of the possibility that if the elder Pitt had refused a peerage and staid in the House of Commons he might have avoided the errors that led to the rebellion of the American colonies, and have kept them in the British Empire. Then he went on to consider various results of such a difference, and among them the possibility of such a growth of British power on this side of the Atlantic as might have resulted in the transfer of the seat of government to these parts and the relegation of Britain "as a historical shrine, the European outpost of the world empire." The cable doesn't say whether his Lordship's audience gasped, but certainly he gave them unexpected entertainment.

THERE is a kind of chain, lately fashionable and still in favor, wherein links of gold alternate with jewels. The late Mr. Thomas Arnold, who died some weeks ago, was like one of the gold links in one of these chains with a brilliant on each side of it. His father was Dr. Arnold of Rugby, his daughter is Mrs. Humphry Ward. This contiguity of high distinction made his own place and quality seem more modest perhaps than the facts warrant. He was not so eminent a person as his brother Matthew, but still he was personally interesting, and his career has been notable for the illustration it has afforded of the power of the intellectual and religious forces of the last half-century to determine the course of a sympathetic and impressionable mind. Mr. Arnold was born in 1823, moved with his father in 1828 to Rugby, was educated there and at Oxford, and read law but never practised it. He became a school-inspector in various British colonies, and married in 1850, in Hobart Town, Tasmania, Julia Sorel, granddaughter of a former Governor of that colony. In 1856 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church, and came back to England with his family, and became intimately associated with Cardinal Newman. Presently he grew more liberal in his religious persuasions, drew away from Newman, and from 1865 to 1888 was an Oxford professor. In 1888 his wife died, and his relations with Cardinal Newman once more became close and carried him to Dublin, where he lived until his death.

It is evident, even from this brief outline of Thomas Arnold's experiences, that with him matters of faith were not only uncertain and subject to revision, but in their consequences were concerns of great practical moment. What he believed in religion at a given time seemed to determine his place of residence and occupation. It is not surprising that at least one member of his family grew up strongly impressed by the considerations that may affect modern belief and by the consequences, mental and material, that fluctuations in belief may bring upon the believer. It is hard to waste anything in this world. Thomas Arnold seems to have been as edifying to his daughter Mary as Bronson Alcott was to his daughter Louisa, though Mr. Arnold seems by no means to have been so helpless a parent as Mr. Alcott.

AT the recent annual dinner of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of North America the canteen question came up for some discussion. General Brooke, deprecating the adverse judgment passed on it by one of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries, said it had done a great deal of good in the army and should be retained until something better was found to take its place. Admiral Barker, speaking for the navy, said that the canteen might do for the army, but aboard ship it was an abomination. He was glad it had been thrown out of the navy.

The conditions in the army and the navy are different. Sailors aboard ship can be kept from intoxicants altogether; soldiers can't. Sailors in port are

and tending to incite sailors to try to drink in the course of a brief shore-leave enough stimulant to last several months. It might be observed, too, that the number of desertions from the navy is so very considerable as to suggest that the present arrangements for promoting contentment among the jackies are not quite perfect. Still the navy can spare the canteen much easier than the army can.

THERE are several reports of recent interesting archaeological discoveries. A despatch from Naples relates that excavations on the eastern slopes of Vesuvius have lately brought to light a vast edifice, of which twenty-four rooms have already been dug out, and show frescoes earlier than those of Pompeii, of great beauty and in fine preservation.

A Denver, Colorado, despatch, dated November 19, declares that there has been found in the Minneapolis Mine at Leadville, 275 feet underground, two fragments of a human thigh-bone, the size of which indicates a human about three as tall as the present [illegible] of Earth. The Bible has maintained this long time that "there were giants in those days," and in these days of criticism and revision any corroboration of Bible statements that can be obtained, even by the use of dynamite in the State of Colorado, will be felt to be timely.

Still another recent report states that American officers who lately broke into Peking discovered ancient records there which show that the Chinese came to America 1500 years ago and built temples in Mexico. There are some ruined temples in the Mexican state of Sonora which are believed to be of Chinese origin, and this report of records that bear on them has stirred up the more inquisitive persons in those parts. It seems a good deal more likely that the Chinese came to Mexico a thousand years before the landing of Columbus than that any skilled person has had time since the taking of Peking to examine any Chinese historical records.

Various stories are drifting about in the newspapers about that "Brandywine Wall" in Mississippi, to which reference has several times been made in the WEEKLY, but as yet no competent explorer seems to have examined it with sufficient care to settle the question whether it is geological or artificial in its construction. There is now so much gossip about it, however, that its character is likely to be determined.

LIEUTENANT PEARY, the *Windward*, Captain Sverdrup, and the *Fram* are all somewhere in the cold north and likely to remain there until next summer. Little anxiety seems to be felt about any of them. The whaler *Eclipse* reached Dundee, Scotland, on November 8, bringing Dr. Kaan, an Austrian explorer, from Davis Strait. He saw Peary last spring at Bedford, on Pym Island. His conclusion is that Peary, who intended to make a dash for the pole last summer, could not carry out his plan, and is wintering now at Fort Conger, with the intention of trying again next year. The *Windward* was either to bring Peary home or stay in the north. It has staid in the north. Captain Sverdrup and the *Fram* Dr. Kaan believes to be wintering in Jones's Sound. Dr. Kaan does not think anything will be heard of any of them until next year, and other polar experts share his opinion.

A number of new polar expeditions have filed intentions to start next summer, so Lieutenant Peary is doubtless well advised in holding his ground. There is to be a Baldwin-Ziegler expedition from the United States, a Captain Bernier expedition from Canada, a Russian expedition, and doubtless several others. Each well-found new expedition has nowadays some novelties in the way of equipment on which it bases high hopes. The Russian expedition has an ice-cutting ship which is expected to saw its way out of any ice pack. Captain Bernier believes in Nansen's drift plan, but hopes to have a better ship than the *Fram*, made possibly of steel. To old fogies who like to sleep warm and retain their toes polar expeditions seem unprofitable, but after all they bring in a good deal of news, and their news is not especially dear at the price as news goes. A big fire or an astounding defalcation costs much more than the average polar expedition, and does not last as long as a topic, nor make as many stories. First and last a well-heralded polar expedition makes a deal of reading. Long before it starts its announcements are recorded. When it has raised its money and its preparations go forward they receive attention. When it actually starts that makes talk again, and in due time after its departure speculation begins as to its whereabouts. News of it comes from time to time and is cabled over the earth, and if no news comes, note is taken of that. Absence of news, if prolonged, breeds excitement and discussion. If a rescue seems expedient there is much stir over that. If not, there is increased anxiety and increased yearning for news. Finally, the explorer gets back, or is fetched home by the rescue party, and says he got too near the pole for comfort, and that it is cold up there and food is scarce, and most of what isn't water is ice, and the nights last half the year, and when you change your under clothes you have to chop them off with a hatchet. He tells other stories which are scientific, and are re-

cited. The explorer never gets enough, but for the reader once is plenty.

A GREAT deal of grumbling comes from Galveston about the distribution of the relief funds. The Central Relief Committee, which has had charge of about \$1,200,000 given for the sufferers by the flood, has lately tried to distribute \$300,000 in money, and seems to have given very limited satisfaction. It is accused of paying too much in salaries to relief-committee men, and of seeming to act on the principle that no one is honest except itself. The Red Cross is praised for the way it is managing its work, but the committees, big and small, central and sub, are scolded. Perhaps they have deserved it, but undoubtedly their work has been difficult. When money is being distributed it is human nature for every one to want his share, and for most persons to want as much more as they can get. The Pension Bureau can tell stories to illustrate this propensity. Probably those distressed folk of Galveston who have wanted their share and no more have suffered from the greediness of others whose aspirations have been less restricted.

DR. PARKHURST was lately represented as saying to a reporter of a New York newspaper that there was great need in New York and to the country generally of a newspaper that would tell the truth. We have, indeed, Mr. J. J. Chapman's *Political Nursery*, the sole object of which as expressly stated in each issue is to speak the truth, but that isn't a newspaper, and for Dr. Parkhurst's uses it wouldn't count. He said—at least a newspaper has said that he said—that there are those who are now anxiously considering whether they won't start a newspaper for the purpose of telling the truth, and "sufficiently capitalize it so that it will have no trouble about telling the truth." But it isn't the most capitalized papers that are truthfulest. The evening penny papers that are habitually capitalized in red and black capitals from one to twelve inches high are about as trustworthy as so many dream-books. That sort of capitalization doesn't help at all. But the Doctor means money. Well, money won't insure truth-telling, though a paper in such a position financially that it need neither lie about its circulation nor lie to increase it would have a good start. A good many papers are in such a position now. Some of our newspapers seem to try very hard to print most of the news straight. Accuracy is extremely expensive, yet they spend money pretty freely to attain it. Where they almost all fall down is in their partisanship, where they suppress or distort news that weighs against their side and are over-credulous about stories that help it.

Dr. Parkhurst suspects that there can't be an ideal newspaper, any more than an ideal theatre, unless it is endowed, and doesn't have to take orders from its counting-room or consider the financial expediency of what it prints. His ideas of what his ideal newspaper should be are not visionary nor unreasonable. He would have it as truthful as care and honesty can make it, enterprising in gathering news, and careless of any sort of patronage that conflicted with its obligations as a leader of public opinion. He thinks the London *Times* realizes his ideal in most particulars, and there is no doubt that the *Times* is a respectable and very valuable paper.

But the most important single item about a newspaper is its circulation, and how Dr. Parkhurst's ideal paper would get circulation enough to make it count is not clear. The usual way to start a newspaper is to plant it in a garbage-can and clean it up a bit when it has got a strong start and can afford to be decent. Dr. Parkhurst wouldn't follow that method.

And then where could enough clean and truthful money be found to endow a clean and truthful paper? Whose money can it be that Dr. Parkhurst has in mind that is so immaculate? Of course there is a good deal of clean money about, but a newspaper would take a lot, and a good many rich men would have to share the expense. There would be a group of contributing capitalists, and what any group of capitalists likes best is discretion in speech. A paper with half a million subscribers who pay three dollars apiece has in many respects a better chance to speak its mind than a paper with ten backers who pay one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each. An endowed paper would be too much like an endowed university during the lifetime of its founder. It would have to respect the prejudices of all its backers and look out for a dozen sets of toes every time it stamped.

It takes a man to make a newspaper, and in times past it was held that it took a great man to make a great one. It is a great work, and though it is not so ill done in this country as it might be, we all wish that the best examples of it were better, and that the worst did not exist. But whether an endowed paper could be fashioned which, on the whole, would be better than any paper we have seems very doubtful. An industrious man by skimming several papers and making allowances can get most of the news as it is, and if Dr. Parkhurst's paper starts we shall probably skim that and make allowances and go on in another very much as we do now. It would take a long time to train us to trust any paper absolutely. We have read too many.

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Mr. Gilbert Hare. Mr. John Hare. Miss Irene Van Brugh.

The Manicure Shop in the Third Act of "The Gay Lord Quex."

THE DRAMA

A NEW comedy by Arthur Pinero is always welcomed by those persons who seek in the contemporary theatre something beyond the plays prepared to please the mixed audiences that are necessary to the popular success of a theatrical production now. The Pinero plays seem to appeal every year to a smaller public, and it seems scarcely safe to predict that "The Gay Lord Quex," which John Hare has recently brought from London to the Criterion Theatre, will be anywhere near so popular as some of the great English dramatist's other works. The cynical tone in his humor has grown more marked in every succeeding play that deals with contemporary life, and if "The Benefit of the Doubt" be excepted, none of them has ever been so free from any consideration of the average playgoer's conventional sympathies and prejudices as "The Gay Lord Quex." None of them has been more brilliant in speech, and in the third act of the comedy the author's skill as a playwright is revealed more perfectly than it ever was before. Yet in spite of its unique charms, so rare on the stage that they might in themselves be thought sufficient to make the permanent success of any play, there seems little likelihood that this smart comedy of life will ever acquire great and enduring popularity. Its lack of healthy sentiment, the deficiency of a single character that can even slightly claim the sympathy of the audience, and the generally incomprehensible motives of its personages will never compensate for the fine literary quality of the dialogue. Its satirical wit and the rather grim irony beneath all the appearance of buoyant humor are not for the great public that likes its heroes plainly discernible, and is just as exigent in its desire to see the bad men properly punished. In a play, sentiment, or probably sentimentality, must be of the straightforward, comprehensible kind to attract the great number, and humor must be in simple amusement and not be touched with the conclusions of a somewhat pessimistic philosopher, who, studying rather a despicable phase of life, does not pretend that it is anything else, or in any way attempt to palliate the shallowness and depravity of the characters he is drawing. Aristocratic London life has always showed to Mr. Pinero its least attractive side, and he has transferred it to the stage with no attempt to please the taste of the philistine theatre goer. Consequently, "The Gay Lord Quex" is not likely to afford very much more pleasure than did "The Benefit of the Doubt" to those persons who look for something besides the Pinero wit, the author's uncompromising and frankly cynical study of life and character, and his rather discouraging conclusions in the play. There was pathos in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "Trelawney of the Wells" was fragrant with a gentle, old-time sentiment that counteracted the brief sparkles of the Pinero satire in that play. "The Benefit of the Doubt" and "The Gay Lord Quex" are wholly lacking in any quality that calls on emotions of the heart. They are both able to delight by their quiet fun, the easy crackle of their wit, and the obvious sincerity of their studies of character. That part of the public who take delight out of these qualities in a play will enjoy this latest Pinero comedy, but unlikely that is not the share of the public that keeps a play long before the public. And if "The Gay Lord Quex" were measured by other standards than those which determine popular success, it would deserve to take a permanent place on the stage, even in these days of ephemeral dramas. It is destined, however, to take a place in the library, where it is entitled to rank with almost the best in contemporaneous fiction.

THE titled roué who gives the name to the play has reached the age of forty-five before he decides to change his dissipated way of life because he has become engaged to a young woman, not entirely certain whether she loves the blasé Marquess or the young officer to whom she has practically promised her hand. It happens that *Sophy Fullgurney*, once a lady's maid, is now a successful manicure and foster-sister to *Muriel*, whom the gay *Lord Quex* is to marry. This young woman does not approve of her friend's choice. She has heard that the noble lord is gay and knows that he once kissed another maid and then gave her a shilling. She has other grounds for her distrust, and determines to prevent her friend from the marriage with *Lord Quex*. Opportunity comes when her duties enable her to go to the country-house at which the nobleman, his betrothed, and a duchess, once among his old loves, are stopping. She is almost *poseur*, without any moral principle to speak of, still in possession of every shred of her reputation and a little bit sentimental. So she asks *Lord Quex* to come to her boudoir and say good-by to her once for all. They will smoke the old cigarettes together, have one of the old talks, and she will give him back his presents. *Sophy* sees her chance when she overhears the appointment for this meeting, and the third act of the play, which would alone proclaim it the work of the greatest dramatist of his country, finds her acting as maid to the *Duchess*. Her former lover learns this only after he has returned the *Duchess* her presents, chilled her advances, and is about to retire. Knowing the manicure's mood toward him, *Lord Quex* suggests that she may be listening. He opens the door and the faithful *Sophy* is discovered listening vainly for something she may repeat to her friend and prove her betrothed's unworthiness. The struggle that follows between the aristocrat and the girl seeking to spy out some misconduct occupies the rest of the act and is revealed with the skill of a master. *Lord Quex* enters *Sophy* into the room. Then he locks the door and asks what would be thought by persons who found her in this plight with a gentleman. He can explain to his sweetheart that he came to leave a book with the *Duchess* and found instead of her maid the manicure acting temporarily in that place for her. The girl offers to say nothing and escape if he will only promise to be so silent in reference to her presence. When he consents she relents because that seems too much like disloyalty to the foster-sister she is trying to protect from marriage with a wicked man.

SHE has done something almost evil that what she thinks good may come of it and will not delay the action by any consideration so selfish. So she rushes to the bell rope and rings for the servants, perfectly willing that she should be sacrificed to save her friend. *Lord Quex* refuses to remain and ruin her reputation by having the household discover them. Her nobility, if such a word may be applied to a situation so unusual, touches him, while his generosity makes such an impression on the girl that she realizes he may not after all be wholly without good and so unworthy of her beloved *Muriel* as she had thought. In the final scene *Sophy* shows her loyalty to the once-despised profligate by entrapping her foster-sister's other suitor with just the method she had tried with *Lord Quex*. The game works better in his case and *Muriel* finds the manicure in his arms. He retreats after this discovery, and *Sophy*, who set out to break the engagement between *Quex* and her foster-sister, has the satisfaction of seeing them united. Then at the close of all this activity there comes a typical touch of the Pinero philosophy. The manicure and her palmist lover are left alone. Then this characteristic dialogue occurs:

Pollitt. My love! what's the matter?

Sophy. She—she's left me, without a word!

Pollitt. She?

Sophy. Muriel; without so much as wishing me good-morning. Oh! when I've done what I can for everybody!

The palmist *Pollitt* is *Sophy's* lover and was once a solicitor's clerk. After she has expressed the regret that there was so little gratitude for all she had done, *Muriel* reappears. "Forgive me," she says. "You did it for the best. I'm sorry." This is reward enough for the manicure, and her head falls contentedly on her Pollitt's breast.

NO part of this witty comedy is nearly so engrossing as the third act, in which the battle of wits between the *blasé*, polished man of the world and the vulgar, good-hearted, natural girl is made by every device of the master-dramatist an episode of the most sustained suspense. This climax of the play is no solitary peak of excellence that rises from a level plain. Every scene contains its marks of distinguishing brilliancy. The characters that move about the central figures make a humorously realistic gallery of English types. The *Duchess* is an amusing combination of vanity, weakness, and wickedness sufficient to put her out of all consideration as a moral being, although it has never been sufficient to rob her of her reputation, while *Lady Onslow*, another portrait of aristocratic English femininity, represents its narrow and bigoted phrases. The officer returned from the coast of Africa, where feminine society was so rare that he finds every woman in England alluring, the humbug palmist, the emphatic society woman—all these figures speak language suited to their kind and express themselves in words and acts that make them perfectly transparent to the audiences, so accustomed to the mechanical figures out of the playwright's box that they are at a loss to understand, at first, the creation of a literary artist on the stage. Mr. Pinero's point of view among the dramatists is not unlike Henry James's attitude among the novelists. How delightful that resemblance may make his plays to some persons and how baffling to others is easily understood.

JOHN HARE'S acting of the well-bred, self-contained, experienced man of the world is quite as intelligent in conception, finished in detail, and polished in composition as his art has always led the public to expect of him. He is, like a score of other actors called upon to represent the man of fashion, compelled to keep cool in trying circumstances. He does not in the least suggest his distinction or the dissipation supposed to have been a part of *Quex's* earlier career. But every detail of action and appearance is sufficient in the precise style of the actor. Irene Van Brugh, as *Sophy Fullgurney*, indicates in wonderfully graphic, spirited, and attractive fashion the qualities of the manicure. The vulgarity of the girl and her good-heartedness, her impulsiveness in the attempt to rescue her friend from what she considers the ruin of her happiness, the variations of her feelings in the famous passage at arms, during which she passes through the most widely contrasted emotions—in all of these qualities Miss Van Brugh's acting was as much an exhibition of exceptional natural talent as of technical facility, remarkable in an actress of such brief experience. It may be that Miss Van Brugh has found a rôle exceptionally suited to her powers. As it is, she is entitled to a large share in the artistic triumph that has come so fully to the author, Mr. Hare, and the rather competent actors engaged in the performance.

LAWRENCE REAMES

Rough Sport in a Lumber Camp.

The Photograph was taken on the Occasion of the Visit of an Insurance Agent to a Camp in the North Woods.

One Rose

Throat countless roses light
And gayly gem the tree,
One rose more fair and bright
Than all the rest I see—
And that's the rose for me.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Christmas Harper's Weekly

THE Christmas number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, which is to appear next week, will be the largest issue of an illustrated weekly ever published in this country. It will consist of fifty-two pages of text and illustrations, enclosed in a beautifully illuminated cover. The leading artistic feature of the number will be a sixteen page supplement printed in six colors. This supplement will contain a large double-page illustration in color by A. I. Keller, entitled "Love's Christmas Gifts." Some of the other full-page colored pictures are: "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," by Albert Sterner; "His Christmas Dinner," by Maxfield Parrish; "The Grasshopper and the Ant," by B. L. Mason; and "A Christmas Masque," by E. Stetson Crawford. Mr. Everett Shinn has also contributed a full-page drawing in color to illustrate "To and from McGrath's," a story by Mr. E. W. Townsend. Mr. Albert Levering, whose humorous sketches are familiar to readers of the WEEKLY, contributes a page entitled, "A Horse and Horseless Yuletide Episode." These pictures tell of the adventures of three modern youths, who set out on horseback to deliver Christmas presents to their rural neighbors and come to grief with such modern contrivances as automobiles and trolley cars. Some of the other Christmas stories in this number are: "Wittenham Beltry," by Edward Boltwood, illustrated by Thomas Fogarty; "Mr. Mitchelbourne's Last Escapade," by A. E. W. Mason, and illustrated by F. Pegram; "The Foiling of Ferguson," by Albert Lee, illustrated by Albert Levering. Mr. Rhodes Macknight also contributes a complete short story entitled "The Vicomte's Campaign," the illustrations to which are by W. H. Hyde and Robert McNair.

Mr. E. S. Martin has written a charming poem entitled "Gifts," which is full of the true Christmas spirit.

There will be other full-page illustrations by W. A. Rogers, A. B. Frost, F. Strothman, J. W. Alexander, and F. S. Church.

The text will be in keeping with the art work of the number. Mr. A. C. Wheeler has written a charming little essay on "Going Home for Christmas." Mr. Theodore Dreiser's article, "Whence the Song," which is illustrated by W. Glackens, is an interesting paper of timely interest. "Making Toys for Christmas," by Paul Latzke, is illustrated with photographs taken in the East Side toy manufactories of this city.

The regular departments of "This Busy World," "Transatlantic Topics," and "Finance" will be found in their usual places.

Taking it all in all, the Christmas number will be one of the most beautiful and interesting issues of HARPER'S WEEKLY ever printed.

PEARS GETS THE GRAND PRIZE.

At the Paris Exhibition, which naturally attracted the world's best toilet products, Pears has obtained the only Grand Prize awarded solely for toilet soap. This is the highest award obtainable for anything at that Exhibition.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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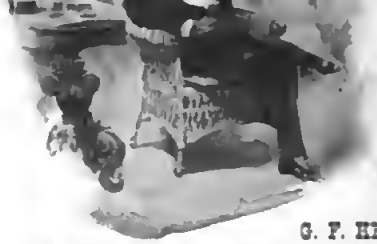

and proportions and aged to better than one that is made on wanted. To more strongly impress the public with our statement and to remove each little, unjust prejudice so may exist against the "Club Cocktails," we now offer $500.00 to any party who will prove our assertion to be untrue. We contend that a cocktail is a blend of different liquors and that all blends improve with age. If you think we are wrong, prove it and get the $500.00.

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minded man, who has a safe ... fare of his fellow man, a drinking resort of any class or name is an evil. The question naturally arises, "Why do such places exist?" Simply because people want them, and that is why the post canteen has an existence today.

It has been a well-recognized fact from General Washington's time down to the present day that soldiers are not all saints, nor ever will be, and that a certain percentage of the men will have their whiskey or beer, orders to the contrary notwithstanding. The founders of the post canteen did not establish it for the purpose of making soldiers drink, or to derive any profit from it, as the only profit there is in it goes to the soldier; the *greater share* to the one who never enters its doors. Post traders' stores and post traders' saloons have for years been the central figure in all military posts, and many a man with the political pull to get the tradership in a military post on the frontier has amassed a fortune by his ill-gotten gains from the soldier. The store and saloon were under the jurisdiction of the post commander, of course. He it was who fixed the prices on goods for sale in the saloon and certain articles in the store—that is, to soldiers; but the post trader has a political pull, and the post commander cannot overlook that fact, so the prices range rather high. The saloon, always presided over by a citizen of the lowest type, eager to make money for himself, would always give liquor to men to whom orders had been given not to serve drinks, the men paying extra for the risk the bartender ran, he putting the money in his own pocket. He would also take clothing of all kinds, as well as blankets, coffee, rice, sugar, flour, or bacon and beans, and sell them to ranchers or cowboys, making a neat profit. Many a soldier has parted with nearly all his clothing in this manner, and many a drunken cook and rascally first sergeant has disposed of the company's rations in the same manner.

The liquors were of the vilest kind, all manufactured of drugs, not a drop from any distillery, the rankest poison—pine-top, the boys used to call it. They said it was made of pine-needles and tobacco-juice. Commanding officers in sheer desperation have closed the post saloon for days to try and straighten the men out, but they continued the wheel just the same. *How?* No other saloon on the reservation—the reservation six, eight, ten or more miles square—the post in the centre of the reservation—no passes granted to leave post—strict orders for all men to stay in the post day and night—extra orders to guards to be on the lookout for men going in or out—no one allowed to take a horse or mule from the corral without orders from the quartermaster, and a sentry to see that they did not take any, and the nearest town fifteen or twenty miles away—and check roll-call every night: that is, the captain of each company each night passed through the quarters with the first sergeant, and looked at each bunk to see if the soldier slept. Good old man, wasn't he! More thoughtful of his boys than many a father. *This is how:* Just off the reservation at some suitable point are situated one or more vile dens called in frontier parlance "Hog ranches," stocked with a vile assortment of liquors. A sentry on the corral would go to sleep at a given signal, a poor unfortunate horse or mule would be taken, and in a short space of time a couple of sacks full of bottles of whiskey would be going the rounds of the boys, or would be cached away for the next day, the sentry standing in on the drink free. If no mule or horse was to be stolen away, then it was a case of walk. But how about the captain and the empty bunk? If the first sergeant was in with the boys, he accounted for the man as on guard, in the guard-house or hospital. The captain never looked at the company roster to verify the report of the sergeant; or a dummy served the purpose—a toe of a stocking poked out from under the blanket and stuffed with rags, the elbow of a shirt-sleeve, ditto, and a blanket or other articles underneath the bedding to serve for the form of the body, and a muskrat cap stuffed for the head. There you are! Just imagine the fond captain gazing with admiration at the supposed form of one of his company, and at the same moment the real form staggering across the prairie, under a heavy sack of bottles filled with whiskey, and a heavier load inside. Did the officers know this? Certainly. Why did they not stop it? It was simply impossible.

... panies to buy anything they might need for their comfort collectively, with the consent of the company commander. Thus each man was benefited in a manner by his own or by his comrades' folly. All articles are sold at a small profit, giving the men good wine and beer in moderation, a clean place to sit and amuse themselves with games, many having billiard and pool tables in them, and restaurant attached, also all the daily papers and periodicals; no whiskey allowed to be sold, no fighting, or loud and boisterous conduct; a sergeant present all the time to see that the rules governing the place are enforced, and who is accountable to the lieutenant in charge for the preservation of discipline.

In a regular military post the most rigid discipline is enforced. What is the consequence? It relieves many a horse or mule of a long night ride, or many a soldier's legs from a weary tramp, and a great deal of brain-work in studying schemes to get more whiskey. It puts money in the company fund to purchase luxuries for the soldier's table and comforts for his quarters—the sober soldier who never spends a cent in the canteen sharing in the profits.

People must understand that soldiers are enlisted for regular or volunteer service from the population of the United States—the personnel of the army is the same as the residents at large of any city, town, or county—for that is where they come from. They are of many nationalities, and from all walks in life—from the highest to the lowest. The canteen has no corrupting influence. On the other hand, it has the opposite effect. It teaches the men that if they must use liquor, to learn to do so in moderation.

In a camp of thirty-five or forty thousand volunteers, what can you expect? One quarter drinking are a good many men to be seen by one unaccustomed to such gatherings. A volunteer camp is not the place to judge a canteen, or anything else. Who are these volunteers? They are your fathers, brothers, uncles, and cousins. Were they members of a temperance organization when they enlisted? Were they teetotalers? Did putting on the uniform of a soldier turn them into drunkards? Did the post canteen debauch all these noble men in one day? No. You only see enacted in such a camp, in an enlarged form, what you may see in your own town in miniature any day you wish to look for it. Why are saloons in your towns? Because people want them. Why don't you close them up? You can't.

The only things I feel sorry for, in this world, are the chronic kickers kicking against something they know nothing about—wasting energy that might be used to a better purpose. Men who have spent their lives in the army, and are well versed in all that pertains to army life, have only the greatest praise for the post canteen, for the simple reason that it is a necessary evil in the army, just as your saloons are necessary evils in your cities and villages.

The Christmas number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *consisting of fifty-two pages of text and illustrations, many of which are printed in color, enclosed in a cover of attractive design, will be for sale on the news-stands Thursday, December 6. In order to be sure of securing a copy order from your newsdealer now.*

The Season's Round with Big Game

MIDWINTER in the Maine woods finds the big game virtually imprisoned in the forest snows where the first deep snows of the season found them. The bears in November dig themselves up under tree roots, in caves and in hollow logs, where they continue to doze until they awake, gaunt and hungry in April; then the farmers in the back towns must look to their sheep-cotes for there is nothing more to Bruin's taste than fresh mutton with which to break his

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Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan.
Born May 13, 1842. Died November 22, 1900.

winter's fasting. The moose and deer, kept on the move by the constant presence of hunters and the cracking of rifles in the woods from the first of October to the middle of December, when the open season is over and the smell of powder smoke has left the forest, return, as a rule, to their customary feeding grounds. The moose at the first coming of snow seeks the mountain slopes, shaping their course toward Mount Katahdin and the ranges further to the west and south, whose bases and sides are favorite wintering-places for these animals. The deer, which wander on the mountain sides and summits in late autumn, descend in little bands to the valleys as the snow gets deep on the ground, and in localities abounding in the twigs and tree-barks on which they feed in winter make their yards, as the labyrinths of paths that they trample in the snow in their browsings are called. Until the hunting season begins, next October, moose and deer may rest in peace from man, except for the distant crash of timber trees felled by the lumberman's axe, or the incursions of the conscienceless poacher, who risks fine and imprisonment by slaughtering them in their yards. As the snow on the ground deepens with the storms of February and March, the deer find it more and more difficult to extend their paths to the forage they seek, and in seasons in which the snowfall was unusually heavy they have been known to starve in their yards. The moose, with his longer legs and great strength, is better fitted for travelling through deep snow, but he too prefers to stay in his yard, unless driven forth by enemies or starvation. From foes in winter the moose has little to fear, any of the other forest animals seldom venturing to try conclusions with him; but around the deer-yards wild-cats prowl, in readiness to pounce upon the young deer that may chance to become separated from the others, and several of them together sometimes will attack a full-grown deer. One enemy, fortunately rare, is dreaded in common by all the antlered game; the scent of a wolf borne to their nostrils on the breeze, or his long howl breaking the forest stillness, throws deer and moose alike into consternation. But the wolf for forty years past has been little in evidence in Maine, though now and then one is seen sneaking furtively through the forest—an omen of destruction to game that experienced hunters dislike to see.

When the rains and sunshine of late March and early April have lowered and crumbled the snow, so that travelling again is possible, the moose and deer leave their yards to range the woods, feeding eagerly on the expanding buds and green plants that first appear in woodlands. The moose sheds his lordly antlers, and thereafter, until the autumn finds them renewed, he keeps himself in retirement, shunning the company of his own kind and all other creatures. During the summer, while his budding new horns are yet in velvet, he lies secreted by day in some dense thicket, coming out at night to the still water reaches of stream and lake to feed upon lily-pads and aquatic grass. Here he remains through the hours of darkness, standing or lying in the water, or swimming perhaps long distances to fresh feeding-grounds. The cow moose and her calf are less wary, so far as fear of man is concerned, being protected by law from the hunter's rifle at all seasons, but there are enemies in shape of hungry bears and wild-cats that compel her vigilantly to watch over her calf and sometimes to fight for its safety. She seems fully to realize her immunity from danger from man, and often displays great indifference to his presence. Throughout the summer she stays much of the time in the water of still streams and coves in lakes where water-grass and lily-pads grow, with her calf lying in concealment on the bank, but never so far away but that she can come promptly to its rescue if danger threaten.

The deer, which outnumber the moose fifty to one, have in general the same habits. It is in summer, when both deer and moose seek the waterways, that the voyager in his canoe may get some adequate idea of the abundance of big game in Maine. Last summer, in travelling four miles along a chain of ponds north of Sebec Lake, a fisherman counted fifteen deer in one morning. During the same season W. T. Pollard, a game warden, in paddling ten miles on the west branch of the Penobscot River, saw thirty-two deer and four moose. Many of these animals showed so little fear as scarcely to take the trouble to leave the water as he passed, and one cow moose he actually bumped with the bow of his canoe. Facing sidewise from him as she stood belly-deep in the stream, she was feeding upon the grass at the bottom, thrusting her head down beneath the surface, and keeping it there while she secured a mouthful, then lifting it into the air while she chewed and swallowed it. By using the paddle only when her head was under water and letting the canoe drift when she raised it above the surface, the warden was able to approach so near that two or three quick strokes of the paddle sent the bow of the canoe against her side. The moose lifted her head and stared at the intruder in blank astonishment, then turned and rushed to the shore, where her calf, which had been concealed in the bushes, at once joined her, and the two stood gazing after the canoe until it passed from sight round a bend of the river. In late summer the deer come into the farmer's pastures and graze with the cattle, invade his grain-fields, and nibble the green peas on his lawn and pea vines. This state of things continues until, all in a day, the Arcadian peace is broken, and the fearlessness of the antlered creatures toward man is changed to suspicion and flight. The cracking of rifles on October 1, the opening day of the shooting season, is a warning signal thoroughly understood by deer and moose, and at once they become shy, wary creatures, which recognize in man their most dangerous enemy.

It is in October that the bull moose appears in all his glory and strength, the undisputed monarch of the Maine woods. His dun-fronted coat is sleek and glossy, his magnificent antlers are spread to their full size. It is the pairing season when he knows no fear. He wages fierce fights with his rivals for the favor of the female moose and the hunter's imitation of her bellow, made through the calling-horn of rolled-up birch bark, brings him crashing through the forest to the death awaiting him in the rifle's magazine.

The extraordinary abundance of big game in Maine is due primarily to the natural advantages its vast forests afford as a shelter and feeding-ground, and to the enactment and enforcement of admirable game laws by the State in the past three decades. Undoubtedly many deer and moose come into the State from Canada, where they are hunted the year round. Under the laws enacted by the Maine Legislature of 1899, the open time for shooting these animals was materially shortened from the three months allowed in former years. Now the season for deer hunting, beginning, as before, on October 1, ends before the snow lies too deep on the ground for the deer to travel freely about in it. Moose may be lawfully killed only from October 15 to November 30, and there is a heavy penalty for killing a cow moose or a moose calf at any season. A hunter is permitted to kill two deer and a moose in a season. The carcass of a

(Continued on page 1147.)

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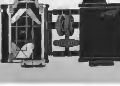

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is prohibited, and the term of the closed season was expressly arranged so as to cover the months when the deer and moose are in their yards, or might in any way be hampered in escaping the hunter by depth of snow.

For one picturesque inhabitant of the Maine woods, the bear, there is no closed time, the killing of this animal being encouraged at all seasons. That he makes a fair representation in Maine's list of big game the record of fifty-five bears killed last year testifies. He is an omnivorous feeder, and his diet in general is regulated by what he can find to eat. Some of the ways in which he gets his living account for the disapproval in which he is held, for he is an inveterate killer of lambs, a fish-poacher, and a robber of farm-yards, beehives, and green cornfields. The berry and nutting seasons are his feasting-times, when he lays the fat on his ribs which stands him in good stead through the long months of his winter hibernation. The steaks from a beechnut-fed bear are an agreeable variation from venison in the fare of hunting camps; when obtainable they are served as a choice viand in the Bangor hotels and restaurants, and many bear carcasses find their way to the Boston markets. In hunting the bear, all means, fair and foul, are used. He is trapped, tracked with dogs, shot on sight when encountered by hunters in pursuit of deer, and not infrequently killed with axes by lumbermen who come upon him asleep in his winter home. But his wariness, cunning, and the astonishing speed with which he can get over a rough country stand him in good stead, and with all the hunting of him done, the number of bears in Maine does not materially lessen from year to year.

That antlered northern nomad the caribou has again made one of his periodical disappearances from the Maine woodlands. Essentially migratory in his habits, his departure has caused no surprise to old hunters who have known his ways of coming and going in former years. Of all forest travellers, the caribou, which is the American reindeer, is the swiftest and surest; his broad, spreading feet, which are concave at the bottom, uphold him on soft bog or snow, smooth rock or slippery ice, and, once started, he goes straight away over all country, with a long stride that carries him beyond all pursuit. The food of the caribou, like that of the Lapland reindeer, is mosses and lichens, which he seeks, according to the season of year, in swamps and bogs or on rocky mountain summits. A striking sight, observed in the experience of many a Maine woodsman, is that of a band of caribou in early winter scattered upon a mountain-side, scraping the snow from the rocks with hoofs and antlers as they feed, or silhouetted against the sky as, strung out in a long line, they follow the leader of the herd along the summit of a ridge on their way to new pastures. Six years ago herds of caribou, numbering hundreds in each, fed in Maine, their favorite grounds being the bogs that stretch from the base of Mount Katahdin. The next year the only caribou reported were a few widely scattered bands, the largest of which numbered at most but six or seven animals. These likewise have vanished, and the latest report of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners announces that the caribou has disappeared from the State. Where the herds have gone is one of the things that no man knows, but there can be no doubt that they crossed the Canada border. Rather late in the day, the Maine Legislature last year declared a closed time of six years on caribou. Meantime the herds, moss-gathering somewhere in the wilderness in New Brunswick or the St. Lawrence Valley, are at peace, let us hope, from wolves and pot-hunters. It is reasonably certain that, if not exterminated before it can come about, the migratory instinct will once more awaken in them, and they will reappear in Maine as suddenly as they went.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

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on the subject among the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and the House Committee on Ways and Means is already at work on a measure to be introduced early in the session. It is generally understood that the reduction of "war taxes" will be only in the internal-revenue schedule, and that the tariff will be undisturbed.

Although for the last fiscal year, ending with June 30, there was a surplus of receipts over expenditures of more than $81,000,000, and there is no reason to expect a falling off in revenues under the existing law, it is reported that the Administration does not favor a reduction of more than $20,000,000 or $30,000,000. The reason seems to be the possibility of a decrease in receipts and the probability of an increase in expenditures. "War expenses" are still going on in the Philippines, and military and naval expenses are still kept on an increased scale on account of the occupation of Cuba and the complications in China, and there will be an effort for a permanent increase of the army and navy as well as for a better defence of the sea-coasts. Then the ship-subsidy bill will be pressed, contemplating an annual disbursement of $9,000,000, and the Nicaragua Canal project will be pushed for the construction of the waterway at the government expense. Just what may come out of the session in the way of enlarged expenditures cannot be calculated, and there is a disposition to make any radical diminution of revenues wait.

Apart from the encouragement of extravagant appropriations the surplus is the source of embarrassment to the Treasury and of disturbance to the money market. During the past months the payment of premiums in the process of refunding bonds at two per cent. and the calling in of the extended twos, amounting to about $25,000,000, has afforded some relief, but there is a constant tendency of the Sub-Treasury to drain funds from circulation, which cannot be steadily counterbalanced by making deposits in the national banks. It is highly desirable that the Treasury operations should work as nearly as practicable at a balance of receipts and disbursements.

Nothing is likely to be done by Congress for another year affecting the currency. The result of the election is regarded as putting the gold standard out of immediate peril, and giving assurance that all forms of currency will be maintained at a parity with gold in spite of any defects in the law. The remedy for those defects can now safely wait for the meeting of the next Congress, of which one branch has just been elected and one-third of the other will be changed by the State Legislatures before next March. That meeting, unless an extra session should be called, which is not likely, will not take place until December next year, and then it will be for a session long enough for whatever may be brought before it.

Silver is no longer an element of danger in the currency. The amount of silver in circulation and in the Treasury is in the neighborhood of $500,000,000, and the coining of the bullion purchased with Treasury notes still outstanding and the issue of certificates to replace those notes may add another $100,000,000. That is likely to be our limit of silver coinage apart from the subsidiary coin, while the gold in circulation and in the Treasury already amounts to $1,000,000,000 and is constantly increasing. The legal-tender notes, being amply secured by the redemption fund, are not likely to be disturbed for a long time to come, and even the national-bank currency is less a subject of agitation than a few years ago. The currency act having given it a new lease of life, it will probably not be made the subject of further legislation for a good while, though many authorities continue to criticise its lack of elasticity. The refunding of old bonds in two-per-cents. has reached over $355,000,000, of which all but about $30,000,000 are held by national banks.

There are still outstanding about $350,000,000 of the five-per-cents. of 1904 and the fours of 1907, which are refundable under the law. There remains the three-per-cent. loan of 1908-18 and the fours of 1925, amounting together to about $285,000,000, which may sometime be made available for the security of bank notes on the same terms as the others. At all events, there is no immediate danger of a failure of the form of security to which we have been accustomed for nearly forty years.

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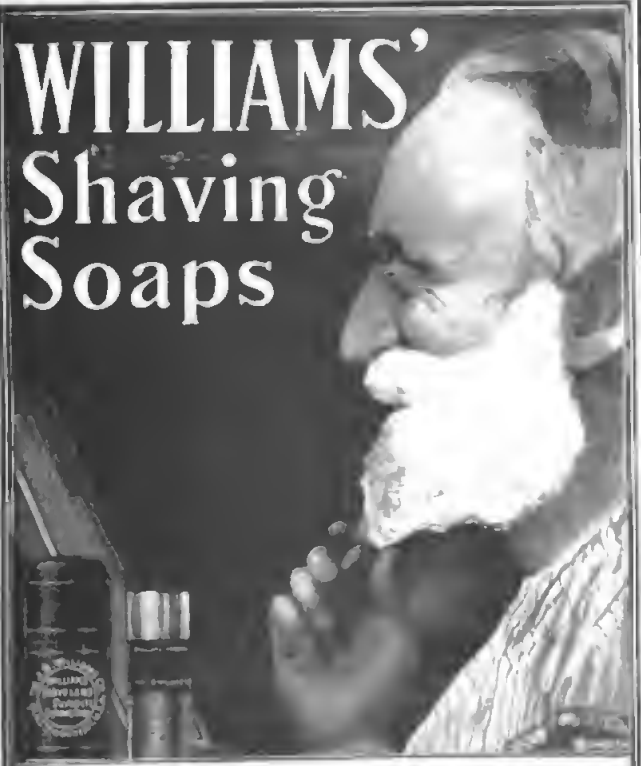

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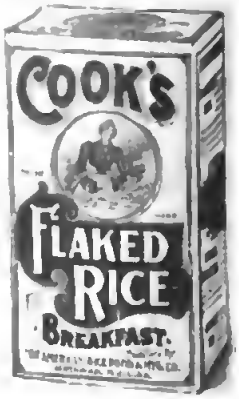

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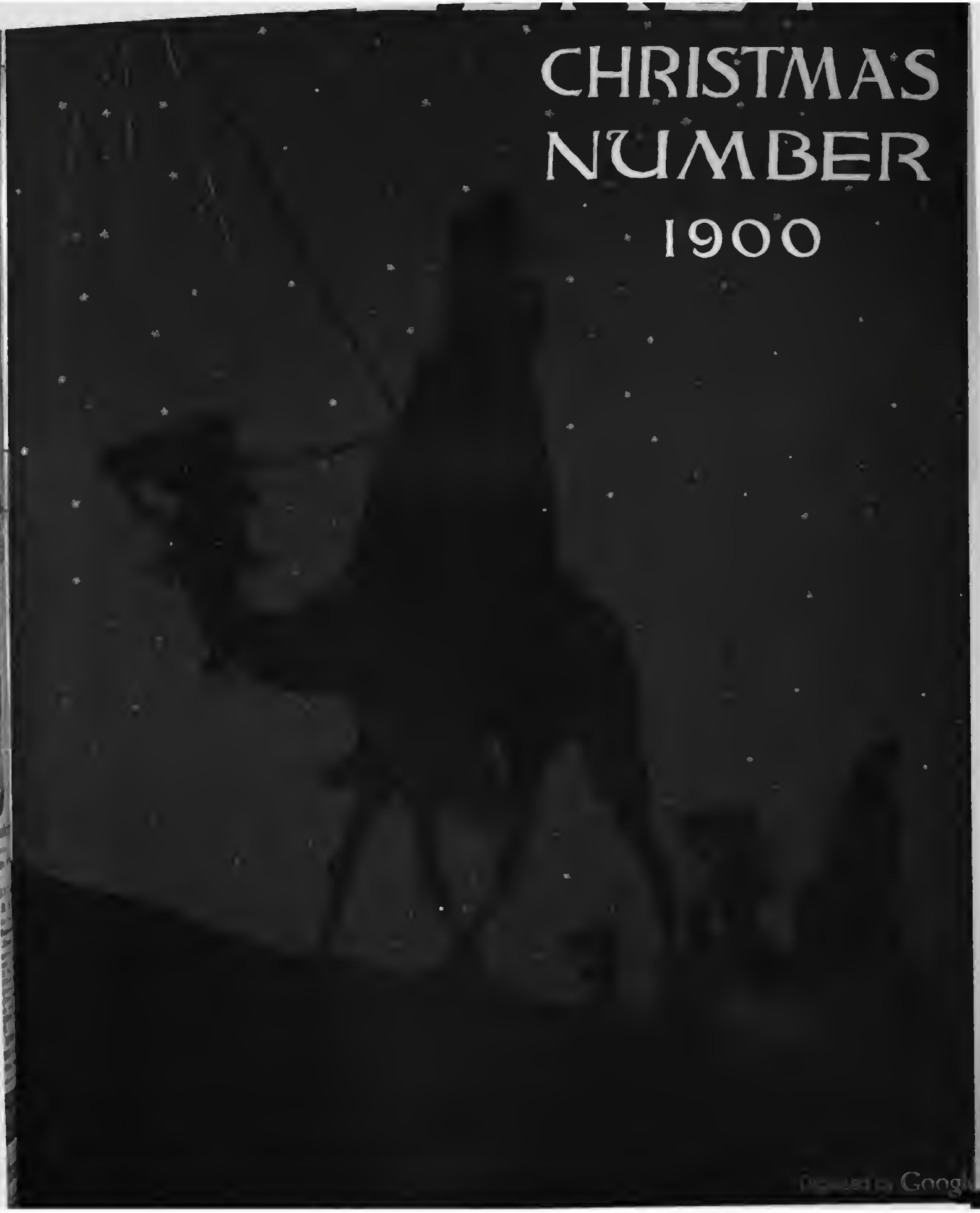

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

FIFTY-TWO PAGES

AND COLORED COVER

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The Holidays

IT is pleasing to think that, in spite of the lowering presages of the summer, the spirit that is to be abroad during the holiday season, now beginning, is rather that of Tiny Tim than of the godless Bellona. The dark and dreadful portents of July and August appear to have been dispelled, and the prospect of an almost universal adherence to the true spirit of Christmas is gratifyingly bright. If any one had ventured to predict during the trying days of midsummer that the approaching holiday season would be a joyous one, in view of all the anxieties of the hour, we fear his prediction would have been received with a dubious shaking of the head and a hopeless sigh of incredulity. Such an outcome to the apparently endless complications in which the nations of the earth then found themselves involved did not seem possible, and the state of the public mind in all countries was such that even with a clear course of action tending toward peace and good will in view, the task of guiding the various ships of state through the tortuous channels lying before them, without collision, seemed too great a one for any of the great captains of diplomacy then in charge. Yet the unexpected has come about, and day by day the portents of war have grown less ominous, and as we indicated in these columns several weeks ago, the Dawn of Peace has come. It seems to have come, too, at the psychological moment, for at no time in history could it be more welcome or bring greater relief to those who have the general welfare of humanity at heart. In all our rejoicements over the unexpected development, however, we must not forget that the dawning brings with it a duty which may not be ignored. Peace has only dawned; it is not yet assured to us as a permanent condition, and without care on the part of all of us to keep its radiance unobscured by the clouds of discord all that now promises to be bright may yet be made hopelessly dark again. It is one of the established facts of life that we all have to yield a little to others, and to give up something of our own for the sake of the general happiness of those with whom we come into contact, and it would seem as if to-day, almost more than at any other time, in this generation at least, we should be able to do this with the best of grace. That instead of a world of conflict we are able to-day to look upon a smiling earth is in itself so great a dispensation that we should all be more than willing to make any personal sacrifice, not involving a conviction, that will conduce to the serenity and content of our fellow-men; and if this spirit be found to be the guiding one among the governed, it will not be long before it will become potential in the councils of our rulers or of the administrators of our public business. Whether they do it well or ill, whether they be despots or constitutional monarchs or presidents, the work of those who have been set in high places is the outward and visible sign of the will of the masses. No ruling hand to-day among civilized nations is so incautiously put to the wheel as to turn the "Bless Us, Every One," will have been answered in richest manner.

WE wish the reaction of feeling which has set in over the restoration of peace might result in the bringing back to us of the old-time Christmas—not only climatic, but spiritual. With the departure of the Christmas snow-drift, and the substitution therefor of the green Christmas minus its fat attachment, there has come also a sophistication among the young which takes away from the celebration of the festival much of its old-time charm.

As to Santa Claus

An inevitable result of the changes in climate to which we have been subjected has, of course, been the elimination of the reindeer and the sleigh as a part of the appanage of Santa Claus; but there is no good reason why, for the same cause, Santa Claus himself should be dispensed with. That dear old gentleman, as we knew him of old, had too much adaptability properly to be relegated to the order of archaic things on a mere question of meteorological conditions. He was not a fair-weather friend; he was not a snow-goblin; his promise was not that he would come to us weather permitting: rain or shine, snow or thaw, we knew that he would be on hand at the proper time with his full quota of gifts, and it is not an achievement of the century in which we can take any pride whatsoever that in many quarters we appear to have dispensed with his services altogether. It would, of course, shock many sensibilities if the modern artist were to depict his arrival upon the roofs of men in an airship of the ZEPPELIN order; we fancy that a picture of his roly-poly highness approaching the homes he was about to bless in an automobile or a hansom-cab would grate upon many a sensitive soul—but it is far better that we should accept even this than that we should suffer that fine old symbol of the spirit of kindliness and generosity and human sympathy to be taken from the pedestal of love upon which it has stood for so many years and hidden in some cold-storage house of a material age, there to be forever forgotten. We know that there are many high-minded and well-meaning souls who advocate the abolition of the dear old saint from the calendar of life, but we think they miss the real point when they do this. That Santa Claus is a myth, and should therefore not be treated as a reality, is their argument, and they would have us teach our children that he is a lie, forgetting that it is through ideals, after all, that we convey the noblest, most uplifting, and most permanently elevating lessons to the minds of the little ones. No man, for instance, is the great and powerful individual his worshipping son thinks him; and yet it is good that the little chap's conception of that paternal myth should be left undisturbed, and he who would drag down that ideal to the level of the actual facts would be doing a wrong to the child, and at the same time would take away from the father one of the great incentives to correct and upright living, and the final fulfilment of all his powers. No normal boy was ever harmed by thinking his poor miserable father the finest thing that ever was or ever could be; equally true is it that no properly constituted little one ever gained aught that was detrimental by a contemplation of the virtues and a faith in the reality of the ideal figure that symbolizes the spirit of the yule-tide.

Give us back our Santa Claus before it is too late, and spare the children at least that "higher criticism" which destroys ideals and lays bare all the material facts of life without giving us anything in return to relieve or soften their ugliness.

WE are minded at this moment to say a word political, although we are very well aware that politics in such a number as this should be barred. Nevertheless, there is no more proper time or place than this in which to recommend to some one of our great parties—we care little which—the incorporation in its platform of a plank regulating one provision of our postal service.

Some Possible Legislation

We understand that a generous-hearted Philadelphia editor applied some years ago to the [illegible] held for the required length of time, all of Mr. Claus's mail will be sent to the Dead-Letter Office at Washington, there ultimately to go the way of all dead things.

No doubt the postal authorities did the correct thing in the absence of a special provision of the law permitting them to do otherwise; and there are thousands of men in this country to-day who would note with regret any provision of the postal regulations by which their mail might be delivered to unauthorized parties; but, bad as special legislation usually is, here is a case in which no harm could be done, and much happiness would result from a special act officially recognizing Santa Claus as a person capable of receiving letters, but, because of his physical absence from the country, requiring to be represented by agents who would carry out his policy. Certain details would, of course, have to be considered. To whom, for instance, in the absence of credentials properly recognizable, should Santa Claus's mail be delivered? Well, we should say to the highest bidder in toys, not in dollars. People who want dollars do not go to Santa Claus for them; he has none to give; he coins not silver and gold, but good will, and peace, and human sympathy. Those who want red wagons, and tin soldiers, and rag dolls, on the other hand, find him their chief source of supply, and when they draw on him at sight, if confidence is to be maintained, he must respond. Therefore the man or the corporation putting in the highest bid in the commodity which is the standard of value among the citizens most affected should receive the privileges sought.

If neither of the great parties chooses to take a hand in this matter, deeming anything of the kind too trivial for consideration because the individuals most concerned are not yet voters, perhaps some member of Congress will forget the solemnity of his office, and remembering only the beauty of his opportunity, will introduce a bill at the coming session to meet the peculiar requirements of the situation, which should, if it actually does not, endear him to thousands of little ones who live in hope, and many of whom, it is to be feared, are doomed to disappointment.

The Free Coinage of Toys is a principle upon which no man need fear to go before the country.

PERHAPS a simpler method of relieving the situation would be for a number of generously disposed citizens to seize upon and hold for their own philanthropic purposes the name of Santa Claus. We are not aware that the title has ever been copyrighted. In any event, no one has as yet taken out a license to do business under the corporate name of "The Santa Claus Company,"

A Christmas Suggestion

and there is really no good reason why this should not be done. The enterprise would afford an opportunity to those who are embarrassed with a constantly increasing store of ready cash, for which there is no immediate investment, to rid themselves of a goodly portion thereof upon the most profitable basis—a basis which would pay dividends in good will, the like of which no number of dollars could measure. As the material body of the beloved saint, this company would be properly authorized to receive all mail addressed to him, and to attend to such requests contained therein as should seem worthy. A corporation of this nature would have the added value of realizing the ideal, of making the beautiful abstraction a concrete thing, so that the good souls to whom we have already referred, who stand appalled at the faith of the children in the myth, would no longer have any cause for their misgivings.

The precise value of the work of such an organization in the distribution of longed-for toys in quarters where the coming of Christmas brings little cheer will be apparent to any man who will take the trouble to visit almost any of the over-crowded tenements in any one of our cities, large or small; and no one who has ever seen a dreary little face brighten in the presence of an unexpected gift of no more than a penny's value will for a moment question the gladness and the sunshine which such an institution on the most meagre of capital could bring into the dark places of life.

CHRISTMAS

BY A. C. WHEELER

THOSE of us who began life in American homes never had any theories and never advanced any arguments about Christmas. It was one of the things that we accepted implicitly. As we grew up and gave way to the insatiate desire for "some new thing," we took good care not to meddle with the archaic conditions of that day, for Christmas was sure to come out in any transcription, the old, old story. It retained for us many of its childhood aspects to the last. Very many essays were written every year to tell what we had done in all the centuries with the day, but we hardly ventured to tell what the day had done for us. If we came to the mountains of tradition with sharpened critical faculties, we found this central peak, which "was from the foundations," still lifting its snowy purity above the great ranges of history and melting softly into the mysterious azure. Those of us who dared to look back along the earlier paths of our careers, always saw Love falling into the arms of Faith and agreeing to ask no questions for one day. It was a very old business, but it was storied and garlanded with some precious emotions. Other days we had which we gave to our friends or our country. They had forums and chapleted statues and communal greetings and bannered processions. But on one day we went in to our own and shut the door, so that, listening to the children, "we became as one of these."

Christmas always in our calendar observances kept its original starlight, and always preserved for us the suggestion of a great birthright, with hearth stones and family altars and aural flames lit in storied corners. We wandered very wide during the year, but we always wanted to go home for Christmas, carrying our votive offerings and laying them obediently on old altars. Jolly returns those were, just a little flavor of the prodigal in them, notwithstanding that the fatted calf had given way to the fatted turkey. It was expected on those occasions that all the family rancors should be put away. If there was a picture turned in the wall, it always seemed to "the old woman" that unseen hands turned it round again and it looked down with the trustfulness and promise of a lost childhood through this tenor of God. The merry-making was an unobtrusive reversion of the Epicurean doctrine. Even the most godless of us relaxed hopefully in obedience to the new injunction, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we live."

So it was that Christmas, with its august spiritual mysteries reaching into infinity, spread these holy trysting-places along the valley and the shadow, and the sweet waters bubbled up and some imperishable blossoms of the heart disclosed themselves in the warmth of our fires and beautifully grew.

Our chronology of the day was often very vague. Our traditions of its place and circumstance might cross and confuse each other, and the holy spots of the story that we would have kept for pious pilgrimages had been swept by the recurrent waves of man's desolation. "Peace on earth and good will to men" had no imperishable bronze. The angel choir went away thousands of years ago. But Olivet still stands, and the Paschal moon still comes up over its broad shoulder, throwing the same immemorial shadows across Gethsemane at the bottom, and pouring its radiance over the scene of the Ascent at the top. If we can no longer hear the harps in the air it is because "neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem, but in the hearts of men" was the strain to lodge, and the sweet coercion of it was to turn all eyes upward. When Olivet is torn up and rent into the sea that strain will still cling round the hopes of men and utter itself in children's voices, stopping the pace of life itself as we listen for one day.

If you have no Christmas returnings—why not call them retrocessions?—then are you an estimable but bereaved pagan, for you can never know of the "unsearchable" riches of them, and are ignorant of the sweet sorrows and spontaneous renewals and unspoken faulties, with boy choirs in the air. Those were the pilgrimages which our devotee instincts made to the mangers in our experience. We went backward to be merry, and we felt the radiance if we did not see the star.

Even the reproaches of that day were like scars that remain from the wounds inflicted by a friend. The children who went home for Christmas and then went out again into the world dragged a fine golden chain after them, and they felt it tugging at their hearts for years—until it fell apart; and even then, like the veteran who has lost a leg, they felt some occasional twinges come over it, as if there were a finer chain underneath that did not quite fall apart, and we never grew so old that we did not go home for Christmas in our imaginations. When the hard facts of life had worn away most of the truths that decked themselves in childish illusions, there was one soft spot very deep in our recollections where wood fires were still burning. Many of us had carried the torch of life on and lit some new flames, about which we gathered in fresh groups. But you shall say if the new radiance did not light up some empty ancestral shrines and bring sweet melancholy to sit pensively by the side of merriment. We would not tear away the little sadnesses that cling about our lost Christmases. They are the human specule of our transcendently human holiday. The "child that unto us is born" is inextricably woven into the processes of our lives. Unlike the beautiful Hebrew Eros—that finite child of the imagination—our Birthday carried in its arms the Infant of the ages, enwrapped in the pangs of flesh; real with the sorrows of our lot, but eloquent with the new syllogism of love, whose subject is the Fatherhood of God, whose object is the sacred maternity of woman, and whose predicate is the everlasting renewal of childhood. These, dimly perceived perhaps, were the deeper sympathies and the inscrutable hopes that hung about us when we went home for Christmas, there to be told in inarticulate words of our passing humanity and our eternal birthright.

I think the homely reproaches of those returns came trooping back into our memories softly. If there were no ghosts in Christmas it would be as prosaic and new as any other festival. I suppose the "old woman" comes into it silently in her black silk frock and sits there with her hands crossed in spite of us, as if to remind us that on our mortal side Christmas begins with woman, or it may be only to touch us with gentle reminders of the inexpressible sadness and mystery of life itself, without a peak of Ascension.

I wonder how many old women there were who baked and toasted and then sat waiting in their black silk frocks for the broods to come back on Christmas—the broods that never came. Not many, I hope. There was a finer sorrow reserved for the mothers, and it was to have them come. Certain it is that a holy pathos settled over it as we contemplated it afterwards. We remembered then that the "old woman" could not be as merry as we were. She had little disappointments that she hid from us. How plainly we understood them, after the old silk frock was put away in the cedar chest for the last time! How she must have worked for days with what remained of her skill, to renew the old foolishnesses against the coming! She put brandy in one of her mince pies because John had always liked it, and she left it out of another because Molly always "abominated it." She tried to coax her old gray hair into the three short curls again, which, all of the children would remember, danced in their young faces when she kissed them and sent them off to school. To that tired old heart there was a private joy in stirring these forgotten embers and sitting by the fireside of her mother's love. I dare say, if she was a New England mother, she made a batch of crullers with her own hands, and put them in the same old crock in the pantry, where Frank used to go slyly and steal them away. How often she found the crumbs in between the sheets in the morning, and never mentioned it! She would cook them herself because Frank liked them of "a nice cinnamon brown." It was not quite comprehensible to her that Frank could get beyond the cruller stage, and when she took him to the pantry and potated, with some flaming up of her old pride, to the crock, she thought that he could at least have made a pretence of his former zest for her sake. But Frank probably laughed carelessly, and said "All right, mother," and went away without thinking of them again, until—well, until he saw the tired old wrists crossed and tied with a white ribbon. Then he wondered why he did not grant her that poor little favor. If he could only have the chance again he would eat all the crullers and sing their praises to the world.

Doubtless when the brood had all gone in different ways again the old man and the old woman fell more lonely than usual. Some of us had brought grandchildren with us, and it was understood that they were to make "a glad noise." But it hardly occurred to us that the heads of the old folk must have ached. It was part of the duty of the day to make merry. The day itself embodied an immeasurable gift. We could not grasp it with our finite reason, so we revelled in it with our finite heart. With such poor largesse as was in us, we let in the venerable myth of Kriss Kringle. We saw the marks on the old chimney-piece where we had hung our stockings. Our children should hang theirs in the same place. On one other day would we have forgiven ourselves that weakness. But Santa Claus should still come through the smoky flue, unsoiled, and pour out his cornucopia—because—well, because something inestimable had at some time come unsullied through the lowliest channel to all of us. So did we in our clumsy imaginings try to picture forth the giving, and always preferred to think that our good genii would like to come down where the smoke of our fires had gone up.

In those old homes Christmas was never explained away. We let the Kriss Kringle myth take care of itself and grew out of a fantasy into a symbol, and it was very beautiful to see how the fairy part of it—which was only an effort of our kindly fancy to make the superabundant gift of Heaven concrete to little minds—grew to be clearly understood and was carried on to the next generation without any commentaries or foot notes. Christmas could not have retained its distinctively merry character if we had driven all the ghosts out of it that we had invited into it. They were such kindly, beneficent ghosts. They always forgot that one of the family was a black sheep. They poured their frankincense down the chimney upon the just and the unjust alike, and were very apt to hang some sly laurel on the picture that was turned to the wall. And so, when all the banshees and fairies of our other days went away like that angel choir, we clung to Santa Claus without rhyme or reason, as if his old presents came suddenly to light in our bleak retrospect, and we could not help hanging up a stocking in our maturer faith, with the precious old confidence that it would be filled in spite of all our miserable shortcomings. That in the doing of all this it should somehow set itself to the chimes of young voices—that bubbling forth of the pristine nature—seemed afterwards like the verification of a fairy story that was imbedded in our very consanguinity. But why say a fairy story, when the prescient eye of the Prophet reached one own far boundaries of life and said, "But when he seeth his children, the work of mine hands, in the midst of him, they shall sanctify my name"?

The eve of Christmas always had for us a preludium of little feet. All at once the most sordid and selfish of us felt round instinctively in the dark of our careers for the little hands that were sure to be opening out expectantly into the mystery of life. Somewhere in the dreary calendars of Getting there was one day when we Gave. And that day, to an orphan race, had a cradle in the sky. Mortality, enmeled with death, stopped there and sang of a birth. What wonder that we were merry on such a precreant festival of life, and that all the vital exuberances came out in joyful noises, and we went home for Christmas, trooping back to our origins with a lost song of Nativity stirring again under all our stale faculties, and a deep, soft consciousness flooding us that the amplitude of peace and good will that came down the chimneys came down also on the star-beams over the wide, wide world!

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THE SANTA CLAUS OF THE SEA.

Drawn by F. Strothmann.

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THE CHRISTMAS 'POSSUM.

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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THE ARMY WAR COLLEGE

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

WHEN Secretary Root, in his annual report for 1899, recommended the founding of a war college for the army, a vision rose in the minds of Congress of imposing piles of granite and marble, a vast campus, a gray-locked faculty in cloaks and chapeaux, and a congregation of students glittering in blue and gold, whose boisterous spirits would have to be kept in check by some system of monitorial discipline. The assurance that all this must mean an immediate investment of several more millions and a large addition to the permanent appropriations cast a damper upon the subject at its first suggestion, especially as a general election was impending; so that a sense of glad relief greeted the Secretary's modest request for twenty thousand dollars. It was realized, of course, that this sum was only a provision for the preliminary arrangements, but it was accepted as an earnest that the proposed institution was not to be a mere guide-post on a new road to national bankruptcy.

The fact is, the plans for the war college include scarcely any of the material accessories of a modern university plant. The intimations at first put forth in enthusiastic newspaper articles that the college would be "built" at this place or that, with speculations on the social disadvantages of one site and the climatic advantages of another, were soon proved to have been premature. When it appeared that the institution would be not a mere service school, but rather a central seat of expert authority on great questions of military science, and that the officers detailed for attendance as students would not be put like boys through routine drills in class-rooms and recitation-halls, it became plain that Washington was its natural home. At the capital are now grouped the heads of all the staff bureaus and departments which handle the machinery of war. The Secretary's plan would utilize these men as a corps of instructors, probably with Brigadier-General William Ludlow, of the Engineers, at their head, and fill the quota of students by selection from the most promising of the younger officers in all branches who have had five years of regular service and who wish to complete their higher professional education. As for the work of the college, its chief features would be two: the collection of information and the solution of problems in strategy. The ground work of a complete system for acquiring and classifying data of the world's advancement in martial matters already exists in the Military Information division of the Adjutant General's office. Here may be found the latest statistics of the armed strength of the several civilized powers, their methods of recruiting armies, and of equipping, feeding, and transporting troops; the progress of invention in weapons, ammunition, and engineering; the geography and topography of other countries, as well as of our own, with particular reference to offensive and defensive movements, and the like. In the domain of strategy belongs the broader consideration of questions arising in warfare, the conduct of military operations as distinguished from the mere management of a force of men, and field manœuvres on a large scale in the presence of an enemy.

Theory and practice are two different things. In war as elsewhere; but military science is now reduced to so fine a point that, given certain factors, it is possible to map out a campaign as the skilled chess-player maps out a game, foreseeing in fancy the moves his adversary may make, and preparing to prevent one and offset another, so as either to bring about a decisive victory or to insure defeat against too serious consequences. War is no longer, in our time, an effort to see which of two combatants can destroy the more lives and property, but a struggle on the part of the aggressive force to gain a certain end with the least practicable expenditure of blood and money, and on the part of the defensive force to raise every possible obstacle to the accomplishment of this purpose. It is not so far out of the question, therefore, as it might appear at a first glance, to set and solve the main problems of war on paper. We saw in the splendid achievements of our navy in 1898 the fruits of this very line of theoretic study, which had been conducted for some years at the Naval War College at Newport; and the conditions of warfare on land are so much more constant and the elements which enter into it so much simpler than those of warfare on the sea, that it would be reasonable to expect equal results from a corresponding course of preparation for the army.

Tributary to this general scheme, the college would naturally make a study of means for the effective co-operation of army and navy in time of war. The lack of such co-operation undoubtedly caused a perilous delay at Santiago two years ago, and that it was not attended by disastrous results was due largely to the bad judgment of the enemy. The next foe who confronts us may be wiser and stronger, so that we cannot afford to take like chances again. Then, we have to thank the good fortune which has stood by our republic for a hundred years that no powerful enemy has taught us by painful lessons the folly of being without any comprehensive plan for the national defence. We never organized an instructed reserve to support the toy army with which we got along for nearly fifty years at one stretch and for thirty at another. At the outbreak of the war with Spain our military authorities had not in mind a site for a general rendezvous, or any notion of what points were best fitted by their surroundings, natural resources, and accessibility for training camps. Mobilization, which in most countries to-day is studied with as much care for detail as building houses or boring tunnels, was practically an unknown art to us when Minister Polo received his passports. Though boasting a militia one hundred thousand strong, the crisis of 1898 found us without means to convert it bodily into a fighting force for the nation, its enlistment, drill, and discipline having been left almost wholly to the States, where its organization was in the main on social rather than on martial lines.

From what has been said, it appears that the field of usefulness open to the war college is almost limitless. By bringing together as instructors the ablest and most successful officers of all branches of both line and staff, and as students those members of the junior group who have proved themselves exceptionally capable, there would be addressed to each problem as it arose an ideal combination of experience and invention. The older men could tell what devices had been tested and with what varying results, while the younger men, their fresh minds stimulated to suggestion, would supply an element of the highest value in such councils. Mr. Root's plan, however, contemplates a continual infusion of fresh blood into the corps of instructors by limiting their details to four years, and making an instructor ineligible to reassignment till after two years of other duty.

Thus far we have viewed the war college only in its aspect as an institution of learning; but it has another—as a consulting body to which the Secretary of War can turn in emergencies for information or advice. Notwithstanding the rotation in its personnel, it would be a permanent or continuing body, like the United States Senate, or one of the higher courts of law, or a corporation with an unlimited charter in the business world. It could keep fully abreast of the times in the art of war, and revise its own estimates and conclusions so as to adapt them to changed conditions without impairing its stability as an expert tribunal. Presidents might come and Secretaries go at comparatively brief intervals, subject to the whims of popular politics; but the college could continue its work without interruption as the brains of the military establishment, no matter what fate befell the physical members.

The project of a war college is not a new one with our army. For several years the more experienced officers, and those who have studied foreign military systems, have deplored our lack of such an institution, but the time has not seemed ripe for a beginning in the concrete. Possibly this has not been an unqualified misfortune. Neither Congress nor people were prepared to appreciate a war college till they knew more about real war than they did two years ago. Nor has the interval of peace since Appomattox been wholly barren of improved educational facilities for the army. Not only has the curriculum at West Point been strengthened in various directions, but officers in the field have received special instruction in both theory and practice at the several service schools, of which the oldest and best known is that at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, established in the winter of 1881-82. One of the last official acts of General Sherman before his retirement was to set this school in motion, and he lived to see it graduate five classes. It was at first styled a "School of Application for Cavalry and Infantry," and doubtless intended to make theoretical instruction secondary to practical application. This is indicated in a letter which Sherman wrote to Sheridan under date of November 22, 1881:

"I want this new school to start up with the doctrine that service with troops in the field, in time of peace, is the most honourable of all, and the best possible preparation for high command when war does come, as it always does, suddenly. I don't want to meddle with this new school, or to have it the subject of legislation, because, if this is done, it will, like West Point, be made political, and taken out of our control.

"The school should form a model post like Gibraltar, with duty done as though in actual war, and instruction by books to be made secondary to drill, guard duty, and the usual forms of a well-regulated garrison."

In 1886 the name was changed to "United States Infantry and Cavalry School." It had been discovered that without a thorough knowledge of theory practical application was valueless; hence the new title and the reorganization on a better basis.

This school has had in its faculty a number of men well known to the public outside of military life. Its first commandant was Elwell S. Otis, recently Governor and commander of the United States troops in the Philippines; another was the late General Thomas H. Ruger, then colonel of the Eighteenth Infantry; still another was Colonel Alexander McDowell McCook, of the Sixth Infantry. The number of students has ranged of late years between forty and fifty, comprising at least one lieutenant from each regiment of infantry and cavalry.

The large reservation at Fort Leavenworth affords peculiar advantages for the solution of military problems in the field, and is an ideal spot for practice in topographical work, such as surveying, mounted road and position sketching, construction of field works, use of range-finders, field telegraphy, and the like. Moreover, its central location makes it readily accessible from all parts of the country.

The main object of the institution, when it was founded, was to remedy the educational defects of certain officers appointed from civil life or promoted from the ranks, and accordingly the members of the earliest classes were examined, on reporting for duty, in grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, algebra, and geometry. Those who showed themselves proficient in everything were assigned to the first class, and the rest to the second, where the bulk of the work was merely a somewhat advanced study of the same branches, together with rudiments of military and international law, surveying, signalling, telegraphy, etc. It soon became plain, however, that it was a waste of energy and time to try to pull inefficient officers abreast of those who were capable. So the assignments were limited to promising men, the common-school studies were dropped, the student officers were grouped in one class, whose course was extended through two years, with semi-annual examinations, and systematized practical instruction in minor tactics was introduced for the first time in the United States.

As an illustration of the thoroughness of the work done, the school is divided into seven departments: military art, engineering, law, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and military hygiene. In the department of military art the student is instructed in military policy and institutions, strategy, tactics, mixed operations, military geography, military administration, didactic study of campaigns and battles, and practical tactical exercises and Kriegspiel; in engineering he studies plane surveying and military topography, field fortification, field engineering, signalling, range and position finding, building superintendence, and photography, and so on. The grading for merit is on a scale of three—distinguished, proficient, and deficient. Each student who passes through a course successfully receives a diploma signed by the commandant and staff. Those students who stand at the head of a class at graduation are known as "honor graduates." A record is kept of the name of every student showing marked proficiency and entitled to honors, and the professional employments for which he appears especially qualified.

Besides the Fort Leavenworth school, there is one for artillery at Fort Monroe, Virginia, one for cavalry and light artillery at Fort Riley, Kansas, and one for engineers at Willets Point, New York. The war with Spain and its sequel in the Philippines have absorbed all the available officers and left none to act either as instructors or as pupils. When more peaceful conditions return exercises at the service schools will be revived. The schools will cease, however, to work independently, and will be incorporated into the war colleges as civil colleges are grouped in a university. It is probable that the sifting of the junior officers, and the selection of those who shall be detailed as students at the Washington headquarters of the war college, will be made from the graduate ranks of the service schools. Every full graduate of the war college will receive a certificate of proficiency signed by the President and Secretary of War, and have this distinction indicated in the Army Register; and when the next war occurs it will be from these honor men, with due regard to the specialties in which they have made their mark, that the President will choose the handful of officers needed for the chief places of responsibility.

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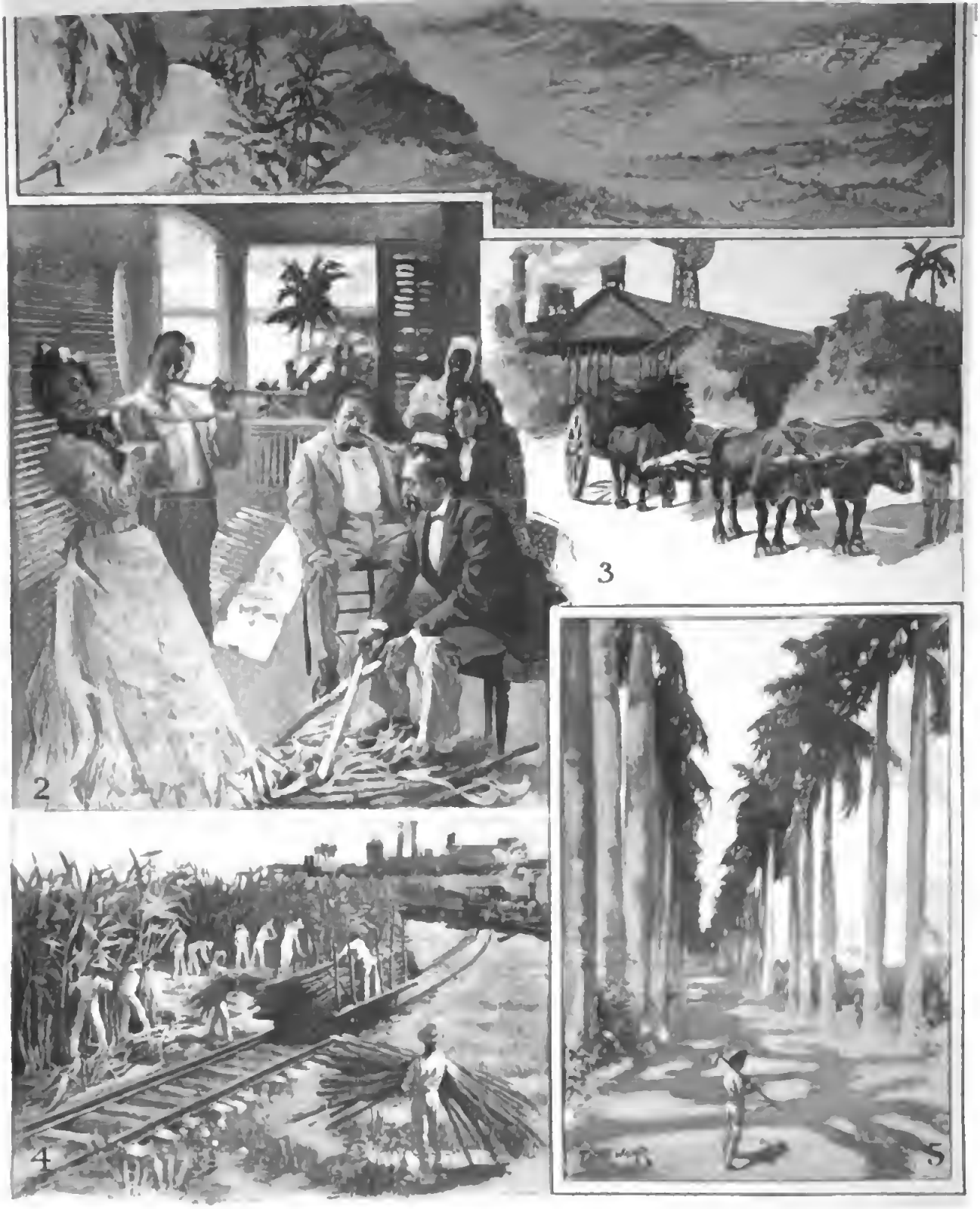

WINTER IN PORTO RICO—SUGAR-MAKING

1. Bird's-Eye View of the Lowlands on the Southern Coast of the Island, almost wholly devoted to Sugar-planting. 2. Tasting the freshly cut Sugar-Cane. 3. Carrying Sugar-Cane to the Mill. 4. Modern Methods for quickly handling a big Crop. 5. A typical Approach to the House of a rich Porto Rican.

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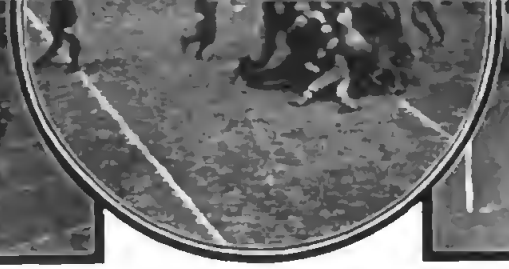
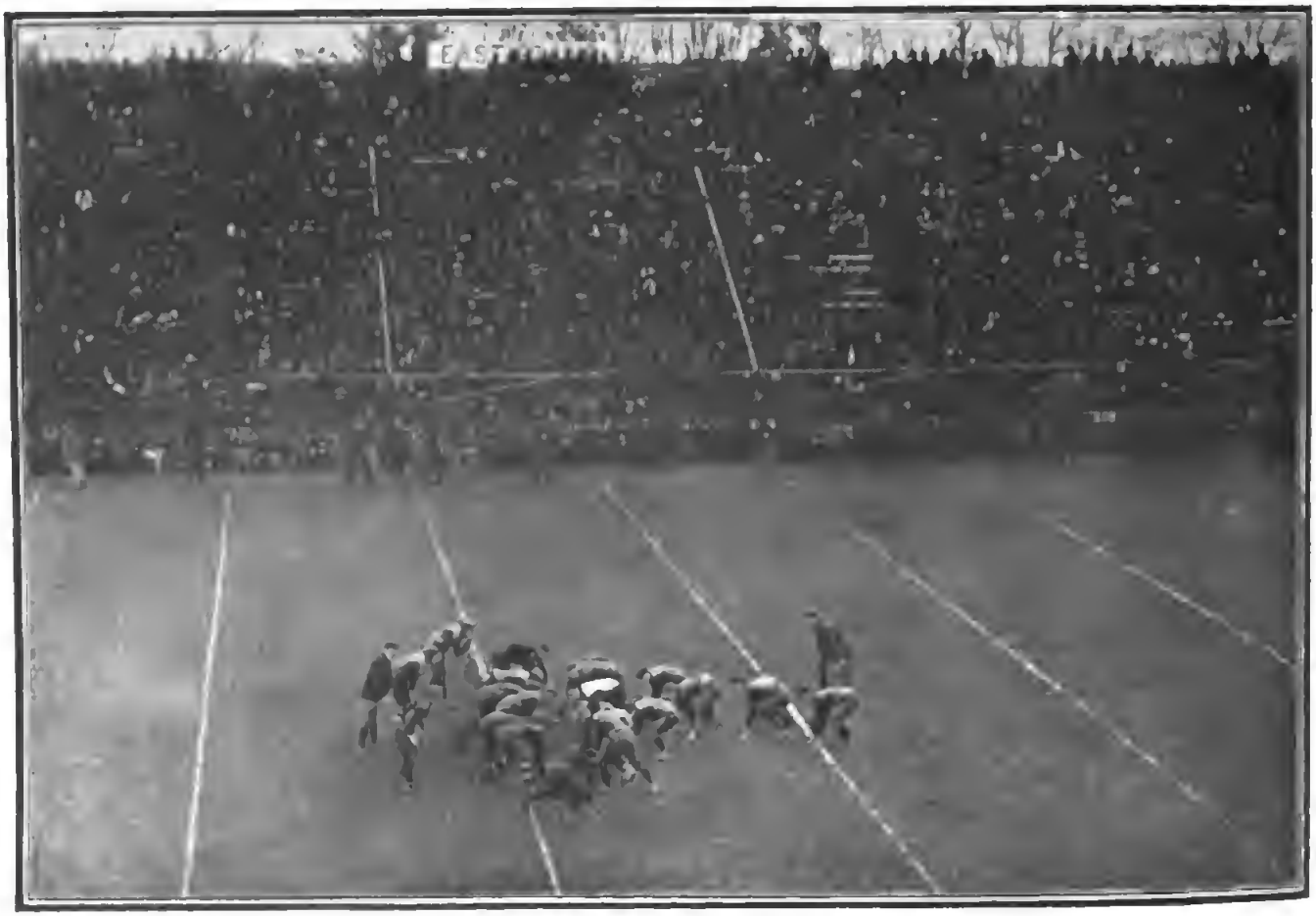
Ellis, Harvard, Punting out.



Yale's perfect Defence.

Yale making the first Touch-down.



Yale's "Tackles-back" Formation,— the Play that won the Game.

Hale, Yale, Kicking the first Goal.

A Yale Play around the End.

THE HARVARD-YALE FOOTBALL GAME, NEW HAVEN, NOVEMBER 24, 1900.

Yale 28, Harvard 0.

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A [illegible] and [illegible] many newspaper paragraphs, all extolling him and holding him up to public admiration, Mark Twain says that he is almost persuaded that he is as excellent a person as his admirers make out. One should not always believe all one hears or reads about one's self. Uptown at this writing they are taking down Cousin George Dewey's arch, though Cousin George himself has been left standing, and has stout legs and a glorious record to support him. If he had ever believed that he was as egregious a demigod as public clamor at one time insisted that he was, he might grieve at the arch's disappearance, whereas, as it is, he probably rejoices to see it go, because it makes it possible for him to come to town without embarrassment. As for our brother Mark, all that has been said in his praise seems not to have persuaded him that his record is complete or his obligations to society fulfilled. He has come home from Europe with new ideas of public duty, which he has illustrated by lodging a complaint against a cabman who charged him $1 50 for a service that one dollar should have paid for. Other folks in New York don't do that sort of thing because it is too much trouble and takes too much time. If they did, public confidence in cab-drivers would be greatly stimulated and public patronage of cabs would increase.

SEVERAL years ago the authorities of Harvard University deliberately set about trying to make academic distinctions more honorable and better worth winning. The fame of the university athletes so completely eclipsed the fame of the university scholars that it was felt that something ought to be done to make honors easier. In pursuance of a plan then formed and since pursued a public meeting was held the other night (November 21) in the Sanders Theatre, at which announcement was made of all the intellectual goals that had been hacked during the last twelve months. The lists of scholars of the first group and of the various prize winners were published, and Senator Hoar made a speech. He told the young men what a good thing a liberal education was, and how it mitigated the drawbacks of poverty, sickness, and inherited wealth. High thinking, he said, was expected in high places; the work of educated men had to be done with the brain, and football and athletics, though manly sports, belong to the period of youth and do not develop the brain. He said we heard much nowadays of the strenuous life, and intimated that we heard too much of it. To fill high places one had to command good English—good speaking, the use of a foreign tongue, and good reasoning, and these things college men usually got in college if they got them at all. "The great things," said the Senator, "are done by men of ordinary, natural capacity, who have done their best; done their best by never wasting time."

FOOTBALL is not nearly as much disparaged as it was four or five years ago. It has won its place clearly enough, and is held in immense esteem. Yet the public attitude towards it seems to have grown healthier, and the game itself is somewhat healthier than it was. Most observers will agree that it is a good game for nearly all little boys, and for a good many big ones; but, as Senator Hoar says, it belongs to the period of youth. As played by selected lads of twenty and upwards it seems to call for an enormous expenditure of energy, and the energy is of a sort that one would estimate in horse-powers, rather than in terms suited to measure mental things. Some parents doubtless grudge so great an expenditure of their sons' strength in the attainment of mere physical velocity and force of impact, but everything is comparative, and one cannot say that any given lad is wasting himself on football without considering what he is getting, and in what direction his energies would be likely to turn if they were withdrawn from the gridiron. Even if it is true that the game doesn't develop the brain—and that may be disputed—that need not condemn it, for the brain may have its turn at development after Thanksgiving every year, and the qualities that football is supposed to develop—resolution, courage, energy, good temper—would be worth some sacrifice of brain development to acquire. So far as the game makes character it is worth the time and strength it takes, no matter what they are borrowed from. So far as it promotes health and strength it is worth a good deal. So far as it keeps impetuous youth out of mischief and dissipation it is highly useful. If it gets its own and no more there is nothing to complain of. Parents whose sons are on a university football team might as well take it for granted that it was in the lads and had to come out, and parents whose sons don't play may remember cheerfully that there are other good things to do.

HORSE SHOW week in New York was marked in Boston by a vote of the corporation of Harvard to receive no new students in veterinary medicine until further orders. The natural inference from this action is that the automobile is making its presence felt, and that the business of the vets is drifting away in the direction of the machine-shop. That, however, is a rash conclusion. It seems that the Harvard Veterinary School, which has existed for eighteen years, has never had an endowment, and has drawn pretty heavily [illegible] years so the university comes to make ends meet. The school has done well in all particulars except in raising up for itself powerful friends to take a strong, practical pecuniary interest in its continuance. If some one will endow it it will doubtless go on. If not, it will carry its present students through their courses, which will take until June, 1903, and then probably shut up shop. Harvard has never before abandoned a professional school that it had once established. There must be something in the fear of automobile competition in this case.

THERE are several exceptionally interesting items of college news. Dr. D. C. Gilman, for twenty-five years President of Johns Hopkins University, has given notice to his trustees that he has served them as long as he thinks he should, and will soon send in his resignation, to take effect next June. It is a fairly good time for a college President to resign, because there are not just now many Presidencies vacant, but there is probably no time when it would not be a pretty serious problem to fill Dr. Gilman's place. He has been exceedingly successful in his administration at Johns Hopkins. He was born in Connecticut in 1831, graduated at Yale in 1852, devoted five more years to study in New Haven and Europe, became a Yale professor, superintendent of the public schools of New Haven, superintendent of the public schools of Connecticut, and in 1872 President of the University of California. From there three years later he came to Baltimore to help in the organization of Johns Hopkins and to become its President. He has stuck by it ever since, and contributed more than any one else to make it famous for its services to advanced education and learned research. His public services, too, have been many and important. He served in 1880 on the Venezuela Boundary Commission, and in 1897 on the commission to draft a new charter for Baltimore. He was a judge at the Centennial Fair in 1876, and has been President of the Board of Trustees of the Slater Fund for the Education of Negroes, a trustee of the Peabody Fund, President of the American Social Science Association, and of the American Oriental Society, a corresponding member of the British Association, and an officer of public instruction in France. He is a LL.D. of many universities, including Harvard and Yale, and has delivered many important addresses, especially on occasions concerned with education, as at the openings of new colleges. Senator Hoar might well have used him, in his address in Cambridge the other day on the value of scholarship, as an example of a useful scholar. He seems to have shared the feeling of President Dwight of Yale that a college President ought to retire while his vigor still remains unimpaired and before any one is ready to have him go. He will be seventy years old next year; that is one consideration. Another is that he has rounded out a quarter of a century of work; a third consideration which may have influenced him is that Johns Hopkins University is still in a critical condition because of the partial failure of its endowment. Money must be raised for it, and the burden of that labor may well fall on younger shoulders.

THERE is trouble in Stanford University over the resignation of Dr. Edward A. Ross, late Professor of Sociology. He made an address last May in which he advocated stringent restriction of coolie immigration. He has also made addresses in which he has discussed the accumulation of immense fortunes, and the probability that public utilities like railroads would pass for a time into State and municipal control. He believes private control to be the more efficient, but has thought that municipal control would be tried for a time because the people did not seem to be getting a fair share of the wealth that they created. Senator Stanford strongly favored Chinese immigration, and doubtless earnestly disbelieved in municipal control of anything that private enterprise could handle. For that reason Professor Ross's views seem to have scandalized Mrs. Stanford. At any rate, she has held court on the professor's case, and he has lost his job, and there is much resulting discussion in California. Some of his fellow professors are exceedingly displeased, and some of the California newspapers have protested earnestly against his retirement. He is a young man, and is said to be very able, amply trained, severely scientific, and not at all an agitator.

ON November 20 Andover Theological Seminary by unanimous consent of its Visitors and trustees installed Dr. Edward Y. Hincks as Professor of Christian Theology without requiring him to subscribe to the creed of the founders of the seminary. The founders' creed was formulated in 1808, and is expressed in part in language which no longer represents the feelings of most orthodox Congregational Christians on some points of which it treats. The world has moved since that creed was written down, but the creed has not moved with it. Consequently the seminary has had troubles. The men it wanted in its faculty did not want to subscribe to the old creed, and the trustees and Visitors finally declared that the creed was declaratory but not obligatory, and that new professors need not subscribe to it unless they choose. That made trouble, because the trustees and Visitors were not unanimous in their approval of this course, and those who didn't like it insisted that to make the creed of 1808 was to cheat the founders of the seminary. Their course was not approved, either, by all the colleges that fed the seminary, and to the feeling that in spiritual matters the seminary was no longer honest is attributed most of that loss of favor which has resulted in a very serious reducing in the number of its students and in some corresponding loss of income. At last, however, for the first time since the seminary was founded, its trustees and Visitors are all in accord about doctrines.

The colleges of the day, too—Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Harvard, Yale, and others—are in sympathy with the theological bent at Andover, and the seminary hopes that its worst days are past. It has not abolished its old creed. It is part of its history and shall be kept safe in its archives, but the test of professors in future shall not be their ability to swallow whole the creed of 1808, but the conviction of the trustees who elect him and the Visitors who approve the election that he is a man of sound and orthodox principles in divinity.

The Democratic party, which is casting about just now in a heart-searching quest for a new plan of salvation, may learn a useful lesson, if it will, from Andover. Let it put the crime of '73 into the cabinet with the creed of 1808, lock the door, lose the key, and let the dead bury their dead. First an indispensable principle, then a war-cry, then a bugaboo, then a curiosity—that is history of many a queer bit of political or theological junk that one finds labelled on some shelf, and thanks Heaven that it can do no more harm.

MAKING light the heart of play-goers seems not to be as conducive to health and longevity as it ought to be. Sir Arthur Sullivan, who did so very much to make the world innocently happy in his generation, is dead at fifty-eight; Gilbert, his coadjutor, whose rhymes have been better known and more quoted in English-speaking countries than the verses of any other poet except Ira D. Sankey and Mother Goose, is sad and out of health at sixty-four, and when he came a month ago to a revival of "Patience" in London, he was wheeled in a Bath chair. Charles H. Hoyt, our countryman, the successful writer of farce-comedies, who made innumerable persons laugh immoderately, and grew rich in doing it, died on November 20 at his country home in Charleston, New Hampshire, aged forty. To laugh, as we know, is the way to grow fat and live long. To make to laugh is apparently a much more serious business and hard work.

One associates Arthur Sullivan with the humorist, because in practice he so associated himself. There must have been humor in his music or it wouldn't have gone with Gilbert's verses. We know that he could and did write serious music when he chose, that he was a master in his profession, and of so wide and honorable a fame that it is possible his bones may rest in Westminster Abbey. Still, if the work that brought him most of his fame and most of his money determines which group of the immortals he belongs with, into the enviable company of the British humorists he must go. A good man gone! Not since Du Maurier died have we in America lost a friend in England who did so much to make us happy.

CONGRESS will be invited during the present session to increase the salaries of the Assistant Secretaries in the various departments in Washington. It seems an invitation very fit to be acted upon. Take the State Department. Mr. Hay, the Secretary, gets $8000. That sum is so prodigiously disproportionate to the value of the services of a valuable Secretary who can make good deals for trade and keep us out of troublesome and expensive foreign complications, that it seems not to be proposed as yet to meddle with it. But there is Dr. Hill, whose affair it is when Mr. Hay has worked himself sick, to take his place and hold us back from wars and scrapes and conduct our foreign relations. He gets $4000 a year. When bank-tellers in big banks get $4000 a year, we are prone to say "I told you so," after they have sailed away. We think positions of high responsibility and skill should be better paid than that. Dr. Hill ought to get $10,000. It is proposed to pay him $6000. That would be better than $4000. Then there is Mr. Adee, the Second Assistant Secretary of State, a man of vast experience and varied erudition, who knows more about what has been done by the department in time past and how whatever is to be done should be done than any one else. Mr. Adee gets $3500 or $4000. Whichever it is, it isn't enough. Congress should beg Mr. Adee to accept from $6000 to $10,000 annually.

Very likely the most businesslike way would be to have all the departments, and the Post-Office Department especially, run by syndicates or stock companies, who would doubtless give us better results for less money than we pay now. Think what an able corporation like Standard Oil would do with the Post-Office business, and what dividends it would get out of it, and what a vast improvement and cheapening of the service there would be! But if we should arrange matters on that plan, depend upon it the companies that managed the departments would employ highly competent submanagers and would pay them what their services were worth. We don't expect Congress to pay the assistant secretaries what a corporation would pay them, but it should do better than it does now.

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MUSIC OF THE SEA.—From the Painting by F. S. Church.

PAINTING. By Charles H. Caffin

THIS is a large subject for a brief article, and some system of rigid selection becomes necessary. Shall its principle be that of names or of tendencies? I choose the latter, mentioning the names of individuals only when they seem to be hinges on which the tendencies turn. The survey will, in fact, be impressionistic, involving only the essentials, and so far as possible showing their relation to one another. For convenience they may be summarized as follows:

1. The Survival of British Traditions (about twenty-five years).
2. The beginning of Indigenous Growth (about forty-five years).
3. The furrush of Foreign Traditions and Influences.
4. The Gradual Adaptation of these to American Conditions.
5. An Estimate of the Present.

It will be noticed that these topics represent the swing of the pendulum between tradition and environment, the two forces which have met in the formation of every school of painting and have been gradually adjusted. It will also be noticed that the beginning of the furrush of foreign traditions and influences corresponds with the period that conceived and carried out the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. To bring the matter to a definite head, 1876 may be regarded as the pivot point in the history of American painting; the seventy-five preceding years being as a preface to the development which then began, and has proceeded since with such marvellous rapidity. And the influences of the exhibition affected not only painting itself, but the attitude of our public towards it.

THE SURVIVAL OF BRITISH TRADITIONS

The hundred years embrace every phase in the evolution of American painting; for though Copley and West were born far back in the previous century, they lived on into this one, dying, respectively, in 1815 and 1820. Before their time such painters as were here had arrived from England or Scotland. Copley, however, was born in Boston; West in Springfield, Pennsylvania. So the national, as distinguished from the imported, art began with them. But there was nothing native in the character of their art. Such influence as they must have received early was British; in accordance with the same they visited Italy, and when they reached England, lived and died there, thoroughly identified with British traditions. Similar, in brief, were the careers of Newton and Leslie; while the other prominent painters of the first quarter of the century, though they worked in America, had been trained in London, either at the Royal Academy schools or under West directly, and in turn imparted to others the same influences. And the latter at this period were not mighty to save.

Reynolds and Gainsborough were dead, and Romney also—inferior to the former two, yet a painter of power. In succession to them were men of mediocre ability, among whom Lawrence, brilliant and superficial, was most conspicuous. The vogue was still for portraiture and historical subjects; the latter, showy, inflated, empty creations, mostly pretension or sentimentality. Their American counterparts, Trumbull's pictures of Revolutionary scenes, for example, had more sincerity, for the patriotic motive was behind them; but it is paralyzed by the dry formalism learned in England. Washington Allston had lofty aspirations, for which only poverty of training failed to find expression. The soundest work from the stand-point of painting was done by Gilbert Stuart, whose capable and dignified portraits still rank high as pictures. And yet there was vitality in English painting, only it existed outside of the favored precincts of the Royal Academy. Old Crome, Cotman, and Constable, following the Dutch landscapists, were seeking inspiration for their brush in simple rural scenes, and were doing work which is recognized as part of the new movement in landscape art, which culminated in the work of the Barbizon-Fontainebleau painters. Like every other new movement in painting, it was a revolt, conscious or unconscious, from academic traditions and a first hand study of nature. It is very interesting that, quite independently of these Englishmen, American painters were doing the same thing.

THE BEGINNING OF INDIGENOUS GROWTH

The commencement of native painting was made in landscape. There had been native painters before, but painting distinguishably native in method, spirit, and subject began with the landscape work of Doughty and Thomas Cole, about 1825. Though the latter painted two series of pictures, called "The Voyage of Life" and "The Course of Empire," his position in American art is established by his landscapes, and particularly by those gathered along the banks of the Hudson River. He had followers enough, of whom among the older men Kensett and F. E. Church were the most memorable, to gain for the group a title analogous to "The Hudson River School." His pupil, Church, sought his subjects wherever nature was grand and startling: in the Andes and the tropics, as well as in the mountains at home.

With our altered standards regarding landscape-painting there is a danger that the part which these earlier men played in building up American art will be underestimated. That modern landscape painters should disparage them is rank ingratitude, for they struck a chord of interest in the heart of the public which has given landscape a vogue in this country and made it possible for the great results which we shall note presently to have followed. It is forgotten, also, that these landscape-painters were veritable pioneers; forced, through their lack of tradition and examples, to make bricks without straw: to feel their way to expression, with none to guide them. The English had the Dutch to follow, the Americans only their love of nature; and note how differently nature showed to each. England is a country of little distances, garden-like in its order and domesticity, with morsels of peaceful beauty fronting you at every turn. America with its clear atmosphere invites to expansive prospects, it is a country of magnificent distances and extremes of natural effect, and, moreover, its size and grandeur were just what a new nation, that had settled down to a realization of its possibilities, would most appreciate. To the painters and to their public these "panoramic" landscapes most naturally appealed. There is still another reason, not local. The fascination of the flag is instinctive and natural, that of the Little a result of cultivation. Young eyes are always attracted by the impressing; and, so far as experience in landscape-painting was concerned, both the painters and the public of those days were young.

Meanwhile, in genre, William S. Mount sought his subjects in studies of village life: one of the first to perpetuate the memory of scenes and characters that railroads and trolley-cars are rapidly effacing. J. G. Brown, an Englishman, but for fifty years a resident in America, is identified with similar subjects, and has added a gallery of studies of the New York street urchin. With this venerable personality, linking as it does the past with the present, must be mentioned for the same reason Daniel Huntingdon.

Gradually new influences began to make themselves felt. Emanuel Leutze settled in this country. As a professor at Düsseldorf, he had been the teacher of Eastman Johnson, and after his arrival here did much to introduce the methods of that academy and to direct American students thither. Moreover, in 1855 William Morris Hunt, a pupil of Couture in Paris and of Millet at Barbizon, established himself in Boston, and through his influence upon a large number of pupils and the public at large, began to direct attention towards the Barbizon-Fontainebleau artists. As Professor John C. Van Dyke says, "He was the first painter in America who taught catholicity of taste, truth, and sincerity in art, and art in the artist rather than in the subject."

Up to this point the chief interest to the artist had been the subject of his picture, to the public its sole interest. The new teaching emphasized two facts: one, that the point of view of the artist should be different from that of the teller of a story, the other, that the merit of a picture, as a picture, depends upon the way it is painted, the technique displayed, more than upon its subject, just as a musical composition is estimated according to its qualities of melody and harmony, and not by the title which is printed on the first page. The younger men eagerly received this doctrine, and the emigration of students began towards Düsseldorf and Paris.

Meanwhile another painter had been moving towards the light, though quite independently of others' influence, following only the star of his insatiable longing to discover the true principles of art. This was George Inness, born at Newburg, New York, in 1825. Beyond a few lessons from Regis Gignoux, he received no regular training, and might have settled on his oars and floated along the stream of the Hudson River school. But the instinct of genius whispered that there were higher possibilities, and, as soon as his circumstances permitted, he went to Europe. Thus, in 1850, he came in contact with Corot, Rousseau, Dupré, and the other "men of 1830"; saw their works, discovered their point of view, and studied their methods. He found the various temperaments of these different painters had in common a simple sense of poetry; nature was to them an almost sentient thing, with a sentiment of its own, expressed in subtle manifestations of light and shade and atmospheric effects; having, also, an anatomy and qualities of strength and fibre, clothed with juicy textures; that it was not a mere spectacle to be gazed at, but a friend to be known and studied intimately, inviting to sincerity and truth rather than to superficial expansiveness; just as with human nature it is better to know and love well a few friends than to have a wide circle of acquaintances. He found these painters loved the bits of nature round about their chosen village, but that by fervent sympathy with the scene, and keen study of its essential characteristics, they made their simple subjects majestic, tranquil, tender, or elevating as the scene prompted and their own poetic natures interpreted. It was the "*paysage intime*," the friendly country-side, which they painted; and Inness returned to his own land to do the same: not bringing with him a store of recipes for painting, but a realization of the principles, which through a long series of beautiful pictures he gradually found the means to put in practice for himself. In virtue of his work, the pre-eminent position he holds amongst artists on both sides of the Atlantic, and the influences he has exerted on the painters and public of America, Inness's career is an epoch in the history of native art. It circumscribes a wide arc which connects the old with the new.

Before passing on to the new, mention should be made of the academies and art schools. The oldest of all is the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, founded in 1805, its schools being opened the following year. In 1802 the first steps had been taken towards establishing "The New York Academy of Fine Arts." In 1808 the promoters obtained a charter with the name changed to "The American Academy of Arts." It was not successful and needed reviving in 1816. Then, in 1825, a revolt of the students resulted in the formation of the National Academy of Design. A year previously the Brooklyn Institute had been started. It was not until 1866 that Chicago opened its Academy School, followed three years later by the founding of the School of Design in Cincinnati. The year 1870 saw the establishment of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and of the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, D. C., and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The new era is ushered in by the organizing of the "Art Students' League" in 1875, and its incorporation in 1878, the same year in which was established the "Society of American Artists."

THE FURRUSH OF FOREIGN TRADITIONS AND INFLUENCES

The foreign display of painting, sculpture, and industrial art at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 revealed to untravelled Americans a new horizon, arousing in painters and public alike a royal discontent of their own products and a determination to emulate the foreigners. By this time, also, students were beginning to return from Germany and Paris, they acted as chorus to the drama of the exhibition. In the following year, 1877, they made their own mark: their pictures at the National Academy Exhibition being so numerous and excellent as to create a profound impression. Thus the rivulet of student emigration Europeanized developed rapidly into a stream. Before following it, one may note briefly the effect which the Centennial Exhibition had upon the public's attitude towards painting.

Not unnaturally, foreign pictures became the vogue with those who could afford to buy them, and the dealers, quite reasonably, fostered it. Yet a sprinkling of Americans continued to encourage native painters, and no summary of the century's achievements in painting would be complete without a mention of such names as the following: Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Wigglesworth, James W. Ellsworth, Potter Palmer, Thomas R. Clarke, William T. Evans, George A. Hearn, Richard H. Halstead, Benjamin Altman, Emerson McMillan, Andrew Carnegie, the Pennsylvania Academy, Chicago Art Institute, and the Century, Union League, and Lotos clubs of New York. But, although these and many others have purchased American pictures, the bulk of wealthy patrons have for twenty-five years left them severely alone. The fact has not been without advantage to the new growth, for the lack of the sunshine of fashion has thrown its strength back into the roots, which have firmly established themselves in the soil; so that the plant is now sturdy, durable, and fit for unlimited expansion. Moreover, the immense number of fine foreign pictures which have found their way into the country and in a variety of ways have been exhibited have contributed to sound knowledge and catholicity of taste.

Paris then became the Mecca of the majority of travelling students. In that great clearing house of artistic ideas they could learn the latest and study also the older ideals and methods, with quick, questioning spirit rejecting or assimilating according to temperament. Upon their return home they communicated their methods to others who had not studied abroad, so that the distinguishing characteristic of the young painters and not a few of the older ones became a catholic eclecticism. Among the variety of influences which especially fostered this eclecticism, besides that of the Barbizon-Fontainebleau painters, already alluded to, was the influence of Whistler and Sargent; indirectly exerted, but none the less potent. Of all modern artists one of the most artistic, Whistler, himself an eclectic, has always been the keenest searcher after refinement of style and exquisite subtlety of expression. It is largely due to this painter's authority as an artist that the American student has not exhibited voracity, but discrimination, in his acceptance of foreign teaching. On the other hand, the robustness of Sargent's artistic personality has proved the counteracting tonic. Whistler unalloyed, to young minds would have meant decadency; but Sargent, like the older man, had doffed his cap to Velasquez; he was a follower of the noblest traditions, and yet has a way with his brush that is unrivalled among modern painters: virile, magnificent, and full of meaning. Whistler has been the exponent for exquisiteness, Sargent for vigorous expression.

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the landscapists and the painters of the human figure. While the latter with very few exceptions have not yet succeeded in embodying any of the American spirit in their work so that any one could recognize it for American as we recognize the art of Venice to be unmistakably Venetian, the landscape painters in their close and faithful study of the country they know and love have attained to an individuality of character, many-sided, but American, so that their work differs from the landscapes of any other country. No observant visitor to the Paris Exposition could well miss noticing this fact. The inability to express the native feeling in figure subjects is shown in much of the mural decoration, which has afforded so many opportunities to painters since the Chicago Exposition.

The reference to decoration enables me to allude to a great achievement closely allied to the art of painting.

If the number of art schools and of museums in which works of art can be studied afford any criterion, we can hardly escape becoming in time an artistic nation. The Art Institute of Chicago and the School of Fine Arts at St. Louis were established in 1879; the Peabody Institute at Baltimore in 1881; the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, in 1887; the Drexel Institute at Philadelphia in 1890; and the Carnegie Art Institute at Pittsburg in 1896; while the smaller schools and galleries and the schools devoted to industrial art are too numerous to mention. The Society of Western Artists is an important organization; so also the Architectural League, the American Water-Color Society, the New York Water-Color Club, and the National Society of Mural Painters. Thousands of students are pursuing art as a vocation, and hundreds of thousands of the public are yearly frequenting the exhibitions ... illustrated in the art of Norway, Denmark, and Holland particularly. They are self-centred communities, and their art is national. Figure-painters, as well as landscapists, find their motives all around them.

A Danish critic at the recent Paris Exposition, who had also been a commissioner at the World's Fair, and therefore could form an estimate of the progress made by Americans, expressed the opinion that, if the rate of progress were maintained for another ten years, American painting would lead the world. He meant, I believe, that in technique our painters are already in the front rank, and that progress in the future will depend upon what they have to say catching up with their ability to say it. When the national environment stimulates the artists, as it already does the workers in other fields, the supremacy of American art will be assured.

MAKING CHRISTMAS TOYS

YOU are in the workshop of Santa Claus. The air is heavy with the dust of action, for these are busy times. All about are the aids and assistants of the Patron Saint of Christmastide. And a strange company they make.

There, looming out of the dim atmosphere, stands a row of noisy, champing monsters, all bent over in the queerest shapes and curves. Turning neither to the right nor the left, they are steadily biting great mouthfuls out of shining sheets of tin. Their appetites and capacities are appalling. Observant attendants, grimy with sweat, are feeding the monsters. From daylight to dark the process goes on, and sometimes it continues until well after midnight. But the monsters never seem to get enough. The champing of their steel jaws jars and shakes the workshop and keeps the dust floating. At their feet are great baskets and boxes filled to the brim and overflowing with such an array of spoils as would make the little girl down in the city gasp with delight. Plates and cups and saucers, spoons and knives and forks, and stoves, and horses and cows, and wagons, and kitchens. Hundreds of thousands, all gleaming and shining in a way that defies the dust and the gloom. Each time a steel jaw goes down—and they go down at the rate of about two hundred times a minute—new treasure appears bitten clean and perfect out of the shining tin sheets.

Over in the corner yonder a half-dozen or more tiny green flames are licking the air, curling in and out, appearing and disappearing in a way that is strangely suggestive of uncanny things. These flames have their attendants just like the champing monsters, black-faced creatures with smutted hands and clothes until you wonder if they ever were washed. These persons are pushing wicked-looking irons in and out of the green flames in a manner so energetic that you imagine their very lives must depend upon their agility. Closer inspection shows that when they take an iron out they pass it deftly about two of the bright shapes that the monsters have formed, and there appears in a twinkling before your astonished eye a finished horn, or a round-bellied horse, or a fat, overgrown elephant, or any other one of a dozen wonders.

Scurrying back and forth, carrying traps and baskets and wheeling trucks, are half a dozen or more juvenile attendants. All is hurry, rush, and noise, and to add to the racket there is a steady cannonade of shrill and deep-toned blasts. These come from the attendants who test the trumpets before they are thrown in the towering heap.

In Europe there has been very little change in the process of toy manufacturing. There practically everything is still made by hand. The workers earn sums as pitiful as did their predecessors. The American toy-makers, on the other hand, earn very fair wages. A single adult here will make twice as much in a week as a whole family of toy-makers get on the other side.

It is only through the introduction of machinery that the American has been able to compete with the foreigner and his handwork. The development in this machinery has kept pace with the general development of mechanical appliances on this side of the water, and the result is that the trade has learned to depend more and more upon local production. Only a few years ago comparatively all the toys sold in the American market were imported from Germany, Switzerland, and France. To-day the importations are confined to Noah's arks, dolls, a cheaper class of china dishes, and a few other specialties. Some tin toys are still brought over, but the market for them is growing more and more contracted. American tin toys are now produced about as cheaply, thanks to the improved appliances. And they are much more durable and better finished in every way.

The two principal tin-toy factories in the United States are located in Greater New York. One is in Crosby Street, just back of the site where Niblo's Garden stood, at Broadway and Prince Street. The other is over in Brooklyn. These two concerns produce annually millions of separate pieces, and they are able, despite the wages they pay, to sell them at a figure that makes the German toys look almost expensive by comparison. Sets of five and six pieces, packed in a pasteboard box, retail for five cents. The manufacturer gets about two cents for his product.

Wooden toys, too, are now made almost exclusively over here. The only notable exceptions are the Noah's arks with their weird-looking occupants. The ark people and their animal friends are all whittled by hand by German peasants and the dwellers in such towns as Nuremburg. They come here by the hundreds of thousands each year. So far no machine has been invented that can compete with the hand work on a satisfactory basis. The more substantial articles, however, such as toy wash-sets, furniture, hobby-horses, etc., are now made exclusively in America. The pieces are cut out by machines and put together by deft hand workers.

Probably the most wonderful results are achieved in the creation of pewter toys. There are pewter parlor suits, wonderful creations upholstered in plush, and stamped with the most elaborate designs. They are sold at prices so low that it seems incredible that any profit can be made either by the manufacturer, the jobber, or the retailer. The pewter-toy industry was introduced in this country fifty years ago by an Italian named Pia, who learned his trade in Switzerland. He started out in a small way, and for a long time was unable to make any progress against the foreign production, owing to the difference in the price of labor. Gradually, however, he managed to find machinery to help him out, with the result that this branch to-day is one of the most important of the American toy trade. The metal pieces are still all cast by hand in brass and steel moulds. The pieces come out of these moulds in the flat, and are then passed into stamping-machines that produce at one stroke a perfectly shaped rocking-chair or sofa, upholstered in the most gorgeous fashion. The foreigners still stuff their upholstered toys with sawdust. The American has invented a machine that shapes a piece of straw board into a swelling cushion. The same action of the machine that shapes the board also covers it with plush. The inventor of this machine received a thousand dollars for his patent. The chief pewter-toy establishment in America and the world is conducted to-day by the descendants of the Italian who brought the art over here. Their factory is located in one of the most congested districts of the lower East Side in New York. It employs over sixty-five people, and during the rush period this force is often at work from seven in the morning until midnight. Almost everything under the sun is produced. There are pewter baby-carriages, doll-swings, go-carts, ice-water sets, and a host of others. Casters form one of the staple articles. Thousands upon thousands of these are turned out every year for the holiday trade. They are perfect in every respect. The glass bottles are accurately stoppered; the stands are carefully polished. Yet some of these casters retail for as little as ten cents, which means that the manufacturer gets about six cents. A set of dishes comprising a half-dozen small pieces is retailed at five cents and brings the manufacturer two and a half cents. In spite of this there must be a fairly good profit in the trade, as all the hands seem to enjoy a reasonable amount of prosperity. It is estimated that the total production of pewter toys amounts to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. This represents an output in round numbers of five or six million pieces.

The total value of trade in toys has grown to tremendous proportions. Accurate figures are not attainable, but experts estimate that the American people buy annually between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000 worth. Of this sum about one-third goes to foreign markets. To offset this importation the domestic manufacturers have begun to invade the European markets. Iron toys, which we make better than any nation in the world, are sent in large quantities, especially to England. Our tin toys, too, are beginning to make their way abroad, thanks to their general superiority. In games the American controls almost absolutely, for the reason probably that we are the greatest "game-fiends" on earth.

Between five and six million games are turned out every year, and most of them remain in the United States. Many of these games are variations on checkers. Scores of people are busily at work day in and day out devising new games. Few things are more profitable than a successful invention in this line. Dr George H. Monks, of Boston, who invented the game of "Halma," has received over $25,000 in royalties during the past twelve years.

The centre of the toy trade is in New York city. The factories, representing an investment of perhaps $3,000,000, are scattered throughout Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and a few other States. But the selling is done almost exclusively from the metropolis. Formerly there was not much activity in the trade, except in the months of September, October, November, and December. Now the activity is continuous. The manufacturers get their designs ready so that they can begin work immediately after the Christmas rush is over. In February the buyers start for the European markets to lay in their stock of imports. On April 1 the drummers take the road here with trunks packed with samples. They sell for July and August delivery. In September the great rush sets in, and by the end of October the factories are running night and day to fill late orders.

There is no record of any millionaire in the toy trade, but there are any number of men who have made snug fortunes. One family of famous retailers have built up big establishments in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston. The head of the house is reputed to be worth over $200,000. But the bulk of the retail trade is now handled by the department stores, and outside of the cities named there are no important retail establishments that handle toys exclusively. Several efforts have been made to establish such a concern on a large scale in Chicago, but they have all failed.

PAUL LATZKE

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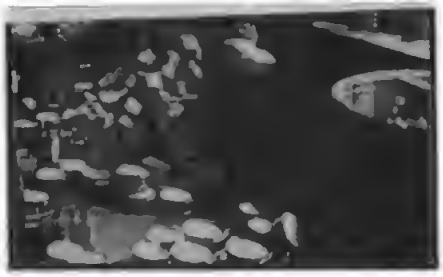
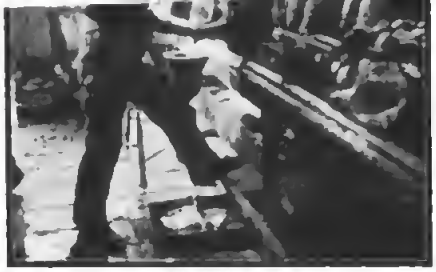
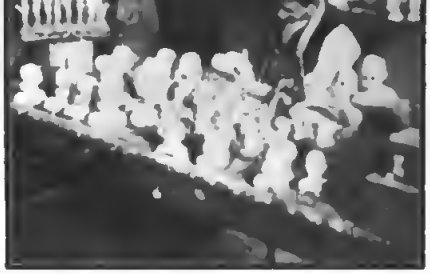


Making Drums.



Casting Dolls' Heads.



Putting in Dolls' Eyes.

Painting Tin Toys by Machinery.

A Respite for Luncheon.

Casting Pewter Toys.

MAKING TOYS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE.

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"THIS CHIMNEY WELL FILLED MEANS A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!"

who may not travel and actors seeking engagements, there is ever to be seen a certain representative figure, now one individual and now another, of a world so singular that it might well engage the pen of a Balzac or that of a Cervantes. I have in mind an individual whose high hat and smooth Prince Albert coat are still a delicious presence. In his coat lapel is a ruddy boutonnière — in his hand a novel walking stick. His vest is of a gorgeous and affluent pattern; his shoes shining new and topped with pearl-gray spats. He is the cynosure of all eyes, the envy of all men. He is the successful author of the latest popular song.

Any fair day during the period of his artistic elevation he is to be seen. Past the rich shops and splendid theatres he betakes himself with leisurely grace. In Twentieth Street he may turn for a few moments, but it is only to say good-morning to his publishers. In Twenty-eighth Street, where range the host of those who rival his successful house, he stops to talk with lounging actors and ballad singers. Well-known variety stars nod to him familiarly. Women whose sole claim to distinction lies in their knack of singing a song smile in greeting as he passes. Occasionally there comes the figure of a needy ballad-monger, trudging from publisher to publisher with an unavailable manuscript, who turns upon him in passing the glint of an envious glance. To these he is an important figure, satisfied as much with their envy as with their praise; for is not this also his due—the reward of all who have triumphed?

I have in mind another figure, equally singular—a rouged and powdered little maiden, rich in feathers and ornaments of the latest vogue, gloved in blue and shod in yellow, pretty, self-assured, daring, and even bold. There has gone from her all the traditional maidenly reserve you would expect to find in one so young and pleasing, and yet she is not evil. The daughter of a Chicago butcher, you knew her when she first came to the city, a shabby, wondering little thing clerk to a music-publisher transferring his business East, and all eyes for the marvels of life.

Gradually the scenes and superlatives of elegance, those showy men and women coming daily to secure or sell songs, have aroused her longings and ambitions. Why may not she sing—why not she be a theatrical celebrity? She will. The world shall not keep her down. That indescribable company designated as *they*—whose hands are ever against the young—shall not hold her back.

Behold, she had gone, and now, elegant, jingling with silver ornaments, hale and merry from good living, has returned. To-day she is playing at one of the vaudeville houses. To-morrow she leaves for Pittsburg. Her one object is still a salary of one hundred and fifty a week and a three-sheet litho. of herself in every window and upon the hall-boards.

"I'm all right now," she will tell you, gleefully. "I'm 'way ahead of the knockers. They can't keep me down. You ought to have seen the reception I got in Pittsburg. Say! it was the biggest yet."

Blessed be Pittsburg, which has honored one who has struggled so hard, and you say so.

"Are you here for long?"

"Only this week. Come up and see my turn. Hey, cabbie!"

A passing cabman turns in close to the walk with considerable alacrity.

"Take me to Proctor's. So long. Come up and see my turn to-night."

This is the woman singer—the complement of the male of the same art — the couple who make for the

In Twenty-eighth Street.

we may simplify by yet another picture.

In Twenty-seventh or Twenty-eighth Street, or anywhere along Broadway from Madison to Greeley Square, are the parlors of a score of publishers; gentlemen who co-ordinate this divided world for song-publishing purposes. There are an office and a reception-room, a music-chamber where songs are tried, and a stock-room. Perhaps, in case of the larger publishers, the music-rooms are two or three, but the air of each is much the same. Rugs, divans, imitation palms, make this publishing-house more studio, however, than office. Three or four pianos give to each chamber a parlor-like appearance. The walls are hung with the photos. of celebrities, elegantly framed—celebrities of the kind described. On the floors are thick carpets and rugs, in the private music-rooms rocking-chairs. A boy or two serve to bring *professional* copies at a word. A salaried pianist or two wait to *run over poems* which the singer may desire to hear. Arrangers wait to make orchestrations or *take down* the melody which the popular composer cannot play. He has evolved the melody by a process of whistling, and must have its fleeting beauty registered before it escapes him forever. Hence the salaried arranger.

Into these parlors come the mixed company of this distinctive world—authors who have or have not succeeded; variety artists who have some word from touring fellows or who know the firm-masters of small

Along Broadway.

hands throughout the city, of which the name is Legion; orchestra leaders of Bowery theatres and uptown variety halls and singers.

"You haven't a song that will do for a tenor, have you?"

The inquirer is a little, stout, ruddy-faced Irish boy from the gas-house district. His common clothes are not out of the ordinary here, but they mark him as, possibly, a non-professional seeking free copies.

"Yes—let me see. For what do you want it?"

"Well, I'm from the Arcadia Pleasure Club. We're going to give a little entertainment next Wednesday, and we want some songs."

"Certainly. Wait till I call the boy. Harry! Bring me some professional copies of ballads."

The youth is probably a representative of one of the many Tammany pleasure organizations, the members of which are known for their propensity to gather about east and west side corners at night and sing. One or two famous songs are known to have secured their start by the airing given them in the night on these corners.

Upon his heels trends a lady, whose ruffled sedateness marks her as one unfamiliar with this hall musical, half-theatrical atmosphere.

"I have a song I would like to have you try over if you care to."

The attending publisher hesitates before even extending a form of reception.

"What sort of a song is it?"

"Well, I don't exactly know. I guess you'd call it a sentimental ballad. If you'd hear it I think you could—"

"We are so overstocked with songs now that I don't think there would be much use in our hearing it. Could you come in next Tuesday? We'll have more leisure then, and can give it more attention."

The lady looks the failure she has scored, but retreats, leaving the ground clear for the chance arrival of the real author—the individual whose position is attested by one hit or mayhap many. His due is that deference which all publishers, if not the public, feel called upon to render even if at the time he may have no reigning success.

"Hello, Frank! how are you? What's new?"

The author may know of nothing in particular.

"Sit down. How are things with you, anyhow?"

"Oh, so so."

"That song of yours will be out Friday. We'll have a rush order on it."

"Just sung a song to go out right. You haven't got any others, have you?"

"No, but I've got a tune. Would you mind having one of the boys take it down for me?"

"Certainly not. Here, Harry, call Hatcher."

Now come the pianist and a rehearsal in the private room. The favored author may have piano and pianist for an indefinite period. Lunch with the publishers awaits him if he remains until noon. His song, when ready, is heard with attention. The orders which make for its publication are rushed. His royalties are paid with that rare smile which accompanies the payment of anything. He is to be petted, conciliated, handled with gloves.

At his heels, perhaps, is the other author, equally successful, but almost intolerable from certain marked eccentricities of life and clothing. He is a negro—small, slangy, strong in his cups, but able to write a good song—occasionally a truly pathetic ballad.

"Say, where's that gem of mine?"

"What?"

"That effusion."

"What are you talking about?"

"That audience killer—that there thing that's going to sweep the country like wild-fire—that there song."

Much laughter and apologies.

"It will be here Saturday."

"Thought it was to be here last Monday."

"So it was, but the printer didn't get it done. You know how those things are, Gussie."

"I know. Gimme twenty-five dollars."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Never you mind. Gimme twenty-five bones. To-morrow's rent day."

Twenty-five is given as if it all were a splendid joke. Gussie is a bad negro—one day radiant in bombastic clothing, the next wretched from dissipation and neglect. He never accepts royalty. All his songs are sold outright.

"I wouldn't take no royalty," he announces with mellow negro emphasis. "Doan' want it. Too much trouble. All I want is a little money now and then when I need it."

Seeing that nearly every song that he writes is successful, this is a most equitable arrangement. He could have several thousand instead of a few hundred, but being shiftless, he does not care. Ready money is the thing with him—twenty or fifty when he needs it.

And then the "peerless singers of popular ballads," as their programmes announce them; men and women whose pictures you will see upon every song sheet, their physiognomy underscored with their own written "Yours, sincerely"—every day they are here, arriving and departing, carrying the latest as to songs to all parts of the land. These are the individuals who, in their own estimation, "make" the songs the successes they are. In all justice they have some claim to the distinction. One such, raising his or her voice nightly in a melodic interpretation of a new ballad, may, if the music be catchy, bring it so thoroughly to the public ear as to cause it to begin to sell. These gentlemen and ladies are not unaware of their services in the matter, nor slow to voice their claims. In flocks and droves they come, whenever good fortune brings "*the company*" to New York, or the end of the season causes them to return, to tell of their success and pick new songs for the ensuing season. Then, indeed, is the day of the publishers' volubility and grace. These gentlemen must be attended to with deference, which is the right of the successful. These ladies must be praised and rajoled.

"Did you hear about the hit I made with 'Sweet Katie Leary' in Pittsburg? I knocked 'em cold. Say! it was the biggest thing on the bill."

The publisher may not have heard of it. The song, for all the uproarious success depicted, may not have sold an extra copy, and yet this is not for him to say. Has the lady a good voice? Is she with a good company? He may so ingratiate himself that she will yet sing one of the newer compositions into popularity.

The successful Author of the latest popular Song.

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A Rehearsal in the Private Room.

"Was it? Well, I am glad to hear it. You have the voice for that sort of a song, you know. I've got something now, though, that will just suit you. Oh, a dandy! It's by Harry Welch."

The singer may but smile indifferently for this flood of geniality. Secretly her hand is against all publishers. They are out for themselves. Successful singers must mind their P's and Q's. She demands an arrangement by which she shall receive a stated sum per week for singing a song. The honeyed phrases are well enough for beginners, but we who have succeeded need something more

"Let me show you something new. I've got a song here that is fine. Come into the music-room. Charlie, get a copy of 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.' I want you to play it over for Miss Yaeger."

The boy departs and returns. In the exclusive music-room sits the singer, critically listening while the song is played.

"Isn't that a pretty chorus?"

"Yes. I like that."

"It would suit your voice exactly. I think that's one of the best songs we have published in years."

"Have you the orchestration?"

"Yes. I'll get you that."

Somehow, however, the effect has not been satisfactory. The singer has not enthused. He must try other songs and give her orchestrations of many. Perhaps out of all she will sing one. That is the chance of the work.

As for her point of view, she may object to the quality of anything except that for which she is paid. It is for the publisher to see whether she is worth subsidizing or not. If not, perhaps another house will see her merits in a different light. Yet she takes the songs and orchestrations along.

Your male singer is a bird of the same fine feather. If you wish to see the ideal of dressiness as exemplified by the gentlemen of the road, see these individuals arrive at the office of the publishers. The radiance of half-hose and neck ties is not outdone by the sprightliness of the suit pattern or the glint of the stone in the shirt front. Fresh from Chicago or Buffalo they arrive, rich in self-opinion, fostered by rural praise, perhaps possessed of a new droll story, always loaded with the details of the hit they made.

"Well, well, you should have seen how that song went in Baltimore. I never saw anything like it. Why, it's the hit of the season."

New songs are forth-coming, a new batch delivered for his service next year.

Is he absolutely sure of the estimation in which the house holds his services? You will hear a sequel to this. Not this day, perhaps, but a week or a month later, during his idle summer in New York.

"You haven't twenty-five handy you could let me have, have you?"

Into the publisher's eye steals the light of wisdom and decision. Is this individual worth it? Will he do the songs of the house twenty-five dollars' worth of good next season? Blessed be fate if there's a partner to consult. He will have time to reflect.

"Well, George, I haven't it right here in the drawer, but I can find out. I always like to consult my partner about these things, you know. Can you wait until this afternoon?"

Of course the applicant can wait, and between-

"Let them stare in envy."

the solemn countenance and the suave excuse, at an hour when his need is greatest. Lastly, there is the substratum applicant in tawdry, make-believe clothes, whose want peeps out of every seam and pocket. His day has never been as yet, or, mayhap, was and is over. He has a pinched face, a livid hunger, a forlorn appearance. Shall he be given anything? Never! We cannot afford it. It is enough if we look after those of whose ability we are absolutely sure. Therefore he must skip the streets in old shoes and thin clothing, waiting.

But of such tragedies, however, spring occasional successes. They do not understand why fate should be against them—why they should be down. Oh, the bitterness of it: the hardness of the world!

"I'll write a song yet," is the dogged, grim decision. "I'll get up, you bet."

Once in a while the threat is made good, some mood

"In the exclusive Music-Room sits the Singer, critically listening."

allowing. Strolling along the by streets, ignored and self-commiserated, the mood seizes him. Words bubble up and a melody, some crude commentary on the contrasts, the losses or the hopes of life, rhyming, swinging as they come, straight from the heart. Now it is for pencil and paper—quick! Any old scrap will do—the edge of a newspaper, the back of an envelope, the edge of a cuff. Written so, the words are safe, and the melody can be whistled until some one will take it down. Thus is born the great success—the land-sweeping melody, selling by hundreds of thousands, and netting the author a thousand a month for a year.

The humors of it come with the possible strike. Before, he was commonplace, hungry, envious, wretchedly clothed. After it he is the extreme of the reverse. Do not talk to him of other authors who have struck it once, had their little day, and gone down again, never to rise. He is for the sunlight and the bright places. No clothing too showy or too expensive. No jewelry too rare. Broadway is the place for him—the fine cafés and rich hotel lobbies. What are other people? Ha! they looked down upon him, did they? They sneered—eh? Would not give him a cent? Let them come and look now. Let them stare in envy. Let them make way. He is a great man and the world knows it. The whole country is making acclaim over that which he has done.

For the time being this little theatre of song writing and publishing is for him the all-inclusive of life's importunes. From the street organs at every corner in being ground the one melody, so expressive of his personality, into the ears of all men. In the vaudeville houses and cheaper concert-halls men and women

Meanwhile his publishers ask for other songs. One he writes and then another, and yet another, vainly endeavoring to duplicate the original note which made for his splendid success the year before. Other song writers displace him for the time being in the public eye. His publishers have a new hit. A new author is being bowed to and taken out to dinner. A new tile-crowned celebrity is strolling up his favorite Broadway path.

At last, after a dozen attempts and failures, there is no hurry to publish his songs. If the period of failure is too long extended, he may even be neglected. More and more, celebrities crowd in between him and that delightful period when he was greatest. At last, chagrined by the contrast of things, he changes his publishers, changes his haunts, and, bitterest of all, his style of living. Soon it is the old grief again, and then, if thoughtless spending has been

his failing, shabby clothing and want. You may see the doubles of these in any publisher's sanctum at any time—the sarcastically referred to has been.

Here, also, the disengaged ballad-singer—"peerless tenor" of some last year's company, suffering a period of misfortune. He is down on his luck in everything but appearance—last year's gorgeousness still surviving in a modified and sedate form. He is a singer of songs, now, for the publisher—by toleration. His one lounging-place in all New York, where he is welcome and not looked at askance, is the chair they offer him. Once a day he makes the rounds of the theatrical agencies—once or, if fortune favors, twice a day visits some cheap eating house. At night, after a lone stroll through that fairyland of theatres and gaudy palaces which is Broadway, he returns to his bed—the carpeted floor of a room in the publisher's office—where he sleeps by permission.

Oh, the glory of success in this little world in his eye at this time! How now, in want, it looms large and essential! Outside, as he stretches himself, may even now he hearl the murmur of that joyous roar in which he was so recently a part—the lights, the laughter, the songs. Only he must linger in the shadow

To-morrow it will come out in words, if you talk with him. It is in the office, where gaudy ladies are trying songs, or on the street, where others, passing mitice him not, but go their way in elegance.

"I had it once, all right," he will tell you. "I had my handful. You bet I'll get it next year"

It is of the money he is thinking.

A coach swings past, and some fine lady, looking out, wakes to bitterness his sense of need.

"New York's tough without the coin, isn't it? You

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"Shall be be given Anything? Never!"

"Well, I should smile! I was down on my luck then. That won't happen any more. They won't catch me. I've learned a lesson. Say! we had a great season."

"That Fairyland of Theatres and gaudy Palaces which is Broadway."

staining, staggering backward, until they are where he was and deeper, far deeper. I wish I could quote those little notices so common in all our metropolitan dailies—those little perfunctory records which appear from time to time, telling volumes in a line. One day our singer's voice is failing—one day he has been snatched by disease! One day our radiant author arrives at that white beneficence which is the hospital bed, and stretches himself to a final period of suffering. One day a black boat, steaming northward along the East River to a barren island and a field of weeds, carries the last of all that was so gay, so unthinking, so—after all—childlike of him who was greatest in this world. Weeds and a head-board—salt winds and the cry of sea-gulls—lone blowings and moanings—and all that was light and mirth is buried here.

Here and there in the world are those who are still singing melodies created by those who have gone this unfortunate way. The authors of "Two Little Girls in Blue," and "White Wings," "Little Annie Rooney," and "The Picture and the Ring," of "In the Baggage Coach Ahead," and "Trinity Chimes," "Sweet Marie," and "Eileen," all are in the Potter's Field. There might be recited the successes of a score of years, quaint, pleasing melodies which were sung the land over—which even to-day find an occasional voice and a responsive chord—and of the authors not one but would be found in some field for the outcasts, forgotten. Somehow the world forgets—the peculiar world in which they moved, and the larger one which knew them only by their songs.

It seems wonderful that they should come to this, singers, authors, women and all; and yet not more wonderful than that their little feeling, worked into a melody and a set of words, should reach far out o'er land and water, touching the hearts of the nation. In mansion and hovel, by some blazing furnace of the factory or some open windows of the farm-hand cottage, is trolled the simple story, written in halting phraseology, tuned in repetitions. We have seen the theatres uproarious with the noisy recalls which bring back the sunny singers, harping their one indifferent lay. We have heard the street bands and the organs, the street boys and the street loungers, all expressing this brief melody snatched from the unknown by some process of the heart. Here it is wandering the land over like a sweet breath of summer, making for meetings and for partings, for happiness and for pain. That it may not endure is also meet, going back into the soil as it does with those who hear and with those who create.

Only those who venture here in merry Broadway shall witness the contrast, however. Only they who meet these radiant presences shall know the marvel of the common song.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR AND THE NEW EMPIRE

As Lord Roberts has finished his campaign, the task of reconstruction in South Africa becomes imminent, and some of its salient features begin to be outlined. Mr. Chamberlain has finally announced that the two republics are to be administered as crown colonies preparatory to local self-government, and very probably with the larger question of South-African federation involved. Mr. Chamberlain has been very frank in declaring what the preliminary of a final settlement must be; but in this case the settlement is not exclusively an English affair. John Bull has set himself, perhaps unwittingly, to a more than local or even national task, and to a consideration of ways and means that are by no means insular in their range and importance. Usually in his real estate transactions abroad he has had to deal with enemies or with suspicious negotiators, gaining an additional acre or two in case of a good bargain, losing some when he had worse luck (which has not been often), but always confronted by the difficulty of an inveterate prejudice against him on account of his known propensity for much land. As fighter or negotiator he has generally been assertive in the matter of terms, and when he has gone beyond that and forcibly appropriated a neighboring vineyard or tidy island, his invariable excuse has been that he has improved the value of the property and made things agreeable for the tenants. He has not done this merely to compromise with his mixed reputation as a robber who has always enriched his victim, but because his point of view is modern and his selfishness progressive. This South-African matter, however, bothers him with a number of new conditions, created in part by his admission of partners in the job and the advisability of consulting them.

In principle it matters not that he has allowed only a few thousand colonial troops to assist him instead of a hundred thousand. The fact of his having accepted colonial aid at all has raised the issue of a colonial share in the direction of imperial affairs, an issue that has existed hitherto only in the vision of political idealists. Great Britain has permitted her self-governing colonies, which were under no more legal compulsion than the empire of the Czar, to co-operate almost independently in imperial expansion. The racial sentiment which this crisis of empire has ripened into inevitable politics is operative not only to conserve the results of the war, but also to build and expand upon them. It is a fact of the largest significance that several lines of colonial federation should converge just now upon London. It is entirely natural and logical that Australian federation should have become a fact in a comparatively short time after the Canadian constitution had been established; that South-African federation should become an issue after Australian, and that from these several proofs of imperial sentiment there should arise the larger idea of federal union of all self-governing communities under the British flag. "Now swings the wheel full circle."

That completion of Australian federation will be followed in time by South-African, and then by a federation of Canada, Australia, and South Africa with Great Britain, may be reasonably inferred from the course of British colonial history within the last half-century. The obvious meaning of that history is that the federal experience of the self-governing colonies tends to a higher than colonial relation. It cannot stop at that. Both in Canada and Australia the comprehensive view of federation has been growing for half a century, first finding a fruitful soil in the minds of a few colonial statesmen, such as the late Sir Henry Parkes in Australia and the late Hon. Joseph Howe in Nova Scotia, then fostered by their sympathizers and followers, until it became a sentiment that no politician could oppose without compromising his career. Its outlook was always wider than a colonial one. Any one who has observed its development in Canada cannot but be struck by the way in which it passed beyond the idea of a separate independent nationality and expanded into the prospect of imperial federation. After the provinces had been federated, societies were formed for the purpose of familiarizing the idea of a federated empire. Independence was in many respects an inspiring outlook, but it was clearly seen that it involved risks, and that at best it had only a precarious margin of advantage beyond what had already been realized. Severance of the bond with Great Britain seemed to threaten a loss of security that no promise of a separate career could make good. Lack of any sufficient reason for cutting adrift left only two possible courses: first, an indefinite continuance of the colonial relation in the form of a federal dependency, and, second, a new relation in which dependency should be changed for partnership. These are the only political alternatives for Canada, and public opinion there will not tolerate any other. The same is true of Australia, judging by the most reliable accounts of the state of public opinion there. There is no reason to think that the coming South-African federation will take a different course, after the experience of British rule shall have corrected the misconceptions and largely effaced the hatreds that now mar the prospect of conciliation. Admitting that South Africa will follow the Canadian and Australian examples, there will then be three great federated areas enjoying local self-government under British rule, and with a firm desire to remain parts of the empire. Is it likely they will be content to remain dependencies? Is it not likely rather that their united influence will compel the mother-country to divide with them the responsibilities of empire? Such, at least, in brief outline is the suggestion of imperial federation from the colonial point of view.

But, apart from the new sentimental enthusiasm for it, does the best political opinion in Great Britain accept that point of view? Apparently it does, though waiting for colonial initiative to give it more definite expression. It is significant, at least, that British misconceptions about the colonies have been corrected in a manner best fitted to promote an understanding of the real situation. Opinion seems to have gone through three stages, which may be referred to for the sake of convenience as the millstone theory, the theory of the uncontrolled son, and the theory of the junior partner. It is not necessary to refer to the time when all British colonies, and principally the thirteen that rebelled, were looked upon as exploitable sources of revenue and commerce for the benefit of the mother-country. It is hardly necessary to go farther back than about fifty years, when Mr. Disraeli made his often-quoted remark that "those wretched colonies are millstones about our necks." Though coming from the mouth of a Tory, that remark may serve to illustrate the climax of the views of the Manchester school, which in its doctrinaire zeal for universal free trade looked upon the colonies as an expensive encumbrance, always likely to involve the parent state in quarrels and always a burden on the tax-payer. To that view Liberals and Tories were alike committed with a dogmatic certainty in proportion to their ignorance.

Then came a less acute but still discouraging phase of opinion, a view that prevailed for fifteen or twenty years—between 1865 and 1875—when the rigorous theories of the Manchester free-traders were emphasized a little less, to see if the colonies would not go instead of being sent. It was supposed that the growing commerce of Canada and Australia would create a feeling for nationality, that it would fashion them into politically independent states with an economic bias after Cobden's own heart. So generous and unquestioning was free-trade faith that patriotic sentiment slopped over British limits and began to lose distinctive character in a misty optimism for mankind. The colonies did not belong, it was imagined, to Great Britain, they did not belong even to themselves, but rather to a world-wide brotherhood in which British institutions and traditions were to be merged in broader human relationships. Under the impulse of that feeling the colonies were gently reminded that they were not fulfilling their destiny; that they were not self-reliant progeny of the old stock. Those were the days when leader-writers hinted that the parental relation to the new communities was growing irksome, and that the colonial sons of Great Britain were too indolent and timid to start an independent career.

Finally, the shattering of free-trade hopes by the protective tariffs of Europe and the United States began to turn the thoughts of British statesmen in a new direction. Perhaps, after all, it would be worth while to retain the colonies and teach them the economic way in which they should go, so that when they grew old they might not depart from it, rather than waste time upon the protectionist wrongheadedness of outsiders. Some of the colonies had gone economically wrong, having laid protective duties upon British goods; but, notwithstanding, the federation of Canada had brought into view a political force with a promise of development that might be worth considering. That old Cobdenite metaphor of the ripe apple falling from the parent tree might not be a true argument for colonial separation after all. Then, as if to impress distinct outlines upon this nebulous drift, a few thoughtful men began to reflect upon the achievements and meaning of British colonizing, to determine whether or not it had really been a politically aimless peopling of waste places or the grand prelude of united empire. It need not be the imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield, ornamented with Latin mottoes and attuned to the music-halls, but the doctrine that wherever there are self-governing communities owning a common British allegiance, there also the responsibility of governing the whole empire shall be shared. The military assistance given by the colonies was of less value as practical aid than for its demonstration to the world of the real unity of the empire, but still more important for the colonial influence it has asserted in the work of reconstruction. England and South Africa must look to Canada and Australia in large part for federal precedents. That Great Britain herself should continue to be exempt from the form of government which has bound her colonies more closely to her is most improbable.

JOHN W. RUSSELL.

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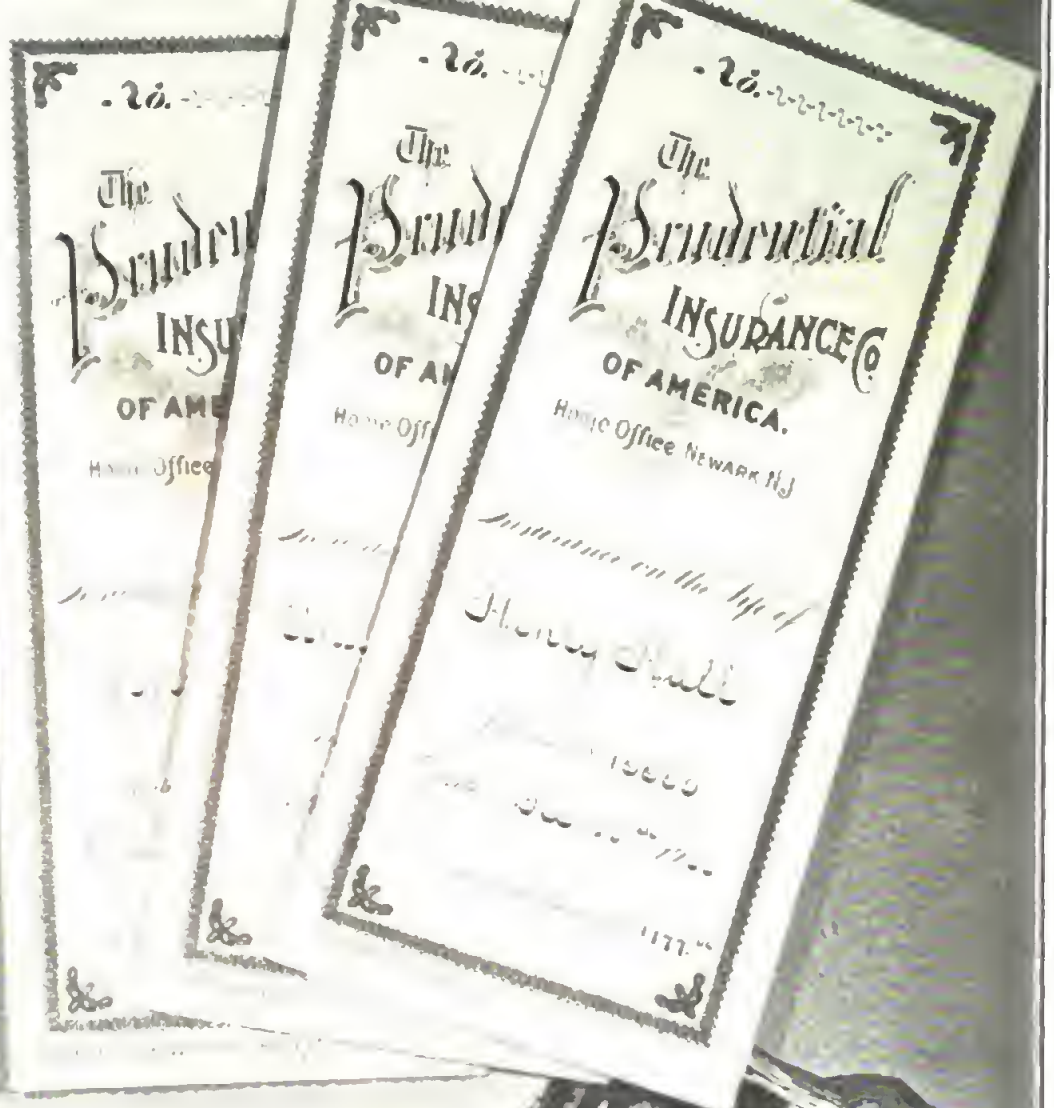

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NORA STOPPED IN THE DOORWAY.

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THERE was trouble again at McGrath's.

This news was no surprise to the Sergeant so informed by the officer from that post, for since the dispossess notice was put up two days ago such news had come into the station-house at intervals of every two or three hours. The Old Man was giving away drink, having sworn to move nothing—on oath of sentiment rather than of purpose, for he owned nothing to move. Even the liquor belonged to the wholesale dealer, who also owned the fixtures of the saloon. But the oath was applauded as evidence of McGrath's manly independence by those who drank free; and, besides, it farther swindled the wholesale dealer. This latter thought started one drinker smashing the bar fixtures, a kind of savagery that begot another kind, and soon McGrath's place held as good a riot as any one in Hickory Street remembered since the better days when the street was all Irish—not part Jew, part Italian, peaceful folk comparatively.

It was at this point Connor, the young officer on post, entered, and, being of the district, enjoyed one of the sweetest quarters of an hour of his life, breaking heads officially, conscious that he was ably and courageously performing a dangerous duty, while at the same time paying off a number of personal scores. He was, as I have said, of the district.

"Did you rap for assistance?" the Sergeant asked, noting the officer's cut face and hands and torn uniform.

"No," Connor answered, proudly.

"Well, son, look here," the Sergeant growled, "the next time you do a thing like that, I'll report you for neglect of duty, and you will be longing for a week's pay that never came. You kid cops think a night stick is only for breaking heads. It's to rap for assistance with. Did you make any arrests?"

"No," replied Connor, dazed that the expected compliment turned out a rebuke. "It was the old Monkey Hill gang, and I chased them all. I'd not got a scratch, only they were firing glass and things."

"What did you do to the Old Man?"

"Well—he—he was quiet."

"Quiet?" repeated the Sergeant, glancing at Connor with quick suspicion. "Why, folks on the block have been sending kids here all day saying the Old Man was raising hell. The women up at the Rescue took his wife and little ones an hour ago. One of the Rescue women told me the Old Man was beating them. What are you lying about, Connor?"

Connor took some time to decide whether or not he would tell what he was lying about. He knew the Sergeant had sometimes given money out of his own pocket to Mrs. McGrath to buy food for herself and the little ones; that while he had the reputation of being a hard man, and in his days on post was a terrible fighter, who loved fighting, he was yet the best friend the miserably poor of the Precinct ever had. So Connor concluded to tell what he was lying about.

"Nora came in," he said.

The Sergeant stared hard and quick, and then exclaimed, "The—hell!" After a moment's silence he added, "Are you sure it was Nora?"

"Am I sure?" Connor said, in a tone that made the Sergeant laugh softly before he continued:

"Oh yes, of course. You blow your pay seeing her every night you have off. Was she ragged out swell?"

"No; old stuff—like the other women of the block," Connor replied.

"To be sure. She told me once she always kept the clothes she wore the night the Old Man drove her out. Well, keep your mouth shut, Connor. We don't want this to get in the papers. Go down to Gouverneur Hospital and get your face fixed."

Sergeant Hollman—he was Acting-Captain, and this was just before his advance came to him in the great police shake-up of 1898, which also resulted in his transfer to a cross-the-river borough—left the Acting Sergeant in charge of the station and strolled around to McGrath's.

The wreck he saw there was more complete than any other he had seen in his long experience in the roughest Precinct of New York. A single gas-jet burned at the end of the bar near the lavatory; its mate at the other end of the bar was wrecked, as was everything else that could be bent, broken, or smashed in the little groggery, and was pouring out a stream of gas that would soon result in an explosion and fire, and had already overcome the only two occupants of the place, McGrath and the officer who had relieved Connor on post. The Sergeant at first thought the two men were dead, and before making any investigation rapped on the worn brownstone step for aid. Then he returned, and the smell of gas prompted him first to drag the men out into the street, then to turn out the lighted gas, and plug the open pipe with a cork.

The rescued men revived quickly: McGrath into a state of drunken pugnacity, which changed to whining terror when he saw that one of the several officers about him was Hollman with a Captain's short club in his hand. The officer who relieved Connor revived only into a state of dazed wonder as to what had happened to him. The ambulance surgeon thought it was the heavy end of a bottle.

But what had become of Nora?

The unlucky officer could not tell. He went into McGrath's to quell a second riot caused by the Monkey Hill gang, on its return, finding there a crowd from Cherry Hill way, gathered at the rumor of free drink. There was no woman there who remotely resembled Nora. Connor's relief was sure of that, and it was the only thing of which he was sure.

If McGrath knew he would not tell. He thought it would enrage the Sergeant not to know, and, realizing he was certain to get six months, which was as much as he could get, there was no motive for denying himself the pleasure of enraging the Sergeant.

Hollman would have inquired about Nora through the Tenderloin Precinct had not his full Captaincy and transfer come just then. In the surprises of an outskirt Precinct, where the residents, even respectable and prosperous men, nodded to him in a friendly manner, all thoughts of Hickory Street were driven from his mind.

Connor was transferred too, but it was his fortunate fate to go into the Tenderloin, where his inches and fine appearance made him an ornament of the Broadway Squad.

The ordinary scheme of things in Hickory Street is of no interest to us: people live and die there in ways so strange and unconventional it would argue a low taste, indeed, if we cared a whit about them. If we did care we would recall some changes that took place soon after McGrath was dispossessed and sent to the Island, and his wife and young children were taken care of by the Rescue women. A number of the old houses were condemned as unfit for habitation, and that gave impetus to the emigration of the street's ancient dwellers. Many houses which should have been condemned, but were not, were vacant for a short time, and then occupied by a new people, who spoke only Russian or Italian, and seldom fought the police.

Nora McGrath—"Nina Montrose," as you may know—retained an interest in Hickory Street, but she did not learn of these changes.

The night of the riots in McGrath's, Nora went there in response to a message sent by her mother, saying the dispossess notice was up, and asking Nora to help the family again. This message was written by a man, a certain rather unskilled thief of the name of Terence Martin, whom Nora used to know pretty well in the old days. Terence could write, and had performed this service for Mrs. McGrath a number of times when the Old Man was in jail or other trouble.

Nora always responded to these appeals. Even her father admitted this when he was sober, though when drunk he declared her to be a hard-hearted, undutiful daughter, proud of her exalted station, willing to let her parents starve rather than give from her abundance. McGrath talked this way because it eased his conscience. When Nora was a back-row girl, not always employed, and at such times earning but ten dollars a week, she lived at home. But her father beat her once, after a quarrel in which he charged her with earning more than she reported and holding out an unfair amount of her wages, and then Nora left home.

McGrath's rage over losing even such amounts as she had contributed to his always unsuccessful efforts to conduct a saloon was intensified when news sifted down to Hickory Street that Nora had developed into a first-rate "extra girl," whose services were in demand at twenty-five dollars a week in Broadway farces.

Nora could dance, of course—every girl in Hickory Street could—she was handsome, in a black, wild way of beauty, had even spoken two rapid, indistinguishable lines in one farce, and was said to be living in a style which strengthened McGrath's belief that her salary was probably scores of times more than reported.

So when she went to Hickory Street that night, and into the bar-room because she could not find her mother in the living-room, and saved her father from arrest at the time Connor chased the Monkey Hill gang, she told her father he was "a drunken old bum." She also said Connor had a right to pinch him, and if he had she would not have bailed him out. To this McGrath responded that he'd "break her face." If she gave him any more of her high-toned talk, but suddenly checked his paternal indignation and begged Nora to give him money to satisfy the dispossess proceedings. She agreed to do this so readily the Old Man told her the amount with costs was sixty-five dollars—it was forty dollars; but as Nora took out her purse, containing much more than he demanded, she suddenly asked where her mother and the children were. McGrath did not know, and his manner betrayed him. That enraged Nora, and pocketing the purse, she said she would settle things when she found her mother and the children, for she didn't propose to throw away good money on him until she knew it would also benefit them.

The Old Man was not in a state of mind to endure with fortitude this black eclipse of risen roseate hope. He sprang at the girl to take the purse, but at that instant Terence Martin, first of the Monkey Hillers to venture back, entered, saw McGrath's action, tripped him, kicked him vigorously in the head, and turned to Nora a face which, doubtless, would have expressed pride had it been capable of that expression, for Terence was conscious that he had performed the only worthy act of his life.

Nora flushed as she met the man's somewhat shifty gaze, but said generously, "You done him—I mean you did him fair, Teery."

"Oh, I ain't so worse," the Knight replied to the Lady.

Nora again took out her purse, stripped a five-dollar bill from a roll that made Terence stare, gave it to him, and hurried away.

For days after that Terence was tortured by a searching self-examination as to the reason he did not rob Nora of her purse. He was forced to abandon the effort to arrive at any conclusion consistent with a belief in his own sanity. The opportunity was perfect, and his needs, as usual, great, and—what damned him most as a weakling—he believed if he had robbed her she would not have appeared against him. Paragraphs of a most agreeable kind were being printed about Nora; items noted where she supped, and in what company. Would she run the risk of the papers getting hold of another kind of story? Terence thought not. He concluded he had been afflicted with temporary insanity, and resolved to re-establish his faith in himself, and to overtake a fleeting opportunity, by picking Nora's pocket with contrived promptness.

But when, with this purpose in mind, he prowled up to the theatre district, he found a new play billed at the house where Nina Montrose had become a success of gossip. By awkward inquiries he learned that the company with which she appeared was out of town, but would return in a new play in December.

Nora had an acting song in the new play, for which a stage-manager, who looked like an unamiable bear, had, with delicate taste and patience that was infinite, drilled the girl of the street until all her dark beauty and grace were polished into a wonderful expression of his conception—a tigress translating for bruin. It made one of those sensational successes Broadway revels in, and Nora's employer exulted with unctuous pains that he had her services contracted for at thirty dollars a week. Else he must give her five hundred!

Every hour of Connor's off time coinciding with an afternoon or evening performance was devoted to worship at Nora's shrine—dumb, distant, but honest worship. Sometimes the handsome young officer, when in uniform, would see her leaving her carriage at a restaurant door after the theatre, and would flush and doff his helmet when Nora smiled at him brilliantly in the way the bear had taught her. But it was a smile of patronage—admitting, to be sure, that faith were from Hickory Street, both wondrously risen in the world. "But," the smile seemed to say, "Jimmy, you see the difference. You are patrolling the cold streets, I'm going in to supper and champagne with a gentleman who would have a fit if I stopped to speak to you!"

Some of the girls in the company saw a little more: saw Connor in front very often; saw him, when not in uniform, watching her leave the stage door, and they spoke of him as "Nina's handsome cop." They built up a romance, and on purely sentimental grounds liked Jimmy Connor better than the gentleman doomed to apoplexy if a lady he was with should speak to a police officer.

Thus, and otherwise, Nora was talked about with prodigious expense of gossips' time and newspaper space; every gesture, glance, inflection in her song, was described, and their convincing excellency cited as evidence of suddenly awakened artistic temperament; and the bear who taught her all these things, and stood in the wings every night to see that she forgot none of them, would read to her the descriptions, explaining the big words.

But Nora liked better the articles with pictures, telling of her gowns for the street, the stage, the supper; how she dressed her hair, the jewels she wore. She could understand these.

So could the few people left in Hickory Street who knew her. They would go to the trouble of picking out of the gutters vagrant copies of the papers which conspicuously pictured and wrote about Nora, and they talked much about the good fortune which had followed her success. Most, they talked at the papers at which she was described with more details of her costumes and companions than of what she sang. This was a disappointment, for the matter of viands had a peculiar fascination for those in Hickory Street who thus followed Nora's career. They were always hungry, and sometimes starving, so it seemed to them the chroniclers missed the point of human interest in devoting space to the matter of dress and company to the neglect of meat and drink.

Perhaps it was the approach of Christmas which infused a bitter spirit into Hickory Street comment on Nora's seeming abundance of suppers—which must have wholly satisfied hunger—and clothing so not it certainly protected her from the keenness of the cold—and may even have kept her warm! There were not many felt in Hickory Street who cared that Christmas should be a festival, or hoped that it should be a day of cold intermitted and hunger alleviated. Most of those who could hope had emigrated. Yet some remained.

The day before Christmas Nora received a letter written by Terence Martin. It spoke as usual in the

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one sent word she would be down after the show.

Some extra-girls with whom she still dressed saw Nora putting on a rough gown when the show was over that night, and inquired shrilly what she was making up for. Nora told them she was going home for a visit.

"It's a pity Jimmy Connor wouldn't be on post there, like he was in the old days," one exclaimed, and all laughed loudly.

Nora, on her way out, passed a dressing-room where a principal woman dressed alone, and who cried out, "For Gawd's sake, Nina, where are you going in the tough-girl make-up? Say, you look great."

Nora explained.

"But you will be with the gang for supper?"

Nora said she would, but a little late, probably.

She rode on a surface car down Sixth Avenue until she found a late-open market, where she bought a basket and filled it with chicken, celery, preserves, wine, buying whatever she saw that was attractive and expensive, and paying with a carelessness that amazed the market-men noting her rough dress. Then she hurried by cross-town and Bowery cars to the neighborhood of Hickory Street, walking into the district by Chatham Square, hurrying nervously as she found her old haunts so deserted, and quiet, and cold!

"My folks are about the last of the natives to gave no sign that any part of the old house was occupied, and she could see no light within.

She began to be frightened, and grew more so when a man who had turned into the street, seeing her glance towards him, stepped into the shadow of a hallway.

Who was he? Was he following, and trying to approach her unseen?

She shrank back into the entrance with a quick sinking of heart.

As she stood thus the door to the hall a few feet away opened, and Terence appeared, holding a candle.

"Come in, Nora," he said. "Your folks is in the back room."

Nora hurried to him, entered the hall, and was confronted by Terence and another man she knew to be also a thief.

"Give us your roll quietly, Nora, and get out of here," Terence said.

"Have you conned me, Terry?" Nora asked, and her manner seemed gentle.

"The Old Man's on the Island, the Society's got the kids, and your mother's working out of town," Terence replied, enjoying the situation his decoy letter had brought about. "Come, give over the roll."

"And if I give you my purse don't you suppose I will report to the station?" Nora asked.

"Oh no, you won't," Terence responded, grinning, fret, and Nora was bending over Connor, cut to death, a smile on his pallid lips.

"Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, why did you come here?"

"Because — because I — I loved you, Nora," Connor whispered. "I followed to see no harm came to you, and—they didn't hurt you, did they, Nora?"

He died then.

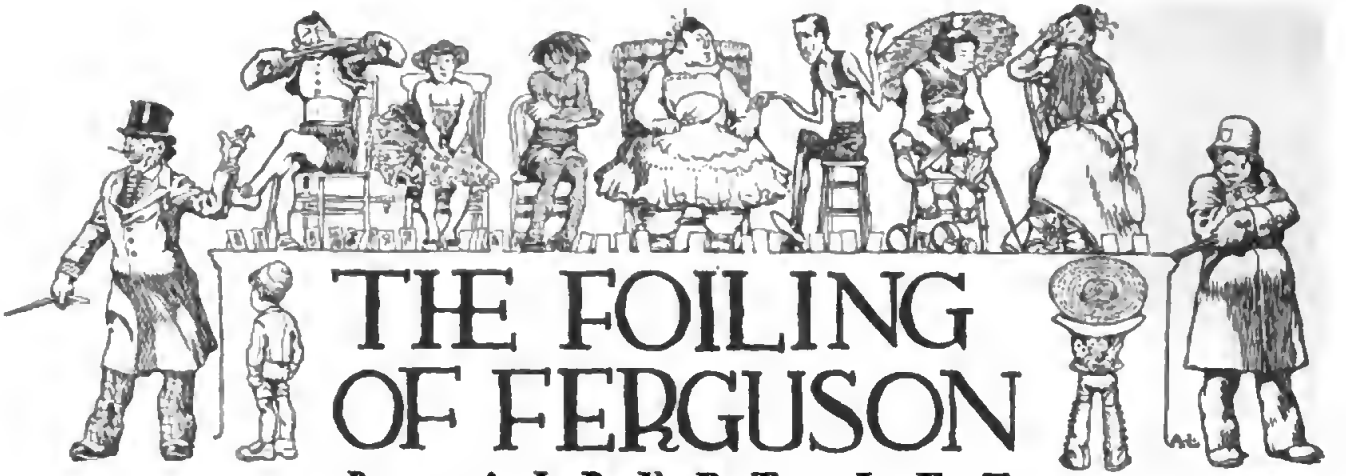
Nora, white, and staggering with horror—the silence, the dead—rushed from the street. She stopped at the station but a moment to give the alarm, and then hurried on with but one thought, a wild, madly compelling desire to be where there were light, and people, and gay noises!

An hour later — but now richly dressed and wearing some new jewelry, a Christmas present she had found in her apartments—Nora joined the party expecting her at supper. When she had gasped out something of her story one of the woman at the table exclaimed: "Oh, but that's a fierce yarn, and you the heroine! Send for the theatre's press agent, and work up your romance to go with the first police reports."

"Tell my story—Jimmy's story—to advertise myself!" cried Nora.

"Sure," the other responded. "Jimmy's worth more to you dead than alive."

"You take that!" Nora screamed, and with her clinched fist struck the other hard in the face, cutting it with one of the new jewels.



THE FOILING OF FERGUSON

By ALBERT LEE

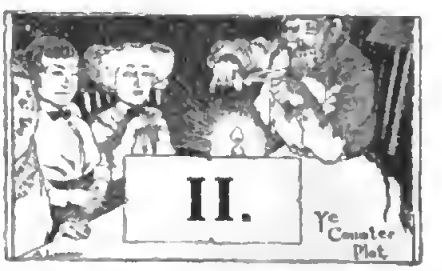
THE several human curiosities, whose physical peculiarities served as attractions to the patrons of the Imperial Dime Museum, were ranged at intervals on a narrow platform that ran around a portion of three sides of the long room designated by the management as the "Hall of Wonders." The Fat Woman occupied a large arm-chair in the central position of this grouping, with the Human Skeleton on her left and the Leopard Boy on her right. The Elastic-skin Man said this arrangement was effected in order to equalize the burden of dead-weight at that end of the building; but the Elastic-skin Man was always saying ugly things anyway, and would have been glad of a position nearer the windows himself. As a matter of fact, he ought to have been well satisfied with his own station, which was next the entrance, where he was first to claim the attention of new-comers, and was thereby enabled to sell more photographs than almost any other of his fellows, except Marcia, the attractive young Albino, who sat upon his left. But he was a hard man to please, and was constantly importuning the manager to allow him to exchange places with the Glass-eater, whose chair was opposite, between Zuleika, the Snake-charmer, and Ali Ben-Ali, the Armenian Sword-swallower. In other words, the Elastic-skin Man was the disturbing spirit of the aggregation. Even the placid Bearded Lady, who seldom indulged in personalities, had been once overheard to say that, for as many years as she had been in the business—and she had been on the (museum) stage ever since she first grew a mustache—she had never met with so "unsatisfied and surly a professional freak as that man Ferguson." Ferguson was the Elastic-skin Man's name.

But, in spite of the dissatisfaction and surliness attributed to him by the Bearded Lady, the Elastic-skin Man was popular with all the male "human wonders," apparently for the simple reason that he had convivial tastes. Whenever he sold more than a dozen photographs a day, he invariably sent Peter, the watchman, around the corner to fill the can—and he was unselfish in the distribution of its contents. To be sure, he always took long and deep draughts himself, and the Human Skeleton averred that this was to be expected, because, in the natural order of things, Ferguson's person would expand and hold more than any one's else—but this aspersion may be safely set down to professional jealousy.

As a further indication of convivial tastes, it was the Elastic-skin Man who proposed the plan of celebrating Christmas with a banquet—the same to be held, clandestinely, in the "Hall of Wonders," on Christmas night. The other freaks fell into the spirit of the enterprise with enthusiasm, and each contributed in the extent of his financial ability. The Elastic-skin Man stipulated, however, that the women were not to be included—especially not the Bearded Lady, for whom he had an antipathy. It would really have been agreeable to more than one of the freaks if the beautiful Marcia could have been included in their company—but, of course, they could not invite her without asking all the others. And so it came to be that the occasion was made a strictly stag affair.

The Leopard Boy, who had a tender spot in his heart for Zuleika, objected vigorously to this arrangement, but his objections were overruled, and he was compelled to submit to the decision of the majority. It is to be assumed, however, that he expressed confidentially to Zuleika his disapproval of the misogynous dispositions of his fellows, for, although it had been agreed to keep the affair a secret from the women, the women nevertheless knew of the intended celebration almost from its inception. Naturally, they felt slighted, but they accepted the advice of the Fat Woman and reserved their opinions.

Thus it was that on Christmas eve there was much whispering and hand-shaking among the male curiosities as they separated after the evening performance, with the understanding that Peter should cater for the celebration and would let them in at the main entrance at eight o'clock the following night. There was no whispering or hand-shaking among the women, but there was likewise an understanding. They had all agreed to take tea Christmas night with Miss Mulcahy, the Fat Woman, who lived close by around the corner, in Broome Street.



THE four women, therefore, according to their agreement, assembled at six o'clock in a little room on the ground floor of a dingy brick tenement—for Miss Mulcahy, being heavy by profession, could not climb stairs. Marcia brought some preserves, and Zuleika contributed a box of fig paste, which a Washington Street nyah had brought to her that afternoon. The Bearded Lady came heavily veiled, and bearing under the weight of a large bundle, which she dropped wearily in a corner of the room.

"And what's yours, Mrs. Prendergast?" asked the Fat Woman, cheerily. (The Bearded Lady was known as Mrs. Prendergast in private life. It was only the Elastic-skin Man and Peter who ever referred to her as "Whiskers.")

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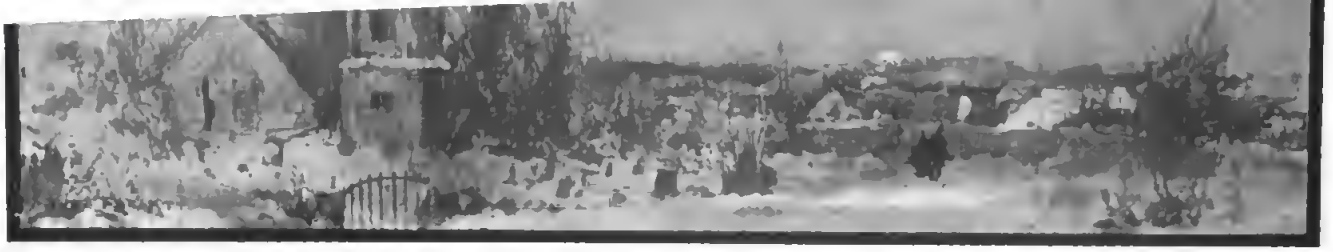

WITTENHAM BELFRY. *By Edward Boltwood*

I

"IT pleases you to be merry, Colonel Fanning," said Sir Vincent, stormily, "but let me tell you, sir, it shall not pass. It shall not pass, by—"

"Oh, father—father!" interrupted Miss Macready, and the baronet contented himself with pounding his dining-table so that the glasses hopped.

Colonel Fanning, as usual, was unperturbed. He curled his thin lips, and turned his eyes toward the fourth member of the company; this, you must know, being myself, John Stapleton.

"Now, I protest," he said, in his high, rasping voice, which seemed to come through his nostrils. "What would I be were I so lacking in feeling as to offend our host? Sir Vincent tells us that to-night, according to his habit, he has to supper the band of village bell-ringers, and I bewail the expense which this custom puts upon him. That is all."

"You said," exclaimed Sir Vincent, "that my money were better spent upon my creditors than upon a gang of bell-ringing yokels. That's what you said before my girl."

"Well," rejoined Fanning, coolly, "can you gainsay it?"

Sir Vincent's eyes shifted and his chin fell upon his neck-cloth. The hand which a moment before had been raised in anger lay helplessly upon the damask where Miss Anne timidly stroked it. The girl was frightened, and I sat silent, principally from amazement. That Vincent Macready should allow this smug fellow so to badger him seemed to me almost beyond belief. When I add that the man had addressed the most impudent gallantries to Miss Macready before her father's face, so that even my own fingers itched for a hilt—when I say this you may understand why I was overcome with bewilderment that Colonel Fanning was not tossed out of Rygate Priory by way of the nearest window.

The Colonel plucked a crumb from his ruffle and pushed back from the table.

"But, as I live, 'tis past four," said he. "Will Miss Macready take my unworthy arm along the River Walk? Sitting over wine brings on disasters of many sorts, as your father will tell you. Come, ma'am, are you not for the air?"

It was more like a command than an invitation. The young lady, a fragile beauty, sweet, but of no spirit, included the three of us in a stiff courtesy and left the apartment.

"I must ask Mr. Stapleton's pardon," said Fanning, "for obtruding Sir Vincent's education upon our holiday gathering. Sir Vincent is only learning."

"And what is Sir Vincent learning?" I asked, trying to make a joke of it.

"Sir Vincent is learning me," replied the Colonel, as he closed the door behind him.

Now it was evident that there was some rotten villany afoot; but what could I do or say? So I peeled a China orange and said nothing, while the fire sputtered on the hearth and Sir Vincent moodily sipped a glass of port.

"What do you think of all this, Jack?" said he, after a long pause.

"I never think unless asked to, Sir Vincent. I make no guesses. But at a word from you I'll plaster this coxcomb with a challenge to-night and spit him like a lark to-morrow."

His eyes gleamed for a moment, but the flash was soon over.

"Could a sword but cut me loose from this!" he sighed, half to himself. "No, Jack, Crœsus will not fight."

"The gentleman is rich, then?"

"He's so rated," answered the master of the Priory, "but not so rich, curse him, as to be content with his own. He's won me, Jack, debts, estate, and all."

Sir Vincent blurted this out with a moan, and his head went forward on the table. The shock of the thing drove all speech from me. Here, indeed, was co'nsolty for Christmas-tide!

"And now my girl—my, damme, Jack, I must tell some one—he would take her as his wife—my Nanny, my only comfort—I—"

"Courage, sir," I cried, distressed past expression; "perhaps you may be bettered."

"He has my notes for more than I can pay," said the poor gentleman.

"Won at cards?"

Sir Vincent nodded.

"A blackleg, I'll be bound."

"I could not prove it. But now I am a boor to saddle you with my misfortunes. Lord! could I but lay my hand on the half of what I owe him!"

II

Rygate Priory is close to the village of Long Wittenham in Berks. Sir Vincent Marready, the present holder, was an honest country squire, simple and kindly, to whom the vagaries of the shady life of London had introduced me. We encountered one another at a gaming-table in Bulliter Lane, where he took me for a gentleman, and, in fact, actually appealed to me when my confederate, French Will, clumsily dropped a king out of his coat sleeve.

We cemented the new acquaintance by an evening of enjoyment, which was the first of many. Whenever Sir Vincent came up to the city from Long Wittenham he would search me out, if I was visible, and make me his comrade in an excursion among the pleasures of the town. I had not the heart to disclose my real calling to him: he never conjectured it; and, what was stranger still, it was never betrayed to him by any of the other members of the profession. He knew me as a keen gamester and a man of the world, nothing worse, and when he boasted, country fashion, of his immunity from London adventurers, he little thought that he was protected by one who, without vanity, might reckon himself the most dangerous of them.

I never could bring myself to profit by his intimacy, for his simple confidence always made the thought of tricking him hateful to my mind. But when one December he urged me to pass the Christmas with him at Rygate Priory my resolution wavered. London was becoming ticklish; a recent operation of mine on Finchley Common had set Bow Street buzzing, and retirement for a while would be to my advantage. I furbished my wardrobe and my manners, and made ready for a winter campaign among the country gentry of Berks.

However, I might have spared my pains of preparation. The assembly at my friend's seat was a small one—Sir Vincent, to wit, and his daughter, who was yet in her teens, and Colonel Fanning, a short, vixenish man with a black sneer ever on his face. Truly, the party did not present many possibilities either in the way of business or pleasure.

III

In the hall that night I found Miss Anne, arrayed in cap and apron, just from the superintendence of the bellmen's supper in the kitchen. Colonel Fanning had an arm-chair by the fire, and in front of it stood Sir Vincent.

"What of all this bell-ringing?" asked Fanning. "A family custom, said you?"

"Aye," replied the baronet, "a family custom. My great-aunt, Janet Macready, rest her soul, gave the peal of chimes to Wittenham Church, and built the belfry to put 'em in, and out of her estate left a rent charge to pay for the ringing of 'em every Christmas dawn."

"A generous and good lady," said I, piously.

"A generous lady, certainly," Sir Vincent said, "but as for goodness—well, I'll tell you."

"La! I must see to the pudding," cried Miss Anne, and ran out, all blushes.

Her father chuckled.

"Truth is," he explained, "that Aunt Janet, though I say it, who shouldn't, lived something overscandalously. She went to court, and made more conquests there than reputation. They say the Prince of Wales himself—well, no more of that. But the time came for her to turn from rouge to religion, and so she left her jewels to the church, for her soul's sake."

"That's well," said I; "may we all do the same."

"Amen," the Colonel responded. "Her treasure, however won, is in good service now."

"Well, that's how you look at it," Sir Vincent said. "If ringing of bells is good service, I'll approve you. All her wealth went for Wittenham Belfry. Why, man, when the bells were cast she journeyed to the foundry and dropped gems into the cooling metal. In the chapper of the tenor bell—that's Great Jenny, the villagers call it—there's a gold-set ruby worth a prince's ransom, and may be it once served for that. With these eyes I saw it run in."

"I've heard of such a custom," said I, pricking up my ears from force of habit. "The lady was daft for expiation."

"I believe you," Sir Vincent answered; "she died raving. Faith, I'd like the ruby now!"

I swear I was afraid to raise my eyes. In different lights the minds of the three of us must have been upon the selfsame object. It was a positive relief when, at that moment, a stamping of feet in the entry proclaimed the arrival of the supper party.

"But here's old Sexton Vail and his henchman," exclaimed our host. "Come, gentlemen, let us have a look at the bellmen."

Nothing would do but that we should sit down to the supper in the Priory's generous kitchen, where the humors of the evening were diverting enough. The only disturbing incident of the feast was when Sir Vincent, radiant with homely hospitality, gave the toast of his housewoman.

"I promise you this, Vail," he concluded, "Janet Macready's soul is by you when the bells are pealed."

It was comical to see the tipsy consternation which ran over the sexton's face. The other fellows exchanged glances of stupid fear; it was plain that the thought of the sinful lady's spirit was not attractive to them. But there were country catches and country jests, and a "God save you, merry gentlemen!" by old Vail, who afterwards became wonderfully drunk and must be supported home.

"Never fear, masters," his grinning nephew assured us, "he'll be right as a trivet for the chimes, come morning."

So the company broke up. My own chamber, as well as Fanning's, was in a single-storied wing, and to it I departed with my candle, resolute, as I hoped, on bed. But my coat, plague take it, would not stay off. A dozen times I flung it on a hook and as often I shuffled into it again.

Business is business. There was nothing in my head but Wittenham Belfry and Lady Janet's ruby. In vain I dwell upon the meanness of such an act, in vain I recalled the case of young Cosby, who filched the altar plate from St. Martin le grand, and whose legs were withered by a stroke when he was safe, as he thought, in France. Perhaps for the one night of the year the guardian of the bell-tower was impotent in liquor. This was the question, when all was said and done: Could there ever be a better chance?

IV

There was considerable light from the sinking moon, and I kept in the shadow of the hedge-rows across the field. The ground was stone-hard, and the ice-bound river near by, shining like a strip of ousted steel, cracked now and then with the report of a pistol-shot. It was perilous cold.

I had marked the belfry that very afternoon. It stood on a knoll, a couple of rods or so from the church, and perhaps a quarter mile from Sir Vincent's gate. The top of the stone tower was cased in with wooden shutters to protect the bells from the weather. The door, of course, was fast.

Barring a file, I had no tool for breaking in, but on the further side of the tower my eyes lighted on a little window opening some ten feet off the ground. I laid back for a run and jumped for it, gripped the sill on the third trial, and hung there, listening.

There was not a whisper of noise anywhere. I could see the roofs of the village below me and the straight motionless threads of smoke from the chimneys. For my purposes, apparently, the bitter cold had congealed all sound and movement.

I dropped gently down on the inside of the belfry and made a spark with my tinder-box. The narrow stairs were directly in front of me, winding up into the darkness. I began the ascent, pinching out the light for safety's sake.

But, after a dozen steps, something happened which made me wish I could illuminate the belfry with the light of the sun, the moon, and all the planets. For directly over my head there was a muffled noise as of a shrill and laboured sighing. I have been in many panics, before and since, but never in such a one. Wicked Lady Janet, roving on her death bed; poor Cosby, lifeless from the waist down, and carried to the hangman's noose in a chair; the Evil One himself,

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LOVE'S CHR

TMAS GIFTS

left me blind as an owl at mid-day. Nor was this the worst of it. I was not alone in the belfry. The sound of breathing — human breathing, regular as clock-work—is not to be mistaken.

I was past fright now. Whatever, whatever it was, my face must already have been seen. I pulled myself up, hanged down the trap behind me, and with an oath, leaped in the direction of the sound. Something slipped by my arm; I gave chase, stumbling and tumbling over the supports of the bell beams, bruising hands and shins against the heavy shutters. Who was it? Could it be Vail or his nephew? Could it be—

I cornered him; he dodged straight against my breast, and I locked him in, man or devil, in my two arms. We wrestled in the darkness. I bent his head backwards, and he fell, pulling me with him, against the shutters. The shock of it caused a fastening to give way, one of the boards clattered on the floor, and a ray of the fast-waning moonshine streamed in. The man whom I held, with my knee upon his neck, was Colonel Fanning.

V

I opened the trap and stood by it, waiting for him to rise. Our conference must be brief; it was more than likely that the clamor of the struggle might have roused a wakeful village.

"A merry Christmas, Colonel," said I; "what do you here?"

An answer was not needed. Across the chapper of the largest bell glistened a bright line, like a polished wire. I placed a foot on the Colonel's file which lay near by.

"What am I doing?" he repeated, sullenly; "curse you, what do you?"

I laughed, thinking how I had him.

"Curiosity, Colonel Fanning. From my bedroom window I saw you running towards the church, and I desired to share your devotions. I hope for your behalf that none of the townsfolk is of the same mind."

"You'd be in as bad a fix, you spy."

"Not quite," I rejoined. I had noted that the trap-door was furnished with stout bars upon the under side. "Observe, Colonel: I descend this convenient ladder, securing you by these convenient bolts. I rouse the virtuous village; you are taken here, alongside the evidence of your bravery." He looked more puzzled than alarmed, and I realized that his word was as good as mine. So I proceeded:

"In the mean time we search your belongings at the Priory. Ah, sir, do you wince? Doubtless there are interesting implements there. Is this file the only tool of your trade?"

The Colonel bit his lip.

"Cogged dice, maybe? And the notes of poor Sir Vincent, which you cheated out of him?"

"You shall not touch 'em," he exclaimed, raising his head boldly. "Macready shall pay me every guinea, come what may."

His leaning and gesture caught my eye. If the proofs of Sir Vincent's indebtedness were in this man's pocket, as seemed certain, why not have them?

Why not, indeed? A very virtuous feeling (which, fortunately for my trade, I seldom experience) stole upon me as I stood there, a feeling not altogether accounted for by the propinquity of the church or of the consecrated bells. Mayhap Miss Anne's blue, childish eyes had a share in it; mayhap the baronet's honest friendliness was the reason of its oncoming.

But you must by no means credit all of this to the disinterested score of friendship. Over Fanning's shoulder I saw divers dancing lanterns in the village street. Whatever profit I was to make should be accomplished quickly; so I proffered the bargain. Let him give me Sir Vincent's notes of hand, and let him agree to bid a perpetual farewell to the Priory, and then he should go undenounced.

"And otherwise?" he asked, looking ugly. "Let me tell you, Stapleton, 'tis luck for you I am unarmed."

The fellow was in a hard position. He glanced about him desperately; he measured my strength, and then, with a prodigious sigh, handed me a packet.

"Down we go," I cried, pointing to the ladder. "You first, and hurry. Did you enter by the window?"

"Yes," he answered, as he began the descent.

Then there was beating below, like the assault of a battering ram, and an excited murmur of voices. Fanning grabbed me by the ankle.

"Tricked!" he growled; "tricked, by God! You shall pay for this, even if we swing together for it."

"Rein up, Colonel," says I. "Don't bellow till the fox is dead. The top of the tower's the safer place for you and me."

VI

In truth, my bold words were words and nothing more. We were two frightened men who stood side by side on the uppermost platform. The moon had sunk, and the night was black as pitch. From the air at the foot of the stairs one would have sworn that all the dwellers in Long Wittenham had encompassed us. I ran to the edge of the parapet and peered over, though with what intention I do not know; a man could have escaped more easily from the condemned cell at Newgate. But if we both were captured in that cursed belfry the outcome could not be foreordained.

"I shall call out," whispered Colonel Fanning. "We'll see which one will be believed."

"Have you forgotten the evidence in your boxes at Sir Vincent's?" I retorted. "But keep your word, and I'll keep mine."

He little suspected that discovery was as risky to me as to him. Jack Stapleton would be a sorry figure in a government witness-box, and Bow Street would die a laughing at such a turn of the wheel. There was little time, however, to waste in meditation upon this ludicrous contingency, for the phalanx below us was making progress.

The sexton, with his keys, was not of the party, for the door had been forced. At a slow, strangely slow, pace they came trooping up the stairs, stopping often for consultation. I was at my wits' end, when by chance the metal buttons of my coat sleeve struck sharply against the tenor bell. An instant hush fell upon the explorers. Indeed, I do not blame them; the faint tang sounded uncanny in the frosty darkness. It was as if the bells were whispering among themselves.

"Bless and save us!" quavered an awe-struck voice through the trap. "Tom Vail, I'll go no further."

"No good is here!" stammered another.

panic seized them all. Head over heels the rustics threw themselves down the stairs, while the Colonel and I played a parting salute upon the bells. Dropping to the lower staging, we tugged the ropes like sailors in a squall, and never was such a peal heard in Long Wittenham. Beelzebub could not have outdone us. Our ears were bursting with the clang, and the very belfry seemed to rock.

"Now's our chance, if ever," I shouted in the midst of the din.

Fanning and I had scrambled down the stairs and out of the open window before the reverberations quieted. We scurried across the frozen furrows, keeping the tower between us and the group of terrified rustics which I opined to be huddled about the door of the belfry. The village was alive with lights, and we could hear people stirring about the Priory as we climbed, panting, through the open window of my bedroom.

"The bargain holds?" I whispered, before the Colonel slipped along the corridor to his apartment.

"Yes," he replied, "the bargain holds. You've hipped me this once, Stapleton, and I'll remember it."

"I should think you would," said I, and closed the door after him.

VII

"Your adieus are sudden, Colonel," said Sir Vincent, courteously, when we filed out of the breakfast-room.

"So they are," Fanning answered.

"This it is to be a man of many duties," I put in. "His time is not his own."

"And Christmas day is only just begun," continued Sir Vincent. "They were late with the chimes; did you hear 'em?"

"Colonel Fanning roused me for the purpose," I replied. "We enjoyed them vastly. But were there not two peals?"

"Oh, the village had a furious scare," exclaimed Miss Macready. "Some pointerers played a trick on poor old Vail, but every one will have it that an evil spirit was the cause."

"Perhaps that is the right of it," says I, "but evil spirits have to absent themselves sometimes. Shall I help you to mount, Colonel?"

Fanning dared no retort, and affected not to hear.

"Farewell, Miss Anne," said he. "Sir Vincent, I give you good-day. Life at the Priory is charming. Mr. Stapleton, we shall doubtless meet again."

"Always at your service, sir," I asserted. And he rode away.

Sir Vincent looked at him doubtfully. "What evil is he up to now, Nanny?" says the baronet.

"Forget about the dog," I cried. "He's best forgotten on such a day as this. 'Tis Christmas morning, Sir Vincent, and if I may venture on a gift—"

I handed him the packet without more words, when he saw what it contained, amazement and joy struggled so for mastery that he could do nothing but stare with brimming eyes.

"Not a syllable of explanation!" I declared, "excepting that Fanning's a confessed swindler, and that you're not bound to pay him a sixpence."

"But, Jack! But, Mr. Stapleton!" vociferated father and daughter together.

"I must understand more of this," said he.

"You shall," I answered, "whenever you wish, except to-day."

So, laughing, I waved them both off; and thereupon we set about keeping this holiday in the heartiest of good fashions—the most happy Christmas, I dare say, that Rygate Priory has known.

But the day is marked with a black letter in the annals of Long Wittenham. The villagers, even now, like to frighten themselves by relating how the devil played the chimes and left the mark of his claws on Great Jenny. As for the chapper, it is still there, and will probably so remain. Unless some unprofitable sea-sea is our trade should induce Colonel Fanning or myself to try a second expedition to the belfry.

"I opened the Trap and stood by it."

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It was in the kitchen of the inn at Framlingham that Mr. Mitchelbourne came across the man who was afraid, and during the Christmas week of the year 1861. Lewis Mitchelbourne was young in those days, and esteemed as a gentleman of refinement and sensibility with a queer taste for escapades. It was his pride to bear his part in the graceful tactics of a minuet while a saddled horse waited for him at the door. He delighted to vanish of a sudden from the lighted circle of his friends into the dark byways where none knew him. Not that it was all vanity with Mitchelbourne. He had both courage and resource, and so felt it good to be free for a while, not from the restraints, but from the safeguards with which his social circumstances surrounded him. He had his spice of philosophy, too, and discovered that these sharp contrasts kept fresh his zest of life.

Thus it happened that at a time when families were gathering cheerily about one fireside, Mr. Mitchelbourne was riding alone through the muddy and desolate lanes of Suffolk. The winter was not seasonable; men were not tempted out of doors. There was neither briskness nor sunlight in the air, and there was no snow upon the ground. It was a December of dripping branches, and mists and steady pouring rains, with a raw, sluggish cold which crept into one's marrow.

The man who was afraid, a large corpulent man with a flaccid face and bright little inexpressive eyes like a bird's, sat on a bench within the glow of the fire.

"You travel far to-night?" he asked, nervously shuffling his feet.

"To-night!" exclaimed Mitchelbourne, as he stood with his legs apart taking the comfortable warmth into his bones. "No farther than from this fire to my bed," and he listened with enjoyment to the rain which cracked upon the window like a shower of gravel. He was not suffered to listen long, for the corpulent man began again:

"I am an observer, sir. I pride myself upon it, but I have so much humility as to wish to put my observations to the test of fact. Now, from your carriage I should judge you to serve his Majesty."

"A civilian may be straight. There is no law against it," returned Mitchelbourne, and he perceived that the ambiguity of his reply threw his questioner into a great alarm. He was at once interested. Here, it seemed, was one of those encounters which were the spice of his journeyings.

"You will pardon me," continued the stranger, with a great assumption of heartiness. "But I am curious, sir; curious as Socrates, though, I think God, I am no heathen. Here is Christmas, when a sensible gentleman, as upon my word I take you to be, sits to his table and drinks more than is good for him in honor of the season. Yet here are you upon the roads of Suffolk which have nothing to recommend them. I wonder at it, sir."

"You may do that," replied Mitchelbourne; "though, to be sure, there are two of us in the like case."

"Oh, as for me," said his companion, shrugging his shoulders, "I am on my way to be married. My name is Lance," and he blurted it out with a suddenness as though to catch Mitchelbourne off his guard. Mitchelbourne bowed politely.

"And my name is Mitchelbourne, and I travel for my pleasure. I take comfort from thinking that I have no friend from one rim of the county to the other, and that my closest intimates have not an inkling of my whereabouts."

Mr. Lance received the explanation with undisguised suspicion; and at supper, which the two men took together, he would be forever laying traps, now introducing some outlandish name or oath unexpectedly into his talk, and mentioning this person and that with whom Mitchelbourne was quite unfamiliar. At length, however, he seemed satisfied, and drawing up his chair to the fire, he showed himself at once in his true character—a loud and gusty boaster.

"An exchange of sentiments, Mr. Mitchelbourne, with a chance acquaintance over a pipe and a glass—upon my word, I think you are in the right of it, and there's no pleasanter way of passing an evening. I could tell you stories, sir: I served the King in his wars; but I scorn a braggart; and all those glories are over. I am now a man of peace, and, as I told you, on my way to be married. Am I wise? I do not know, but I sometimes think it preposterous that a man who has been here and there about the world, and could, if he were so meanly minded, tell a tale or so of success in gallantry, should hamper himself with connubial fetters. But a man must settle, to be sure, and since the lady is young, and not wanting in looks or breeding, as I am told—"

"As you are told?" interrupted Mitchelbourne.

"Yes, for I have never seen her. No, not so much as her miniature. Nor have I seen her mother either, or any of the family, except the father, from whom I carry letters to introduce me. I bring a fortune, the lady a standing in the country."

"And what has the lady to say to it?" asked Mitchelbourne.

"The lady!" replied Lance, with a stare. "Nothing but what is dutiful, I'll be bound. The father is under obligations to me." He stopped suddenly, and Mitchelbourne, looking up, saw that his mouth had fallen. He sat with his eyes starting from his head, an image of panic pitiful to behold. Mitchelbourne spoke, but got no answer. It seemed Lance could not speak, he was so arrested by a paralysis of terror. In a little, however, he rose, trembling, from his chair, and swept the dust off a corner of the mantel-piece into the palm of his hand. Then he held his palm to the lamp.

"Have you seen the like of this before?" he asked.

Mitchelbourne looked over his shoulder. The dust was in reality a very fine grain of a greenish tinge.

"Never," said Mitchelbourne.

"No, nor I," said Lance, with a cunning look at his companion, and opening his fingers he let the grain run between them. But he could not remove as easily from Mitchelbourne's memories that picture he had shown him of a shaking and shaken man. Mitchelbourne went to bed, divided in his feelings between pity for the lady and curiosity as to Lance's apprehensions. In the morning the curiosity predominated, and since he had no particular destination, he was easily persuaded to ride to Saxmundham with Mr. Lance, who, for his part, was most earnest for a companion. On the journey Lance gave further evidence of his fears. He had a trick of looking backwards whenever they came to a corner of the road—a habitual trick, it seemed, acquired by a continued condition of fear. When they stopped at mid-day to eat at an ordinary, he inserted the guests through the chink at the hinges of the door before he would enter the room; and this too he did as though it had long been natural to him. He kept a bridle in his mouth, however; that little pile of grain upon the mantel-shelf had somehow warned him into reticence; so that Mitchelbourne, had he not been addicted to his tobacco, would have learnt no more of the business, and would have escaped the extraordinary peril which he was subsequently called upon to face.

But he was addicted to his tobacco, and no sooner had he finished his supper then he called for a pipe. The maid-servant fetched a handful from a cupboard and spread them upon the table; and amongst them was one plainly of Barbary manufacture. It had a straight wooden stem painted with hieroglyphics in red and green, and a small reddish bowl of baked earth. Nine men out of ten would, no doubt, have overlooked it, but Mitchelbourne was the tenth man. His fancies were quick to kindle, and taking up the pipe, he said in a musing voice,

"Now, how in the world comes a Barbary pipe to travel so far over seas and land in the end with common clays in a little Suffolk village?"

He heard behind him the grating of a chair violently pushed back. The pipe seemingly made its appeal to Mr. Lance also.

"Has it been smoked?" he asked, in a grave, low voice.

"The inside of the bowl is stained," said Mitchelbourne.

Mitchelbourne had been inclined to believe that he had seen last evening the extremity of fear expressed in a man's face; he had now to admit that he was wrong. Mr. Lance's terror was a Circe to him, and sunk him into something grotesque and inhuman; so that Mitchelbourne, looking at him, was ashamed and hurt. Lance would not stay another hour in that house. It was raining; the road was vile; there was no house where they could sleep nearer than the village of Glemham, six good miles away.

"So much the better," said Lance. "Besides, I am expected to-morrow evening at 'The Willows,' and Glemham is on the way," and secretly he paid his bill, slipped over to the stables, and lent a hand to the saddling of his horse. Mitchelbourne, though for once in his life he regretted the precipitancy with which he welcomed strangers, was still sufficiently provoked to see the business to its end. His imagination was seized by the thought of this fat and vulgar person fleeing in terror through English lanes from a Barbary Moor. He accordingly rode out with Lance towards Glemham.

It was a night of extraordinary blackness; you could not distinguish a hedge until the twigs stung across your face. The road was narrow; great tree-trunks with bulging roots lined it. At times it was very steep; and besides and beyond every other discomfort there was the rain. It fell pitilessly straight over the face of the country with a continuous roar as though the earth was a hollow drum. Both travellers were drenched to the skin before they were free of Saxmundham, and one of them, when after midnight they stumbled into the poor tumble-down parody of a tavern at Glemham, was in an extreme exhaustion. It was no more than an ague, said Lance, from which he periodically suffered; but the two men slept in the same bare room, and towards morning Mitchelbourne was awakened from a deep slumber by an unfamiliar voice talking at an incredible speed through the darkness in an uncouth tongue. He started up upon his elbow; the voice came from Lance's bed. He struck a light. Lance was in a high fever, which increased as the morning grew.

Now whether he had the sickness latent within him when he came from Barbary, or whether his anxieties and corpulent habit made him an easy victim to disease, neither the doctor nor any one else could determine. But at twelve o'clock that day Lance was seized with an attack of cholera, and by three in the afternoon he was dead. The suddenness of the catastrophe shocked Mr. Mitchelbourne inexpressibly. He stood gazing at the still features of the man whom fear had during these last days so grievously tormented, and was solemnly aware of the vanity of his fears. He could not pretend to any great esteem for his companion, but he made many suitable reflections upon the shrars of the Fates and the temerity of life, in which occupation he was interrupted by the doctor, who pointed out the necessity of immediate burial. Seven o'clock the next morning was the hour agreed upon, and Mitchelbourne at once searched in Lance's coat pockets for the letters which he carried. There were only two, superscribed respectively to Mrs. Ulford at "The Willows" near Glemham and to her daughter Drusilla. At "The Willows," Mitchelbourne remembered, Lance was expected this very evening, and he thought it right at once to ride thither with his sad news.

Having taken, therefore, such rough precautions as were possible to remove the taint of infection from the letters, he started about four o'clock. The evening was most melancholy. For though no rain fell, there were a continual pattering of drops from the trees and a ghostly creaking of branches in a light and almost imperceptible wind. The day, too, was falling; the gray canopy of cloud was changing to black, except for one wide space in the west, where a pale spectral light shone without radiance; and the last of that was fading when he pulled up at a parting of the roads and inquired of a man who chanced to be standing there his way to "The Willows." He was directed to ride down one of the roads until he came to the second house, which he could not mistake, for there was a dike about the garden wall. He passed the first house a mile farther on, and perhaps half a mile beyond that he came to the dike and the high garden wall, and saw the gables of the second house loom up behind it against the sky. A wooden bridge spanned the dike and led to a wide gate. The gate stood open, and Mitchelbourne looked down an avenue of trees into a square, of which three sides were made by the high garden wall and the fourth and innermost by the house. Thus the whole length of the house fronted him, and it struck him as very singular that neither in the lower nor the upper windows was there anywhere a spark of light; nor was there any sound but the tossing of the branches and the wail of the wind among the chimneys. Not even a dog barked or rattled a chain, and from no chimney breathed a wisp of

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Of Manhattan *who*, fired by the reading of A *Tale* in which is set forth that which befell 5 Old Time *Gallants* during a Countryside Christmas Journey,–essay A similar expedition ... & call upon social acquaintances on Long Island ....

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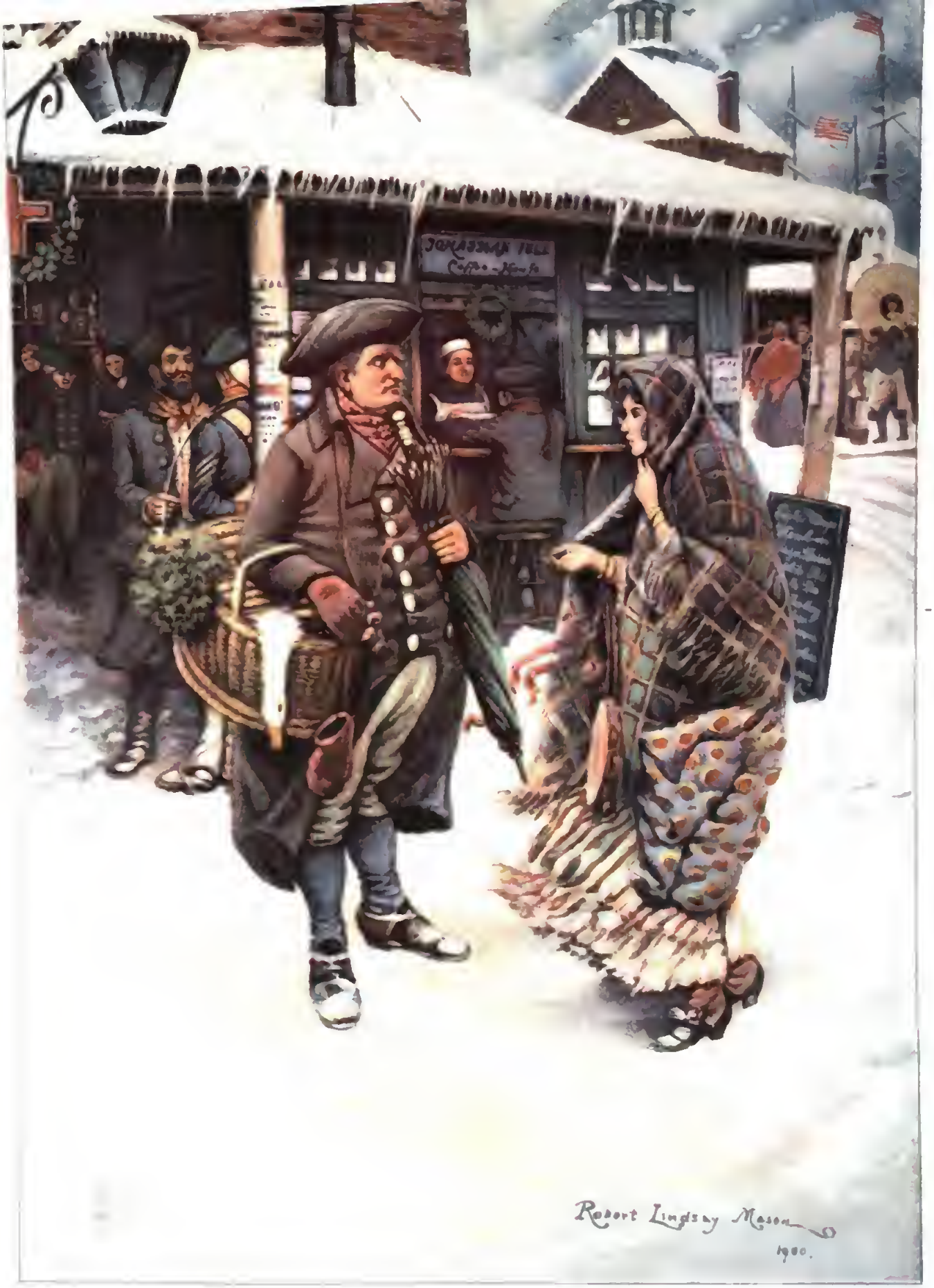

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

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gers upon the window panes. Mitchelbourne was assured that the house was inhabited, since from one of the windows a strong yellow light blazed, and whenever a sharper gust blew the branches aside, swept across the face of the pool like a flaw of wind.

The lighted window was in the lowest story, and Mitchelbourne could see into the room. He was mystified beyond expression by what he saw. A deal table, three wooden chairs, some ragged curtains drawn back from the windows, and a single lamp made up the furniture. The boards of the floor were bare and unswept; the paint was peeling from the panels of the walls; the discolored ceiling was hung with cobwebs: the room matched the outward aspect of the house in its look of long disuse. Yet it had occupants. Three men were seated at the table in the scarlet coats and boots of the King's officers. Their faces were brown with the sun, and thin and drawn as with much solicitude and anxiety. They had little to say to one another, it seemed. Each man sat in a sort of suspense and expectation with now and then a restless movement, or a curt word so curtly answered.

Mitchelbourne rode back again, crossed the bridge, fastened his horse to a tree, and walked down the avenue to the door. As he mounted the steps he perceived that the door was wide open, and the void of the hall yawned black before him. It was a fresh surprise, but in this night of surprises one more or less was of little account. He stepped into the hall and felt his way with his hand upon the wall. As he advanced he saw a thin line of light upon the floor in front of him. The light came, no doubt, from under neath a door, and the door, no doubt, was that behind which the three men waited. He walked forward and tapped upon the door. At once the light within the room was extinguished.

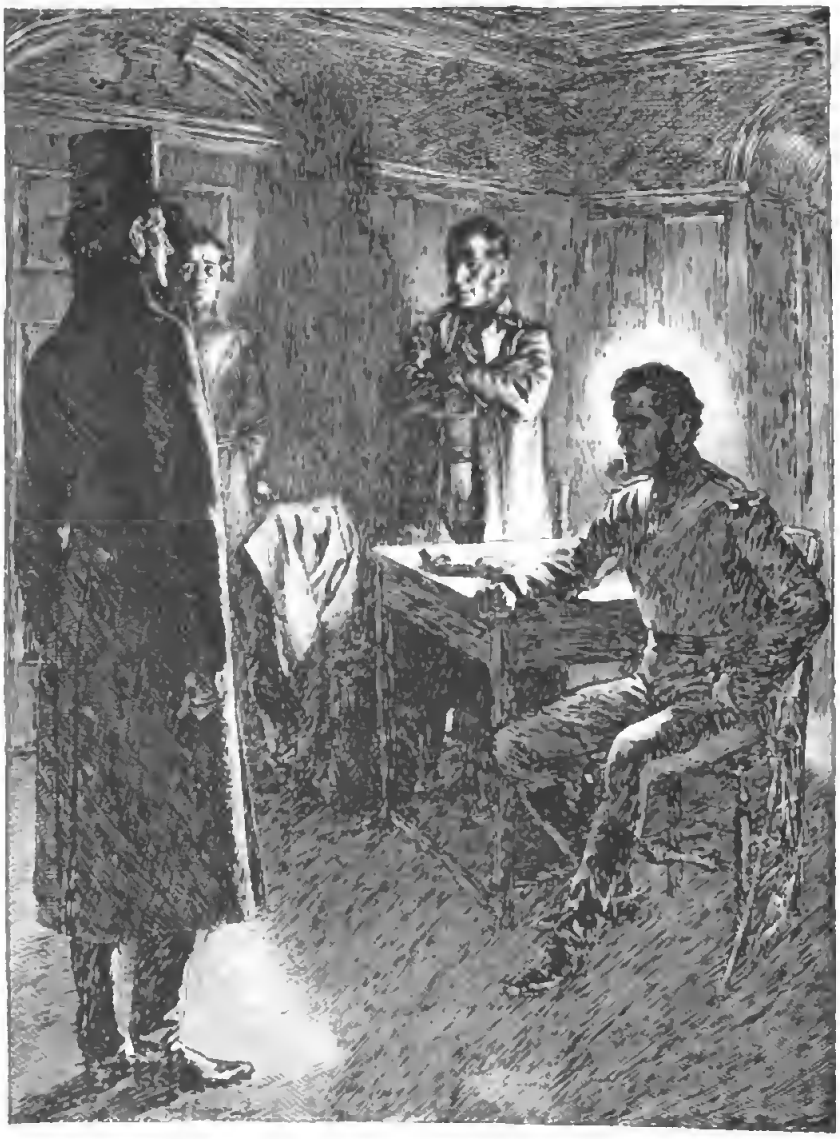
It needed just that swift and silent obliteration of the slip of light upon the floor to make Mitchelbourne afraid. He had been upon the brink of fear ever since he had seen that lonely and disquieting house; he was now caught in the full stream. He turned back. Through the open doorway he saw the avenue of leafless trees tossing against a leaden sky. He took a step or two and then came suddenly to a halt. For all around him in the darkness he seemed to hear voices breathing and soft footsteps. He realized that his fear had overstepped his reason; he forced himself to remember the contempt he had felt for Lance's manifestations of terror, and swinging round again, he flung open the door and entered the room.

The three men were seated, he knew, at the table on his right hand. The faint light from the window did not reach them, and they made no noise. He could not even hear them breathing. He crossed the room, his heart hammering at his breast, and bereft of his wits.

He reached the window and there stood in its embrasure, and one definite thought crept into his mind, he was visible to those men who were invisible to him, and tearing at the curtains he dragged them till they cast across the window so that even the faint gray glimmer of the night no longer had entrance. The next moment he heard the door behind him latch and a key turn in a lock. He crouched beneath the window, and did not stand up again until a light was struck and the lamp relit.

One of the officers now leaned against the door; the other two still sat about the table, looking towards Mitchelbourne, and with a certain air of the theatre in their attitudes. At last the oldest of the party spoke, with a sort of aggravated courtesy like a man of no breeding counterfeiting a gentleman upon the stage.

"You will pardon me for receiving you with so little



"One of the Officers now leaned against the Door."

The officers were plainly disconcerted. They had expected to carry off a triumph, not to be taken up in an argument.

"These are dialectics," said the spokesman, with a wave of the hand, and his two companions repeated the word as though it was a good word and the man who uttered it worthy of admiration.

"Besides," continued Mitchelbourne, "it is you who were not expecting me, since I have been misdirected."

Here the three men smiled and the spokesman recovered his confidence.

"We took precautions that you should be," said he, with a chuckle. "You were seeking the house of Mrs. Ufford, I believe: it is the first house, and you passed it on the road. But we are forgetting our manners," he added, rising from his chair. "You should know our names. The gentleman at the door is Captain Bassett, this is Cornet Lashley, and I am Major Chantrell. We are all three of Trevelyan's regiment, and but lately returned from Tangiers."

"And my name," said Mitchelbourne, politely, "is Lewis Mitchelbourne."

At this each of the officers was seized with a fit of laughter, but before Mitchelbourne had time to resent their behavior Major Chantrell said, indulgently,

"Well, well, we shall not quarrel about names."

The riddle was becoming clearer. Mitchelbourne advanced to the table.

"Did one of you," he added, "leave a Moorish pipe behind you at the inn in Saxmundham?"

"Yes," said Captain Bassett. "I made that mistake. You are here, however, none the less."

"You have brought with you some of the Moorish tobacco?"

Captain Bassett fetched out of his pocket a little canvas bag, and handed it to Mitchelbourne, who untied the string about the neck and poured some of the pontine manner.

"And to this?" said Captain Bassett. He laid a worn leather powder-flask beside the pistol and tapped upon the table triumphantly.

Mr. Mitchelbourne recognized clearly that villany was somewhat checkmated by these actions and virtue restored, but how he could not for the life of him determine. He took up the pistol.

"It appears to have seen some honorable service," said he. This remark had a startling effect upon his audience. At once their affectations vanished.

"Service, yes, but honorable! Use that he again Mr. Lance, and I'll ram the butt of it down your throat!" cried Major Chantrell. He leaned forward over the table in a blaze of fury, yet his face did no more than match the faces of his comrades.

Mitchelbourne began to understand. These simple soldier-men had endeavored to conduct their proceedings with great dignity and a judicial calmness, and so they had become simply absurd and ridiculous. Now, however, that passion had the upper hand with them, Mitchelbourne saw at once that he stood in deadly peril. These were men.

"Understand me, Mr. Lance. I was in command of Devil's Drop, a little fort on the sand outside Tangiers. The Moors pushed their trenches up to our palisades: I ordered a sortie. Nine officers went out with me and three came back—we three. Of the six we left behind five fell—by my orders, to be sure, but, by the living God, you killed them! There's the pistol that shot my best friend down, an English pistol. There's the powder-flask which charged the pistol, an English flask filled with English powder. And who sold the pistol and the powder to the Moors—England's enemies? You, an Englishman. But you have come to the end of your lane to-night. Turn and turn as you will, you have come to the end of it."

The truth was now out, and Mitchelbourne was chilled with apprehension. Here were three men very desperately set upon what they considered a mere act of justice. How was he to dissuade them? By argument? They would not listen to it.

"You persist in error, Major Chantrell?" he nevertheless began.

"Show him the proof, Bassett," Chantrell interrupted, with a shrug of his shoulders, and Captain Bassett drew from his pocket a folded sheet of paper.

"Five were killed," continued Chantrell: "three are here. The ninth was taken a prisoner into Barbary. The Moors brought him down to Marmora to interpret. At Marmora your ship unloaded and our brother officer was your interpreter. You know that, but this you do not know, Mr. Lance. He escaped; he crept into Tangiers with this, your bill of lading, in his hand," and Bassett tossed the sheet of paper towards Mitchelbourne. It fell upon the floor before him, but he did not trouble to pick it up.

"Is it Lance's death that you require?" he asked them.

"Yes—yes—yes," came from each mouth.

"Then already you have your wish. I do not question one word of your charges against Lance. I have reason to believe them true. But I am not Lance. Lance lies at this moment dead at Great Glenham. He died this afternoon of cholera. Here are his letters," and he laid the letters on the table. "I rode in with them at once. You do not believe me, but you can put my words to the test. Let one of you ride to Great Glenham and satisfy himself. He will be back before the morning."

The three officers listened so far with impassive faces; or barely listened, for they were as indifferent to the words as to the passion with which they were spoken.

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...ness, in a hoarse and broken voice. "My soldier-men! Come, let's make an end. Bassett, the rope is in the corner. There's a noose to it. The beam across the window will serve;" and Bassett rose to obey.

But Mitchelbourne gave them no time. His fears had altogether vanished before his indignation at the stupidity of these officers. He was boiling with anger at the thought that he must lose his life in this little ignominious way for the crime of another man, who was not even his friend, and who, besides, was already dead.

"So that's the way of it," he cried, stepping forward. "I am to be hung up to a beam till I kick to death, am I? I am to be buried decently in that stagnant pool, am I? And you to be miles away before sunrise and no one the wiser? No, Major Chantrell! I am not come to the end of my lane," and before either of the three could guess what he was at, he had snatched up the pistol from the table and dashed the lamp into a thousand fragments.

The flame shot up blue and high and then came darkness.

Mitchelbourne jumped lightly back from his position to the centre of the room. The men he had to deal ...

The voice was Major Chantrell's, and Mitchelbourne had a throb of hope. For since it was not the Major who had fallen, nor Captain Bassett, it must be Lashley. And Lashley had been guarding the door, of which the key still remained in the lock. If only he could reach that door and turn the key! He heard Chantrell moving stealthily along the wall, and he suffered a moment's agony, for in the darkness he could not surely tell which way he moved. For if the Major moved to the window, if he had the sense to move to the window and tear aside those drawn curtains, Mitchelbourne's chance would be gone. And then something totally unexpected and unhoped for occurred. Mitchelbourne was strung to so high a pitch that the ridiculous aspect of it came home to him before all else, and he could barely keep himself from laughing aloud. For he heard two men grappling and struggling silently together. Captain Bassett and Major Chantrell had each other by the throat, and neither of them had the wit to speak. They reserved their strength for their struggle. Mitchelbourne stepped on tiptoe to the door, felt for the key, grasped it without so much as a click, and then suddenly turned it, flung open the door and sprang out. He sprang against a fourth man, ...

house and knocked loudly at the door. He was admitted breathless by a man-servant, who said to him at once with the smile and familiarity of an old servant, "You are welcome, Mr. Lance."

Mitchelbourne plumped down upon a chair and burst into uncontrollable laughter. He gave up all attempt for that night to establish his identity: the fates were too heavily against him. Besides, he was now quite hysterical.

The man-servant threw open a door.

"I will tell my mistress you have come, sir," said he.

"It would never do," cried Mitchelbourne, springing up. "You see, I died at three o'clock this afternoon. I have come to leave my letters of presentation. But it would never do for me to be paying visits upon ladies so soon after an affair of so much importance to me. Besides, I have to be buried at seven in the morning, and if I chanced not to be back in time I should certainly acquire a reputation for levity, which, since I am unknown in the county, I am unwilling to incur," and leaving the butler stupefied in the hall, he ran out into the road. He heard no sound of pursuit.

Gifts

By E. S. Martin

THE imperial child to whom the wise men brought
Their gifts, and worshipped in His lowly nest,
Gave no gift back. It was Himself they sought,
And finding Him, were sated in their quest.
Their gifts, not expectation, but their joy expressed.
Now was the world's long yearning satisfied!
Now was the prize long waited for possessed!
Their gifts meant love, unmarred by lust or pride.
Be it so with ours: our aim, not debts to pay,
Nor any recompense save love to win.
Nor any grosser feeling to convey
Than brought the wise men's gifts to Bethlehem's inn.
Those rate we best that no return afford
Save the pure sense of having found our Lord.

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A CHRISTMAS MASQUE.

crusade again vice f'r fear I might prefer it to th' varchous life iv a raysplectable liquor dealer. But anayhow, th' crusade has started, an' before manny months t'll be lookin' mudher th' table whin I set down to a peaceful game iv solytaire to see it a policman in citizens' clothes ain't concealed thetn.

"Th' city iv New York, Hinnissy, sets th' fashion iv vice an' starts th' crusade again it. Thin iv'rybody else takes it up.

"As a people, Hinnissy, we're th' greatest crusaders that iver was—f'r a short distance. On a quarther-mile thrack we can crusade at a rate that wud make Hogan's frand Godfrey th' Bullion look like a crab. But th' throuble is th' crusade don't last alther th' first sprint. Th' crusaders dhrops out iv th' procession to take a dhrink or put a little money on th' ace, an' be th' time th' end iv th' line iv march is reached th' boss crusader is alone in th' job an' his former followers is hurlin' bricks at him fr'm th' windows iv policy-shops. Th' boss crusader always gets th' double cross. If I wanted to slad me good name down to th' generations with Cap Kidd an' Jesse James, I'd lead a movement f'r th' suppression iv vice. I wud so.

"Ye see, Hinnissy, 'tis this way: th' la-ads iliited to pillow an' put on th' polis loorse is in need iv a little loose change, an' th' on'y way they can get it is to be negotyatin' with vice. Tammany can't raise anny money on th' churches; it won't do f'r thim to raid a gints' furnishin' sthore f'r keepin' disorderly neck-ties in th' window. They've got to get th' money where it's comin' to thim, an' 'tis on'y comin' to thim where th' law an' vile human nature has a sthrangle holt on each ither. A policman goes afther vice as an officer iv th' law, an' comes away as a philosopher.

"Well, th' la-ads goes on usin' th' revised statues as a sand bag, an' by-an'-by th' captain iv th' polis station gets to a point where his steam yacht bumps into a canoe iv th' prisidhat iv th' Standhard Ile Comp'ny, an' thin there's th' divvle to pay. It's been a dull summer, anayhow, an' people ar-re lookin' f'r a change an' a little divarsion, an' somebody who doesn't raymimber what happened to th' last man that led a crusade again vice gets up, an' says he: 'This here city is a verytable Sodom an' it must be cleaned out,' an' ivrybody takes a broom at it. Th' churches appinta comities, an' so does th' Stock Exchange an' th' Brewers' Society, an' nither awhile other organizations jumps into th' fray, as Hogan says. Witnesses is summoned before th' comity iv th' Amalgamated Union iv Shell Warrukers, th' Society f'r th' Privilation iv Good Money, th' Ancient Order iv send Men, th' Knights iv th' Round Table with th' alit in th' centhre: an' Spike McGinn, th' burglar, examines thim on vice they have met an' what ought to be done tow'rd keepin' th' polis in sights. Thin th' man that objects to canary bur-rds in windows, sthreet music, vivysection, profanity, expensive fun'rals, open sthreet cars, an' other vices, takes a hand, an' ye can hear him as well as th' others. Vice is th' on'y thing talked iv at th' church socyables an' th' mothers' meetin's; 'tis rayso'ved be th' Insomnya Club that now's th' time to make a flyin' wedge again th' divvlish hurdy gurdy, an' meetin's are called to hum th' polis th f'r not arrestin' th' criminals who sell rigitables at th' top iv their lungs. Some was invinte an anti-vice cocktail. Lectures is delivered to small bodies iv preachers on how to detect vice, so that no wan can palm off counterfeit vice on thim an' make thim think 'tis good. Th' polis becomes active, an' whin th' polis is active 'tis a good time f'r dacint men to wear marreige certy-fkates outside iv their coats.

"Th' boss crusader is havin' th' time iv his life all th' while. His pitcher is in th' pa-apers ivry mornin', an' his sermons is n divcthry iv places iv amusement. He says to himself: 'I am improvin' th' warruld, an' me name will go down to th' gnerations as th' greatest vice buster iv th' cinchy. Whin I get through they won't be enough crime left in this city to amuse a sthranger in'm Hanaybal, Missowry, f'r twinty minyits,' he says. That's where he's wrong. Afther awhile people gets tired iv th' pastime. They want somewhere to go nights. Most people ain't vicious, Hinnissy, an' it takes vice to hunt vice. That accounts f'r polismen. Besides, th' horse show or th' football games or somethin' else excitin' divarts their attintion, an' wan day th' boss crusader finds that he's alone in Sodom. 'Vice ain't so bad afther all. I notice business was bethter whin 'twas rampant,' says wan la-ad. 'Sure, ye're right,' says another. 'I

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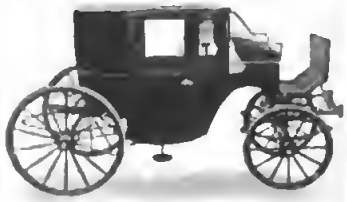

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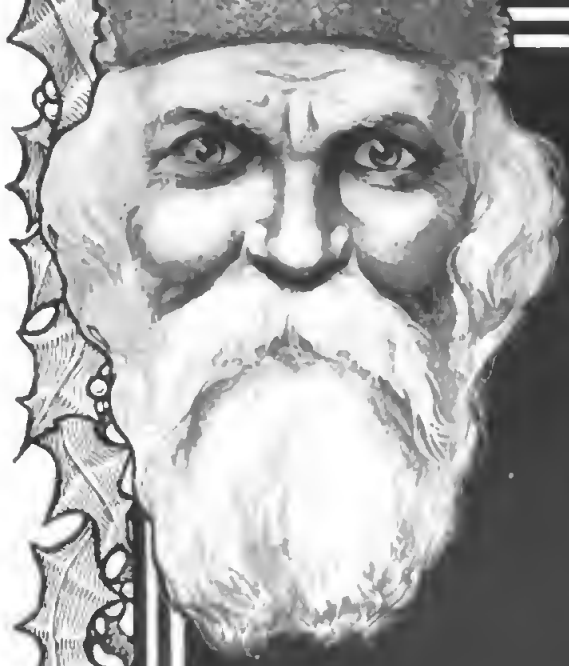

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WHEN the Anglo-German agreement regarding China was first made public a few weeks ago there was rejoicing in London, and it was looked upon as another of those great coups for which Lord Salisbury is famous. It was the proof that England had lost none of her prestige because she had not taken the foremost part in rerenging the wrongs of Christendom. Now that there has been time for more sober reflection, thinking Englishmen are asking if the German Emperor, as usual, has not got the best of the bargain, and if Lord Salisbury, also as usual, has not surrendered something for nothing.

EXACTLY what England gains by the bargain is not apparent. If the convention means an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the most formidable military power and the most formidable naval power, one can understand it, but both England and Germany have solemnly announced to all the world that the agreement conceals no *arrière-pensée*, that hidden in the enigmatical third article is no secret treaty which, in certain contingencies, might move the armies of Germany and the fleets of England. If this were the meaning of it France no less than Russia might well feel uneasy; if the declarations of the British Prime Minister and the German Chancellor are to be accepted as honest, France and Russia need not be concerned. Evidently they are not. When the first surprise was over, both governments promptly gave their approval to the doctrine of altruism as delivered in the gospel of Downing Street and proceeded to strengthen their hands in China.

GERMANY has everything to gain by even a quasi partnership with England in China, but England can profit nothing by the alliance. The bulk of the trade of China is done by English merchants, with the United States her nearest competitor, although a long way behind, and Germany a bad third. It is a larger share of this trade that Germany is after. She has coveted it for many years. China is the modern Golconda. It is the land of mystery and riches on which all the nations of the West have their eyes turned, just as the Indies in the seventeenth century was the commercial prize for which the world contended. The future of Germany lies in her ability to flood the world with the products of her factories and her foundries, to meet England and the United States on their own fields and destroy their competition. Russia may be the workshop of the world in the years yet to come; to-day the struggle for commercial supremacy lies between the three great branches of the Teutonic family.

Germany must have colonies. Germany must be more than a passive spectator in the exploitation of China. Germany's first move in gaining a foothold in the East was when she employed the familiar chemico-diplomatic process of converting missionaries into territory. It is a formula known in every European laboratory. Into the retort of barbarism throw some injudicious but well-meaning men, and tell them that their government will stand behind them. Put into the retort an element known as religious zeal, and an explosion usually follows; and when the fumes have cleared away and the *debris* is gathered up, it is found that by a peculiar chemical process, the exact reason for which scientists are unable to determine, the residium is a slice of the barbarian's territory.

THIS is what Germany did in Kiao-chau. The wrongs of her missionaries had to be revenged, and they could only be adequately atoned for by a large cession—or technically lease—of territory. If Germany had not arrived into as a self-invited guest at the Chinese table she would not have been satisfied with the leavings of the other guests. The titbits had already disappeared. England and Russia and France had lived for years at China's expense, and had reached out and grabbed a delicacy whenever they saw it. Germany took what she could get and was content for the time being.

The German "leasehold" is vast in area; what it is worth commercially is a disputed question. The English have always minimized its importance, which is not surprising; but many of the best German authorities assert that it can never pay the cost of its maintenance. The inhabitants of the province of Shantung, they claim, are the poorest of all China—so poverty-stricken that it is hopeless to expect they will ever be of any value as a commercial asset. But China is a land of mysteries and a land of potential possibilities. It is a land with an undiscovered future. Shantung may be a barren waste, but in the bowels of the *Hinterland* may be gold and silver and other precious metals, coal and iron, everything that man fights and schemes and labors for. From time to time one hears hints of these incalculable riches. It is not improbable the German knows what he is about.

But all that is in the future. The present Germany has to content herself with what every other nation has contemptuously ignored. The plum of China is the rich and fertile Yang-tse Valley—rich in everything that nature has lavishly bestowed; densely populous; its people hard-working and with money to buy foreign goods; with goods to sell, so that a double profit can be made by the shrewd trader. On the map Manchuria looms up large, and Manchuria is Russian, but it is to the Yang-tse the nations turn when they think of China torn asunder, and the Yang-tse is the recognized British "sphere of influence."

If British diplomacy can be said to have any fixed principle it is that of English supremacy in the Yang-tse. Early in 1898 Lord Salisbury told the House of Lords that "not only have we not surrendered one iota of our treaty rights, but we have no intention of surrendering them. I will say that there is no effort which this country will not make rather than allow those rights to be destroyed." Shortly afterwards the Foreign Office made this important official announcement: "In view of the great importance attached by Great Britain to the retention of the Yang-tse region in Chinese possession, the Chinese government has formally intimated to the British government that there can be no question of territory in the valley or region of the Yang-tse being mortgaged, leased, or ceded to any power." Lord Curzon, then the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, told the House of Commons that should Russia pour troops into the Yang-tse Basin without the consent of China, it would be an act of war, and if British rights were attacked they would be defended.

THESE bold words notwithstanding, there are subtle indications that Lord Salisbury may be preparing to make another of his extraordinary surrenders. Shortly after the text of the Anglo-German agreement was made public, a Berlin paper, usually regarded as speaking by authority on foreign affairs, suggested that one of the objects of the agreement between the two governments might be "to protect the interests of the Yang-tse." Germany, it must be understood, has no interests there at the present time except commercially and as are shared in by all the other nations. If Germany is to assist in giving "protection," it must be because England is too weak to maintain her *rôle* or because Germany has demanded the right to be admitted to partnership, either as the price of services rendered in the past or to be rendered in the future. When Germany remained neutral during the Boer war—after having, it is credibly believed, endeavored to form a European concert and failed—it was asked in England by the men who understood the Emperor's diplomacy what was the price of his neutrality; that his benevolence had been heavily purchased every one believed. Is the Anglo-German agreement, with the Yang-tse Valley as the ultimate object, the answer?

William II. is perhaps the most astute diplomatist in Europe at the present time. The world has been only too ready to regard him as an undisciplined, erratic, vainglorious man, old enough to have left the follies of youth behind him, and still too youthful to have the experience of age. He has been as much feared as he has been sneered at, and all because the world, having formed its opinion, has been too lazy or too stupid to change it. As a matter of fact the Emperor is neither fool nor firebrand. He has been wise enough to gain his object without war. England, France, and Russia have in turn feared him, and dreaded that through him the long-anticipated modern Armageddon would be brought about. He has known this, he has turned it to his advantage, and he has made diplomacy a far more powerful weapon than the sword. His policy has been peace, but always in his most peaceful utterances there has been the delicate intimation that if it was necessary to fight he was quite willing to join in the fray. It has been talk for effect. He has studiously avoided a quarrel. He has gone out of his way to be conciliatory. He has extended the olive-branch to France; he has flattered French *amour propre* so delicately and so insincerely as a born Frenchman; he has been the friend and enemy of England; he has played Russia's game and made Russia play his game; even the Sultan has not escaped his unselfish solicitude. All this has been with one end in view—to advance Germany's interests; to make the world understand that Germany's weight thrown into the scale will tip the balance. The Emperor does not want war if war can be avoided. War is too costly; to the victor as expensive as to the vanquished. Germany wants peace, so that she may develop her great manufacturing industries and build up her navy. When Germany is as powerful on sea as on land, the map-makers may perhaps have work to do.

THE Hon. and Right Hon. William St. John Brodrick—he is a son of a peer as well as being one of her Majesty's Privy Councillors—the new Secretary of State for War, will probably be Prime Minister of England if he lives long enough. He is a man of character and ability, and if he cannot clean out that Augean stable of corruption and inefficiency the War Office, and reform the army, the task is an impossible one and beyond the power of a modern Hercules. He is not a brilliant or showy man, which perhaps is in his favor, as the British public has a fear of geniuses, but he combines with a quality of common sense a forcible style of oratory which leaves its mark. At Oxford he was president of the Union, which is always regarded as the beginning of a Parliamentary career. A few years ago he and two other men of his own age tried to overthrow the British Constitution. They were the sons of peers, they were in the House of Commons, and they foresaw the time when promising Parliamentary careers would have to be cut short by translation to the Upper Chamber. They talked seriously of renouncing their rights and refusing to accept coronets, but their laudable attempt to remain tribunes of the people failed. When a peer is called to the Upper House, by succession or creation, even if he does not obey the summons and take his seat, he ceases to be a commoner and is debarred from the Lower House. Unlike a sovereign, a peer cannot abdicate or divest himself of his title. But the reformers have not suffered because of their birth. Brodrick, a little over forty, is Secretary of State for War; Curzon, the second reformer, is Viceroy of India, and, as the holder of an Irish title, can, so long as his father lives, sit in the Commons; and the Earl of Selborne, the third reformer, is First Lord of Admiralty, which is almost as high as he could have climbed even if he had remained in the Commons. Selborne's appointment, by the-way, is another scandalous job. He was Mr. Chamberlain's private secretary, but having shown a nice selection in the choice of his connections (he married into the Salisbury family), he is put at the head of the most important of all the British departments. He may make a great naval administrator, but up to the present time his talents have not yet been discovered.

RUMORS of a secret treaty between Russia and China, by which China irrevocably cedes Manchuria to Russia, continually find their way into the Continental press, and probably are entirely without foundation. There appears to be no good reason why Russia should consider it necessary to make a treaty with China. Manchuria, so far as Russia is concerned, is Russian, and yet without the responsibilities which would follow its formal annexation. Russia is in Manchuria to stay—precisely as England is in Egypt; and Russia can no more be turned out of Manchuria than England can out of Egypt, except by force—and all the world recognizes it, although it may be convenient to ignore the inconvenient. Russia so frankly proclaims the fact that in certain correspondence with the State Department in Washington she differentiates between China and Manchuria, showing that while all the other powers affect to regard Manchuria as a part of China, she looks upon China as one thing and Manchuria something entirely different.

The idée fixe in Russian diplomacy for years has been to gain access to the sea. Prevented by the Congress of Paris and Berlin from coming down to her natural outlets, the Black Sea and the Dardanelles—and diplomacy never did a more foolish thing than when it attempted to bottle up a nation so patiently persistent as Russia—she has sought the outlet in another direction. The Trans-Siberian Railway is to Russia everything—it is not only a strategic road, but it is also the route over which Russia's commerce must flow. Manchuria must be Russian, unless Russia is to take the risk of being cut off from the sea.

The irresistible march of Russia cannot be stayed. While all the rest of the world has philandered with the Chinese and asked for favors, Russia has taken them as her due. While the rest of the world has sent second-rate men to China, who have totally misunderstood the character of the people with whom they were dealing, Russia has been represented by men of the highest ability, who, orientals themselves, are in touch with the Chinese and know their idiosyncrasies. "Bon mots have become obsolete," says a Russian writer, "and the rapierlike wit and methods of a Talleyrand have, like crinolines, gone out of fashion. Our methods to-day are more ponderous, more calculating, more cold-blooded. A political question will open now with certain political formulæ which make diplomacy resemble chess: if our opponent moves his Kt. to K. R. 4, we reply Kt. to Q. B. 4, and so restore the equilibrium—or try to do so." And in the next sentence this frank Russian significantly adds, "Europe has just entered on a war of diplomacy with the East."

China will either become Russianized or it will be partitioned among the powers—there is no middle course. And that is realized in London fully as much as in St. Petersburg. A few years ago hardly any Englishman of standing would have been bold enough to suggest an understanding with Russia as to China; now Englishmen go further—they advocate a treaty which shall, for the time at least, settle all differences between the two governments. The English serious reviews give space to writers who urge a treaty arrangement with Russia, the daily press has nibbled at it, and public men have broached it tentatively. Nor is this surprising when one remembers that a person no less distinguished than the Premier pioneered the way. Lord Salisbury, in one of his amazing bursts of confidence, startled the world no less than his own country when he announced that perhaps, after all England had made a mistake, to use his own words, "in backing the wrong horse in the Crimea." After fifty years of reflection Lord Salisbury thinks it was France, and not Russia, England ought to have fought, and when Lord Salisbury gives expression to this thought it is not to be wondered at that he should influence public opinion. But there must be not only a complete change of political feeling, but an absolute reversal of conviction, for England to become the ally of Russia in China, or elsewhere.

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"The Matter became of wide Interest to the rest of the Passengers."

THE VICOMTE'S CAMPAIGN. *By Rhodes Macknight*

I

WHEN the young man stepped aboard *La Gascogne*, at Havre, he found himself among the very people he had been told to cultivate—Americans, and Americans of the class which insists upon the class. From the very start, then, the chances were with him.

Mrs. Conyngham, who had been spending the summer abroad with her two daughters, and was now returning prepared to startle her friends with new ideas, new gowns, and a new accent, was particularly gracious to him, even upon the first day out. It is possible that, having failed in certain ambitions she had entertained when setting out in April, she had taken the young man as a windfall at this the eleventh hour. Certain it is she meant to keep him, now that he had fallen.

Achille, Vicomte de Nardeuil, was in no wise averse to Mrs. Conyngham's appropriation. She was a charming woman, and her daughters were as charming. Even otherwise, he would have found it hard to resist, because he was a stolid blond young Norman who let people bore him terribly simply because of his good nature. He had never been to America, he had once been to Paris—which was on the way, he had been told. His present trip was the direct result of an interview with his father, in which that staunch old Legitimist had sorrowfully explained the vicissitudes of a noble family under republicanism—not that he disliked republicanism, however, he hastened to add. There were hints, broad enough for suggestions in a more sensitive society, relative to a course which, if pursued, would be looked upon indulgently by a patrician father broken in heart and in purse.

"But, Achille," he had said, "you are such a dear old booby that I fear you do not understand me. I will have to summon a surgeon to get my ideas into your head, my friend. Eh!"

Achille had looked at him affectionately, trying hard to comprehend the project in all its twisting threads; but he could not have comprehended clearly, because there never was a big boy so entirely unsophisticated.

The father had sighed, and, as a last resort, had written out in a little note-book all the things he wished to impress upon his son—what he should remember, what he should forget, what people he should become acquainted with, those whom he should shun. It was a complete guide to conduct. Had it been possible—that is, had the expense not been prohibitive—he would much rather have sent with the young man a head older and more worldly; as it was, he could merely trust to fortune and to the good offices of a friend in New York, to whom he had given Achille a letter of presentation. And at the very last he handed him five one-thousand franc notes.

"These, Achille," he said, "must last you a very long time. There are but few more where they come. Be sparing of them. But at the grand moment—you understand?—at the grand moment send to me, and you will receive five thousand more. For your preparations—eh?"

If Achille understood, he understood in a very hazy way. As is the proper thing in France, he went copiously upon taking his leave, and promised to do his best. In the railway carriage, on the way to the ship, he examined the little note-book carefully, and thereforth it was the companion of his leisure hours.

Within the bounds of possibility, it was in conformity with one of its injunctions that, shortly after his making acquaintance with Mrs. Conyngham, he prosecuted inquiries in the smoking-room relative to that lady's standing when at home. And it was after finding that standing to be of unquestionable stability that he had docilely abandoned himself to her manœuvres. There were others aboard, too, who were not unmindful of the Vicomte's charms to recognition; and upon these people he kept an appreciative eye. He was—with the note-book—by no means the young man to commit the unpardonable blunder of risking all his eggs in one basket. But to Mrs. Conyngham, owing her, as he did, the allegiance due a first friend, he continued to be especially attentive.

The weather during the voyage was propitious; and for this Mrs. Conyngham devoutly thanked her stars—for it would have been trying indeed had the painstaking overtures of the first day been nullified by subsequent inability to laugh and chat and ogle, and to perform whole-heartedly other of her accomplishments by reason of the variability of the ship's position, and its attendant consequences. But everything was as she said time and again, as delightful as though made specially to order. And for that subsidiary reason, within three days the Conynghams were as well acquainted with Nardeuil as of the days had been years.

Nardeuil could speak a little English, and Mrs. Conyngham a little French, but the small graceful formalities which counted for so much in the opening of the acquaintance were largely interpreted by eye and by gesture. The elder daughter, Miss Maie, was an amazingly voluble and understandable adept in the languages, and it was with her that the young man found himself to get on more surely if not faster—for faster was wellnigh impossible. And so it came to pass—premeditatedly or accidentally; a consensus of the ladies' drawing room seemed to point to the fact that there was wide play for the imagination conversing that—that the young people were thrown together almost constantly. And when it became apparent to the most opaque of the blue goggles that Achille was in love with the girl, there could hardly have been many so disgruntled as to blame him. She was more than pretty, and she had a taking way of her own. He overlooked, or was unconscious of, the mental obliquity of which the spelling of her given name was earnest, but he was fully alive to her superficial charm; and all in all, it could not be gainsaid that he was very much in love. It is perhaps a matter of no particular moment, yet one distinctive of the predominant innocent phase of his character, that he quite forgot about the note-book while he was so busily falling in love. He thought of it betimes, however, and with compunction counted its pages afresh. Dutifully he made further inquiries in the smoking-room.

From now on—this was about the fifth day out—the matter, while a foregone conclusion to any one who had half an eye and used it, became of wide interest to the rest of the passengers whose business it was not. The question of the ship's daily run became of ordinary interest to these very respectable but very inquisitive people, and when they saw the lovers on deck together in some quiet place, of an evening, there would be an almost frantic endeavor to read something in their faces the next morning at breakfast. But it was not until the last day that they were gratified; and then they discovered the truth not in the countenance of Miss Maie, nor yet in that of the Vicomte, but in the mother's. And she beamed very handsomely.

II

HARD upon his arrival at the little hotel in University Place to which he had been recommended, Nardeuil procured a cab and proceeded to hunt up his compatriot, the friend of his father, whose address was upon the letter he bore. This gentleman was a voluntary exile in search of a fortune the having been hard hit in the overthrow of the Empire; and in the new land he had prospered. He read the letter attentively (it apparently told him much), and promptly he was most cordial in his welcome, most earnest in his desire to carry out the part that had been intrusted to him. He asked frankly a few questions as to the progress of affairs.

Achille, a little perplexed and flushing prodigiously, answered as frankly.

The little Frenchman was beside himself in his enthusiasm: he jumped from the chair he sat in, and kissed the youth upon both rosy cheeks, after the manner of their race.

"So!" he cried, his eyes sparkling. "O worthy son of worthy father! what can I teach you? You tell me that you have already—within a week—encompassed the affair? Oh, my child, it is incredible!" Then he stood gazing upon him with admiration.

Achille seemed even more perplexed; he was a trifle abashed. He entered upon some halting explanations, which were really excuses. But the good gentleman interrupted him after a moment or so.

"Pouf!" he cried, with a wave of the hand. Then

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"'Pouf!' he cried, with a wave of the Hand."

is an old bear. We must study him, my friend. If he be not much impressed by the nobility—some of them are not—we must not stipulate for a dot; we must trust to his generosity up to the last moment. Up to the last moment—so? It is well, we must remember, too, not to put to sea without a compass. We must investigate, must assure ourselves. It is a most admirable idea that we keep other projects in reserve. Yet we must not for a moment cease our ardor in pursuing the main chance. The American girl is not to be trifled with—so? and we will do well to follow up our advantage with assiduity. My advice, my child, is to keep a firm hold upon what we now have, while keeping a sharp eye for something else. Ordinarily in America we have only to please the women. But this case may be an exception—of which there are many. I will institute inquiries."

The Vicomte had listened in a sort of awe; he could not grasp the scheme into which he seemed to be precipitated. When, presently, his father's friend rose and embraced him again, saying confidently that all would be well, he got his hat and stick and managed to make a good-by. But in the cab he still appeared to be mystified. He had studied his little notebook very thoroughly, yet it did not seem to clear matters. He hurried back to his hotel to get another look at it.

Meanwhile Mr. Selah Conynghame, titular head of the house with which the young man purposed alliance, had been apprised of his existence, and of the brilliant engagement in which he had surrendered his heart and emblazonry.

Mr. Conynghame, during this recital—which took place disjointedly in the carriage which bore the triumphant voyagers from the pier to the family residence in Madison Avenue—wore an expression of face which might have been interpreted to mean many things, but which truthfully meant but one—disgust. Astonishment, incredulity, rage, and reproof lay therein successively, but they were merely premonitory. Selah was disgusted. And he could find no words adequately to express his feelings.

"This—er—sprig of nobility—does he carry an affidavit with his title?" he asked, fiercely.

The weakly sarcasm, however, merely drew from his wife a look of contempt; and she immediately proceeded upon her bounding conversational course as if he had not spoken.

For the remainder of that day Selah, willing or unwilling, was closeted in his library with Mrs. Conynghame. Fired with the enthusiasm of the hour, she demanded that all the arrangements be made at once. Convinced that he might as well have it out now as at any other time, he opposed her at the start; he stormed and argued and fumed, and he fumed and argued and stormed; and he did all three without creating the slightest impression, without moving the determined lady one jot from her purpose.

So the skirmish ended by Selah's humbly surrendering his check-book, and agreeing to do whatever was wished of him.

The wishes, apparently, were numerous. In the first place, he had to submit to receiving Achille with a formal demand for Maie's hand. This interview was particularly trying, for more reasons than one: because it was necessarily conducted with the aid of an interpreter (in the person of the young man's elderly, wary, and excessively polite compatriot), because Mr. Conynghame preferred to say "No" and knew he could not, and because he had an insane desire to get his fingers into the Vicomte's curly locks, which was equally out of the question.

Then the betrothal was formally announced, and Selah had to dodge the warm but significant congratulations of his friends on the Street. He thought everybody was laughing at him, because he hotly felt that

ings. But when he received a letter from the compatriot whom he had intrusted with the conduct of the whole affair—a letter corroborating, even augmenting, the favorable reports of the brilliancy of the match—he could contain himself no longer, and rushed off forthwith to his bankers, bidding them transmit at once the additional five thousand francs promised for the wedding preparations.

III

Now if the wary guardian was shrewd, Mr. Conynghame was not his diametric opposite, by any means. Selah had been jobbing in Wall Street for thirty years or so, and had never had a breath of suspicion directed against him; a fact which would go to show incontestably, some people would say, the quintessence of shrewdness. When he saw, and was convinced that he saw, his wife blindly and irrevocably bent upon becoming the mother-in-law of a vicomte, he cudgelled his brains for an expedient that would relieve him of the necessity of putting down his foot peremptorily at the last moment, forbidding the marriage, and thereby incurring never-ending reproach. For that was what he had a hazy idea of doing; and as time went by he could see no clear way out of it. While the wary guardian was worrying about the dowry, Selah was thus pondering.

As constant activity of the thinking faculties clears away the cobwebs from them, he came by time to discern a scheme which would terminate all difficulties.

That evening as he rode up town in the Elevated, big with the idea and its promise, he could not but chuckle; although he was not prone to laugh at other people's jokes, this he laughed at very hard indeed, because it seemed to him a mighty good one.

Straightway he secured a hansom and directed that he be set down at the little hotel in University Place where the Vicomte was housed. The young Frenchman was in; and he came out onto the passageway from his sitting-room the more effectively and effusively to greet the visitor—whose coming Mr. Conynghame himself, and indeed any one, could see held for him elements of the unexpected. The youth had been following the intricacies of the English language during the past few weeks, and he was able to make a tolerably good attempt at welcome. But Mr. Conynghame, for instance, conserve his healthy? That was good, ver' good. Would he perform the happiness to come inside?

Selah no longer smiled; indeed, his face was a lugubrious one when he suffered himself to be bowed into the sitting-room; and he dropped to the proffered chair as a man dejected. He had not counted upon its being as hard for him as it now promised to be, and when Achille turned to get a chair for himself he followed the big, lusty adolescent with eyes of contrition. This young scion of nobility would make a mighty fine figure of a son-in-law, after all!

It was a half-hour before Selah regained some of the determination with which he had set out. Bolstering himself with the conviction that it must be said and that it was all for the best, courage came to him by degrees. There was much preamble of an awk-

keen!:

"My dear fellow, perhaps you think it strange—my calling upon you to-night—think I had an object. Well, I dislike to mention it, but—say, I want to borrow some money—a few thousands. Do you know of—I thought perhaps you might— Oh, well, say, never mind."

Mr. Conynghame had been prepared to say more, but at last the young man understood, for he got red, and stared blankly. Selah saw that he had struck home, and he was not a man to jeopard the impression by reiteration. He rose to go. The young man still sat in a stupor of dismay.

"Pardon me for mentioning such a matter," mumbled Selah. "And don't come to the door. Good-night."

He walked out and shut the door behind him. He seemed to be an inch or so shorter than when he came in, and his face was grave.

IV

It was the next morning at breakfast that a maid brought to table a note just received by messenger.

"It's for Miss Maie," said the girl, by way of defending herself from the voracious gaze of Selah.

"Who's it from, dearie?" asked Mrs. Conynghame, carelessly, from behind one of her own letters arrived by the morning post.

"From the—from Achille," murmured the girl.

Mr. Conynghame coughed. "Oh, ha-hem! From the Vicomte, eh?" he remarked. Then, his curiosity beating out his discretion, he added: "H'm! I should think you'd want to open it."

But evidently she did not, for she waited until breakfast was over, and then slipped out with the note in her hand.

Selah did not like to be delayed from getting down town to his business, yet there was no other way out of it; to curb his impatience was the price of his secret. Thinking overnight of the occurrence of the evening, he had come to the conclusion that he did not occupy quite so high a pedestal in his own esteem as might be wished. He had precipitated affairs, and now he was to have his reward; yet the prospect did not seem to him rosy. He fretted away a moment or so over a cigar in the library, and was restlessly coming out into the hallway again when he heard a shriek from upstairs. It was Maie's voice. Forgetting the triumph the shriek signalled in the appeal to his paternal heart, he rushed for the stairway. He had not half ascended when he heard another scream. And that was from his wife.

He burst into the morning-room just as that lady was sinking overcome to a chair, an open letter in her hand. Maie was prone upon a sofa.

"What's—what is it?" he inquired, with guilty innocence.

"Oh, oh!" wailed Mrs. Conynghame. Then, at the sound of his voice, she held out the letter with one hand, the other covering her face. "Read that!" she cried; "oh, read that!"

Mr. Conynghame quailed as the thought flashed over him for the first time that the Vicomte might have exposed him. He seized the sheet and ran over it with protuberant eyes.

"H'm! I'd like to, but I can't," he murmured. Then, beside himself, he paced the floor. "Here, you read it to me," he cried at last.

"I? Take it out of my sight! Oh, oh!"

Selah puzzled again over the superfine writing. But it was useless. Rushing with undignified haste into his dressing-room, he called his man.

"Antone!" he cried, "come here and read this to

"The Butler translated the Letter."

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... on knowledge based on experience of the Occidental world. It is a trite saying that Chinese custom is the contrary in what we have been brought up to. But the difference lies far deeper than mere custom. It reaches to the fundamental characteristics of human nature, and the facts that in China it is the business man who is scrupulous in his dealings and the scholar who is the thief, the woman who works in the fields, and the man who stays at home to cook the rice and mind the baby, point to a greater difference than that of custom—a difference in the being itself. It is this that makes it so impossible to prophesy with certainty concerning events in China, and the difficulty and danger in writing of Chinese affairs are that this difference will not always be borne in mind by a reader who has not seen it for himself. Statements apparently wild to Western ideas may seem perfectly reasonable here, so that sometimes it may be necessary to be over-explicit rather than to fall into the fear of erring on the other side.

Besides its garrison, and the fact that it is a rocky island of but twenty-eight square miles area, standing well clear of other land, and thus easily patrolled and protected, Hong-kong is fairly well fortified. Six forts command the harbor and its approaches, in which of course the ordnance is all modern. The only possible danger to the island might be from a very strong and secret attack upon the side of the island opposite from the town, where the storming party, after forcing its way past whatever naval vessels might be on hand to oppose a landing, would have to gain the steep heights—some fourteen hundred feet high, which form the backbone of the island, or make the circuit of the lower slopes, under the gun-fire of men-of-war, and later the forts guarding the town. Needless to say, if possible at all, ... good involving general danger could hardly be hatched without becoming hinted at and discovered. Besides quiet methods of keeping in touch with Celestial sentiment, Hong-kong boasts an excellent corps of Sikh police. The Indian is naturally antagonistic to the Chinaman, looks down upon him with an immeasurable disdain, and succeeds in inspiring a very considerable amount of awe; so all through the East he makes the best possible policeman for the natives, and one who can be depended on never to side with them. In Hong-kong any outbreak would be instantly reported and opposed by these men until the garrison might arrive to suppress it.

If any difficulty in the immediate neighborhood of Hong-kong is to be feared, it is in the territory of Kowloon, on the mainland forming the north side of the harbor. The area of some two hundred square miles embraces all the country round the island which, in the hands of another power, might have given a commanding position over the town or the entrances to the harbor. Great Britain has acquired the land only in recent years with that idea in mind, but the new territory has proved valuable for another reason than the gain in strategic strength afforded by its possession. The narrow strip of beach and the steep Gibraltar-like slopes of Hong-kong have been gradually becoming crowded by the accompaniments of the marvellous business growth of the place, until every available site has been taken that would not involve too great expense in reclaiming from the waters of the bay or cutting out of the hill-side. Land has acquired a value far in excess of what it would have had if it were not for the peculiar conditions of safety of property under British rule, as opposed to certain spoliation under the Chinese government of the territory all about. It was this consideration that made wealthy natives pre-

When Kowloon and the adjacent country were acquired by Great Britain, to enjoy, equally with Hong-kong, the benefits flowing from her sway, they immediately became available as a place of overflow for docks, warehouses and coal-yards, factories and machine-shops, residences for those who might not afford the rents of Hong-kong, and sites for Chinese investment. For a time there was difficulty with the inhabitants of the district, and the menace of troubles from the pirates, murderers, and other bad characters congregating in the native city of Kowloon, which for some unexplained reason was left under the control of the Chinese authorities, but all that has been practically done away with now, good roads having been put through the whole territory and modern improvements added to the more thickly settled portion across the harbor from Victoria, as the town on the island of Hong-kong is properly called.

This newly acquired territory has less natural advantages for defence than the island, and its natives less to do with the foreigners, but its proximity to Hong-kong, its good military roads, and its Indian police, mounted and unmounted, make it safer than many other of the settlements in China which have more natural strength. Altogether different is the situation at Swatow, a hundred and eighty miles up the coast from Hong-kong. There the foreign settlement, to the inconvenience of trade and actual danger of the colony in times like these, is divided, half being on the outskirts of the native city on the level north shore, and half on the slopes of the south shore of a mile-wide estuary. In summer the colony is further split by the residence of those seeking cooler air upon an island at the mouth of the estuary five miles away from the settlement.

Swatow is a picturesque place to see from a ship entering the harbor. The quite suddenly into a great country. In the distance across the broad sheet of water lined with fishing-nets is the twin town of Swatow. Gradually its details develop. On the north bank along the water front are white buildings standing in groves which partially hide the fertile country behind and mask the close brown roofs of the Chinese city. On the south bank is a wooded hill, with glimpses of winding well-kept walks, and corners of houses embedded in foliage.

With all its division, the foreign population of Swatow is ordinarily less than sixty persons and the missionaries. It is curious that in China missionaries seldom enter into the calculation of the population of any place. It is probably because they are not a constant quantity in any of the settlements, their work keeping them in the interior most of the time. But whatever the reason, one rarely asks a resident the foreign population of a settlement without a bifurcated reply like, "Seventy, and missionaries," which sounds odd to the new-comer.

Trouble in Canton would mean trouble in Chowchowfu and Swatow—in the latter not far from its inhabitants, for it is a small town and most of its citizens deal with the foreigners or are accustomed to them, but from up-country men fired by intolerance and hope of loot.

Failing sufficient foreign troops to hold the place, and none are available now, a gunboat of some nationality ought to be stationed there constantly and plans perfected by which the foreign community could be put on board by the ship's boats at the shortest notice. If it were not possible to obtain the presence of a man-of-war, the settlement itself ought to see to it that a steamer sufficiently large to go to Hong-kong, and manned by other than a Chinese crew, might be on hand, and plans made to get on board without the aid of Chinese. GEORGE P. DYER, U.S.N.

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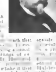

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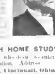

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spasm of speculative buoyancy, but a genuine recovery of confidence after a long period of dubious waiting. All through the summer business enterprise hesitated, but it made plans for the future. It expected a favorable result of the election and calculated upon it, but it did not proceed with its ventures until all doubt was over. So money was easy and stocks dull, and even the speculators had a slow time. Shrewd operators in stocks who were abroad, or who had convenient agents there, bought many "calls" on the London market for American securities at a slight advance on the prices then prevailing.

Everything was ready for a "boom," and the stock-market had the readiest means of launching it without delay. Those who had sold calls and options in London were called upon to deliver up the stocks on a rapidly rising market, and others were tempted by the increasing prices to sell their holdings. On this side the buying spirit was awakened, and the public came in and gave the commission brokers a lively time with their orders on the Exchange. There have been pauses and reactions, and there have been recoveries and irregular movements, but, on the whole, the activity and strength of the market have been maintained with a material advance over the summer prices all through the list.

This is due to the fact that the recovery of the stock-market had, to sustain it, a renewed business and industrial activity which was almost as sudden and rapid on account of the previous holding back and preparation to move forward "as soon as McKinley was re-elected." This was especially notable in the great "basic industries" of iron and steel, in which prices have become fairly adjusted once more, and active operations have been resumed all the way from the mine to the machine shop. The stocks of the steel companies have been among the strongest and most active, and some of them have also indulged in the greatest irregularities, but it is to be remembered that some of the most powerful concerns, like the Carnegie Company, do not figure in the stock market at all, while some other corporations have been organized with an inflated capital and have shown speculative proclivities since they were born.

One evidence of the substantial character of the stock operations has been the prominence of shares in the leading railroad companies which are nowadays bought mostly for investment or in the [illegible] of shifting control. General business activity means prosperity for the railroads, and confidence in their securities increases with stability in management, which comes from the enlarged interests of a few great capitalists or combinations. There have been many reports of movements in the direction of more concentrated control of the great systems—such as the New York Central taking in the Erie and establishing an ascendency over the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and Great Northern working together under an agreement, and a triple alliance of the Central, the Pennsylvania, and a great New York banking-house virtually to exercise a preponderant influence over the Southern Pacific and the Atchison—looking to a unified management of the whole vast transcontinental system. Whatever there may have been in the various reports and rumors, they spring up along the line of a visible tendency, which promises to put an end to conflicts and rate wars, and thus make railroad investments more stable and secure.

So far as foreign trade, and especially the volume of exports, is to be taken as an index of domestic prosperity, there has been no set-back in this year 1900. The statistics for the month of October surpass all previous records, the exports of merchandise reaching the value of $163,000,000 and more, and the excess over imports being more than $92,000,000, which also breaks the record. The balance of trade in our favor, as it is called,—that is, the excess of exports over imports—for ten months of the year, was $527,234,345, against $379,132,172 for the same period last year. It should be noted that the October record of exports was largely affected by the high price of cotton, that article alone figuring at $60,000,000 and more as compared with $38,000,000 in October, 1899.

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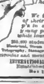

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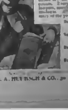

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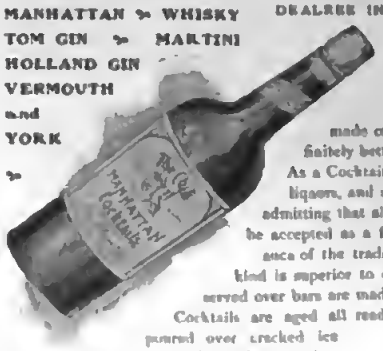

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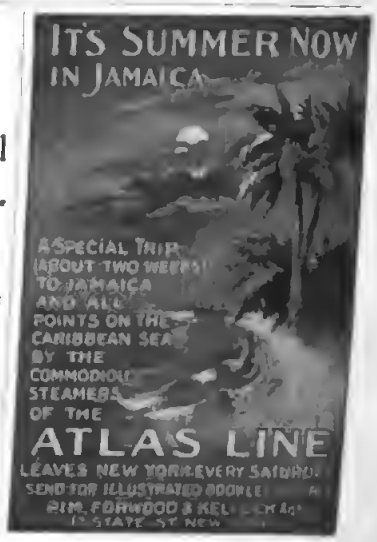

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where the music gripped.
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Of all those operettas which is your favorite? And in that favorite operetta, which is your favorite air? You cannot answer either question. If you try the first you will find that among about half the list you cannot choose one, because you will not reject the others. And if you try to find the air which seems best to you, you will be lost in the same way among no less than twenty. The moment that one seems to excel for some delightful quality in it, another is remembered as especially fine for some quite different reason, and then a third presents its independent claim, till all taste and judgment are confused. One is beautiful for its pensive sadness; one delights with its rollicking merriment; one brings the blood to the cheek with its sturdy martial swing; one moves by its simple tenderness. They please with their free and joyous life, their depth of passion, their flash and dash and crash, their sweetness and depth and gentleness, their sparkle of humor.

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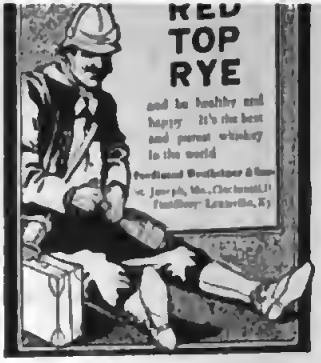

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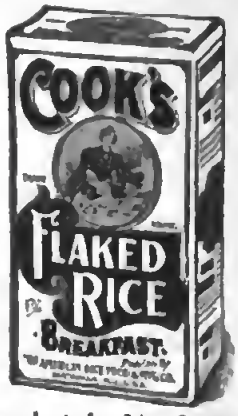

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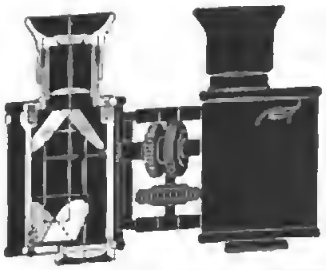

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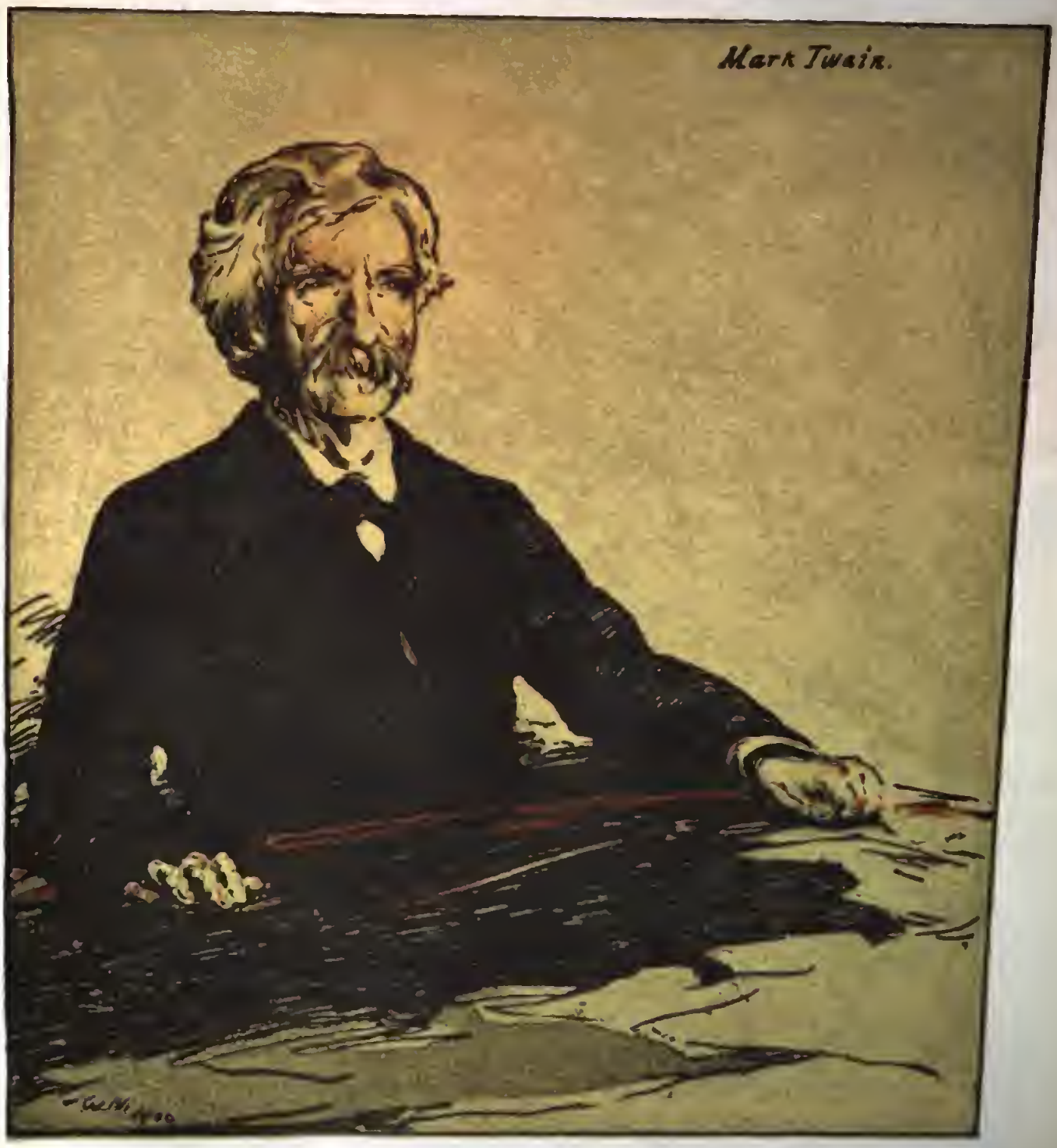

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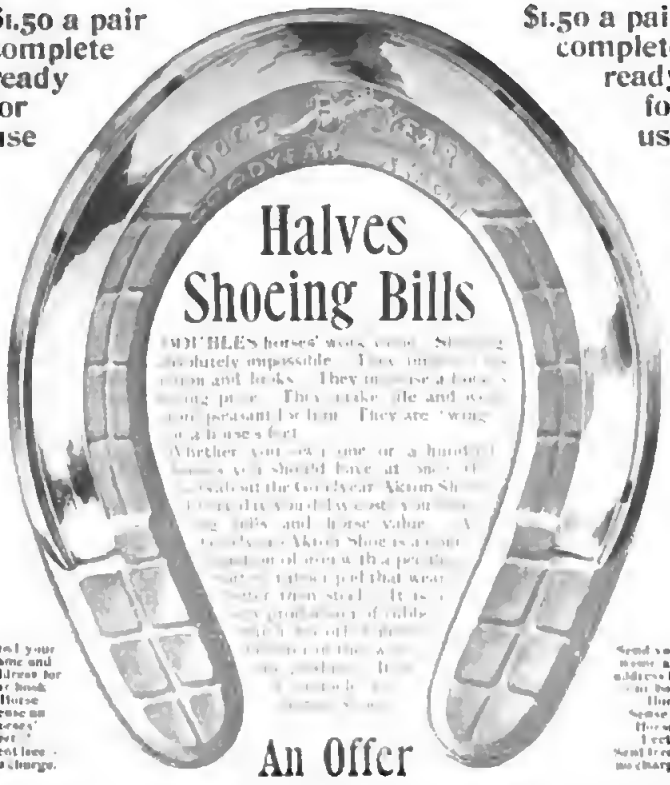

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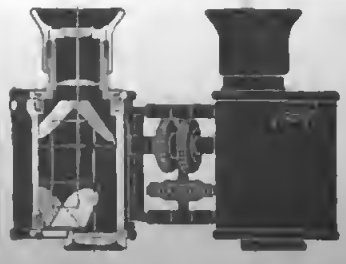

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THE ALDINE CLUB DINNER TO MARK TWAIN, DECEMBER 4, 1900.

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The President's Message

THE President's message shows our recently re-elected Chief Magistrate to be a veritable political Santa Claus. He fills our stockings with all sorts of good things, and when the message has been read from beginning to end it leaves the American reader with that comfortable feeling of satisfaction with himself and the world in general that goes more often with a good Christmas dinner than with the official utterance of a minister of state. It is difficult to see how, if the pledges made or foreshadowed in the message are fulfilled by the Administration, with the aid of Congress, it will be possible to stave off the millennium much longer. The highest wisdom characterizes the recommendations to Congress, and the deepest sincerity is the prevailing note in this very satisfactory document.

The restatement of the Administration's Philippine policy is strictly along the lines indicated by Mr. McKINLEY in his letter of acceptance of his renomination to the Presidential office last summer. Suspected then of an Imperialistic ambition, the sincerity of his utterance was questioned by a large number of worthy and thoughtful persons. An unselfish attitude toward the people of the Pacific islands was a good thing to promise; a good platform for a candidate before a fair-play-loving people to stand on; but the critics of the candidate, having their suspicions that all was not fair and aboveboard with him, while admitting the wisdom of the promised policy, doubted his intention of living strictly up to the letter of his promises. These critics the President has now disarmed by a reiteration in the message of the pledges of the letter, and the approach of Christmas should find the Anti-Imperialists and their quondam opponents clasped in each other's arms, assuring each other of their everlasting good will, and in the joy of the hour letting bygones be bygones. In his letter of acceptance, Mr. McKINLEY denied acquaintance with Imperialism. In his message, he gives that one-time issue a parting kick which should keep it from soon again rising to annoy him. And just as the President sends a little Christmas assurance of his benevolent intentions regarding the permanence of our republican institutions to the Anti-Imperialists, so does he reassure the doubting Thomases of the far Pacific seas. AGUINALDO himself could ask for no more cherished yule-tide promise than the definite statements in this message, in which the President impresses upon the legislative branch of the government the necessity of adopting a policy that shall proceed along the generous lines of a purpose to assure "the benefits of liberty and good government to the Filipinos in the interests of humanity, and with the aim of building up an enduring, self-supporting, and self-administering community in those Far-Eastern seas."

unanimous.

There is Christmas cheer for China in the message also, although it is possible that China is not bothering much these days about any of the great spiritual festivities of Christianity, being rather more concerned with the Christian's strange ideas of the requirements and the administration of justice. Nevertheless, a Chinese subject reading the paragraphs of the President upon the situation in the Celestial Empire would gain not only a comprehensive idea of what has happened, but a reassuring notion that one nation on earth at least has no predatory designs upon the territory and the property of his people. How welcome the announced and up to this time consistently followed policy of the United States toward the Eastern imbroglio may be to other civilized nations time alone can show, but there can be no doubt that the "Heathen Chinee" himself will find something in it that will encourage him to hope for brighter days in the future, and for an enlargement of his field of usefulness in the community of nations. Incidentally, the pronouncements on this question in the message should also bring no little measure of relief to Americans everywhere, who have been somewhat confused in their minds of late as to the precise situation, and who have been fearful that there were rocks yet ahead of us, upon which the ship of state, unless wisely guided, would sooner or later come to grief. The President's summing up of the whole case *ab initio* is comprehensive and lucid, and the outlining of his policy quite in accord with an ideal solution of a most vexatious and complicated problem.

These points, taken with others, notably the promulgation of the fact that we have lived within our income this year, and still have a more than comfortable balance at the bank, make of the message one of good cheer, and therefore appropriate to the season.

If Presidential messages could only be made one-fourth as long, no one could properly find aught to cavil at in this latest document from the Chief Magistrate.

IT will not do for the superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, or for officers high in the service of the army, to pooh-pooh the charges made against the cadets by the unfortunate young man who died recently, the result, as alleged, of his having been hazed during the brief period of his stay at the Academy. The case is one of serious import, and whatever the truth may be, it should be discovered and made public. The good name of the institution at West Point demands it, the discipline of the Academy requires it, and Colonel MILES or any one else connected with the service to the contrary notwithstanding, the authorities will be derelict in their obvious duty if, in the face of such definite charges as have been made both by the late cadet and by his parents and friends, they fail to order the most searching inquiry into the scandal. It is to be hoped that the bill introduced into the House of Representatives ordering such an inquiry to be made will pass without opposition, and that as a result thereof the Military Academy will be relieved of the odium which the charges have placed upon its fair fame, and the individuals responsible for so smirching the reputation of the institution shall receive the punishment commensurate to the offence. An army is not supposed to be recruited from the ranks of cowards and mollycoddles; neither can it be expected to gain in strength and valor if it is composed of brutes. "An officer and a gentleman" is a phrase older than the Military Academy itself, and its precise significance should not be lost sight of by the young men who hope some day to become guiding forces in the army of the United States. If the charges of Cadet Booz are true, no time should be lost in demonstrating the fact, and once demonstrated, the discipline of the service requires the adoption of the most drastic punitive measures.

The Case of Cadet Booz

New York, as the city which gave birth to the Arch, was of course entitled to its permanent possession in the event of its reproduction in marble or other enduring material, but it would have better pleased the great bulk of our citizens, who cared for it as an uplifting object of municipal adornment, if, instead of becoming merely a memory, it had been taken away from them and erected elsewhere.

Even now it is not too late to rebuild the Arch in permanent form in the city of Washington, and we think the money required would be better expended in the materialization of this beautiful conception than a similar amount will be when devoted to the dredging out of some insignificant waterway or the erection of some atrocious public building in some section of the country where "constituents" have to be "cared for."

IN these days when the public conscience is beginning to rouse itself for sturdy and effective work against the prevalence of crime in the community, it is altogether a blessing that by a seeming coincidence we have had returned to us from a long period of exile one who has a habit of seeing things as they are, and is gifted with an unusually convincing aptitude for telling the plain truth. It is not wholly because we regard him as the American humorist *par excellence*, to whom there is no second, that we take pleasure in this issue of the WEEKLY in laying our tribute of esteem upon the door-step of Mark Twain, it is not alone as the literary guide, philosopher, and friend who has helped us over many a hard and dark spot in life, that we delight to do him honor; it is as the highest type of the American citizen, the man who hates hypocrisy, who scorns futile and insincere effort undertaken for the sake of the notoriety it brings, as the fearless and outspoken apostle of truth and advocate of a higher standard of civic morality, that at this juncture Mark Twain appeals to us most strongly. We may have many Committees on Vice. Indeed, the city is full of them—even unto Tammany Hall. The pulpit thunders, politicians prate, great commercial bodies organize, each and every one against vice, telling us the old, old tale over and over again, telling us what we all have known for many years, but until Mark Twain came along and put his penetrating eye on the situation, who ventured to interject into the discussion the idea that the evil that flourishes in our community is the result of our own indifference thereto, and that if we are to-day leprous with disease, it is because we have deliberately incurred it by our own neglect of ordinary precautions?

Mark Twain: American

Indeed, yes, let us honor Mark Twain for his humor, for his integrity, for the glorious example he has set, for his philosophy, his kindness of heart, and his gentleness of manners, but, above all, let us not fail in paying our tribute to place among the laurels we are bestowing upon him that which should adorn the brow of our best citizen, in whom we find the incarnation of all the virtues of civic life.

APROPOS of the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty, if it is not now too late to advise, we think it would be well if Congress were to defer action upon that instrument until the Christmas season is over. The spirit of the hour is one of unusual generosity, and it is not until after the first of January, when the bills come in, that we begin to consider the cost of the things we give away. Generosity is always commendable, but it is just as well occasionally not to be too generous and give away all that we have. So, while we are in this joyous and generous mood, which characterizes a prosperous nation in the period of the Yule, let us put the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty aside, else later on we shall regret having parted with more than we bargained for. That document should be considered at a time when we are in the mood for cold business.

A Suggestion to Congress

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WHEN I received a notification (at rather a late day) from the Characters in Mark Twain's books that they were going to give him a surprise party, I thought it a very good joke, and quite like them. I said they would have a good time if he didn't, and that the great thing in a surprise party was that the givers should have the pleasure, and the receiver the surprise. This had happened almost from the invention of surprise parties, and had the sanction of inveterate usage. In extreme cases it had been consecrated by the tears of involuntary hostesses who had been summoned from their sleep to receive the hospitalities of an uproarious troop of self-invited guests; and I thought I would give anything to witness the grief of the great humorist on being called up by his Characters after midnight, and made to understand with difficulty that he must not come down in his house-coat, but must put on, together with his dress suit, an air of boisterous delight at the little attention shown him. It seemed to me that he would have something besides tears in his voice, and I thought I would like to be by and hear him. But when I read through the notification—it was from King Arthur, and bore

The Great Pendragon of the Dragonship

stamped in red on the paper and envelope—and found that I was expected to be present, I had my misgivings. I do not know but I had my resentments; it may have appeared to me a liberty, an extension of the joke on Mr. Clemens to Mr. Clemens's friends, and I said to the committee of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, who brought the missive (they had apparently been wiping their hands on it, without having first washed them): "What does this mean, boys? I am not a Character in Mark Twain's books. What have I got to do with the reception you people are giving him?"

They replied with remarkable intelligence that they did not know; that they were only the "Prince and Pauper" anyway, and they established their identity beyond question by turning handsprings before me all the way to Mr. Clemens's house, where they were giving him the surprise party. They, as well as I, evidently took it for granted that I would follow them, and after doing so I was not surprised to be ushered into a very mixed company by The Boss (who had emerged from "The Yankee at King Arthur's Court" to take charge of the affair), and to find myself the only person present who was not out of one of the humorist's books. Of course he was present, too, but he was out of them all, and so I did not count him.

I had arrived just at the moment when the handshaking was at its height, and he was trying to give novelty, by a varied inflection, to his unvaried greeting, as the Characters filed past him, "Gentlemen, the joke is on me."

When it came my turn, he attempted it with me, but I said: "No, you don't. I'm not one of your Characters."

"Well, what are you doing here, then?" he asked.

"That's what I should like to know," I retorted.

He jabbed his chin and threw back his head with a laugh, and said, "I guess you'll have to ask The Boss." Then he whispered confidentially, "Who are these people, anyway?"

I said, "I don't know; I never heard of one of them before."

I fancied he did not quite like that, and it did sound a little rude, but before I could modify or explain, Joan of Arc descended from the tapestry and called the meeting to order.

"Isn't this a good deal like a dream?" I inquired of The Boss, who stood at my elbow.

"It is a dream," he answered with a strong East Hartford accent; and then everything was clear to me. I looked round, and perceived, without the least surprise, that Mr. Clemens had been voted into the chair, with the Doctor, out of "Innocents Abroad," for Secretary, and Tom Quartz, the miner's cut out of "Roughing It," for sergeant-at-arms. The Twins, out of "Pudd'nhead Wilson," were acting as pages, and Wilson himself was addressing the jury.

I ventured again to remark to The Boss, "Isn't this a good deal like a legislative assembly?"

"It is a legislative assembly," said The Boss. "It's the Parliament of Man."

Then I felt more at home, but I faltered, "I thought it was a dream."

"You were never more wide awake in your life," said The Boss.

Satan left his place in "Following the Equator," and came forward to reassure me, elbowing the other Characters aside in his unmistakable way, and at the same time I saw that Mr. Clemens was on his feet introducing me as a devoted student of the distinguished humorist whom they had assembled to honor, and inviting me to say a few words in recognition of his genius as a writer, and his civic virtue as an unclassified policeman.

I caught my breath and held it long enough to whisper under it, "Well, of all the cheek!" and then I launched forth in vehement protest. I said, as I always do, that I was no speaker and could not possibly address them without preparation; that from what I knew of the distinguished humorist there was no one so fit to do him justice as Mr. Clemens himself; that I was wholly unprepared and—

But here, Conscience, out of "The Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut," whispered in my ear, "You know you've got a printed copy of that speech you made at the Lotos Club in your pocket."

"Yes," said the humorist, who had somehow overheard, "and nobody paid the slightest attention to it there, so you can safely read it as something you've jotted down for this occasion."

As a rule, an author with a manuscript about him will not refuse to read it to anybody anywhere, and it seems that I was no exception to the rule.

"You are so flattering," I began.

"Not at all," said the humorist. "Only just. The men wasn't a man at that dinner listened to you. They were impatient to hear me. But now you have your chance. These fellows have got to listen, or else go back into their books." It did seem rather a good opportunity, and I seized it without farther parley.

The Second-hand Speech

"If you meet a humorist on his own ground the chances are that you will be thrown down; unless you are a very great joker, he will probably outjoke you, or if he doesn't people will think he does, which is quite as bad. The only way is to take him seriously and then if you praise him he will be apt to think you are in earnest. That is why I am going to be serious in the very little I have to say about our great and good friend to-night, though we have not arrived at that happy stage of a complimentary dinner when the guest, unless he is a person of extraordinary perspicacity, does not know whether you are praising him or not. He is so thickly buttered by that time that he thinks everything offered him is butter, and in a lordly dish. If you get out your little hammer, and drive your little nail into his skull, he smiles blandly when it reaches his gray matter, and comes round at the end of the dinner, with the head of the nail sticking out, to say, 'Thank you, old fellow; that was very nice of you; I hope you won't have too much on your conscience.'"

At the little pause I made here for applause the distinguished humorist cut in, "Did I say that, the night of the Lotos dinner?"

"No, but you said a great many worse things." I was vexed at having the applause shut off, and I thought I would let him feel it. He did not seem to feel it at all, but only laughed, and said patronizingly, "Go on," and of course I went on.

The Speech Resumed

"Like every one else here, I am glad to have Mr. Clemens among us again, because, for one thing, I hated to see him having such a good time abroad. We always suspect a fellow-citizen who has a good time abroad; we are afraid that there must be something wrong about it. We feel that he never could have been what we thought him, if other people think so too. We are jealous of his fame if it is universal; we should have liked to keep it to ourselves. Many a time in the course of the last nine years my heart has been saddened by the acceptance of one friend in France, Germany, Austria, and England as one of the first humorists of all times, and I have done what little I could to set the matter right, among those who loved him as I did, by whispering round that they were overdoing it."

Here I made another pause, to see if any of the company present would taste my delicate irony. Not one of them moved a muscle—I reflected, because they were such clams. The humorist said, after a moment's consideration, "That isn't bad."

"I'm glad you like it," I said. "These Characters of yours are so dull that they don't know wit when they hear it."

"You mustn't be too harsh with them," he said. "They thought that was pathos."

In fact I saw that most of them were in tears.

"How beautiful!" said "The Pilot on the Mississippi."

"Yes, but how true!" said "The Tramp Abroad."

"Oh, come now!" I protested to the humorist. "These fellows are yourself in disguise."

"I prefer to let my works speak for me," he explained. "Go on!" and I resumed.

The Speech Re-resumed

"But now that we have got him back I am not so sure that they were overdoing it. At any rate, I wish to lift my voice in welcoming him home, and to be one of the very first publicly to forgive him. I realize that he was not to blame because other peoples have appreciated him in their poor, unintelligent way, and told him so in languages which are difficult for any true American to understand. We ought to forgive him in our own interest, if for no other reason, for no one else has been so fully in the joke of us, or knows better how to interpret us to ourselves; and at no other period of our national life have we been a greater joke, or more needed interpretation. He has probably arrived by a happy instinct to tell us just what we mean, and to declare how about it, when we are ourselves most in the dark."

"That seems all right," said the humorist. "Is it original with you?"

"No," I retorted with indignant sarcasm, "it's out of your interview with the reporters who went

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Some of the "Yosemite's" Marines.

A Street in Agana.

Harbor of San Luis d'Apra.

The Governor's Residence.

A Street in Asan.

SCENES ON THE ISLAND OF GUAM.

The Typhoon of November 13 destroyed Thousands of Houses, and wrecked the U.S.S. "Yosemite."

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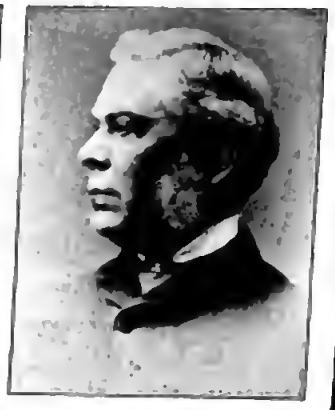

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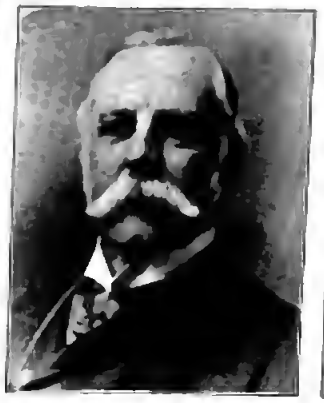

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The House of Representatives.

Speaker Henderson.

The House of Representatives.

Senators Morgan and McEnery.

Chaplain Milburn.

Secretary Pruden bearing the President's Message to Congress.

THE OPENING OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON, D.C., DECEMBER 3, 1900.

Photographs by the Clinedinst Studio, Washington, D.C.

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The Capitol in 1806

JOHN F

PERSONS who had occasion, during the closing days of May, 1800, to visit the departmental offices of the national government at Philadelphia, found them the scene of extraordinary bustle and confusion. The entire clerical force was engaged in packing the archives into boxes, and these, together with the office furniture, were carted to the docks and loaded upon vessels, which had been chartered in the name of the United States.

The explanation of this activity was that the Federal government was on the eve of removing to its permanent home on the banks of the Potomac, where preparations for its accommodation had been making since ten years. It was the final chapter in a long story. The Continental Congress and its successor, the Congress of the Confederation, had drifted about like homeless wanderers, holding sessions in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton, and New York—as the exigencies of war or other circumstances dictated. The Congressional discussions on the subject of the location of the permanent seat of government had been endless, acrimonious, and frequently fraught with danger of disunion of the States, and it was an immense relief to all patriotic citizens when, in July, 1790, the First Congress of the United States, sitting at New York, passed an act establishing the seat of government at Philadelphia for a period of ten years, and thereafter *permanently* on the banks of the Potomac River.

In accordance with the provisions of the Act of July 16, 1790, President Washington appointed commissioners, who, under his direction, located the Federal district of ten miles square, so as to include the towns of Georgetown, Maryland, and Alexandria, Virginia, laid out the magnificently planned capital city, and commenced the erection of its public buildings. But the settlement of the new city progressed very slowly, being hampered by a fever of unsound speculation, and the prevailing apprehension lest Congress should reverse its action in regard to the prospective removal; so that when the government took possession Washington was still a sprawling village of some three thousand souls, planted in what was little better than a wilderness. Notwithstanding that the work was interrupted from time to time for lack of funds, the commissioners were enabled to report, early in the year 1800, that the President's house, one wing of the Capitol, and an Executive Office were nearing completion. Congress, therefore, adjourned at Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1800, to meet at Washington on the third Monday of the ensuing November. On the following day President Adams issued an order requesting the several heads of departments "to take the most prudent and economical arrangements for the removal of the public offices, clerks, and papers, according to their own best judgment, as soon as may be convenient, in such manner that the public offices may be opened in the city of Washington for the despatch of business by the 15th of June."

Each Secretary designated certain employés to supervise the removal of the property at their respective departments; but the general arrangements were made by Israel Whelen, Purveyor of the Public Supplies. The account of this official, as presented and approved in February, 1801, was as follows:

Amount of disbursements of Israel Whelen, agent for the removal of the Public Departments, from the 5th June, 1800, to the 9th February, 1801, for the wagon and charter hire of vessels employed in the transportation of the President's furniture, and the records and furniture of the public offices, from Philadelphia to the city of Washington, including various payments for carpenters' work, porterage, and insurance, with his commission at 2½ per cent $15,203 23

The following official advertisement appeared in *Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser*, of Philadelphia, in the issue of May 28:

NOTICE.

The Office of the Department of State will be removed this day from Philadelphia. All Letters and Applications are therefore to be addressed to that Department at the *City of Washington*, from this date.

28 May, 1800.

The Philadelphia newspapers of the time were mysteriously silent on the subject of the departure of the government, perhaps as a manifestation of their keen regret. The only reference to the important event contained in the gossipy *Aurora* was this laconic item, under date of June 12:

"Letters and newspapers must in future be directed to the respective officers of the government at the city of Washington."

Doubtless even this was inserted by request of the officials. On the other hand, the arrival at Washington, during the first week in June, of the vessels bearing the government's effects, created intense enthusiasm among the residents of the district, and an eager throng of persons of all degrees, white and black, assembled at Lear's wharf to witness the unloading of the precious cargoes.

We are justified in picturing President John Adams himself among the interested spectators, for he was in Washington at this period—ostensibly on a tour of inspection, but incidentally for political motives. He had left Philadelphia on May 27, and travelling via Lancaster, York, and Frederick, arrived at Georgetown on the 3d of June, being met at the District line by a party of "respectable" citizens on horseback. On the 4th he returned the greeting of the inhabitants of Georgetown, at the Union Tavern, and on the following day, at the Capitol, responded to a similar address of welcome made on behalf of the citizens of Washington. In a letter from Washington city, under date of June 5, a correspondent wrote, in this connection:

"The President of the United States has arrived here, and taken up his quarters at Tomlichi's Hotel. He was received with the greatest respect by the inhabitants of this city.

"It gives us much pleasure to see the officers of government coming in so early in the season, as the confidence of the inhabitants of this place will be strengthened, and every exertion made for the comfortable accomodation of all classes of citizens who may think proper to settle on the most beautiful situation the United States afford."

On the 6th of June the President was given an elaborate entertainment at McLaughlin's Tavern, Georgetown. A few days later he paid a visit to General Washington's widow at Mount Vernon, and returning, was received on the 11th at Alexandria with a military demonstration, and replied to the citizens' address of welcome. On the 16th he spoke at Baltimore, reaching Philadelphia on the 21st, and three days afterwards departed for his home in Massachusetts.

The only eye-witness of the historic arrival of the goods and chattels of the government who has left us any account is the late Christian Hines, of Washington, who says:

"About this time, 1800, the seat of government was being removed from Philadelphia to Washington city. The vessels in which were brought the furniture, etc., landed and discharged their cargoes at Lear's wharf, and as the vessels were unladen their contents were carted away to the War and Treasury Offices, the only two that were built at the time. Some of the furniture was stored away in the stone warehouse, and afterwards taken away in wagons, it being too bulky to remove in carts. Wagons were rather scarce in Washington then, and our cart was engaged with others in removing the boxes of books, papers, etc. I still remember that many of the boxes were marked, 'Joseph Nourse, Register.'

"In the course of a few days I became acquainted with and obtained the names of several clerks and messengers who were about the wharf attending to the unloading and removal of the government property from the vessels. The names I now recollect are, Mr. Crawford (afterwards proprietor of the Union Hotel, Georgetown), who seemed to me to be the principal manager, Benjamin Betterton, James Hodnett, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Fogle, and Mr. Poor, messengers."

Mr. Hines's account, being written nearly seventy years after the event, contains an error in regard to the first War Office; it was, in fact, not completed until the close of the year 1800. The Treasury Office (on the site of the south wing of the present Treasury) was the only executive building ready for occupancy, and the archives and furniture of the Treasury and State departments were at once transferred there; while those of the War and Navy were temporarily stored in Lear's warehouse, a stone structure which adjoined the landing-place, and was owned by Colonel Tobias Lear, formerly private secretary to General Washington. Several weeks prior to the removal, a large three-story brick building, the property of Joseph Hodgson, and located on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, had been leased as a temporary War Office, until the second executive office should be finished. The War Department took possession of this house the last of June, and occupied it until it was burned in the

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President's Residence. Gallos House.

The White House.

After a Sketch by N. King, date between 1796 and 1803—probably 1799. In possession of Dr. Samuel C. Busey, of Washington.

President Adams was reluctant to leave his comfortable home at Quincy, and it was not until October 13, 1800, that he started for Washington. The *National Intelligencer* of Washington, in its initial issue of Friday, October 31, stated,

"The President of the United States left Philadelphia on Monday last [October 27], and is expected to arrive here this day."

In its next number (November 3) there was this item:

"On Saturday last [November 1] the President of the United States arrived in this city, and took up his residence in the house appropriated to him by the commissioners. Though not entirely finished, the part which is completed will afford ample accommodations."

The President's wife, the famous Abigail Adams, did not accompany him. In her first letter from the White House to her daughter, Mrs. Smith, dated at Washington, 21st of November, 1800 (a Friday), Mrs. Adams states, "I arrived here last Sunday," which was the 16th of November.

Abigail Adams was an unusually clever and sensible woman, very pious, as became the daughter of a Puritanical New England clergyman, and well informed on all topics, in spite of a limited education. Although doing full justice to her social obligations, she was sufficiently thrifty to drive good shopping bargains, diet the President on cutcakes and lemonade, and enable him to leave the White House with money in his pocket. If her letters from Washington seem unnecessarily pessimistic and critical, we must bear in mind her bitter disappointment at the downfall of the Federalists and the defeat of her husband, who was doomed to shortly retire, in the language of his grandson and biographer, "disgraced in the popular estimation, and his name a byword of odium for many years." In her letter of November 21 Mrs. Adams has this to say of the new settlement:

"Woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach *the* city, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them."

The conditions in which she found the White House are thus described:

"The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables, an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary.

"The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues* is another very cheering comfort.

"To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what to do, or how to do.

"The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits. . . . I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but, surrounded by forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it! . . . We have, indeed, come into a *new country*.

"You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all within, except the plastering, has been done since Brissler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor, and one for a levee-room. Upstairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now; but when completed it will be beautiful."

As the third Monday of November approached, the members of the Sixth Congress began to arrive—some in their own coaches, others on horseback, but the majority by public stage. The roads to Washington were in wretched condition—muddy, and filled with ruts, stones, and stumps—and it was a task consuming the best part of three days to come even from Philadelphia. Leaving that city by the mail coach (or, more properly, "wagon"), it was a fair day's ride to Head of Elk. Resuming the journey at "peep of day," passengers were fortunate if they reached Baltimore by four in the afternoon. Leaving Baltimore at dawn of the third day, it was usually late in the afternoon before the stage arrived within the precincts of the "City of Magnificent Distances." To make the trip in two days was regarded as rapid transit, while at least one employé of the government, embarrassed by a large family of children, occupied six days.

The north wing was the only part of the Capitol completed when the second session of the Sixth Congress opened, on Monday, the 17th of November, 1800. The Senate at once took possession of its permanent chamber, which was the room (since altered and improved) now occupied by the Supreme Court. The House of Representatives was accommodated in temporary quarters in the same wing. A quorum was first secured in the House on Tuesday, November 18, but it was not until the 21st that the requisite number of Senators attended. Vice-President Jefferson did not put in an appearance before the 28th.

On Saturday, November 22, just before noon, President Adams drove down to the Capitol in his coach of state, accompanied by the members of his cabinet, entered the Senate-Chamber, wherein both Houses had assembled, and read from manuscript his "Annual Speech to both Houses of Congress," in the course of which he congratulated the people of the United States on the assembling of Congress at the permanent seat of government, as well as the members of Congress on the prospect of a residence not to be changed, adding that although there was cause to apprehend that accommodations were not so complete as might be wished, yet there was great reason to believe that this inconvenience would cease with that session. As soon as he had retired, the Houses separated, and in each body a committee was appointed to draft an "Address" series of five formal speeches, all expressing the same sentiments, is notable as the last observance of one of the Federalist institutions; for Jefferson established the precedent, which has ever since been followed, of sending an annual message to Congress by the hand of a private secretary.

The diplomatic corps was very small in 1800, consisting of only four or five representatives, none of whom, so far as I can learn, became established in Washington or Georgetown prior to the year 1801, and even then they were reluctant to leave Philadelphia, with all its conveniences and social distractions. Robert Liston, the British minister, never resided at the new capital, but remained at his country home until the end of November, when he took leave, and the secretary of legation, Edward Thornton, became chargé, and under date of "Washington, 12th January, 1801," addressed his first note to the Secretary of State. The Spanish envoy, de Casa Yrujo, also came at an early date, and afterwards complained to Sir Augustus Foster of the difficulty he had experienced in producing "a decent dinner in the new capital without sending fifty or sixty miles for its materials." On the other hand, the Portuguese chargé, Joseph Rademaker, remained at Philadelphia as late as 1810.

The first session of the Supreme Court of the United States was held in a room in the basement of the old north wing of the Capitol (exactly under its present quarters), on the second day of February, 1801. This event completed the removal of the three co-ordinate branches of the government.

Several of the governmental pioneers have left graphic pictures of the crude conditions which prevailed at Washington in 1800. For example, Secretary Wolcott, in the course of a letter to his wife, written from the Treasury Office on the Fourth of July, 1800, said:

"There is one good tavern about forty rods from the Capitol, and several other houses are built and erecting; but I do not perceive how the members of Congress can possibly secure lodgings, unless they will consent to live like scholars in a college, or monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twenty in one house, and utterly secluded from society. . . . There are, in fact, but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other. . . ."

The strong faith and optimism of the Father of Our Country as to the future of the city of Washington stand out in bold relief. Throughout the rancorous debates in Congress over the selection of the permanent seat of government, General Washington had constantly exerted an unobtrusive influence in favor of the banks of the Potomac, with whose natural advantages he had been familiar since boyhood. He was the guiding spirit in the adoption of the admirable plans for the development of the capital, and he watched the building operations with a loving interest.

A retrospective glance reveals marvellous changes. The straggling village of 3200 souls has become a prosperous city of 260,000 population, and the little departmental band of 125 officials, clerks, and messengers has swelled into an army of 18,000. If Senator Morris were alive to-day, his gentle scoffing would be turned to praise; for he would behold in the Washington of 1900 an urban model and continental centre of the arts and sciences, with its superb public buildings that represent an outlay of upwards of one hundred millions of dollars, its acres of palatial residences, its one hundred and twenty miles of broad asphalted streets, its wealth of beautiful parks, statues, fountains, and shade trees, and its admirable sanitary system.

* The *Aurora* of Philadelphia in its issue of November 13, 1800, corroborates Mrs. Adams on this point, in the following item: "The President, since his residence at Washington, has been severely afflicted with the fever and ague."

Washington, from the Potomac, in 1800.

From an Engraving by Richard Phillips, London, England, in possession of W. B. Bryan, of Washington.

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THE NATIONAL CAPITOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

I

DESPITE his notorious baseness of living, my Lord Clancarty's manners were never oth erwise than courtly, and therefore his sneering dismissal of my suit for his niece's hand came to me with the greater insult in it. "Tis one thing to be told that your attentions are distasteful to the lady's guardian; 'tis another to be laughed at and jeered from the door like an impudent beggar.

"And yet, my lord," said I, turning on the threshold of his drawing-room, "I shall insist on this, that Miss Bellew loves me as I love her. You stand in the way of our happiness, and for no reason."

"No reason, egad!" exclaimed Clancarty, with a very ugly smile. "Do you put me to it, Mr. Erlton? We are used here in Dublin to men of courage, sir, not to boys lacking in gallant knowledge of the world. Shall I go on, then? You boast my ward's love for you, but her own word for it would better satisfy me. Do you wish me to believe that my sister's child gives her lively Irish heart to a laggard Englishman—a lack lustre, milk and water—"

"My lord!"

"Ah, well, you should not have led me on." And then, with a laugh, "I wish you a pleasant voyage eastward, Mr. Erlton!"

I went to my lodgings in a black rage, the blacker because the nobleman, to my despondent way of thinking, spoke more than half truly. It was a laggard's part I played in this affair; my wooing was that of a peevish boy, every obstacle unnerved me, and milk-and-water, I thought bitterly, was as fiery brandy compared to the sulky spirit with which I faced the situation. If I could only prove to her guardian my fitness for her! But what to do I knew not, and I sat down to my lost and solitary dinner in the Irish capital with Master Despair for a companion across the table.

Whether owing to reflection or Sneyd's claret, I arose in easier mind, and at six o'clock I drew my chair to the fire in the public room of the Green Swan with a determination to weigh the possibilities of calling out Lord Clancarty for his jeering words. Luckily I did not proceed far on this silly strain of thought. A tipsy bid a bill of the play upon the table and my eye caught the title, "Love Makes a Man." If love could make a man, assuredly I ought to know the method, and I set out accordingly for Smock Alley. The intrigues of Mr. Gibber's ingenious comedy would, perhaps, jog my invention to some action, and the announcement that the character of *Lucetta* was to be supported by Mrs. Ronald encouraged me to expect diversion from my melancholy.

In this, however, I was disappointed. I fretted uneasily through comedy and after piece, and greeted the final fall of the baize with sullen relief. The witcheries of Betty Ronald, though she was the reigning toast of the town failed to distract my mind from the thought of Rose Bellew and my unlucky passion; my temper was not good as I re-entered the tavern. And I was in this state when I discovered that I had left my gloves in the theatre.

The last straw in the fable was only a straw, but it determined the entire matter. The loss of my gloves was a ludicrous trifle, but it excited me to the pitch of surly vexation which neglects circumstances. More than that, it induced me, after midnight, to sally forth into the streets of Dublin, a region productive of queer happenings at that season.

II

Though there was little enough chance that I could recover my gloves that night, I plunged through lane and cross-street in the direction of the playhouse, vaguely thankful of any employment to stir my moodiness. As I turned the corner of Smock Alley I came upon a coach and four, drawn close to the kerb. Two men were on the driver's seat, and another rough-looking fellow stood by a saddle-horse which was fastened by the bridle-rein to the rear wheel of the travelling carriage. I must incontinently have shoved my pace as I strolled by, eyeing the equipage curiously, for the rascal afoot mistook me for one who had some interest in the business. He lurched forward, evidently well disguised in liquor.

"All's ready, save your honor," he hiccoughed.

"Whisht, you fool!" came from the box, in a warning whisper, and the man, realizing his error, drew back.

I pressed on to the theatre, but all was dark; no ware-taker or watchman responded to my knock. A dim light showed however, over what I conceived to be the stage door, where the performers go in and out, and, wondering whether some attendant there could recover my gloves for me, I hesitated beside the entrance. At that moment the door opened, and out came a woman, wrapped in a long red cloak. She looked about as if expecting some one, bestowed a brief and disappointed inspection upon me, and then, with a shrug of her shoulders, sauntered down the street.

I had proceeded perhaps a hundred paces when I espied again the travelling carriage with which I had made a previous acquaintance. The horses were on show-foot, and it was easily perceptible that some commotion attended the progress of the vehicle. The lamps were unlit. Both doors were swung, and on the side away from me rode a horseman, urging, or worse, with a person within. The coachman leaned over from his seat to witness the contest, and the postilion on one of the leaders screwed his head around to watch. As they drew nearer, a woman's frightened protests could be heard, but nothing distinctly until the door slammed and the driver raised his lash to strike the horses. On the instant the solitary figure of the actress in the scarlet cloak flashed through my brain. Whoever was in the coach was there obviously against her will. What impelled me I cannot say; call it chivalry, whim, curiosity, or what you choose, but as the carriage whirled by I popped in, unobserved, at the very moment when the horses jumped into a gallop and a second before the rider, reining aon to my side of the coach, pushed this door to with the heavy handle of his whip. Off we went, swinging and jerking like a boat in a gale, and if the lady on the cushion beside me was one-half as alarmed as I, I could not be surprised at the sobs which I heard at intervals above the clattering of the wheels.

After muttering a few earnest curses on my precipitancy, I stretched out my hand, and encountered the flimsy material of a lady's sleeve. The owner thereof drew back with a sharp gasp, and then, for the first time, spoke.

"You coward!" she cried, "you bullies! In your power I may be, but I promise you shall never tame me. You think I am an unarmed woman. Keep off your hands, or you shall learn to the contrary."

"Madam," I declared, retreating expeditiously to the end of the seat—"madam, you do me injustice. Whoever you are—and I seem to have heard your voice before—I mean you good not harm."

The unknown gave a little sigh of relief.

"It is not he, then," she said, "but only one of his creatures. Are you a man fellow, to be mixed in this foul business? Snake—villain—dog—keep off, I say!"

I had put forth a hand protestingly at these pleasant epithets, and there was a swish in the air as she struck at it. What her weapon might be I could not tell, but I had no mind to be stabbed even with a hair pin. Here was a vixen, with a pretty way of treating a gallant knight flying to her rescue!

"Softly, ma'am," I entreated, "softly, in Heaven's name!" And thereupon I explained my presence to her, giving her, as I hoped, sufficient assurance of my honesty. Finally an undoubtable ripple of laughter told me that she was pacified.

"Mr. Erlton, you are a brave man to come thus to a stranger's aid."

"Stranger!" said I, as gallantly as the lumping of the coach allowed. "Mrs. Ronald is a stranger to no one who is sensible to wit, genius, and beauty."

"I would drop you a great curtsy, sir," said she—"if space permitted. But here is wit, genius, and beauty, if I must say it, in a very sorry case. They are abducting me, Mr. Erlton, for my sins, and I will die sooner—" Her fears revived and her voice trembled.

"Have no alarm," I said, with fine bravado. "You are quite safe in my care."

"I do not question your courage," she replied, "but the master of these rascals is a monstrous devil, and stops at nothing. Are you armed, Mr. Erlton?"

"No, madam. But you—"

"I have a dagger from the castle of Dunsinane—a stage weapon with a tin point. Listen—there are three desperate ruffians in our escort, and there will be merry at the journey's end."

I shifted uneasily on the seat.

"Well, but this is nonsense," I declared. "Open the doors and cry out for the watch."

"I misthought that we are locked in," said Mrs. Ronald.

She suspected rightly; both doors were fast, and the shutters drawn and bolted from without. More than this, the noise I made in handling at them attracted the rear guard, who rode alongside, and he shouted fiercely that it were best not to try that. When I subsided helplessly upon the cushion, the actress gave a laugh, albeit with no mirth in it.

"You see we are in a sad pickle, Mr. Erlton, for your pains. The powers grant no harm comes to you—but I would you had a pistol."

"I shall carry a brace," said I, grimly. "The very next time that I am kidnapped."

In the mean time we had been whirling along at terrific speed; the wheels of our chariot no longer rattled over the paving stones of the city, and the sound instead was that of a rough country road. My companion would say little. I tried her as to the name of the instigator of this outrage, but she stubbornly refused to divulge the villain whom she suspected, there being as yet, she said no proof. We both relapsed into despairing silence. "Was there no way to help this unlucky lady? My fancy dwelt painfully upon the conclusion of my mad ride and what might happen then—to be hauled from the coach like a sack of meal by a gang of cutthroats, to be knocked on the head and flung into a ditch, fortunate indeed if I succeeded to become the laughing-stock of a town which dearly loves to laugh. Lord Clancarty's characterization of me stuck in my mind—"a laggard, a milk-and-water boy!" He was right, and I was a useless fool besides, and—

The carriage came to a sudden stop, with a jolt as if we had driven into the rock of Cashel. Amid some hoarse shouting a shot was fired, and the clattering sound of a flying horse died away in the distance. And then, after a short parley without, a door of the coach was wrenched violently open.

III

A murky lantern-light disclosed the face of the tipsy fellow who had accosted me in the alley. Mrs. Ronald, who had been thrown on her knees by the shock of the stoppage, rose up, and in so doing screened me by her draperies from his observation.

"Come, your ladyship," said he gruffly. "'Tis Mr Burke, none less, has put the halt on us. He wants to sweeten his eyes with your face before we go on."

"Blazing Burke!" cried the lady. "Oh Lud, the highwayman!" and she collapsed again.

"On side, Tim, for your letters," spoke a voice behind him, and a tall, pale-faced man mounted to the carriage step.

"I am sorry to have interrupted this happy errand," said he. "In a manner of speaking, it's all in my own line of trade, we are, I see, fellow-workmen, and I shall molest you no further. My friend Tim has explained, and—who's that?"

His bright eyes dwindled to pin-points as he descried me, and he whipped out a pistol.

"Begorra, 'tis his honor!" broke out Tim, blankly. "I thought he was still a horseback on the road. Whisper, Mr. Burke!"

They had a muttered colloquy, while poor Mrs. Ronald grasped my hand in an agony of terror. Could I have had my way, however, I would have trusted to the mercies of Blazing Burke rather than to what lay beyond, but while I was meditating how this might be contrived, the highwayman, with a sweeping wave of his slouch-hat, addressed me again.

"Pray drive on, sir," he said. "The road is open. I regret that I accidentally deprived you of the services of two of your servants."

"Dick fell from the box with a shot in the head," cried Tim, "and Tom took to his heels, bad scran to him! He's in Dublin by this."

"Ah, well," added Burke, "in love and war, you know! Good-morning to your honor and lady, and all the pleasure in life."

So saying he withdrew, taking the light with him.

"Tim!" called I. "Tim, come here a moment." I muffled my mouth in the collar of my great-coat and spoke low. The postilion staggered to the door, rubbing his head.

"Do you know your orders?" I asked. "Repeat them, you drunken rascal."

"Your honor said," he mumbled, "once we had the lady in, to drive like the devil to Pete Kershaw's and he's only a piece away now. And you would be ridin' a mile behind on the tracks."

"You're right," said I, "by a wonder. Get on the box in place of Dick. But stop—I want to thank Mr. Burke for letting us pass. Where is he?"

Tim summoned him with drunken gravity.

"Mr. Burke," said I, when Tim was out of hearing, "I take this kindly."

"I know your honor only by reputation as a true man of spirit," he answered, "and I entreat your honor's favors."

"They are yours," I said, offering my hand, and wondering for whom he took me. "Look you! I shall prove my kindness quickly. I happen to know that on this road, a matter of twenty minutes behind, comes a certain man I hate as St Patrick did the toads. He goes with his purse well lined, and to detain him would hurt him marvellously. Do you take?"

Blazing Burke smiled.

"I always need money," he said, "and, as it happens to-night, a good horse would not come amiss."

"He rides the best," I cried, not attempting to conceal my satisfaction. "But be on your guard—he will lie himself out of breath."

"He shall not lie to me with advantage," said the highwayman. "Drive on, Tim, and thank you, sir."

The postilion followed his advice with alacrity, and Mrs. Ronald took a long breath.

"I think," said I to the lady, "that your persecutor, whoever he may be, will be taken care of."

"I think so too," she replied, exultantly. "It was a clever turn, Mr. Erlton. You are as resourceful as you are gallant."

"Oh well—a mere trifle," I protested. "But late enough for a milk-and-water laggard."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Ronald. "A laggard, say you? Dublin shall ring with this exploit, at a word from me, and as for that villain—"

"Let us hope he lives through it."

The actress chuckled. "Blazing Burke," she went on, "has a fanciful humor of knicking the edge of his victim's ears with a sharp knife. 'For remembrance,' he says, and marks them thus like sheep. I've seen the scars myself."

"Good heavens!" I cried, rubbing my ear curiously. "What an escape!"

"I confess 'twas that which terrified me, for I've not even a shilling to lose."

"Nor I. But listen!"

I opened the carriage door. The night was turning wildish, and a thick morning mist came rolling along the hollows. Out of the distance came the sound of an altercation, a pistol-shot or two, then all was silent.

"He has it," I cried, gleefully. "And now for Tim."

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... of yours," I cried, with decision. "Answer me."

If this rogue should turn against us I feared we might be undone. For all I knew, Kershaw and his gang were over the next rise of ground, or Conn was returning, or Squire Burke was persuaded of his mistake in my identity.

"Come now," he said; "I 'ain't seen the color of your honor's money." Then he grimaced impudently and took a huge clasp-knife from his pocket. "It's no trick to cut the traces, and then—hurroo, but it's a lonely country hereabout."

It was now well into the forenoon. I had agreed to acquaint Miss Bellew with the result of my interview with her uncle, whatever it might be. Accordingly, I put my dress in some order, and proceeded to my Lord Clancarty's mansion, praying heartily that the nobleman himself and his sister might be invisible at this early hour. It was as I hoped, and I found my sweetheart alone and charming in her morning negligee.

Our conversation, as may be imagined, was disconsolate, especially for the fact that several travelling boxes and packing-cases about the hall proclaimed the

solved upon the chance.

"Your lordship will be needing another valet," I said. "May I dare recommend one? Peter Kershaw he is called. This name, I admit, is against him. But would your lordship prefer a Flick, a Conn, or a Tim?"

"Are you losing your wits?" cried Miss Bellew.

"Not at all," I continued, "although 'tis true I attended last night a performance by Mrs. Ronald which set me thinking. She was kind enough to say that my presence assisted her."

"I think you are crazy," said Rose.

"Look! 'Tis Blood upon your Coat!"

I clutched my empty purse desperately, and I remembered that Mrs. Ronald had just told me that she was penniless as I. There was no arguing with this brute as to the prospect of a future reward; money down was what he needed, and that quickly. He had taken a menacing step towards the horses when I felt that my companion had slipped something into my hand. I looked down; it was a diamond in a gold setting and as big as a butternut.

"Give it him," whispered Mrs. Ronald, "and tell him I have more of 'em and money for him at my lodgings in Curnitor Lane."

Tim stared at the great jewel, smelled it, tasted it, and was convinced. He made a low bow, climbed to his seat, and in a few minutes we had fetched a circle, and were rattling merrily on a by-road back to town.

"Paste, I suppose?" said I.

"It was that," laughed Mrs. Ronald. "A trophy from Queen Dido's diadem. How fortunate my property-bag was with me! And now, Mr. Erlton, I take it that the adventure is practically concluded."

breaking up of Lord Clancarty's town establishment and the departure of the family to the country.

"We are suddenly off to Castle Lorry in Roscommon," said Rose, sadly. "My uncle is determined to separate us. But 'tis useless, Arthur, and I shall tell him so. Oh, were he here now—"

"What then?" said Lord Clancarty, sharply, stepping through a pair of swinging curtains. "Pardon my entrance unannounced. Mr. Erlton, this is, you will allow, a surprise to see you here. And Miss Bellew was saying—"

"Was saying this," cried the girl, as she laid her white hand impulsively upon his shoulder, "that your enmity to Mr. Erlton is so unfounded, so cruel, so—"

He shook off her hand and turned away. "Pray compose yourself," he said. "Mr. Erlton and I reached a settlement of the matter yesterday. Does the English packet sail to-night, sir?"

I was about to make a hot rejoinder, for I felt my temper slipping, when Rose, uttering a little cry of dismay, held up her five fingers.

"And what do you think, my lord?" I demanded.

There was small reason to ask it. Hardly have I seen any man so overcome. His haughtiness dwindled; he looked at me imploringly; he came close to me and whispered.

"How far has this gone?" he said. "Who else knows of this folly?"

"Only Betty Ronald and I, beside your own rascal Tim. I should stop it short," I added, "and I should obtain the silence of the actress—were I honored with my lord's friendship. But, alas!—I am a laggard, a lack-lustre—"

He interrupted me with a "Have done, sir," straightened his shoulders, and glanced toward his niece, who had sunk, vastly puzzled, into an easy chair.

"As I told you, Rose," said Lord Clancarty, with amazing calmness, "Mr. Erlton and I reached an agreement yesterday. He has promised to accompany us to Roscommon; and I trust, sir," he concluded, turning gravely to me, "that we shall make your stay at Castle Lorry agreeable. I bespeak your better acquaintance, Mr. Erlton."

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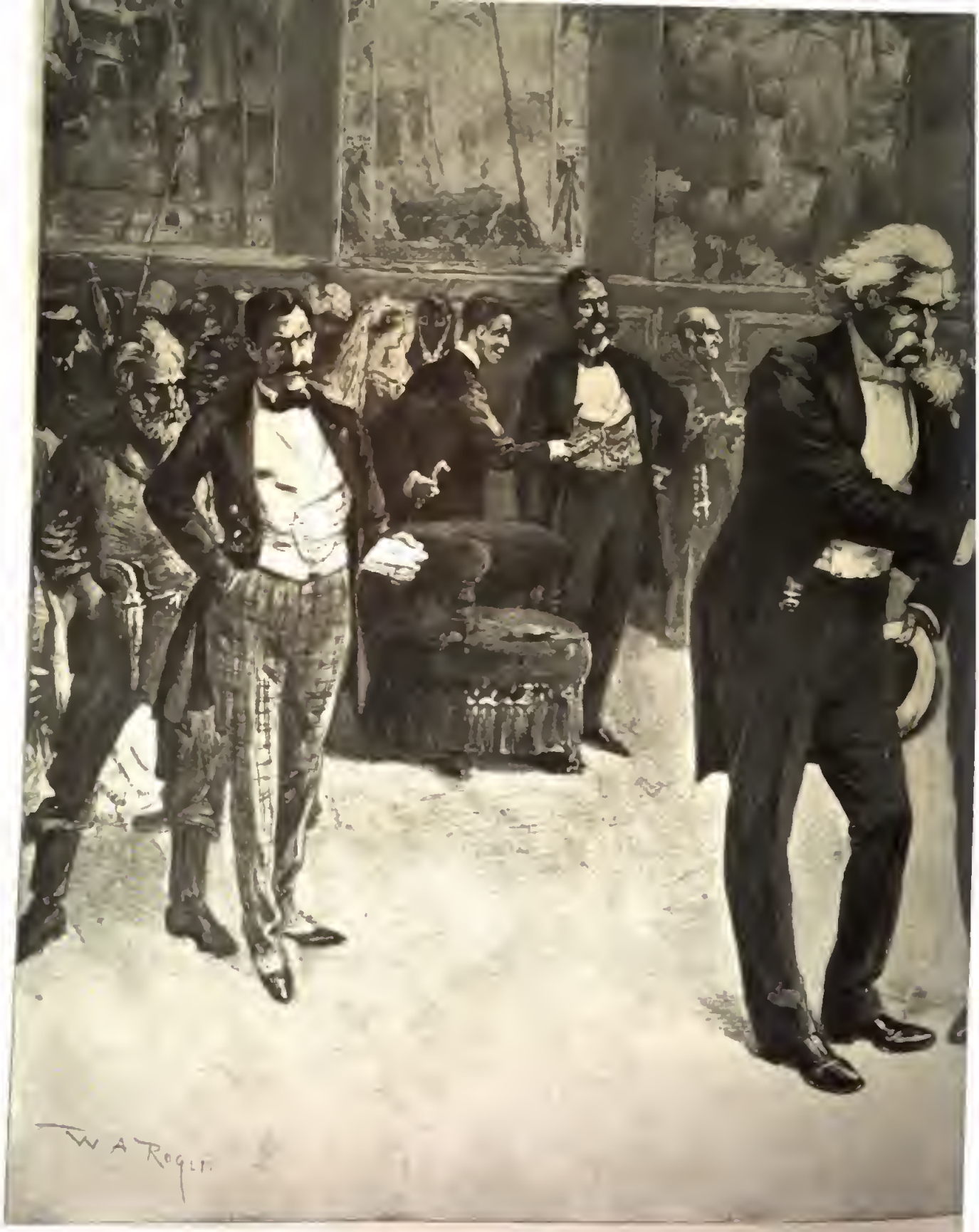

A SURPRISE PARTY TO MAR

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WAIN BY HIS CHARACTERS

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[illegible] and worthy citizen of Cincinnati, and the granddaughter of Abraham Evans, of West Liberty, Ohio. The duke's mother was Miss Yznaga, the daughter of Antonio Yznaga, of Louisiana, so that this branch of the Montagu family promises to be considerably enriched by American blood. The duke is twenty-four years old, and owns an inalienable equity in about 27,000 acres of British land, three country seats, a town house in London, and many valuable pictures. All these properties, however, are understood to be seriously encumbered with obligations to pay money. The young duke is a graduate of Eton and Cambridge, is a Tory, a Protestant, and an amateur actor, has a pretty taste for thoroughbreds, bull-dogs, and is of pleasing address and appearance. The new duchess is a handsome young woman. She has brought her husband home for a visit, and they have gone travelling to Cincinnati and the South with her father.

The great American newspaper-reading public is always interested in these alliances of American girls with European gentlemen of title. With friendly curiosity we like to know in what state of repair our noble brother is, how much he owes, and what prospect there is that if duly honored he will stay paid up. We wonder, too, what the lady's family thinks about it, and whether, on the whole, it pays our girls to marry dukes. No case is known of an American father who wanted his daughter to marry a foreign nobleman. The ladies usually arrange these alliances but the father in the end usually succeeds to the inevitable, and does his part gracefully, taking pains merely to provide that his daughter's fortune shall be secured to her benefit and that of her heirs. We don't know whether Mr. Zimmerman is pleased to have a duke for a son-in-law or not, but the duchess's grandfather, Mr. Evans, has been heard from, and he speaks cheerfully of the peer, and is ready to welcome him into the family. Whether he is a good judge of dukes does not appear, but he has excellent judgment about horses, in which he traded extensively and profitably during the civil war.

AS to the general question of the expediency of investments in dukes and other peers, and attempts to domesticate them on the American plan, there is of course much to be said. The personal element is important, but perhaps not quite so comprehensively vital as it is in ordinary marriages, for the reason that if you are a rich girl and marry an ordinary man and he turns out to be worthless you have nothing to show for your money, whereas if you marry a duke and he resolves after a time to be a domestic comfort, you are still a duchess and may possibly get some solace out of that condition. In England being a duchess seems to be regarded as a good job. That in itself it should satisfy the heart or the conscience or the mind of a woman in whom those organs are fairly well developed is not to be expected, but in minor particulars no doubt it yields a good deal of remuneration. It is like bobbing office. You get to like it.

Then, there is the alternative to consider. Ohio girls who go to London and get into society there, as many have done, don't want to go back to Ohio. Ohio is not satisfying to ambition in the later stages of its fruition. It does not hold its own after they are fully grown. Any of us is willing to go and live in Ohio—to be born in Ohio, if necessary—until we grow up and are able to do better. But when we get rich enough or famous enough to indulge ourselves, off we go to some place where there are society and yachting. First the Ohio millionaire gets a private car and tries by that means to modify his environment so that it will do. But a private car won't satisfy a man long. That is why you find Ohio in New York, Washington, London, Paris, everywhere; even in Boston. That is why Ohio is always in such a fever to hold office. The State is a wonderful State, but it is two or three hours too far away. Buffalo seems to be as far away as persons who can choose are willing to live.

THE Ohio girl who has had a successful London season can't go back to Ohio. Ohio is no more lively enough for her than it is for Mr. Hay, Mr. Bellamy Storer, or Mr. Rockefeller. Some one suggests a peer to her. Very likely the peer suggests himself. It may be an ingratiating peer; for of course it is nonsense to suppose that peers—even those who have inherited encumbered estates—are necessarily repellent. At any rate, the lady looks with natural interest on the peer. We may imagine her saying, "There may be freckles on that peer, but, bless me, there are dray trucks to Ohio!" So maybe she takes the peer, and which of us is so free from feelings about Ohio as to throw the first stone?

It must be admitted, though, that this marrying of dukes, whether by Ohio girls or others, is a mere personal indulgence. There is no saving altruism about it; no high sense of consecration or sacrifice for a noble cause, that will make a bad bargain tolerable if it turns out to be worse than was expected. We watch these alliances with indulgent misgivings, combined with an acute sense of American commercial supremacy and our standing as a great world power.

[illegible] and girls from the West Indies with lips too thick to be pretty, and kinks in their hair, and minds pathetically inactive. But nowadays the girl who lifts the British mortgage comes from "the States," and is not only rich, but usually beautiful, well born of sound stock, well educated, and vigorous in mind and body. What a delight it would have been if Thackeray could only have lived to see and appreciate and describe the American girl in London!

THACKERAY'S time, by-the-way, seems to Mr. Frederic Harrison a much more glorious period of the century than ours. Mr. Harrison has a discourse in the December *North American Review* on "Christianity at the Grave of the Nineteenth Century," which he might almost as well have named "The Nineteenth Century at the Grave of Christianity." The course of things in the world in this last quarter of the century greatly displeases and disheartens him. He professes the conviction—and learns the same confessed by the best men and women day by day—that "our immediate generation has been sinking of late to meaner ideals, to coarser ways of life, to more vulgar types of literature and art, to more open craving after wealth, and a more insolent assertion of pride and force." Things were better, he thinks, in the early and middle years of the century than now. Better men had better aspirations then, and better luck with them. Now we seem to him to be declining on "a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart" than of old. He seems to think it all began with Bismarck and the policy of "Blood and Iron." Bismarck waged a war that "paid" commercially and was followed by unexampled national prosperity. The example was contagious. British imperialism under Disraeli followed, and all Europe fell in line to grab what it could of the earth. He specifies what followed, and finds as a consequence "the universal lying down of high standards of life, of generous ideals, of healthy tastes—the recrudescence of coarse, covetous, arrogant, and braggart passions." The Christian church, as he sees it in England, seems to him to be entirely swamped by the influences of the hour. Its priesthood he calls "a sort of black police that has to stand by the government, right or wrong." He is a sort of minister himself, for he is chairman of the Positivist committee in London, and he calls on the professors of his own school, to those who profess the faith in humanity, "to preach the gospel of peace, which the apostate preachers of Christ have turned into a byword and made a mockery."

There is probably more virtue in the world than Mr. Harrison takes note of, but to many observers might and right seem nowadays to be continually confused, and this Comptist jeremiade will find many sympathetic readers. Even in such a surging progress of commercial prosperity as we look on at in New York to-day there is something disquieting, and doubtless there are those whom the daily rise in Standard Oil stock prices affects somewhat as one is affected who reads in Mr. Howells's story of the gathering folds of fat on the neck of Bartley Hubbard to be gradually slipped down into the trough of coarse pleasures. If nations were subject to revivals of religion and changes of heart, one would say that the times were ripe for their conversion. But they don't have these spiritual experiences. Individuals have them. What nations have to humble them is panics and hard times, and none are in sight, for us at least, as yet.

OSCAR WILDE is dead. Poor Hawthorne! To think that here should have come to such dismal tragedy! He had a pretty talent, and doubtless started with honorable aspirations. The world he could not edify he was content to divert with profitable foolories. Unhappily, he fooled so long and so successfully that he forgot that there were any details of conduct which were taken seriously, and that society, careless of so much that belongs to righteousness, has still steel fingers beneath a velvet touch. By what processes of degeneration he sank down from self-respect through various strata of abasement into the black ooze of London mire will be too well remembered. Poor creature! If there is any advantage in an experience of retribution in this life he certainly had it. What a clearing out there has been of the London notables whom his name recalls! Du Maurier, who caricatured him, is gone; Sullivan, to whose music Hawthorne pattered, is gone. The Langtry, who belongs to the same period, though not to the same group, has separated, the papers tell us, from the young husband whom she married last year. It makes the aging philosopher sigh and wonder which line of Horace best applies.

THE New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has issued its fifty-seventh annual report, and asks for $66,000 to continue its work for another year and to take care of a deficit of $9000 in last year's accounts. Checks or money for its support [illegible] with its fifty classes and clubs, and the People's Bath at No. 9 Centre Market Place. In summer it carries on a Fresh Air work, for the furtherance of which owns a place on Coney Island. It is constantly [illegible] work, too, on the great tenement-house problem. The personal service that is given by the workers in the association is probably worth more than the money distributes, but due provision of money is essential to make the personal service efficient and effectual.

THERE is a beer scare in Manchester, England, which it behooves all brewers and beer-drinkers to take notice. Beer ought to be made of malt and hops but malt and hops are dear, and what the average beer drinker most desires is that beer should be cheap. To satisfy this natural requirement of the beer-drinker and still reap a satisfactory profit from the sale of beer the brewers are everywhere tempted to use cheaper substances than malt and hops to make their beer of. The Manchester brewers, it seems, have been using [illegible] horse, into the manufacture of which sulphuric acid enters. The sulphuric acid used in England is made of pyrites which come from Spain, and the pyrites contain arsenic. The upshot has been that arsenic in unusual quantities got into the Manchester beer, with the result that thousands of beer-drinkers in that town and its vicinity have been poisoned; many have been made very ill, some have died, and hundreds of thousands of gallons of beer have been poured by brewers into the sewers of Manchester and also of Liverpool. The result is likely to be greater caution on the part of British brewers, and, perhaps, government inspection.

No such violent results are known to have followed the use of American beer, but it is believed that our beer is not as good as it was ten years ago, and that other substances besides malt and hops enter freely into the composition of most of it. Persons nowadays who want good beer or none drink German beer, which costs about twice as much as ours and is thought to be about twice as wholesome. Persons who approve of it say that it is better and more trustworthy, largely because the German brewers are under careful government inspection, and have to make sound beer out of sound materials.

A MILWAUKEE brewer, Mr. Hagemeister, has been quoted as saying that the American breweries are no longer making fortunes for their owners, and that the golden age of American brewing is past, for the reason that the beer-consuming folk in this country are taking more and more to drink their beer at home and less and less in saloons. Men who drink at home drink less and stop when they have had enough, and the breweries feel the difference.

It is very much to be hoped that Mr. Hagemeister's conclusions are well founded. In England beer-selling is in a curious state. It has been the policy there for many years to issue very few new ale-house licenses but to continue such as were not abused. Population has increased without a corresponding increase in the number of licenses. Consequently, the existing licenses have become very valuable, and most of them have been bought up by breweries, which thus own a practical monopoly of the retail liquor business. This is not satisfactory, either from the stand-point of temperance or of economics, and a movement is afoot, in which the Bishop of Chester is a leader, to organize the retail business as a public trust, and have it administered by the government, somewhat in accordance with the Tillman plan in South Carolina. To have intoxicants sold, as postage-stamps are, by agents who are not vitally concerned whether they sell much or little is in itself a good plan. Whether its advantages can ever outweigh its drawbacks in practical operation is another question.

THE corporation of Yale has offered to educate free of charge five Filipinos, provided that Judge Taft of the Philippines Commission can find so many of suitable age, character, and mental qualifications. Judge Taft, as will be recalled, is himself a Yale graduate, and will try, no doubt, to forward to the *alma mater* men fit to work on. From what we know of contemporary conditions in the Philippines, the suspicion seems warranted that young Filipinos who are favorable to American control in the Philippines will be safer for the present in New Haven than in Manila. The Yale corporation hopes by doing some pioneer work in training Filipinos to set an example that other American universities will emulate, with the result that there will be done for the Filipinos such a work of education as has been done during the last twenty years for Chinese and Japanese. That the other universities are equally ready, and indeed not waiting for examples, appears from a Washington dispatch which says that fifty colleges which have been sounded by Civil Service Commissioner Proctor have agreed to accept Filipino students who are brought to this country for education, and that four colleges of the fifty have agreed to defray the expenses of the Filipino students sent to them.

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)'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED EXPOSITION TO BE HELD IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CARO

the Charleston Fair is expressed in its name, "The South Caro- and West Indian Exposition." The primary purpose is to ad gress of South Carolina and its neighbors, and their eligibility nt; the second, to advertise the advantages of Charleston as the West Indian trade, which is much more important in prospect he interest in the proposed fair is thus particularly strong among harleston, and indeed of the State, the South Carolina Legisla- y to the promotion of the project. The United States Senate at d an appropriation of $250,000 for a government exhibit, which it is expected to succeed there this year.

is a tract of 250 acres on the Ashley River, above the city, and same relation to it that Kings Bridge bears to New York. As , it is divided by nature into two distinct parts. This division nsize by art, through the construction of a lake of some thirty acres, in which will stand the "Electrical Island." The part upon the shore of the river is occupied by a grove of old live oaks surrounding a fine Colonial mansion. This mansion is to be utilized as the Woman's Building, and the buildings of States and cities are to be arranged through the grove, with the Government Building and the Art Building at its edge, thus recalling somewhat the "Lagoon" at Chicago, with the additional advantage of the trees which cannot be improvised. On the outer shore of the artificial lake are placed for reasons of practical convenience as well as of architectural effect, the buildings of Machinery and Transportation.

The formal and symmetrical display consists of a plaza, spread upon a flat plain, inland from the informal park already described. Although some 1,200 feet by 900, this plaza is bordered by but four buildings. At one end is the Auditorium, capable of holding 10,000 people; at the other end is the Cotton Palace, while the buildings of Commerce and Agriculture line the two long sides, and, with the colonnades which connect them with the Cotton Palace, form a continuous frontage along three sides.

Probably almost any competent architect w come to the same conclusion evidently arri Charleston Exposition. Mr. Bradford L. Gilbe the special purposes of the fair, and the mat he really had no choice as to "style," but version of the Spanish Renaissance, which is al and the West Indies. The red-tiled roofs, th colonnades, which are suggested by the style, a white fronts suggest some relief by color, m upon for buildings and grounds, of which it is American at Buffalo, which goes out of exist opens in, in December, 1901. With its Spani palmettoes, its lake and its sunken gardens, it earth visiting.

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equipoise. Only one other woman has come within measurable rivalry, and the French actress has proved herself incomparable in so many fields of her art that the greater honors seem justly hers. In comedy and the severe tragedy of the classic French authors, in modern drama and the pseudo-tragedy of the contemporary French writers, she has triumphed equally, and her virtuosity seems to know no limits. Her genius has illuminated some of the rôles in which she has appeared more brilliantly than others; but in the vast range of her répertoire there could never be found one that would not show in some scene the effect of her matchless and unique art. Since she came to this country first, nearly a score of years ago, she has returned several times, always to find the same acknowledgment of her art and to awaken the same note of jubilant praise that has been sounded the world over when she appears. Returning now after an absence of five years, Madame Bernhardt has been met with a degree of warmth that neither her first visit nor any of its immediate successors ever aroused. Either a new generation of theatre-goers that knows only her name and is eager to come under the influence of her genius has grown up or the desire of her old admirers to see her again is greater than it ever was before. There could probably be no more eloquent tribute to the genius of the woman than her ability to come back here after a score of years and be more appreciated than she ever was.

SHE comes this time in worthy company, for Constant Coquelin, whose place in the art of his own country, if not through the rest of the world, is as high as her own, is her companion, and they have Rostand's "L'Aiglon" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," as well as other plays in which they are famous. The audience which saw them in "L'Aiglon" at the Garden Theatre when the first American performance was given there found Madame Bernhardt's performance of the two characters in such a production, but this cannot be said about "Florodora," now at the Casino. Like similar London imports, it is the work of several men, but its success is altogether due to the score which Leslie Stuart has provided. Americans have had a slight acquaintance with this composer in the past through "Louisiana Lou" and other ditties of the same character. His first complete score was used for "Florodora," and to its commonplace charm is altogether due the favor shown to this latest work. The music is of the customarily trivial kind, but it has a little more sprightliness and grace, a little more melody and piquancy, than any of the scores heard since "The Geisha." It rarely happens that the causes of success may be so readily named as in "Florodora," nor is it frequently so apparent in what particulars weakness lies. The book of this new musical farce deals vaguely with a perfume made from plants found on one of the Philippine Islands and some other subjects more or less remotely connected with this same matter and place. There is very little ingenuity in the way the incidents of the piece are unfolded, and the comic episodes it contains are below the average.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon."

They are quite as much the result of labor as these scenes usually are. It is one of the milder diversions of such entertainments to observe the way in which the authors have struggled to gain their effects. Here a scene has plainly been written in to relieve a stretch of tedium. There a dance has been added and a chorus introduced. All but one of these methods seem to have been abandoned when "Florodora" was created. Only the songs were relied on. Whenever the librettists lost courage and the stage-manager's invention dried up, the composer was called in. Fortunately he is a new man in his field, and his talents were equal to the demand on them, continuous as it was.

He has cheerfully overladen "Florodora" with music, and through its neat and piquant flow the text rarely obtrudes. When the dry spots come, they are in reality tedious enough. But they are scarce. The extravagant and erring action of the piece, which seems even a little more diffuse than usual, is so often interrupted by dance or chorus that its vagaries are lost sight of. If the music had not been so much superior to the text, this method of building a musical farce employed in "Florodora" might not have been nearly so successful as it has proved. Mr. Stuart's inspiration held out, however, and he has kept Owen Hall's text and action enough out of sight to create a prosperous entertainment.

Miss Fannie Johnston in "Florodora."

THE evolutions of the dancers are marked by the same ingenuity that all these London productions possess. The men and women progress through measures gracefully devised, and executed with a deference to the polite taste supposed to dominate all these performances. Such evolutions are indeed a novelty at the Casino, where somewhat greater frankness has usually been observed and the skirt has never been thought more alluring than tricot. There is a certain London smartness about the lyrics occasionally, but not as much as might have been expected, when it is remembered that they were written by an expert called in for the purpose. It is not a fortunate characteristic of the performance that the supply of voices is very meagre for a work that depends altogether for music on its success. To have songs and no voices is a disadvantage. But some of the music is made valuable, especially by the choruses, and there is ample comeliness to delight the eye. And Willie Edouin, a popular comedian years ago, has returned here after a long sojourn in England, as an object-lesson in the remarkable changes that the methods in comic acting may undergo. He represents to-day all the freshness, spontaneity, and humor associated in mournful recollection with British burlesque in the seventies. It is Mr. Edouin who possibly suggests more strongly than anything else in "Florodora" the wonder that no American manager has yet been courageous enough to abbreviate heroically these London productions. Here they appeal to only the public seeking diversion for an hour or two in the theatre. Audiences desiring serious dramatic entertainment keep away from them. In London, on the contrary, they must be so arranged as to satisfy the occupants of the pit, who have come for a session of several hours in the theatre, as well as those who are satisfied with a shorter sojourn in other parts of the house. No such institution as the London pit exists here. Gallery audiences are not in the least similar.

IN the scene of the field of Wagram, where the visions of the wounded and dying appear to the imagination of the eaglet, Madame Bernhardt has the greatest opportunity for her tragic powers, and wonderfully vivid and moving it is. The pathos of the death scene is nearly in the same degree to be expected only of Madame Bernhardt, for no other woman on the stage has such exquisite pathos in her voice and look. In the interview with her tutor, where the feeble little prince shows such a knowledge of his father's victories; in the Metternich episode, when, in despair at his own weakness, he destroys the mirror that reflects his features; when the letters of admiring women are brought to him—all of these were played with the French woman's wonderful art and irresistible personal magnetism. These qualities will be more enjoyable to some persons when she does not assume man's dress. Her femininity, always so much of her charm, is necessarily obscured. But the greatness of the performance is not to be disputed, and as a *tour de force* it is probably greater than anything she has ever done in her career. M. Coquelin's portrayal of *Flambeau*, the faithful Bonaparte soldier, lacks only the dignity that could come from greater physical strength. His diction is a delight, and none of the humor of the rôle escapes him. His death at Wagram is a touching prelude to the thrilling moments that follow.

THE cause of success in English musical farce is not always easy to understand, and observers have sometimes gazed in astonishment at the rogue that comes to stupid text, and music even too unmeaning for the kind of language it illustrates. Honors have usually in the past been equally divided between these

P the personages in Walter Frith's "A Man of Forty," with which the season of Daniel Frohman's stock company began at Daly's, had not been so well disguised, their origin would immediately have been recognized. As it is, their actions soon make it plain where they really belong. The ordinary British novel of commerce gave them birth, and their thin veneer of smartness does not conceal the qualities which are all of the

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ere, and their transformation is not complete enough to make them appear anything else. The men and women of the play talk epigrammatically in the London drawling way, and they all wear remarkably fine clothes. But the change is only shin-deep. Much of this atmosphere is gained at Daly's by the polite manner in which the play is acted, and doubtless the same element had much to do with whatever success it enjoyed in London. It cannot be denied that Mr. Frith, who is a young dramatist, writes crisp and agreeable dialogue, and shows in one scene strong dramatic instinct. He will probably never in the future select such uninspiring material as he has employed in "A Man of Forty," which escapes the merely sensational character of melodrama only through the skill with which the young writer has treated it. Under any other circumstances the story of "A Man of Forty" could have been made to serve only in the least sensational play.

THE one scene that shows Mr. Frith's promise most strikingly ends in the death from heart disease of the heroine's first husband. She has deserted him, a bribed witness has declared him dead, and the woman is to marry again. The perjurer regrets her share in the plot, and confesses. The betrothed is shocked at the deception played on him, and when the former husband, now a suitor for his daughter's hand, enters the room, he charges him with a share in the guilt. The two men struggle slightly, and the exertion brings on an attack of heart-disease, which kills the woman's former husband and leaves her free to marry the man she has loved. This scene has been so expertly wrought by Mr. Frith that he may really be hailed as a dramatist from whom much may be expected. His humor as the characters and their speeches reveal it is fresh and natural, and his taste is at fault only in the selection of a theme that involves such a relation as that existing between the daughter of the heroine's lover and her own husband whom she has deserted. These two are sentimentally interested, and that incident will do more than anything else to prevent any popular success for the drama. Filial and sentimental relations can never be suggested together when the appeal must be made to an American, or, for that matter, an English, audience. The company at Daly's still includes John Mason, Edward Morgan, William Courtenay, Grant Stewart, Hilda Spong, and Bessie Tyrel. Cecilia Loftus, more readily known in the past by a less formal Christian name, has taken her place in the company, and given no signs that she has a right to be there unless her talents develop greatly, and J. L. Finney is seen for the first time in the company, acting quite as well as possible an unimportant role that makes no great demand on his powers. All of the other actors are quite as good as they usually are, and Mr. Morgan's marked peculiarities of manner seem a little less noticeable than usual.

Our Illustrations

THE DISASTER AT GUAM

ON the morning of November 13 a typhoon swept over the island of Guam, demolishing most of the dwelling-houses in the settlements, and killing a number of people. The U. S. cruiser *Yorktown*, which lay in the harbor of San Luis d'Apra, dragged her anchors and was driven aground near a dangerous reef. Her bows were crushed in, but the crew managed to get the vessel off, and as soon as enough steam was up the war-ship put out to sea. She was blown off the land, and as she was rapidly taking water all hope of saving her was abandoned. A sea-anchor was thrown out, however, and the vessel drifted in this manner until six o'clock in the evening, when she was

WHEN Mark Twain was to attend a performance of Mr. Frank Mayo's dramatization of *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, Mr. Clemens enjoyed the performance very much, principally because it showed to him an embodiment in the flesh of so many of the creatures of his fancy. He was especially pleased with the presentment of the old Sheriff Blake. In the double-page illustration which appears in this number, Mark Twain is shown leaning on the shoulder of the genial sheriff and extending his hand to the Yankee at King Arthur's Court. Back of the Yankee, Tom Sawyer is seen tickling the Jumping Frog. Sitting on the newel-post is Huckleberry Finn chaffing the Prince and the Pauper. Behind them stands Pudd'nhead Wilson explaining his theory of thumb-marks to the Twins. On the other side of the picture stands the Doctor of *Innocents Abroad* fame, listening to some cheerful proposition from the ubiquitous Ferguson. Further to the left are two characters from *Roughing It* and *Life on the Mississippi*—the Gambler and the Miner. On the walls of this palatial apartment in which the welcome is being given to Mark Twain by his characters are hung tapestries which will readily be recognized as scenes from *Joan of Arc*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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At this time, when the fate of the Chinese Empire is trembling in the balance, it is interesting to inquire into the causes of the constant and vigorous opposition to progress. The Dowager Empress and her advisers are perfectly aware that the integrity of the realm and the Manchu dynasty are seriously threatened. They have been warned, and ample evidence exists that they fully believe, that only drastic reforms can prevent disintegration. Persons known to the Chinese government as incapable of sordid or even interested motives have insisted in plain terms that the first and most important step toward the preservation of the realm is the construction of railways, whereby the eighteen provinces of the empire can be brought within easy reach of the capital. This subject has been discussed in all its bearings. Liu Ming-Chu'an who is remembered as having attempted to establish a republic in Formosa at the time of its cession to Japan, memorialized the throne more than fifteen years ago, when China was threatened by serious complications with Russia. He presented the memorial with the tacit approbation, if not the connivance, of Li Hung Chang.

The following extracts of this memorial, taken from the Peking *Gazette*, deserve to be preserved in view of recent events:

"The troubles which have beset China since she removed the bolts and opened her doors to engage in trade with foreign countries are by far more numerous and embarrassing than anything she has had to meet from her enemies since the earliest ages. These foreigners, in their dealings with us, are ever ready, on the smallest pretext, to create a dispute whereby they may deceive and oppress us, and when there is a quarrel between any of them and ourselves, the others press around and eagerly watch for an opportunity.

"Russia's southern frontier is very extensive, so much so that it is contiguous to and interlocked with our northern, eastern, and western frontiers; we feel her grip on our throat and her fist upon our back, and our contact with her is a source of perpetual uneasiness in our hearts and minds. But our long season of weakness and inaction disables us from making a show of strength, and our only alternative, therefore, is to patiently bear insult and obloquy. When a quarrel occurs we have to yield to her demands and make a compromise, regardless of money, in order to avert the dangers of war.

"It must be remembered, however, that a long-enduring peace between the two countries is a thing that cannot be relied upon as a certainty, and that the wealth of a nation is not unbounded. If we make no departure from our present conservatism, what strength can we hope to acquire?

"There are those who speak thoughtlessly of going to war. In this connection your slave would beg to observe that the essential point before going to war is to ascertain the condition of the enemy's forces. Russia has built railways which run from Europe to the neighborhood of Hao Hun, and she purposes to build one from Hai Shen Wei to Hui Ch'un, and the reason why she did not proceed to send troops recently, when the quarrel with us commenced, is not that she feared to encounter our soldiers, but that her railways were not quite completed. Your slave foresees that, before ten years are passed, some immeasurable disaster may be looked for from that quarter.

"Now, Japan is an extremely small country—like a pill. Her rulers, however, have adopted Western mechanical arts, and relying on her possession of railways, she attempts now and again to be arrogant—like a mantis when it assumes an air of defiance—and to despise China, and gives us an small amount of trouble on the smallest pretext.

"Your slave is much grieved and distressed when he thinks that if the present time is allowed to go past without measures being taken to strengthen our country, how vain it will be to repent when it is too late.

"Although it is true that the proper way to proceed to strengthen our country is by drilling troops and manufacturing arms, etc., regularly in their turn, yet it must be confessed that the immediate construction of railways will be the mainspring of our country's strength.

"It would be difficult to enumerate all the advantages that will be derived from the possession of railways, such, for instance, as facilitating the transportation of the grain-tax, affording prompt and effective communication in the distribution of relief, the extension of commerce, the furtherance of mining operations, the suppression of likin stations, and the improved system of travelling. But the principal advantage that will be derived from them is the more effective method of transporting troops, and this consideration renders it important that their introduction should not be delayed.

"The area of China's territory is very great. Her northern frontier stretches out to a length of 10,000 li, and is conterminous with the confines of Russia; moreover, there are foreigners of many nationalities resident at the treaty ports, who are engaged in trade with our people. To draw a line on our frontier and guard it against invasion is a matter which, in spite of our desire, we are unable to do. Although we ride about on a fleet horse, and do not spare the whip, we are unable to come up in time. If railways are built, all parts of the country, north, south, east, and west, will be within easy communication, and in case of war we can form our plans according to our observations of the enemy's movements. It will be easy to come to a given point in a few days, although the distance be 10,000 li, and a million troops can be brought together at one call, and such irregularities as confusion and hurry when troops are ordered to move and obstructions and delays in the transport of materials and supplies, and similar vexatious embarrassments, will be removed. The strength of an army consists in its troops being united, and a state of division means weakness."

The memorial then points out the roads to be constructed at once, and the ways and means. It was referred to the northern and southern Superintendents of Trade, or Li Hung Chang and Liu K'un-Yi, who recommended its adoption emphatically. Another and more influential endorsement appeared in an appeal to the throne by Tso Tsung-Tang, composed on his death-bed. This man, a great Confucian scholar, and reputed the best of China's generals, had been a favorite of the conservatives on account of his outspoken contempt for the "Barbarians."

Nothing was done. The government conceded the advisability of the reform; its practicability was ascertained. There was no apprehension that the capital required would not be forth coming. At times steps were taken looking toward the inauguration of this salient reform; but each time the earnestness ceased to fade away, and procrastination ended in indefinite postponement.

The war with Japan and the subsequent exposure of China's paralysis made a deep impression upon China's rulers. It affected poor Kuang Hsu seriously, and greatly perturbed the Empress Dowager. Its immediate consequence was the renewal of discussion on the necessity of introducing railroads, and it did appear as if the government was in earnest. Yet five years have passed, what has been done?

The small line connecting Pao-ting-fu, the capital of Chih-li, with Peking and Tientsin, and passing on to the Great Wall at Shan-hai-kwan, has been built, and a further extension of forty miles to Kin-chow, in Manchuria, is under construction. The few miles between Shanghai and Woo-sung, at the mouth of the river, are also covered by rail. This sums up the activity of five years, every moment of which was of vital importance to the empire. It is true that a line from Sechow in Shansi, running south to the Han River at Siang-yang, has been surveyed, and that several other lines have been proposed. It will, however, probably be too late when the lines Pao-ting-fu-Han-kow-Canton-Hongkong, and Tientsin-Shanghai-Ningpo, are constructed. These two lines, if in operation at this time, would enable the government to assert its independence. Of less importance is the proposed branch line from Cheng-ting in Chih-li to Tai-yuen in Shansi, and from there into Shensi. But no serious effort to begin the construction of these proposed lines is being made.

This is the more remarkable since the government knows that Germany is pushing the construction of a railway from Kiao-chau in Shangtung westward to the Grand Canal. In the south France is building a line from Mandalay in Burmah to the frontier of Yun-nan (Lat. N. 23 d. 30 m.; Long. E. 99 d. 30 m.), and another road is contemplated along the coast of Annam and Tonquin to the mining region of Yun-nan, and to that part of the Yung-tse-kiang which the natives call by the significant name of "River of the Golden Sand." Nor is the Empress Dowager ignorant of the nervous rapidity with which Russia is constructing its road through Manchuria and a part of Mongolia. This eastern part of the Trans-Siberian Railway enters Manchuria on the 50th parallel near the meridian of 120 d. E., and runs past Moukden, the cradle of the Manchu dynasty, and New-chwang to Port Arthur. A branch line connects Vladivostok with the main line.

All these facts are known and duly appreciated at Peking. Surely there must be a cause for deliberately preferring the disintegration of the empire and the fall of the dynasty to the introduction of reforms which alone can save realm and throne. The two mutually antagonistic forces at Peking, Russia and Great Britain, have little or nothing to do with it. Granting the facts that Russia, with its magnificently equipped diplomatic corps, never for one instant loses sight of its own single purpose, viz., the acquisition and annexation of as much territory as it can safely assimilate; that, when gorged for the moment, all its efforts are directed toward preventing a rival power from securing any territory marked for future prey—it needs only a glance at the political divisions on the maps of Asia of twenty-five years ago, and a comparison with those of to-day, to comprehend the value of a trained diplomatic corps. The opposition of Great Britain, directed from the Foreign Office in London, neither deters Russia, nor does it encourage the members of the Tsung-li-yamen (Chinese Foreign Office). China faces the appalling ordeal with the passive stolidity of the Oriental when he is convinced that it is Kismet!

The original cause of this despairing stolidity, and incidentally of the palace revolution which deprived poor Kuang Hsu of his throne and condemned him to an early grave, is to be found in the word *Feng-shui*, an expression for which we have no equivalent. The ideographs of which it is composed mean simply wind and water, but it expresses a principle or influence, ethereal in substance, found in air and earth, but chiefly in the former, and to a greater or less extent in different localities. The educated Chinese who can be induced to discuss the subject explains that the earth in its organization has a certain resemblance to living beings, such as being possessed of veins and arteries, and consequently has the principle of life, which is *Feng-shui*.

The Chinese, of whatever rank or condition of life, is born and bred in a stifling atmosphere of superstition. This superstition exists in several forms, but implicit belief in *Feng-shui* is universal throughout the empire; and, what is of infinitely greater importance, it is at the root of all the impulses of the Chinese. It enters into his private and public life. As no house can be built without previous consultation of the Feng-shui, so the construction of a canal, railroad, or any public work affecting the topography of the locality, cannot be undertaken without the approbation of a well-known Feng-shui sin sang, or, as we might term it, Doctor of the Vital Principle. Riot and disturbances would be sure to follow; and as the patriarchal principle of the Chinese government rests chiefly upon the preservation of peace and order, the general opposition to the introduction of railroads is made plain.

Much has been said and written about the *lex supreme* of Filial Piety, with its attendant ancestral worship—the only creed in which the Chinese believes and upon which he acts. It has been generally accepted that the chief opposition to the introduction of railroads proceeds from the dread of having the ancestral graves disturbed. This is all quite true, but the motive lies deeper. The Chinese will spend sums, sometimes out of proportion to his means, in the funeral of a parent. Not, however, from filial devotion, although it may enter in very subordinate form into his action. The real motive, denuded from all poetical ornament, is the conviction that the Feng-shui, or vitalizing principle, will be absorbed by the body of the deceased, and through it find its way to the descendants, to whom it will impart longevity, prosperity in business, and, above all, cause the birth and good health of a son.

The Chinese cannot comprehend the worship of a beneficent God. All his efforts are bent upon propitiating the malevolent influences which, as he supposes, surround him. Devoted as he is to his work, he will desert it temporarily and spend freely from his hoard that he may remove imaginary evil spirits. Satisfied upon this point, he pursues the even tenor of his way.

While this accounts for the innumerable geomancers, soothsayers, or diviners one meets everywhere in China, it must not be supposed that all of these are frauds. There are, of course, quacks and pretenders, as in every profession, but a respectable majority of the Feng-shui sin sang honestly believe that they possess an occult faculty of locating the vital principle. When a Chinese at Ningpo discusses this belief, he will be apt to cite the following tradition: During the reign of the Ming dynasty—preceding the Manchu—a plague broke out, and among many others a beggar named Du fell a victim. Since the deceased was too poor, the authorities provided a coffin, and paid other beggars to carry it across the river to the opposite side. As they were crossing a field with their burden, the rope by which it was suspended from a bamboo pole broke, and the coffin fell to the ground. The bearers then decided to leave it where it had fallen; but since respect for the dead is universal, a discussion arose as to the direction in which the head should be placed. Finally it was decided that it should be in that of the bamboo pole, which had been thrown carelessly upon the ground. This was done. Scarcely had the bearers left the improvised grave when a Feng-shui sin sang approached. His occult affinity had led him to this place as possessed of more than usual Feng-shui, which culminated in the spot occupied by the coffin. The geomancer was disgusted that the favor of Heaven should be bestowed upon a common beggar, and he determined to leave his profession. After repeating the tradition thus far, the Ningpo man will triumphantly point to the history of the Ming dynasty, and show that the beggar's son passed the examinations, secured official preferment, and attained the third dignity in the empire. It is a fact that several members of the Du family were prominent officials under the Mings.

As the Chinese books teem with instances of the beneficent and malevolent influences of the Feng-shui, those in which the Feng-shui sing sang gave up their profession are by no means rare. What renders this odd superstition more complex is the fact that the Feng-shui of the same locality may be beneficent to one family and the opposite to another. Great value is attached to having one's house higher than those of the neighbors—a fact which accounts for the difficulties experienced by foreigners when building in Chinese cities, and also for the frequent complaints in the consular courts for interference with the Feng-shui. The following comedetats had no slight effect toward confirming the belief in Ningpo:

Soon after the opening of that port, the people were excited by the building of the Roman Catholic cathedral. As the edifice increased in height, the alarm grew, but it culminated when the steeple was finished and a weathercock was put in place. Not far from the cathedral was Centipede Street, a name given to a motley collection of alleys, supposed to resemble the legs of that insect. The populace

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tering to their intelligence and indirectly to one's own good taste.

From the mass of books which every holiday season brings forth there stand out a few which are pre-eminently those which are really worth giving. Of such books we have something to say here.

First as to fiction. The most notable perhaps of the novels of the year is Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*.

For literary finish and masterly character study the novel stands at the head of the season's books. Unlike some of the author's earlier stories it has no positive doctrine to enforce, but is a love-story in the best and largest sense of the word, and the enthusiasm with which it has been received is the surest proof that such work is not unappreciated.

Mr. Zangwill's Story

Following close upon *Eleanor* in popularity comes Mr. Zangwill's brilliant political novel, *The Mantle of Elijah*. This story is distinctly an advance over any of the author's earlier work. It does not deal with the Jewish people, but presents a strikingly forceful picture of the home and public life of a British statesman.

Some English critics have found fault with it because they claim Mr. Zangwill has taken the liberty of portraying certain English statesmen, among them Lord Palmerston. All of them agree, however, as to the force and dramatic power of the story. A dramatization of the story will soon be produced.

Miss Gilian Bell has always been a writer noted for her frankness and honesty. She has recently written a novel entitled *The Expatriates*. It is peculiarly an American novel. The heroine is a young American girl forced by circumstances to live abroad.

In the Loggia.
From "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward

Miss Bell has drawn a picture of the French gentleman of to-day which is not flattering to his character. She gives a vivid description of the burning of the great Bazar in Paris, and makes some unpleasant charges.

But the French are not the only people whom she scores. The book is a most vigorous arraignment of the unpatriotic attitude of Americans living abroad. It is also a charming love-story.

A Tale that out-Zendas Zenda

Every short-story reader remembers a little book of stories, *The Golfiende, and Other Tales*, which came out a few years ago. It was by Mr. van Tassel Sutphen, the editor of Gent. Mr. Sutphen has just written another book of an entirely different sort. It is called *The Cardinal's Rose*, and if any better tale of adventure, love, and war has appeared since *The Prisoner of Zenda* we have failed to see it.

The Cardinal's Rose is a ruby, the sole remaining resource of an impoverished prince. It is stolen, and—well, of course it is finally recovered, and the hero marries the heroine, but if you want to put in a couple of pleasant hours you can't do better than to follow the young American through the adventures which lead up to this happy ending.

More Humor from Mr. Stockton

There are so many novels nowadays that deal with the serious business of life that it is a relief to meet with one occasionally that is full of merriment and good-humor from beginning to end.

Such a book is Mr. Stockton's latest, *A Bicycle of Cathay*. It is a tale of the amusing adventures of a young schoolmaster on a summer vacation tour awheel.

A New Sort of Negro Stories

There have been plenty of good negro stories written, but none of them have touched upon just those phases of life in the South which Virginia Frazer Boyle pictures in her *Devil Tales*.

They are stories which have to do chiefly with the superstitions of negro life, with hoodoos and charms and midnight meetings "in the dark of the moon," and other uncanny things. Mr. Frost's many illustrations suit the stories exactly.

Some Old Friends in New Binding

There are a few books that never grow old, which can never be reprinted too often, and are always welcome as gifts. Notable among such books which have recently been published in

Good-Night, Allegra.
From "The Mantle of Elijah," by I. Zangwill.

Ruth.
From "Women of the Bible."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
From "Literary Friends and Acquaintance"

holiday binding and specially illustrated are: *Lorna Doone*, which has just appeared in a sumptuous binding, illustrated from photographs of the Doone country, by Clifton Johnson; *The Cloister and the Hearth* — Charles Reade's masterpiece—which Harper & Brothers have just issued in two volumes, illustrated by William Martin Johnson; a remarkably beautiful edition of Mrs. S. P. McL. Greene's *Vesty of the Basins*, which Clifton Johnson has also illustrated from photographs (it also contains drawings by Otto Bacher); the new and beautiful small edition of *She Stoops to Conquer*, illustrated with the Abbey drawings.

Mr. Howells's Literary Reminiscences

Since James T. Fields wrote his "Yesterdays with Authors," no volume of literary reminiscences has attracted such general and widespread attention as Mr. Howells's *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, which was published a few weeks ago. It is not only an interesting volume of personal recollections of almost all of the great men of our literature, but it is a complete survey of American letters for the past thirty-five years.

Mr. Howells writes, as he only can write, of Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Whitman, Longand those to which Mr. Howells makes reference in it.

A Prime Minister and an Emperor

English statesmen have always been remarkable for their versatility. Gladstone chopped down trees and translated Horace for amusement. A later Prime Minister — Lord Rosebery — has one of the best racing-stables in England, and he has written the best—in fact, the final work on Napoleon at St. Helena. It is called *Napoleon—the Last Phase*. The former Prime Minister's book is in no sense a biography. It is a study of Napoleon the man during one of the most interesting, if not the most glorious, periods of his career. He does not hesitate to attack the policy of the Liverpool ministry and their appointees in their treatment of the royal prisoner. His book is a scholarly and fair-minded work, and coming as it does from the pen of a man who may at any time be called back to the ministry, and whose career has been one of the most brilliant of his day, it is of unusual importance.

Concerning some Essays Worth the Reading

Elsewhere in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY you will find as usual Mr. E. S. Martin's department of "This Busy World," which you probably enjoy as much as every one else does. This same Mr. Martin has just written a book of essays.

They have all of Stevenson's charm of style and pleasant philosophy of life and a good deal of the same sort of humor that makes Charles Lamb such delightful reading even to-day.

The book is entitled *Lucid Intervals*. It is illustrated with many drawings by Miss Stilwell and F. D. Steele.

A Soldier-Author

Gen. George A. Forsyth rode with Sheridan on his famous experiences which, from the very start, are all absolutely true, have an interest which only the best short stories can ever have. It is an ideal gift for a boy.

Books for Children

No branch of book-making has shown a greater advance during the past few years than the manufacture of illustrated books for children. Among the most attractive of those prepared for this year's holiday trade is *The Roggie and Reggie Stories*, by Gertrude Smith, who a year or two ago wrote the amusing "Arabella and Araminta Stories."

A New Day.
From "Lucid Intervals," by E. S. Martin.

Roggie and Reggie are the two small brothers of Arabella and Araminta. Miss Smith has written of their adventures in much the same way in which she described the doings of their sisters in the earlier book.

The book is strongly bound in a bright ornamental cover, is printed in large open type on heavy paper, and contains fifteen full-page pictures in bright colors. It is one of the most attractive books for little children that has appeared in years.

Another excellent book for somewhat older children is *The Road to Nowhere*, by Livingston B. Morse. This is a story of the "Alice in Wonderland" sort. Little Jack wanders on "the road to nowhere," and meets with almost as many and as funny adventures as Alice did. The animals talk to him, and other equally delightful things happen. Altogether it is a jolly sort of tale, and is made more attractive by the many illustrations in red and black by the author's sister.

Some of the other important new books for children are *Wonder Stories from Herodotus*,

Uncle Coffin's Home.
From "Vesty of the Basins," by Mrs. S. P. McL. Greene.

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"He collared his astonished little Nigger."
From "Devil Tales," by Virginia Fraser Boyle

with many beautiful color plates by Granville Fell, and *The Book of Dragons*, by E. Nesbet, which Mr. Fell has also illustrated; then for the older boys there is a new Henty book—*In the Hands of the Cave-Dwellers.*

It is a thrilling story of good healthy adventure. Just the sort of story every boy will enjoy.

Some Clever Verse

A year or two ago Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl wrote a book of parodies on the fables of La Fontaine, which was one of the brightest and most amusing holiday books of the year. He has just written another book, which is, if possible, illustrated by Peter Newell and Gustave Verbeek.

A New Ben-Hur

In 1880 a story appeared called *Ben-Hur.* For two years it remained comparatively unknown. Then suddenly it sprung into popularity. Ministers began to talk about it in the pulpit, and the critics sounded its praises.

Since that time nearly three-quarters of a million copies of this remarkable book have been sold. It has been translated into almost every European tongue, and more translations are now being considered. Its average yearly sales are now more than the entire sale of many of the new and fairly successful novels. Its sales during the year 1899 were several thousand greater than in 1898.

A new edition of "Ben-Hur" in two volumes is among Harper & Brothers' holiday books. It is bound in white cloth ornamented with a design in purple, silver, and gold, and is illustrated with many drawings by William Martin Johnson. The history of this book testifies that it has a right to a place in every library.

To the Front from Winchester.
From "Thrilling Days in Army Life," by General Forsyth

A Literary Love-Story

All the world loves a lover, and all the world loves to read the love-letters of great men and women. The greatest letters of this sort ever published are *The Browning Letters.* The two volumes containing the love-letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett rank with the greatest poems of this gifted pair, and deserve a permanent place in English literature. You may maintain that they should never have been published, but when you have read them you will be thankful that they were.

A Novel and a Play

A souvenir of a play which has made a great artistic success is always an interesting thing to have. If you are a Thackeray lover you probably saw Mrs. Fiske play *Becky Sharp,* and if you did you will enjoy the "Becky Sharp" edition of Vanity Fair. It is illustrated with many half-tone pictures of the play, and contains several characteristic portraits of Mrs. Fiske and names of all the players in the original cast. It is beautifully bound, and is a charming souvenir of a memorable production.

This list of books contains works of every class—fiction, biography, history, *belles-lettres,* essays, and verse. If you are in doubt what to give for Christmas gifts we hope that it may help you in your decision.

A Porlock Inn.
From "Lorna Doone"—New Edition.

"'Don't be a Fool,' he said, in a Whisper."
From "The Cardinal's Rose," by van Tassel Sutphen.

Mantle of Elijah

By

I. ZANGWILL

By far the best of Mr. Zangwill's books. It is not a story of Jewish life, but deals with the social and domestic life of a British statesman. Illustrated by Louis Loeb. **$1 50.**

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

The "New York Times' Saturday Review" says of this book:

"Not the novel but the public is to be judged by its 'reception of 'Eleanor.' We are glad to have lived long enough for it, and we feel life to be better worth living because there has come into it a book so noble."

The "Chicago Tribune" says of "Eleanor":

"It seems to the present reviewer to be the best that Mrs. Ward has written. Its art is of the most finished type.

"This novel establishes Mrs. Ward beyond question as the greatest woman novelist of her generation."

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LORD ROSEBERY

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By W. D. HOWELLS

Not only a most delightful volume of personal recollections, but a thorough survey of our literature for the past thirty-five years. Illustrated. **$2 50.**

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By GUY WETMORE CARRYL

A collection of latter day versions of Mother Goose rhymes, which are no less amusing than Mr. Carryl's "Fables for the Frivolous." It is a book which will appeal to any one with a sense of humor. Illustrated by Peter Newell and Gustave Verbeek. **$1 50.**

Lorna Doone

New Illustrated Edition By R. D. BLACKMORE

A new holiday edition, illustrated from photographs by Clifton Johnson, and containing a photogravure frontispiece of the author. (In box.) **$2 00.**

Vesty of the Basins

Illustrated Edition By Mrs. S. P. McL. GREENE

A new holiday edition of this famous story, illustrated from many photographs by Clifton Johnson, made under the author's direction among the scenes described. (In box.) **$2 00.**

She Stoops to Conquer

New Illustrated Edition By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

An extremely beautiful small edition of this classic, illustrated by Edwin Abbey, and bound in Half Leather, Green and Gold, **$1 50.**

Lucid Intervals

By E. S. MARTIN

Mr. Martin's name is perhaps most closely identified with the department of "This Busy World" in HARPER'S WEEKLY. The present volume is a collection of his humorously philosophical essays on various subjects. Illustrated. **$1 50.**

The Cardinal's Rose

By VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

A rattling good romance, full of life, love, and adventure. Nothing better has been done since "The Prisoner of Zenda." Illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock. **$1 50.**

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A bright and amusing romance detailing the adventures of a young school-master on a tour awheel. Illustrated by Orson Lowell. **$1 50.**

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By GENERAL GEORGE A. FORSYTH

Personal experiences during the Civil War and on the frontier. It includes General Forsyth's account of Sheridan's ride, which he shared with the great leader. Illustrated by Zogbaum. **$1 50.**

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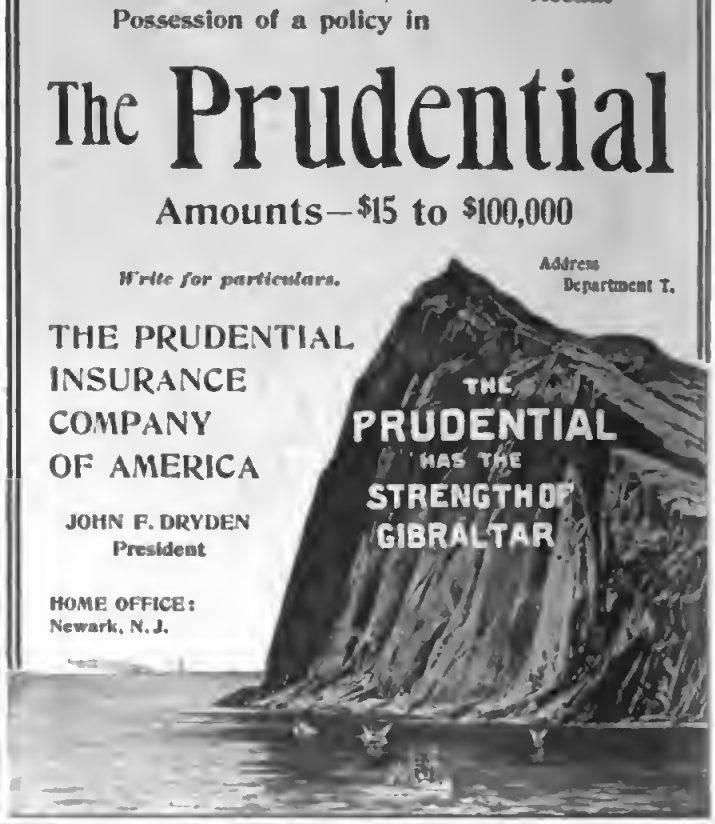

A Holiday Suggestion

DO IT NOW!

WE have nothing to say against the merits of books as Holiday gifts. We are publishers of books as well as magazines, and a good book is a good thing, either to keep or to give to a friend, but we do wish to say something of our periodicals. Perhaps "The Philadelphia Ledger" has characterized them as well as any one could. It said recently:

> *"The influence which the Harper periodicals have exercised in every channel of improving thought and achievement can be scarcely measured; it has flowed continuously on, over vast areas, among millions of people, learned and unlearned, upon all of whom it has acted as an elevating, refining force. In very many American homes these periodicals are the only library, and if in that character they are not exhaustive, they are, it must be admitted, a fair substitute for a library."*

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LASSOING BEARS IN ARIZONA.

The roping of bear, mountain lion, and even deer is a favorite pastime of the Arizona cowboy, and at the same time affords a test of his accuracy with the rope and the speed and activity of his horse. He seldom misses a "throw" when the animal is within range, but in the roping of bear not only must the cowboy be successful in placing the noose about the bear's neck, but he must draw it taut before the wily brute shakes it off.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

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A Twentieth Century Opportunity

IN considering the achievements of the nineteenth century one finds so many things accomplished that were not only unknown but undreamed of at its beginning, that it is difficult even for the most inventive of minds to think of anything that has been left for the twentieth century to bring forth. In the somewhat illuminating papers that are now in course of publication in the WEEKLY is being shown the development of the century in Art and Literature, in Science and Religion, in Music and the Drama, and in other fields of human endeavor. Progress is shown all along the line, and the Christian world starts in on its twentieth round of years distinctly in advance of the position it occupied one hundred years ago in these particular branches of effort; but whether or not we have improved socially, or in respect to certain details of human intercourse are better off to-day than were our forefathers, is an open question. In some ways we unquestionably seem to have improved. In matters of education we are, on the whole, better generally informed than were our forebears of the year of grace 1800. The wide dissemination of literature and of newspapers is quite as much responsible for this as is the notable development in the system of public instruction. The average of culture, if not of intelligence, is probably higher under the sway of McKINLEY than it was under that of ADAMS, but whether or not this advance in sophistication has destroyed something in us that used to lend charm to the character of our ancestors is debatable. In some respects we think it has. The fine simplicity that was characteristic of life in the olden days and which seems in great measure to have departed from us has no compensation in the new order of things; lavish expenditure and display have gone hand in hand with the raising of the standard of cultivation, and in some quarters it has gone so far that living has become artificial, and to that extent less potential for happiness. At no season is this more apparent than at a moment like the present. The old-time Christmas does not seem quite good enough for the modern youth, even the little ones finding themselves less contented with the simpler observance of old than with the more lavish celebration of the present. We see the streets thronged day after day with busy shoppers, and it is a pleasant sight for weary eyes, since it betokens the prevalence of a large-souled and generous spirit that is as beautiful as it is appropriate to the season. On the other hand, if we look into the shops themselves we shall find there articles on sale which we can scarcely credit Santa Claus with having designed for use on his tour of distribution, and which we should be sorry to credit him with if we could. We do not know that we have ever seen a doll that we considered too good since, as purveyors of gladness, they are intrinsically no better than were the simpler contrivances of twenty years ago, to hark back only one-fifth, instead of the whole, of the century; and if one will venture into the shops of the silversmith and the goldsmith, where the gifts for grown-ups are displayed in rich profusion, he will be dazzled by the brilliant array of beautiful wares designed especially for the Christmas season, and which, it is unfortunately true, reverse the old adage even in the mind of the most generously disposed citizen and convince him against his conscience that it is more blessed to receive than to give. It is impossible to criticise the generous spirit of the donor who takes pleasure in distributing gifts of this nature, nor is there justification for fault-finding with those who accept them; and it is unquestionably true that the demand for such beautiful gifts has encouraged the artisans of the day to produce delightful specimens of their handiwork; nevertheless it is becoming increasingly evident every year that a Christmas pace is being set which thousands of wistful givers find it hard to keep up with, and which brings woe where there should be nothing but happiness unalloyed, without materially increasing the satisfaction of those who are merely beneficiaries.

Perhaps one of the achievements of the twentieth century will be the discovery of some process by which we may return again to the simpler Christmas usages of our ancestors.

General Chaffee's Mistake

FIELD-MARSHAL VON WALDERSEE has, unconsciously perhaps, given us a clue as to the precise reason for the delays in the settlement of affairs in China. His return of General CHAFFEE's note on looting, for the reason that the case was stated too plainly, is illuminating. The truth of General CHAFFEE's statements and the reasonableness of his contentions are not denied. He merely commits the error of saying what he has to say in terms so plain that no one can fail to understand what he means, which is naturally affronting to the diplomatic minds now holding the floor in the Chinese capital. What he should have done when he observed that abuses were being perpetrated in the name of civilization, and that the troops of the allied forces were rivalling in the intensity and character of their efforts the achievements of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, was first to have written to Field-Marshal von WALDERSEE on the general subject of the weather, with a few incidental paragraphs concerning the superiority for laundry purposes of the Vin Ordinaire of the Forbidden City over Schuylkill water. Having thus established an *entente cordiale* with the Commander-in-Chief, General CHAFFEE should have addressed a second communication to the Count, calling his attention to the fact that RICHARD CROKER had sailed for England, and asking him, in view of the emergency, what he thought of the *status quo ante* in the Transvaal, coupled with a recommendation to the commissariat that they should use a less explosive kind of baking-powder in the dum-dum bullets served to the American troops in lieu of breakfast rolls. A communication of this nature would have been strictly in accord with the peculiar kind of diplomatic usage which now prevails at Peking, and would have appealed with singular force to General von WALDERSEE. Once in a receptive mood as the result of two such tactful missives, the Commander would probably have permitted General CHAFFEE to address to him a third communication, couched in equally diplomatic language, asking him if, in view of the approach of the Christmas season, the Field-Marshal considered it in accordance with the best etiquette for the Christian soldiers of Western civilization to steal quite everything the "heathen Chinee" was unfortunate enough to possess, from a cloisonné jar to the tomb of his ancestors.

Instead of approving General CHAFFEE's course, the Administration should reprimand him lightly, and request him hereafter when he has anything to say to cultivate that admirable self-restraint which the delicacy of the situation in China seems exactly or obvious the truth of his statements.

Meanwhile at West Point there should be immediately instituted a chair in Circumlocution. The day when bluntness was a factor in the making of a great general seems to have gone out with the death of GRANT.

The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty

BY a vote of large proportions the United States Senate has passed the DAVIS amendment to the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty, and the first step toward the Americanization of the Nicaragua Canal has been taken. It is only the first step, however, and as we write signs are not wanting that for some time to come further changes as little to the liking of Secretary HAY and his collaborateur Ambassador PAUNCEFOTE as those provided by the DAVIS amendment will be presented for the consideration of the distinguished body whose consent must be gained before the treaty can be finally accepted. As foreshadowed by well-informed correspondents the adoption of the various amendments which appear to have a fair chance of going through will make the treaty a curious sort of hodgepodge which the British are not likely to take to kindly, if indeed they will accept it at all, and the prospect of the convention being a coherent and wholly satisfactory solution of the differences that have arisen is slight. It would seem to be the part of wisdom if in any of its provisions the treaty is not acceptable to the Senate for the Senate to reject the instrument altogether, stating definitely and without undue heat in debate the precise reasons for so doing. Once informed as to the wishes of the country as represented by the expressed will of the Senate, the State Department may then start in afresh upon the making of a new treaty with some hope of success. The effect of "too many cooks" upon the making of a broth is generally understood to be bad, and there is little reason for believing that in the preparation of a treaty of such importance and in which so many delicate points are involved much good can come from the introduction into the process of ninety assistants to the State Department over whom the department exercises no control. A prolonged Senatorial debate upon the subject publicly conducted can do little to relieve the situation, and in view of the habitual ill temper of some of our Solons who are not so well understood abroad as they are here, may do much to complicate it. Why not, then, withdraw the whole instrument, ascertain what kind of a substitute will be acceptable, and start in all over again with a reasonable prospect of success!

Merry Christmas to a Famous Trio

CHRISTMAS greetings are hereby extended to Messrs. OOM PAUL KRUGER, WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, and Señor AGUINALDO—three of the most strenuous fighters in the face of overwhelming odds that we know of. It is hardly to be expected that Christmas will find them in a wholly contented frame of mind or that even for the day they will be able to forget their disappointments and substitute rejoicements for their regrets. Nevertheless, each in his own field has much upon which he may take a tremendous amount of satisfaction and much pride, which should be a consolation in the hour of trial, and we are sure that no man lives who does not hope that the coming of the season of peace and good will will bring to each a measure of happiness full enough to warm the cockles of his heart. Mr. KRUGER's recent experience in Europe must convince him that the best thing for him to seek is the foot-path to peace; Colonel BRYAN, in the dignified retirement which he appears to have accepted so very creditably, has doubtless already realized the fact, in so far as the fact concerns himself and his immediate fortunes; and if Señor AGUINALDO will only turn his eyes from the red glare of war of his own making to the effulgent light of liberty which the authorized rulers of his native land offer him in its stead, who can doubt that he too will be able to eat his Christmas dinner with that serene sense of happiness which comes only to him who is at peace with all mankind!

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THE purpose of Christianity is achievement. For Christianity to cease to achieve would be to become moribund. The symbol of its movement is not the ocean, with an inflowing and an outflowing tide, which makes no progress, but is a spiral, which, though it often seems to be turning backward, is ever mounting higher.

Either in its manifest influence or in its latent resources Christianity has come to the close of every century at an advance. Even if like some Niagara it has at times passed into a whirlpool period when immediate progress was not perceptible, like Niagara it has found its way out from its circular eddies and has resumed its onward movement. The darkest ages of Christianity have stood, as coal beneath the surface of the ground has stood, for an accumulation and preservation of light, that afterward gave brightness. The pick cuts into the coal as though it would destroy it, and each new advance of Christianity tosses aside some preceding Christian institutions, but none the less those institutions answered in their day a worthy mission and made ready for the future.

In the year 1800 the face which Christianity wore toward the world was a half-averted face. There had been earnest religious thought in every Christian country, and men like Count Zinzendorf had lifted their eye from their vicinage and surveyed the condition of distant races. But so busy had the late centuries been with doctrinal discussions, with schemes of colonization, with internal national disorders, and with the protection of individual liberty that the eyes of most Christian people were fixed upon their own immediate needs. Robert Raikes was coming to the front with the beginning of the Sunday-school movement, agitation was being started for the overthrow of slavery, Ragged Schools would soon be on their way, and conferences to consider "mankind" were sure to be held. But apart from the Roman Catholic brotherhoods there were only seven foreign-mission societies in existence, with some 70,000 converts and $125,000 income.

The state of mind that largely prevailed in Christian lands as the nineteenth century opened was a result of the French Revolution. That movement, now seen to be an emancipator and quickener of human thought, had temporarily benumbed much religious zeal both in Europe and America. Outspoken infidelity was widespread. Aggressiveness in Christian activity was hesitating. A spirit cynical of religious earnestness pervaded much of the political and social life of the day. The last word applicable to Christianity, according to the leading minds of society, was the "science" of religion.

But what does the observer of religion to-day find? First, there are what may be called laboratory returns. *Geographically*, ever since Carey in 1793 started from England to India, Christianity has believed itself to be under world-wide marching orders. Through its agents it has entered hitherto impenetrable districts, until continents, islands, fastnesses, have heard its living, loving message. Advance into previously unoccupied territory which even fifty years ago was hailed with surprise, has become a matter of course. Dr. George Smith said that "five great regions of the world are as yet unreached by the missionary—Tibet and High Asia, Arabia, the Soudan, Amazonia, and Russia in Asia." But within a fewmonth, merely as one amongst the daily mass of general telegraphic messages, was this: "The first through train reached Khartoum to-day."

That word, so romantic and momentous, received hardly a passing public notice. The Soudan open, every other land is expected to be open. The face of Christianity, no longer averted, is now eagerly directed toward the whole world.

Politically, Christianity has woven its ideas into the web of national life with an ever-wider woof. The test of national integrity, in rulers and in people alike, is conformity to Christian principles. The criticisms passed by John Stuart Mill on the state are criticisms suggested to him by the essential teachings of Christianity. The "civic conscience" of Christendom has become a factor to be primarily reckoned with by all legislators; the inspirer of that conscience is Christianity. The nations thus influenced are becoming the world-rulers. They practically divide the earth between them, either in the form of colonies, suzerainties, or "spheres of influence." The population of those countries whose accepted ideals and standards of moral conduct are Christian is placed at almost 500,000,000. These govern, or help to shape, the political action of almost 900,000,000 of the world's inhabitants. Nor have these Christian people reached the limit of their expansion. They and their ideas are moving rapidly over new areas. One and all they are imperfect expressions of Christianity, often they are disgraceful expressions of Christianity, but the type of Christianity that tends increasingly to reach the world's front is the English-speaking type, a type that has a tremendous volume of wise earnestness animating it, correcting it, developing it. The English language, crystallized largely by its Bible, is extending so rapidly that Continental scholars prophesy its ultimate prevalence throughout the world. That language carries the flavor of Christian sentiments into the political life of every nation it affects.

The achievements wrought by Christianity in the social conditions of the world are luminous. Mackay, twenty years ago, wrote from Uganda describing the terrible cruelties of a people as yet unreached by Christian ideas. So might every other Christian missionary have written when in 1825 or later he first entered heathen lands. But to-day the results wrought by Christianity in ameliorating or destroying vicious social customs roll up such returns as pronounce Christianity a blessing to the home and to the individual from Natal to Point Barrow. The number of its adherents does not necessarily indicate the condition of a cause. But when one feature of a cause is its 150 societies in the heathen world, whose missionaries count 6000, and whose native preachers, teachers, and helpers are 68,500, and whose converts are over 4,000,000, the capabilities and aggressive nature of the cause become apparent. This one arm of the service has put the Bible, in part or as a whole, into over 350 languages, which nine-tenths of the human race can read, has established schools, colleges, printing-presses, hospitals, asylums, churches, has sought out the famished, the leprous, the outcast, has aimed to exemplify honesty, industry, purity, self-control, and self-dignity—and has seen its ideas assume larger and larger displacing and recreative power. While this impact upon the foreign world has been progressing, Christianity has strengthened and increased her resources in all home lands. Her spirit it is, whether acknowledged or unacknowledged, that pervades the chief glories of modern civilization, its safety, its integrity, and its helpfulness.

Besides laboratory returns there are other returns, not so tangible perhaps, but none the less existent and significant. Christianity has achieved new birth in itself. The study of comparative religions has given to Christianity an established conviction of its own pre-eminence. It believes that it is the final and complete religion. It has learned to appreciate its own uniqueness through discriminating investigation into other religions. It has found God witnessing to Himself in every great religious teacher and in every great religious system, and it has learned to acknowledge that witness. But it has also learned that the kind and degree of witness to Himself given in Christianity separates Christianity from every other religion. It sees that there are sparkling gems of thought everywhere, but only life-giving seeds of thought in itself. The power inherent in Christianity to change and beautify life assigns it a place entirely its own. "The essential weakness of most if not all other religions is that they confine themselves to pointing out what the facts ought to be, and make no provision whatever for dealing with facts as they are." But Christianity meets men in their actual conditions, teaching them all they need to learn, and then empowering them for what they have to do.

Christianity has won a new assurance of its adaptation to all mankind. No want has yet been discovered to which Christianity does not address itself. The Turkish proverb that Islam can flourish only where the palm-tree grows has no application in any essential feature of Christianity. Religion for the first time in history has gained universality in Christianity. The heart of man has everywhere been found accessible to Christianity, and the suitableness of Christianity for man has everywhere been proved.

A new understanding of Christ has been obtained. "The Life of Christ" has been studied and written with the most critical scholarship. The beauty of His character, the wisdom of His words, the suggestiveness of His deeds, the lessons of His life, have been set forth with a new power. The schools of thought which cast doubt on the worthiness of Christ and seemed destructive of His influence have stimulated investigation into all the facts of His history, with the result that Christ never held so absolutely transcendent a place in the minds of intelligent men as to-day. He and His words are believed to be the solution of all the problems of human life and society. "There is nothing more wonderful in the history of the human race than the way in which the character of the Christian Founder has traversed the lapse of ages, acquiring new strength and beauty with each advance of civilization." A greater Christ has revealed a greater God, and Christianity never declared so adorable a God as to-day.

A new understanding of the Scriptures has been secured. Their place is more fixed and their mission more practicable than ever. Criticism has been very incisive and has cut away many theories concerning the nature of inspiration that had nothing to do with the validity and usefulness of the Scriptures, but the pre-eminence of the Scriptures both remains and triumphs. It has been a century of hard fighting concerning the authenticity, content, and purpose of Scripture. The battle has raged about the New Testament and the Old Testament—each in turn. As the century closes, the Bible has ceased to be an end and has become a means; it is not regarded idolatrously, but it is regarded reverently; its ministry to lead men from sin to righteousness is understood, and its sufficiency and suitableness so to do are realized.

High among the triumphs of Christianity is its achievement of the scientific spirit. Jowett wrote: "Religion is another word for science in its highest and broadest definition, and it must be of such a nature that no man's mind can brush aside its demands; that every one can see that it is reasonable, that it is imperative, and that without it we cannot reach the highest spiritual elevation of which the soul is capable." The Japanese scholar who after studying in America returned as a professor to Japan and applied scientific methods to the history of ancestral religions produced dismay in the minds of the adherents of those religions. But Christianity has learned that the deeper the investigation and the more exact the historical study into Christianity, the better for Christianity's life and usefulness. Christianity comes to the close of the century acknowledging the past mistake of alleging a conflict between truth in nature and truth in Scripture, but claiming now that religion is a science as pure and as true as any other science. Christianity rejoices that spiritual forces and phenomena have won their due consideration as forces and phenomena, and that the intellectual world views them with respect.

It has been a great century for Christianity. Woman's place among the redemptive forces of humanity has been secured. Organized for temperance, hospital, social, educational, and missionary enterprises woman commands attention. The place of youth in Christianity is distinctively more effective now than ever. The young, indoctrinated in the principles of Christ, are banded into societies, brigades, guilds, that seek to convert and remedy every ill of human life. Convinced that to-morrow lives in youth they seek an unending succession of membership, and they hold aloft inspiring hopes of future accomplishment. The Young Men's Christian Association in its varied features, both within towns and colleges, has grown to be an agency for good whose potency is as wide as the world. The institutional church and the social settlement are new developments aiming to ameliorate all bad conditions of society, so that the environment shall be safe as well as the heart pure. New ideas of kindness between man and man have been recognized. The sober and honest sentiment of Christendom revolts from the ravages of the battle-field, and eagerly desires that grievances be patiently examined and questions of right and wrong obtain unprejudiced consideration. The theory of universal peace has laid hold of multitudes who recall that a century ago the extinction of slavery seemed an insolvable problem. The same spirit that removed slavery now grapples with all acknowledged social evils, and will not rest until they too are overthrown.

Among Christianity's best trophies is its own spirit of dissatisfaction with present success. Never did organized Christianity so recognize the incompleteness of its work as to-day. Never have the sins and needs of the world been so patent. Christianity has leavened the best races in history thus far. Now can it leaven them thoroughly? Can it evangelize its own cities, going down into cellars, up into garrets? Can it make itself triumphant in palace and hovel alike? These are great questions. No one realizes their greatness better than the truest exponents of Christianity. But Christianity stands squarely committed to the task. It affirms that as yet its demands, its inspirations, its reconstructive force have never been given opportunity, that its resources have not been understood or even imagined. It claims to be only on the threshold of its accomplishments. Its glory of deed and success is still to come.

But it signals us these facts, that the currents of its life are strong and full, that it was never so serious in its thoughtfulness and so great in its confidence as now, that controversy is often a sign of earnestness, not of indifference, that men more and more are agreed that God's laws are everywhere, in nature, in history, in consciousness, in Scripture, and that God is one—and more and more the acknowledged claims of the brotherhood of the human race lead up to the recognition of the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. The essentials of Christianity, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, are coming to the front. Denominational acerbities are giving place to church federations. Religion is in the blood, in the language, in the customs, in the atmosphere of an ever-enlarging host. Education is built upon it. Literature lasts as it expresses its spirit. Government has foundations as it rests on it. The Christ walks more perceptibly among the haunts of men and is oftener in the market-place, in the court-room, and at the fireside.

The crowning achievement of a religion is the character it makes. As the century closes and the Christian men and women whom it has produced pass before us, they are the glory and the crown of our humanity. They have had place in all ranks of society, they have lived in many lands, they have done a various service, they have borne a marked individuality, but they have all been inspired by One Life. Legislators have been among them, poets too, and emancipators; scholars, artists, merchants; workers of every kind and class—hosts upon hosts of beautiful, upright, helpful souls. Some of them died in quietness—and some of them were martyrs who died in torture. These, one and all, are Christianity's achievement—an evidence of what Christianity has done, a prophecy of what Christianity will do.

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NEW MINT PHILADELPHIA

A HANDSOME feature of the new Mint which the United States Supervising Architect has erected at Philadelphia will be the decoration of the entrance. This consists of a central vestibule, flanked by halls; all three being panelled in marble and ceiled with a series of vaultings. The latter are supported upon pendentives which leave a number of intermediate wall-spaces above the wainscot, either semicircular in shape or elongated into tympana. The whole scheme is being decorated with mosaics; the vaulting in conventional ornament, the spaces with figure subjects framed in borders. The contract after competition was awarded to the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company, for a series of designs made by Mr. W. B. Van Ingen, to whom have been intrusted the supervision and control of the work.

It is always interesting to be able to trace the genesis of an idea and to mark its growth into something individually different from the original. In this case the suggestion was supplied by those frescoes discovered in Pompeii, in which manikins are engaged in coining money; subjects quite grotesque in treatment. But they gave the hint of using a child's form instead of an adult's, both as being more adapted in scale to the size of the spaces and as helping to preserve a sprightliness of motive. Further researches in an old French work on die-casting supplied other suggestive material, so that the main details of these panels are founded upon fact and represent old implements and processes. At the same time objects are introduced which have a symbolic reference to the present. In the development of the idea Mr. Van Ingen associated with himself Mr. Tabor Sears, and the co-operation has been most successful. The panels are interesting in matter, of that kind which attracts apart from artistic considerations; moreover, they are extremely decorative in composition; handsome in their distribution of full and empty spaces, having, also, much additional charm of detail; and are executed in large, effective masses of rich color. They represent a very charming combination of serious purpose and *naïveté* of treatment.

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The Children spent a very enjoyable Christmas with their Aunt...

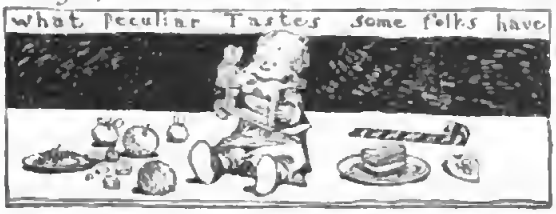
Clerk: "Now you see Madam, strong enough to support a MAN!"

Miss Spinster did n't see the signs

wow-w-w! I want to play with my cars a little while ..

SANTA (in disguise) I wonder where that fellow gets these toys!

"Hold my Gloves a moment, Henry."



Little Joe's reward for ten weeks active interest in the Sunday School.

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THE beginning of the winter of 1893 and 1894 found me in camp with a band of the wandering Tinneh or Loucheux Indians on the site of the abandoned Hudson Bay Company trading-post of Rampart House, on the Porcupine River in northeastern Alaska. I had left Dyea Inlet on the south coast five months before, and after a 1200-mile journey via Chilkoot Pass, Forty Mile Creek, and the Porcupine River, had reached a point well inside the arctic circle, where I expected to make my headquarters during the nine-months winter. The river had begun freezing by the middle of September, and before the close of the month the sparsely timbered hill-sides and the treeless plateaus that stretched back from the river-bank were buried in snow. As the season advanced, the nights grew longer and the days shorter, while the sun, sinking lower and lower on the southern horizon, disappeared for the last time in the middle of November.

Rampart House was for some years the most northwesterly fur-trading post maintained by the Hudson Bay Company, the goods for barter being brought on dog-sleds from the Mackenzie River, more than 200 miles to the eastward. The furs sent out the same way were sometimes a year in reaching the Company's stores at Winnipeg, thousands of miles to the southeast. Owing to the increasing tendency of the natives to send their furs to the Yukon traders, it had been decided to abandon Rampart House, and the trader, Mr. John Firth, was transferred to Peel River post, near the Mackenzie, where I afterward met him. On abandoning the post Mr. Firth had left behind him a fairly comfortable log cabin, constructed from the small spruce trees that grow along the Porcupine River, and on my arrival I had taken possession of this house. The Porcupine River rises between the Yukon and the upper Mackenzie, and flowing first toward the north, finally heads around to the southwest, and after a circuitous course of more than 400 miles empties into the Yukon. It is somewhat larger than the Hudson, and the total area of its valley, lying partly in Alaska and partly in the British possessions, is greater than that of all the New England States combined. All of the river except its head-waters lies north of the arctic circle. The natives living in the valley of the Porcupine do not exceed five hundred, and are members of the great Tinneh race who inhabit the valleys of the Yukon and Mackenzie rivers. They were called the Loucheux by the French Canadian explorers of the Hudson Bay Company, who were the first white men to penetrate these wilds of the far Northwest. They are well-disposed people, although savages living entirely by the chase, and are morally and mentally much superior to the plains Indians of the United States. They have no permanent villages, but are nomads, constantly roaming about like the Tartars of Asia, following the movements of the herds of barren-ground caribou, whose flesh is their principal article of diet, and whose skins furnish them with clothing and material for their beehive-shaped lodges. A member of one of the Porcupine River bands had brought up from the Yukon a considerable quantity of trading-goods and established himself at Rampart House, where he remained all winter, bartering for furs with the Indians who would from time to time come in from the various hunting-camps in the surrounding country. Although only a few families remained in the vicinity of Rampart House during the winter, there was scarcely a week when there were not arrivals from some of the hunting bands. These people would bring in a sled full of furs, which they would exchange for ammunition, tea, and tobacco, returning after a stay of a couple of days. This young trader had at one time been in the employ of an English missionary who had visited the country, and had also been much with Mr. Firth before the abandonment of Rampart House, and so had acquired a fair knowledge of English. He had adopted the English name David, given him by the missionary in lieu of his unpronounceable native one, and was an altogether bright and progressive young Indian. Early in November this man determined to make a trip to the Hudson Bay Company's post at Peel River, across the mountains, for the purpose of bartering some of the furs that he had acquired for goods that he had not been able to get from the Yukon traders. The distance was more than 200 miles in an almost due easterly direction, and the route for the first hundred miles lay up the Porcupine River and thence across the most northerly spur of the Rockies, to the valley of the Mackenzie.

The prospect of sitting about all winter trying to keep warm, with no amusement but an occasional caribou-hunt, had begun to pall on me, and I had no difficulty in making arrangements to accompany the party. There were besides David and myself three men from one of the Porcupine River bands, Chiteinda, Tahkokwat, and Kwandi, and after several false starts we finally got off on the morning of the 17th of November. There were four sleds, two laden with furs for barter, one with meat and tallow for ourselves and the dogs, and the fourth with the sleeping robes and cooking utensils.

The Esquimaux sleds that I afterwards saw on the coast of the Arctic Ocean and Bering Sea were quite large affairs, with runners, and were dragged by any number of dogs, sometimes as many as twenty. Sleds of this type are perfectly practicable along the level sea-beaches and where there is no brush, and where the snow is shallow and hard packed, but would be worse than useless in the interior, where the conditions are radically different. The Indian sled is merely a birch-wood toboggan, eight feet long and twenty inches wide, and is drawn by four dogs hitched tandem. The load, usually between two and three hundred pounds, is securely lashed down in order that it may withstand the numerous upsets that frequently occur. Unless a path has already been broken by some preceding party, it is always necessary for one man to walk ahead of the leading team to make a track through the snow, as the dogs are not guided with the whip, as is done among the Esquimaux. In addition to the man walking ahead for the purpose of making a track, there is always one to look after each sled, his duties being to keep the dogs pulling steadily, untangle them when they become mixed up in their harness, and right the sled whenever it is turned over. While the Esquimaux almost invariably rides on his sled, the Indian rarely does, tramping along on snow-shoes instead, the sled being utilized to carry provisions, camp outfit, and whatever goods they may be transporting.

As we filed down the bluff onto the snow-covered ice of the river in the half-twilight of a bitterly cold November morning, we were quite an imposing cavalcade, five men, four sleds, and sixteen dogs, and started at a brisk pace on our snow-shoe journey of more than four hundred miles. The sky was clear and there was scarcely a breath of wind, while the mercury was at forty degrees below zero. All of our party were clothed in the native fur costume, caribou-skin coat or "parkie" with hood attachment and trousers of the same material, moose-skin moccasins on the feet, and the hands encased in heavy fur-lined moose-skin mittens. All wore snow-shoes of the Canadian type. Kwandi took the lead, and the head team followed in his track, while each of the other four of us took charge of one of the sleds and carried a whip, which there was not much occasion to use for the first three or four days. For the first day we kept to the river bed, and at five o'clock, which at this season in a northern latitude is long after dark, went into camp among some stunted spruce trees on the south bank. The method of establishing a night camp among these northern Indians is worthy of detailed description. The first thing is to unharness the dogs and turn them loose, the snow-shoes are then utilized to clear as much of the snow as possible from a space large enough to enable all five of us to lie down together, and several caribou-skins are spread on the ground. If there was a wind the sleds were arranged in order to give as much protection as possible. Any small dead spruce-trees that could be found were cut down and a roaring fire built just at the foot of our impromptu bed. The big, shaggy dogs gathered about the cheerful blaze and watched the cooking operations with their appreciative eyes, occasionally varying the programme by getting into a free-for-all fight among themselves, which necessitated clubbing the more aggressive ones into submission. Our fare was simple. On one of the sleds were about 200 pounds of dried caribou-meat and several large cakes of deer tallow and ten pounds of tea. Dried meat is by no means so appetizing as the fresh article, but it would have been impossible to carry on one sled a sufficient quantity of fresh meat for our party. While we expected to kill some game *en route*, it would be rash to depend entirely on so uncertain a contingency. One whose palate has always been accustomed to the fare of civilization is apt to shudder at the thought of eating tallow, but a short period of out-door life in the arctic regions will serve to hastily bring him to his senses on that score. We had tallow as a part of every meal. It was sometimes eaten cold, but oftener melted and poured over the dried meat after the latter had been boiled. Tea is the universal beverage of the arctic traveller, if he can get it. Neither spirituous liquors, coffee, nor chocolate can in any way be compared with it as a means of keeping up the strength during the fearfully trying work of snow-shoeing day after day in arctic weather. Both white men and natives in the northern British possessions and Alaska use it in large quantities, and the former will rarely attempt a winter journey without it. It is made very strong and drank in large quantities. At all of our camps in this journey water for boiling dry meat and making tea was obtained by melting snow in an iron kettle. Before retiring for the night the dogs were fed, an operation that required all of the party armed with clubs and whips to protect the worker dogs from their savage fellows. At our first camp, while we were going through this exciting operation, several of the big huskies pulled one of the Indians down into the snow, and the entire pack fought all over him for a couple of minutes before he could extricate himself.

After supper we rolled up in our fur robes and lay down to sleep, I in the middle and two Indians on either side of me. It requires no little practice to enable one to arrange the robes about his face so that he can breathe with comfort and still not admit sufficient air to freeze his nose and cheeks.

We would no sooner be settled down in bed than the dogs, naturally preferring our robes to the snow, would lie down about our feet and sometimes on top of us. The only drawback to this arrangement was their mania for fighting among themselves. We would be sleeping comfortably when suddenly there would be a yelp as one dog bit another, and then half a dozen of them would fight all over our prostrate forms. This always made the Indians furious, and if the disturbance was not over in a few seconds they got up and quelled the trouble with whatever they could lay their hands on. In the morning we tumbled out of our robes into the stinging air, built a fire, and after a breakfast of meat, tallow, and tea, put the dogs into harness and pushed on into the darkness. Had it not been that the Indians were so thoroughly familiar with the country, it would have been impossible for us to make the journey, as two-thirds of the time that we were travelling one could not see an object as large as a man at a distance of 200 yards. Our route lay on the second day mostly on the ice of the river, though a number of short-cuts were made across bends. The country along the stream was generally flat, and covered with a jungle of stunted willow, birch, and spruce. Some distance north of the river were low monadnins. Through hours that seemed endless we trudged on through the gloom, the silence broken only by the creaking of the sleds and the voices of the Indians scolding their dogs. Each day we stopped an hour at noon to prepare our mid-day meal, and one day I saw a band of seven caribou crossing the river on the ice a short distance above where we had stopped; but the Indians, with characteristic stupidity, instead of attempting to stalk them, which could have been done easily, opened fire from our position and frightened the animals, which had not yet suspected our presence. Darkness was upon us again by two o'clock, and the wind had risen. I was unused to snow-shoeing, and as the Indians struck a lively gait, was soon left far behind. At nearly seven o'clock, after I had begun to wonder whether the Indians would ever stop, I heard a short distance ahead the barking of dogs and the voices of children, and found that our party had come up with a hunting band of Loucheux, and had gone into camp with them.

We left our hosts at seven o'clock the next morning and kept on our way eastward. A part of the time we were on the river bed, and part in the great stretches of willow and scrub birch that covered the lowlands along its banks. The violent exercise of snow-shoeing twenty miles a day and sleeping in the open air had begun to tell on me badly. My muscles and joints became swollen, and I suffered at times the most excruciating pain. It was impossible to keep up with the pace set by the Indians, and I got in the habit of dropping far behind and getting into camp after the fire had been built. As long as we were in the willow brush where the snow was soft I had no difficulty in following the track of the sleds, but often for long stretches on the river or over frozen lakes the surface of the snow would be so hard crusted that the slight marks made by the sleds could not be seen in the darkness, and I often lost the track and wasted a great deal of time in groping about trying to find it again. Whenever the Indians reached the summit of a ridge or were on the surface of a lake where there was unobstructed view, one of them would occasionally stop and strike a match, which would flare up for a few seconds and serve to guide me. There were always three or four hours of twilight at mid day, but usually a sled could not be seen more than 200 yards. We kept pushing ahead, however, and three days later reached the point at which the trail leaves the Porcupine River, and made our fifth night camp in a ravine.

The next morning the wind had died out, and at six o'clock we poked our heads from under the robes into air that stung like the cut of a whip-lash, for it was fifty degrees below zero.

All of that day for twelve long hours we pushed up hill and down hill, across frozen marshes and through miles of willow, and after a most trying day's journey of twenty-five miles, came down on the ice of a small river, a northern tributary of the Porcupine, and in an hour more were at Le Pierre House, on its north bank. Le Pierre House, like Rampart House, is an abandoned trading post of the Hudson Bay Company. The old building once used as a trading-post was at the time of our visit occupied by a couple of families of Indians. They had a considerable quantity of caribou meat, and we determined to remain over one day to give ourselves and the dogs a much needed rest. In six days we had covered about 125 miles—not half bad when one considers that we had to break our own track, being the first party over the trail that season. The day spent at Le Pierre House seemed to us foot-sore travellers the height of luxury.

Early on the morning of the second day after our arrival we left Le Pierre House and took a course somewhat north of east. The country was open and rolling, and there was less brush than had been encountered formerly. As soon as it became fairly light we could see ahead of us an apparently unbroken chain of not very precipitous mountains, extending from north to south. It was the northern extremity of the Rockies, within fifty miles of where they slope down to the Arctic Ocean. Although the altitude of the highest peak was not more than 4000 feet above the level of the surrounding country, the range was a most impressive one, because nowhere from base to summit was there a bit of color to break the mantle of spotless white. While we were in camp for our mid-day meal in a little

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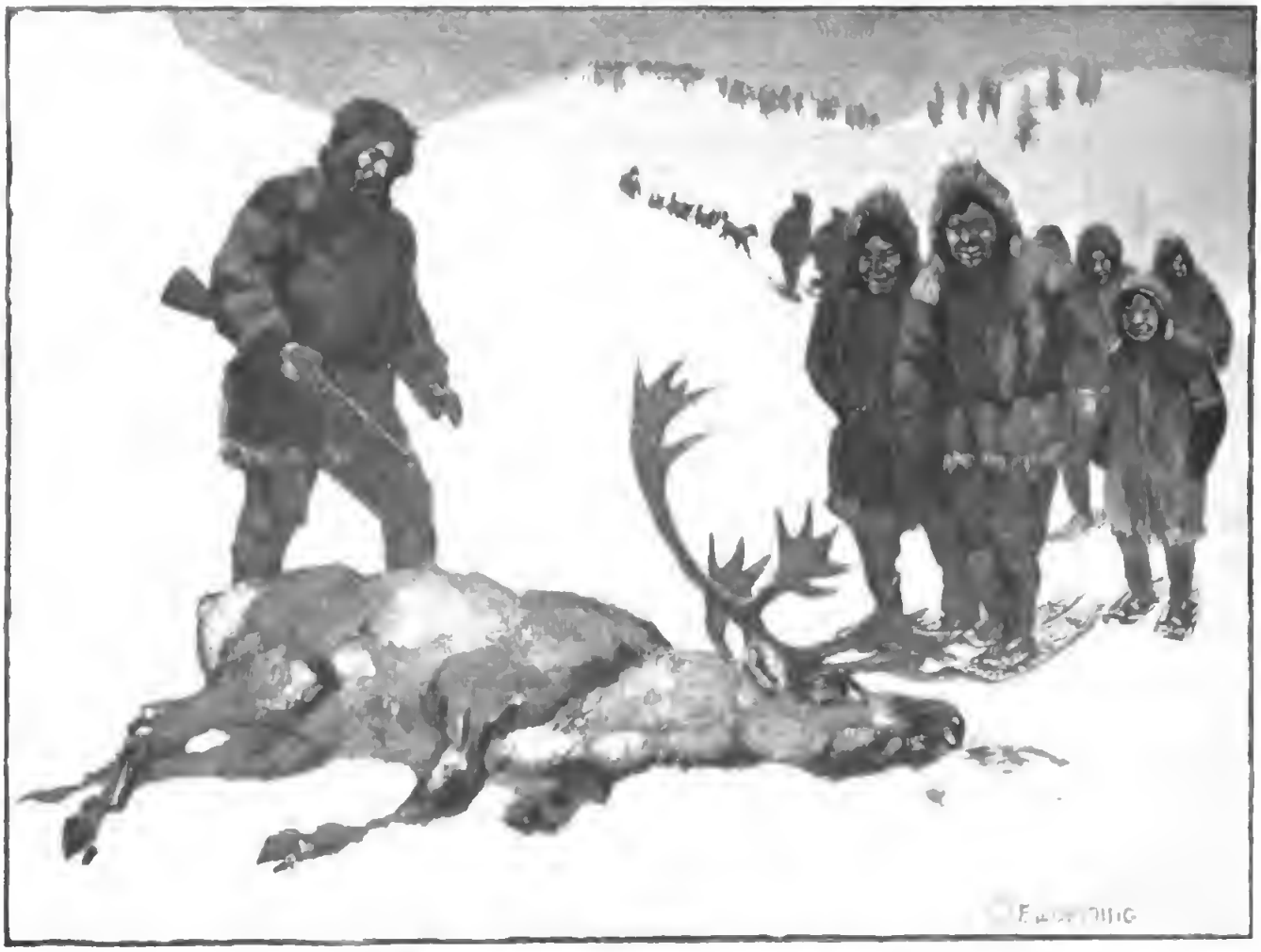
nature of the surface it would be impossible to approach nearer without risk of alarming the animals. The nearest deer was a big buck with tremendous antlers which was busily engaged in pawing up the snow to uncover the moss and lichens, but he was facing me and presented too small a target. Another was standing near him broadside on, but in a clump of willows, which made it a bad shot. Several were lying down, and some were distant fully five hundred yards.

more at the swinging, clumsy trot that we always affected on a down grade. Our camp for this night was a particularly cheerless one in the snow at the foot of a high cliff. The next day, in the afternoon, having kept on down the canyon to the east, we came out on the frozen surface of Peel River, here nearly half a mile wide, and crossing to the east side, kept on down the stream in a northeasterly direction for two hours, and finally saw lights in the distance and heard the

snow, and above the roar of the storm were heard the shrieks of the dogs, stung into fury by the bitter cold. We simply stopped where we were, and spent all night in trying to control the maddened animals and in crouching behind the sleds to break the fury of the storm. Our faces and hands, already frost-bitten, suffered terribly; but it is useless to attempt any description of that night of horrors. After ten hours the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and we



The Indians came running up the Hill to see the big Buck.

There was one fine-looking fellow, however, standing with his side presented and apparently lost in meditation. Of the fourteen he seemed to be the only decent target, and I set the sight at four hundred yards, rose quietly to my knee, took careful, steady aim without a rest, and fired. In the frosty air the rifle made a report like a young cannon, and the animal that I had shot at came suddenly to life and dashed off up the hill, for it was a clean miss. The bullet had whirred uncomfortably close to the one in the willows, and he came out with a bound. The whole herd was alarmed, but the echo seemed to confuse them, and the one that had been pawing the snow wheeled about. I saw it was the last chance, took aim for a second and let drive again. He went down in his tracks, and as I stood up the remainder of the herd tore off like mad. The Indians came running up the hill, and when they saw the big buck down in the snow, all tried to embrace me at once. We cut the animal up, put a part of the meat on the sleds, gave the dogs a big feed, and moved on. That night we camped at the foot of the mountains in a little clump of willows. Except for a few willows in the ravines the country was barren and treeless. In the morning at seven we had hitched up the dogs and reloaded the sleds, and were on our way up the ravine which the Indians said led to the pass over the range. During most of the forenoon the slope was so steep that we had to assist the dogs in dragging the sleds. Fortunately the snow on the mountain-side

barking of dogs. Half an hour later we helped the eager animals drag the sleds up the river-bank, and found ourselves in the midst of a little group of log cabins, the most northerly trading post on the continent of North America. This post, known throughout the Northwest as Peel River, is designated on nearly all maps by its old-time name of Fort McPherson. It is situated on the right hand or east bank of Peel River, a short distance above its junction with the Mackenzie. The Hudson Bay Company's trader, Mr. John Firth, a fine bluff Scotchman, who in twenty years has not been south of the arctic circle, having been stationed in that time not only at his present post, but for several years each at Le Pierre House and Rampart House before those posts were abandoned, Mr. Firth, surprised and delighted to have a visitor from the outside world, took me into his house and made me his guest during our stay. The four Indians who had come with me were put up in a small house belonging to Mr. Firth, and spent the four days around the big fire, drinking tea, smoking, and exchanging gossip with the other Loucheux. The two sled-loads of furs that David had brought from Rampart House were exchanged for goods, and at six o'clock on the morning of December 1 we had the sixteen dogs again in harness, said our good byes to Mr. Firth, cracked the whips, and started on the return to Rampart House. The moon was shining brilliantly, and the snow-covered land seemed flooded with her light. There was a sharp

hastened to the nearest clump of willows and built a fire, where we remained for a couple of hours cooking and eating. The next day about noon I was for once walking ahead of the entire party, and came suddenly upon four Indian skin houses near the trail. It was a hunting party of Loucheux, about fifty in all. I announced my arrival by a yell, and was promptly attacked by a dozen dogs. I broke over the head of the first one a club I was carrying as a sort of staff, but they had me down in a trice, and were engaged in reducing my fur coat to ribbons when the Indians came streaming out of the houses. They knocked the dogs right and left; and a young woman, anxious to do her part, threw an iron kettle into the pack and bowled over her brother, a small boy who had valiantly taken one of the animals by his stump of a tail. I was taken into one of the houses, and as soon as it was found that I was none the worse for the scuffle there was an all-around laugh. One old dame would break out about every five minutes with a guffaw that showed her appreciation of the entertainment. In a short time my Indians came up, and we remained overnight with these people. On the night of the 8th of December we reached Rampart House, having made the return trip at an average rate of twenty-five miles a day—not bad snow-shoeing. It was twenty-two days since we had left Rampart House, and every one of the more than four hundred miles of the round trip had been tramped on snow-shoes.

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BY · WALDON · FAWCETT

It is doubtful if any nation ever expended, in an equal length of time, a larger amount of money for the betterment of its light-house system than has the United States within the past few years, and certainly with no such beneficial results in so far as its shipping interests are concerned. The work has by no means been confined to light-house construction, although many structures of radically new design have been erected. These are being supplemented, however, by novel gas and bell buoys, powerful fog-horns, and other "aids to navigation," so thoroughly ingenious, many of them, that they were undreamed of half a decade ago. Finally, light-ships have been constructed of sufficient strength to buffet the waves in localities where it was never before possible to station a beacon of any kind. The whole work has been planned with the idea of giving the United States the best-lighted sea-coast in the world, and this is a consummation which will surely be attained early in the new century.

It costs Uncle Sam a pretty penny—some $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 annually, in fact—to maintain the guide-posts for the mariners along its five thousand miles of coast-line, and this item of expense is bound to grow larger and larger as time advances. Of this amount about half a million dollars is required each year to purchase supplies for light-houses, some $600,000 for repairs to light-houses, and more than $400,000 for the maintenance of light-vessels. There are now in the service of the light-house establishment of the United States almost fourteen hundred light-house and fog-signal keepers, and inasmuch as the average pay of these men is fixed by the law at $600 per annum, it will be seen that it requires more than $825,000 yearly for this service alone.

These are but a few of the items, however. The maintenance of the buoys of all kinds foots up in cost to considerably more than half a million dollars per year, and even the seemingly insignificant fog-signals eat up an appropriation two or three times the size of the salary of the President. And all this, too, is without any allowance for what are termed "special works"—that is, new light-houses and light-vessels, and tenders which carry the necessaries of life to and from the isolated outposts of the land. Congress has been fairly liberal in the matter of appropriations for the light-house service, but even then a creditable record has been made of late years, for the United States Light-House Board has had to surmount several obstacles, as, for instance, the obligations imposed by the thoughtless Congress of 1893, which authorized the establishment of a number of new light stations at an aggregate cost of more than half a million dollars, without appropriating so much as one penny for their construction. Repair bills have been heavy, too, during the past half a hundred months, for there were countless antiquated installations of illuminating apparatus to be supplanted by new devices and more powerful lights.

What has in reality been accomplished toward the provision of proper sign-posts for the mariners who cruise in American waters is, of course, best typified by figures, dry things though they be. The Light-House Board, a branch of the Treasury Department, by-the-way, now has under its jurisdiction more than nine thousand "aids to navigation" of one kind or another—that is, lights and beacons and signals operated by steam or hot air. More than a third of this entire number are designed to give warning at night, and the list embraces, in addition to the regular light-houses, all kinds of beacon lights, light vessels, gas and electric lighted buoys. There are a thousand of these sleepless eyes of fire on the Atlantic coast; half as many on the Great Lakes; several hundred on the Pacific coast, and full fifteen hundred on the inland rivers. It requires an army of four thousand men and a fleet of fifty vessels to maintain this giant illuminating system, but the lights flash out all along the coasts at dusk each evening with as much regularity as though they were operated solely by clock-work.

The transformation from the old-fashioned towers of brick and stone to the steel tubular structures of surpassing strength securely bolted to the rocks constitutes perhaps the most wonderful feature of the evolution of the modern light-house system. Many of the light-houses situated in dangerous locations have finally been rowed on the hazardous sites after years of dogged fighting, on the part of the sea-builders, with wind and wave and tide and ice-pack, interspersed with the discouraging losses of work and material which would crush the hope and exhaust the resources of anybody save a government contractor. No romances of fiction can compare with the experiences of the workmen who have erected these marvellous new light-towers upon submerged foundations over which the waves swept at intervals, on sandy shoals lying some distance below the surface of the water, or on exposed rocks in the open ocean. Hundreds of men have lost their lives in this most hazardous of all occupations; at times the work of years has been swept away in a single night, and in some instances the light-house-builders have been compelled to live on some bleak rock cut off from all communication with the world for months at a time.

Some of these triumphs of engineering skill have cost as much as $400,000, and it is by no means exceptional nowadays for the United States to expend $125,000 for a light-house. In some instances a fifth of this sum has been paid for the electrical apparatus alone. Side by side with the desire to place beacons of the sea in localities where it had previously been supposed no

The Whale Rock Light.

structure of any kind could be made to stand has grown the ambition to provide these signal-towers with lights of sufficient power to send their beams across vaster wastes of water than ever before. There are now in existence on the coasts of the United States a number of light-houses of more than one hundred thousand candle-power, or the equal of eight thousand ordinary incandescent lights, and a new form of apparatus lately tested developed a maximum capacity of more than thirty million candle-power.

An important factor in bringing the up-to-date light-house to its present point of perfection is found in the introduction of greatly improved lens, whereby the light is concentrated and may consequently be projected a much greater distance. Supplementing this innovation in its revolutionary influence is the new method of revolving the optical apparatus of light-houses. By this plan the mariner, wherever he be situated, will see flashes of light, separated by intervals of darkness, but by this means a more powerful light is secured than would otherwise be the case, and there is none of the objection raised against giving different colors to different lights by reason of the great loss of light entailed when glass screens are interposed in front of the light.

The light-house officials have of late years undertaken another most important work in attempting to indicate to the mariner by the character of the lights his exact position on the map. Thus, whereas the old-fashioned "fixed light" has been retained and its power increased, there have also been provided hundreds of beacons which flash white, then red, and indicate to the perplexed mariner by means of the order of succession of the flashes, or their duration, his exact whereabouts. Of course, with glasses of only two hues an endless number of combinations may be devised, just as in the striking of fire-alarms, but Uncle Sam's officials have a better scheme than this even, and it is nothing less than a plan to have each sign of flame dot out its message to the mariners by means of beams of light, just as a telegraph instrument clicks out words.

Every seaman, even those who are color-blind, can presumably count up to ten, and with our great sea-board lamps operated on this new system all that he will have to do is to count the number of flashes thrown toward him, note the duration of the total

The Trinity Shoal Light-Ship.

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The Skeleton Light at Marblehead.

Iron Light-House at Delaware Breakwater.

eclipse which follows, and commit the key or code which he carries, and he may be as sure of his position as though the fact were chalked on a great sign-board before his eyes. Time is all that is required to bring this novel system to a high state of perfection. With electrical apparatus, for instance, the simple opening and closing of the circuit will secure a magnificent flashing light, and when an automatic adjunct is devised so that this may be done mechanically and with absolute accuracy, the problem will be virtually solved.

Meanwhile, however, the officials are not going on the supposition that the electrical apparatus will inevitably be the type adopted. Experiments are being made with a clock-work arrangement which drops a metal cylinder and thus effectually shuts off every ray of light, and also with new machinery for revolving the lens. Under the new plans the lens, if revolving at all, must be turned rapidly, and inasmuch as a lens weighs more than a ton, and is bulky, breakable, and very delicately poised, the task is not a particularly easy one. Under the plan heretofore in general use clock-work has turned on a steel track the metal plate bearing the lens, but lately ball bearings have been employed, and the lens placed on a steel pivot, turning in an oil bath on a steel plate. A still later experiment was that of resting the lens on a quick-silver float, and from indications this plan shows the way to an ultimate solution of the question.

Closely related to the light-houses themselves are the light ships, and in the branch of its work dealing with these "aids" the United States Light-House Board has just accomplished one of the most notable achievements in its history in stationing off Cape Hatteras the stanchest craft of her kind ever constructed. Nowhere else on the Atlantic coast is there a point which has given so much worry to the light-house service or fear to the sailors of all nations as these Diamond Shoals, as they are called, and for fully three-quarters of a century the government has been trying to find means to keep vessels out of this "graveyard of the Atlantic," as it has appropriately been termed.

As the Diamond Shoals are ten miles at sea from Cape Hatteras proper, a light on shore serves little purpose on a stormy night, and investigation long ago pointed that the raging waves and shifting sands would quickly sweep away the most formidable light-house foundation that could be erected. After the contractors had given up in despair, a light ship was stationed at the Diamond Shoals, but after a time she went ashore and all on board were lost. Successors to the craft fared scarcely better, until the government determined upon the construction of a craft which should be fitted to buffet successfully the fiercest storm that ever raged, and the ship just completed at Baltimore is the result.

The new floating light-house, which, by-the-way, cost $75,000, is not only possessed of tremendous strength, but as an extra precaution steam is always to be kept up, so that she will be able to beat her way out to sea if in any danger of going ashore. The heaviest chain-cable ever made anchors her to a great mass of iron weighing more than five tons, and there are on board enough other anchors to hold the ship even should the main anchor chain part. This novelty among the world's sea-craft, which is more than a hundred feet in length, has also a steam fog horn and siren, and a complete electrical installation, from which wires will be carried through the hollow steel to the mast-head electric lights, which will be visible eighteen miles at sea

The York Spit Light.

in all ordinary weather. A feature of these lights is the most powerful electric flashing device ever displayed by a light-ship, and used in connection with a cluster of half a dozen one-hundred-candle-power lights.

A sort of small sister to the light ship, but an immensely serviceable one nevertheless, is the gas-buoy. Uncle Sam has been engaged for years in scattering these small light-ships up and down his coasts and of late improvements have been made in them which increase their usefulness wonderfully. The floating gas-buoy consists, primarily, of a large and immensely strong tank which floats in the water. Surmounting this is a wrought-iron tower six feet in height and bearing at its summit a stanch lantern. The gas with which the tank is filled is compressed to such a degree that the buoy will burn continuously, day and night, for from three months to a year, according to the size of the tank. Lately some of these buoys have even been arranged with flash-light apparatus.

The United States officials expect to erelong make experiments with an even more wonderful lighted buoy. Some of these new wizards of the deep cost as much as $5000 each, but each buoy is nothing less than a tiny floating electric power station, for which the very waves as they rise and fall serve as fuel. The tumbling of the waves sets at work a small pump, which throws a stream of water against a turbine, and this in turn is connected with the dynamo that generates the electricity for the light. And all this takes place in a buoy that weighs less than eight tons. Certainly it is one of the most marvellous examples of man's ingenuity ever given, and, strangest of all, the seemingly fantastic scheme is wholly practicable. In another new buoy the waves are made to operate machinery that sounds a fog-horn, and in still another the rolling billows are made to ring a bell or gong.

The United States Light-House Board is also devoting quite as much attention to discovering better ways to warn the mariner by sound as to devising improved lights. This would assuredly seem to be quite the proper course, for the inventors have not yet been able to evolve a light that will shine undimmed through snow and rain or that is discernible at all through a fog. Great sirens, huge trumpets, shrieking whistles, and deep-toned bells are all employed to warn the mariner of impending danger. In this sphere also advancement at a rapid pace is the order of the day. For instance, the government officials have lately been making experiments at Faulkners Island, Connecticut, with a strange fog-signalling apparatus consisting of eight megaphones, each ten feet in length, and each turned toward a different point of the compass. The small ends of these megaphones meet at a revolving siren which spins round at the rate of two thousand revolutions per minute, and when compressed air is admitted gives forth a most penetrating sound. The blasts are so arranged that a navigator hearing a warning note sounded can determine the exact direction from which the sound came.

The national authorities, not content with providing this elaborate system of danger-signals for the benefit of the men who go down to the sea in ships, are using every endeavor to make sure that the men for whose benefit they are invented have a full understanding of the various meanings conveyed. Every month there is issued from Washington a list which describes minutely all present and proposed aids to navigation, noting the number and character of the flashes if it be a light, the exact position if a buoy, and the duration of the blasts if it be a fog signal that is listed.

THE DITTY OF A DOLLAR

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

"Capital and Labor are now out hand in hand seeking employment."—*Financial Item.*

Oh, the wind of woe blows colder,
And the wolf is at the door.
And it's shoulder unto shoulder,
Up and down the land we bob.
We are Capital and Labor,
And we're weary and we're sore
As we sound Want's hollow tabor,
For the bounty of a job.

We are brothers, we are brothers,
And we both are out of work,
And our vim the outlook smothers,
Time is heavy on our hands.
We are idle, and we're weary,
As on Ruin's brink we lurk,
And our hearts are in the query,
Who will smile on our demands?

Labor's lying on his beam ends,
Frowning at a fate unjust,
And his olden golden dream ends
Of the end of sweet content—
Oh, his spirits are not lightened
By the hardness of a crust
When his pocket isn't brightened
By the sunshine of a cent.

All for naught, a legal tender,
Do I wind my shining horn—
I'm an unsuccessful vender
Of myself from door to door.
Oh, no more my eagle's screaming,
And my spirit's all forlorn,
And my motto, I am dreaming,
Should be: "Money talks no more."

As to Labor, I am wedded,
To Tahiti we should go,
Where employment's only dreaded,
And the laugh is on the bee.
There we both might know Nirvana,
Like the native, joy aglow,
When he catches the banana
As it tumbles from the tree.

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CHRISTMAS EVE IN

E IN HE SHOPPING DISTRICT

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I [illegible] diplomacy within the space of seven days. They were moves pregnant with potential possibilities. Had any or all of them occurred a year ago they would have been at least a nine days' wonder, and caused commotion in more than one Foreign Office. Now they are scarcely more than a day's sensation. Apart from everything else, they are interesting as showing how the efforts of the world's statesmen are directed in striving to maintain peace.

The German Emperor's curt refusal to permit Mr Kruger to visit him in Berlin was the first act in this trilogy. Had the peripatetic president of the former Transvaal republic been permitted an audience with the German Emperor it would have encouraged the hopes of his mistaken adherents, it would have narranted his reception by other sovereigns, and, in a measure, justified the belief that Europe was not adverse to interfering even at the eleventh hour if it was safe to meddle. Probably Mr. Kruger held in grateful recollection the hysterical telegram which the Kaiser sent him five years ago. But times change, and with them manners. Then, after the Jameson raid, William II. could not get his telegram to President Kruger quick enough, and not within recent years has England been so lashed to frenzy as when she read this telegram. Nothing would have been more popular than a war with Germany. Sober-minded men raved when they discussed the Emperor; the mob went wild. As usual, the German Emperor played his game and lost nothing by it.

To-day all is different. The Emperor is nothing with England, and it is to his interest to remain on the best of terms with his grandmother's country. Whether England is more useful to him in China than he is to England time will tell; one thing quite certain is that England and Germany are allied in China as elsewhere, and Germany is anxious to keep the alliance intact. The memory of the famous telegram has been wiped out, and the Emperor has shown how very useful he can be to England on occasions.

FRANCE supplies the setting for the second drama, a drama which ends in a farce, but might easily have become a tragedy. If another time had General Mercier proposed the invasion of England, as he did in his speech in the Senate, it might have led to the downfall of the ministry, things even more trivial have wrecked a French cabinet, or thrown England into a frenzy of excitement. It did neither. England treated Mercier with the contempt he deserves, and a man more contemptible does not live, and the ministry was not even agitated by the insidious attack of this high priest of Nationalism.

In that ghastly tragedy which sent an innocent man to worse than death, in that foul mass of corruption and perjury and treachery and debauchery; in that travesty of justice, the trial of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, which disgraced France and aroused the contempt and pity of the civilized world, the man pre-eminent for his villany is Mercier, at that time Minister of War. Esterhazy was a cheap scoundrel who was willing to sell himself or his country to gratify his perverted appetite; Henry was a self-confessed forger, and wrote his confession in suicide; Cavaignac was dupe as well as duped, and the list is by no means ended, but Mercier stands forth as perjurer, and forger, and suppressing the facts when he knew they would clear Dreyfus. But for Mercier, but for the manufactured evidence which he secretly supplied to the court martial, but for his persistent assertions that Dreyfus was guilty of the crime charged against him, the tragedy of Devil's Island would never have been enacted. Dreyfus's vindication proved Mercier's villany, and having been proved it was only natural and proper that the Nationalists should make of him a hero.

It can hardly be believed that Mercier, stupid as he has shown himself to be, is stupid enough to seriously regard a French invasion of England as feasible. True, the great Napoleon went so far in his preparations to assemble a fleet and army at Boulogne, and from his day to this a French invasion of England has been talked of by men who have no knowledge of military affairs. Every sensible man knows that an invasion of England is impossible until the British fleet has been swept from the sea. It was not as a military man that Mercier spoke. It was as the demagogic politician, as the Nationalist leader trying to embarrass the government, to destroy it even. His plot failed. France has shown more common-sense than she usually displays, and has not lost her balance. Delcassé, the best Foreign Minister France has had for years, remains in office, and so long as M. Delcassé is at the Quai d'Orsay it is a guarantee of peace.

LONDON sets the stage for the last of the series. It was Lord Salisbury who answered Mercier and the yelping pack back of him, who destroyed Kruger's last illusion, and threw defiance into the face of all the world. Lord Salisbury does not often speak with such brutal force as he did in answering the Lords at the assembling of Parliament. The fate of the Transvaal is sealed. Not a shred of independence is to be left. Self-governing powers they might have, perhaps, but not now. "It might be years, and it might be generations." The fate of the Transvaal was to be determined, which will not be liquidated until 1902, although the charge will gradually diminish after 1905. To still further sequester the revenues means simply that China sells herself into slavery, and can never hope to escape from debt.

The only hope for China, in the opinion of men who are best qualified to speak on the subject, is in the success of the "Young China" party, which may come through the natural progress of events or may only be brought about as the result of a revolution. Japan's victory opened the eyes of the progressives. They saw their country—vast, populous, rich in all natural resources—brought to its knees by insignificant Japan. They were intelligent enough to study the cause, and their investigations led to the reforms which the Emperor attempted to institute. He was opposed by the Manchus, who have far less intelligence than the Chinese, the reactionaries, and, most bitterly of all, by the politicians, and herein lies China's weakness. Chinese politics are more corrupt than Tammany Hall's administration of New York city. The door of the Chinese civil service is through the pocketbook, and promotion lies the same way. The ponderous literary examinations are a sham. Money and not merit talks. Every Chinese official—speaking broadly—is "on the squeeze," and everything must be squeezed for the benefit of some man. There are Chinese officials who realize the degradation of the system, but who defend it, and themselves, on the ground of necessity. They are paid such miserable salaries that they could not live unless there were perquisites attached to their offices. The man who attempts to do business with a Chinese official without offering him a golden insult will be sure to regret it.

IT has been much of a mystery why early in the summer Russia suddenly executed a *volte face*, and was the first power to propose the withdrawal of her troops from Peking. The reason is no longer mysterious, if certain letters which I have recently seen are to be accepted as authoritative, and the position and sources of information of the writer of them entitle his statements to be received with the utmost respect. Russia made the unpleasant discovery when the allies entered Peking that Japan and not she was getting all the *kudos*. The completeness of the Japanese equipment and the workmanlike manner in which the Japanese went about their business was a revelation to the Russians. The Russians saw that it was the Japanese who were making the greatest impression upon the Chinese, and that the more the Chinese saw of the Japanese the more enamoured they would become that their natural alliance was with Japan rather than with any other country. Moreover, what has always been predicted would happen was being proved. Experienced observers have believed that Russian official corruption is so widespread—it is as bad as in China or Turkey—that the least stress would dislocate the entire military system; that a campaign would reveal as rotten a state of affairs as existed in France in 1870. It is known that the Russian commissary and transport departments went to pieces very early in the campaign, and it was only with the greatest difficulties that Russia was able to send her troops to the scene of hostilities. Another cause for anxiety was the Trans-Siberian road. That railway, feared by all the world because of the ready means it provided Russia for pouring troops into China, proved to be a weakness instead of a source of strength. It was a comparatively easy matter for the Chinese to cut the road, and to maintain communication across Manchuria the entire line had to be guarded—an almost superhuman task. All these things were reason enough why Russia was anxious to escape from an impossible position. The result is that Russia has vastly more respect for Japan than she had six months ago; her military chiefs no longer talk lightly of a Japanese war, and Russia, for some years to come, is more likely to try and obtain her objects by diplomacy than by war.

AUSTRIA'S future apparently hinges on the life of its present ruler, and with his death, which in the nature of things cannot be long deferred, chaos may follow. For the last three years Austria has been practically without a parliamentary government; taxes have been levied without parliamentary sanction, and laws have been promulgated in the form of ministerial decrees. The complication has been brought about by the racial antagonisms of the heterogeneous people comprising the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Austria is a nation in name only; in reality it is a collection of races who have no universal language or religion; who are proud of their own language and nationality, and are jealous of all the other races. Between the Austrian and the Magyar there is little in common, and there is always the memory of '48 to irritate the Hungarian; between the Austrian and the Slav there is even less in common, and there is a violent race hatred. The Germans—*i. e.*, the Austrians proper—fear and hate the Slavs, and are determined never to permit the Slavs to gain the upper hand. The Slavs resist to the utmost the Germanizing of the Empire, and it was the violent opposition of the Czechs to the attempt of the Germans to abolish Bohemian in the schools and substitute German which precipitated the present crisis.

THE story that He Wet has sworn that if he can ever put his hands on Lord Kitchener he will first hug him and then pistol him is probably apocryphal; that the Boers fear and hate him more than any other British general is true; they hate and fear him as the False Prophet did before the crushing defeat of Omdurman. Lord Kitchener has yet to prove that he is a great military genius; he has already demonstrated that he has a positive genius for organization, for knowing what is going on around him, and for getting to the very last ounce all that there is in his subordinates. The way in which he and a handful of British officers and a few "Sergeants What His Name" took the unlaked clay of the Egyptian *fellaheen* and moulded him into a soldier is one of the marvels of the end of the century civilization. There was no more degraded, inert, and apparently cowardly being on the face of the earth than the Egyptian until Kitchener took him in hand. He made him a soldier. He made him not only amenable to discipline, but infused into him courage. In that land of miracles he worked the greatest of them all.

KITCHENER is a man who, while not cruel for the mere delight of being cruel, apparently has no soft side to his nature. On one occasion an officer who had been away for some days on a delicate and dangerous mission, which he successfully accomplished, returned to headquarters early in the morning. Without waiting to wash or change his uniform, travel-stained and with a week's growth of beard on his face, he reported to the commander in chief. Kitchener listened in silence until he had finished, and then his only comment was, "The officers of my command do not wear beards." Despite this, no officer anxious to distinguish himself hesitates for a moment when offered an opportunity to serve with Kitchener. They know that he does things, and they admire him for his ability.

His Omdurman campaign was not so much a military triumph as it was the triumph of organization. The obstacles to be overcome were at times seemingly insurmountable, and the question of finance was a serious one, yet the difficulties were successfully met and the expenses of the war kept within the limits of the appropriation. There was no haste, no anxiety about his preparations. He waited until everything was ready, and then he struck. It is told of him that one day a drunken Egyptian soldier was arrested and locked up. There were other Egyptians, soldiers and civilians, in the prison, and they talked of many things, to which the soldier listened. He was released later on an order from Kitchener. Some days later Kitchener astonished his chief intelligence office by imparting certain information. How he obtained it no one knew, but long afterwards it came out that Kitchener was the drunken soldier, and had had himself arrested to find out what the natives talked about among themselves.

MEN best informed on Chinese affairs are amazed at the utter lack of intelligence which England has displayed almost from the outset of the rebellion, and especially so since negotiations were initiated in Peking. German ignorance is not to be wondered at, because Germany is a new-comer in China, and really knows nothing of the country or its people; Russia is too clever to be accused of ignorance; she is too subtle not to know exactly what she is about, but that England should permit herself to be a pawn in the game which she understands so well is inconceivable. To demand that China shall pay an indemnity, even an extremely moderate one as indemnities go nowadays, is to bind her hand and foot and make it impossible for her to cancel the mortgage. No country should know this better than England, who has the benefit of the advice of Sir Robert Hart, the director of the Imperial Customs, whose knowledge of China is exceeded by no man, and Sir Robert is not the only Englishman able to speak with exact authority. To load China down with a debt which she could not hope to pay in a hundred years is amazingly shrewd policy—from the Russian view point; and crass stupidity if British interests are considered.

China is the poorest great nation in the world. Despite its teeming millions, the revenues amount to only about twelve millions sterling, say, roughly, 860,000,000, which is a bagatelle compared to the budget of the city of New York. Of this sum £3,500,000 are derived from a tariff of five per cent. levied on foreign goods, and the balance is practically raised from the *likin*, salt, and land taxes. More than a quarter

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"The Postmaster stared blankly at the Bearer of evil Tidings."

THE REHABILITATION OF SIMEON LOWE

BY BENEDICT HOWELL

"AND that's jest where the Administration makes its mistake," said Simeon Lowe, the postmaster at Beechburg, with emphasis. He had just finished one of his nightly philippics against the party in power. For be it known that Postmaster Lowe was a Democrat, and the Administration was of the opposite party faith. The Republican President had been inaugurated two years before, but Lowe still held his office. This surprising indulgence on the part of the Administration the postmaster at Beechburg construed as an evidence of timidity, and in the presence of his friends he frequently repeated, with a sniff of scorn, the idea, conceived by himself, that the Administration expected him to pursue a discreet policy of political passivity in return for its favor. His silence was not thus to be purchased.

On this February night the postmaster had reviewed the policies of the Administration with more than his usual acuteness and asperity, occasionally rapping Congress on the knuckles by way of variety. His strong point was the manipulation of statistics; and he had flung them as freely and dexterously as if they had been handfuls of dried peas at the betrayers of the nation. Even the Republican enemies of Postmaster Lowe conceded that his mastery of statistical information was marvellous.

The auditorium was his country store and post-office, and the audience was the usual one. Going back to the day of Postmaster Lowe's installation in office, you could count on your fingers the evenings, excepting Sundays, when his trio of special cronies and admirers were not present to listen to his exposition of national issues. They were Nat Copley, Abe Martin, and Fremont Jarvis. The first of these was known in the village as "Census" Copley, because he had helped to take the Federal census of 1880, and had changed his politics when the Government, by some unexplained oversight, passed him by in making up its list of enumerators ten years later. Martin was the village harness-maker, a meek little man who wore a fur cap, in and out of doors, from September to May, as if nature had glued it to his head. Jarvis worked a vegetable farm on the outskirts of the village. He was the critic of the audience; the others comprised the claque.

"And that's jest where the Administration makes its mistake."

As he concluded, the postmaster leaned forward on the old desk that covered the end of the counter, and eyed his listeners.

"You're right there, Simeon," said Census, who sat by the stove.

"I'd like to hear some Republican answer that argyment," remarked Abe, from his perch on a sugar-barrel.

Jarvis was seated on a cracker-box. He was the only note of discord. "If I wuz you, Lowe," observed Jarvis, "I'd let up a leetle on the President. He'd app'int your successor in a minnit if he knew the way you're fightin' him. Now, if this kind o' talk should get to his ears—"

But here the postmaster interrupted with a snort of disdain. "He doesn't," he shouted, resuming his statistical attitude. "You know very well, Fremont Jarvis—"

At this point the postmaster was, in turn, cut short by the entrance of a new-comer, who slammed the door behind him and stamped the snow from his boots with a vigor that betokened his recognition of the semi-public character of the place. The arrival was Tony Jeffers, the village barber.

"Have you seen the *Gazette*?" asked Tony.

"No, I hain't opened my copy yet," replied the postmaster. "It jest come on the evenin' mail."

"Well, I might as well tell you, Simeon, for you'll hear it soon enough. They've been givin' you the razzle-dazzle at Washington. Your successor's been app'inted."

The news came like a bolt from the blue. Census was the first to find his voice, but it was only to ejaculate, "Well, I'll be darned!" Jarvis might have said, "I told you so," but he was satisfied with a compassionate sigh. It remained for Abe Martin to propound the practical inquiry, "Who is he?"

"It ain't a he," replied the barber; "that's the worst of it. It's a she—a postmistress. Just listen to this"—and he unfolded the paper that he carried in his hand, and read aloud:

"The Postmaster-General has appointed Mrs. Susan Pritchard postmistress at Beechburg, to succeed Simeon Lowe, removed. Mrs. Pritchard is a widow and the daughter of the late Timothy Bixby, who was a well-known veteran of the civil war."

The postmaster had not moved a muscle or uttered a sound. He had stared blankly at the bearer of evil tidings, his naturally ruddy face taking on first a deeper flush and then turning to a melancholy gray. When the newspaper item was read, he moistened his lips, nervously twitched his chin whisker, and removed his glasses and wiped them. But he said nothing. The little group around the stove was not far astray, however, in its interpretation of his emotions. Simeon was a bachelor, whose contempt for the women folk was no secret. The appointment of a postmistress was a deadly personal affront to him. The postmaster moved toward the window and began abstractedly to put up the shutters. It was the signal for his cronies to leave—an hour earlier than usual. They passed out into the snow-laden air, and, mournfully shaking their heads, separated. The pillars of the temple had fallen.

Two weeks afterwards the new postmistress quietly assumed her office without any perceptible shock to the fabric of government.

Meanwhile the three cronies had continued their nightly visits to Simeon's store, but their function now was to talk, and not to listen. In sullen silence the postmaster waited on his customers and handed out the mail, and every effort of his three friends to "draw him out" was unavailing. The fountain of Cicronian eloquence was dried up.

"He's doin' a heap o' thinkin'," remarked Census, and Jarvis nodded assentingly.

When a fortnight passed without any sign of returning loquacity on Simeon's part, their surprise gave way to alarm.

"I don't like the way he's goin' on," observed Abe Martin; and the grave faces of the others reflected the gloomy sentiment. They began to suspect that he had some desperate expedient in mind, and a wild suggestion of Copley's that he might attempt to resist by force the transfer of the post-office effects to the new

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Rev. D. W. Fisher Henry Van Dyke Rev. S. P. Sprecher Ex-President Harrison Justice Harlan Rev. S. J. Niccolls

Members of the Committee for the Revision of the Presbyterian Church Creed.

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incumbent caused all three to glance furtively at the old shot-gun hanging over the oil-tank.

The new postmistress was a widow. The late Lem Pritchard, her lamented husband, had left her $1000 in insurance money, and little else; but with this modest capital she had been able to start in business as a baker and confectioner, and to make a living. She was a hearty, rosy, muscular woman, industrious and thrifty. In Mrs. Pritchard's neat and comfortable little shop the government duly established its postal headquarters, and Simeon Lowe became once more a private citizen.

It was on the evening of the day the transfer was made that Simeon opened his lips to speak, for the first time in a fortnight, at least in the hearing of his three admiring and depressed cronies.

"Say, boys, I wish one of you'd do me a favor."

In a moment all three were alert and expectant.

"I've got to have my mail, you know," he continued, "but I'll be hanged if I go after it myself. I'd go out of business fust, or leave the town. That woman—"

But here the memory of the indignity he had suffered stifled his utterance, once so fluent. He paused and nervously stroked his whiskers, while Census hastened to ask what the favor was.

"I want you to drop into her place on your way over here every night, and bring me any mail you'll find there for me."

"Be glad to do it, old man," responded Census.

So it happened that Census called every evening at the new post-office for Simeon's mail. Now that the ice was broken, Lowe's three cronies looked for a further restoration of his vocal powers, but their awakened hopes were doomed for a time to disappointment. The ex-postmaster showed no disposition to join in their conversation. Whether he was brooding over his wrongs or plotting revenge, or both, his solicitous companions could only conjecture. Even the entrance of a customer failed to break the thread of his meditation, for he waited upon his patrons in a perfunctory, absent-minded way that was in painful contrast with the garrulous greeting and attentive service they were wont to receive from him in other days. The saddened trio observed and wondered. They had about concluded that their former "guide, philosopher, and friend" had been gripped by a hopeless melancholia, when on one memorable evening, about a month after the installation of the postmistress, a surprising change was marked. It was Census who made the discovery. The trio had scarcely settled themselves in their accustomed places for the evening when Census, with amazement written all over his face, whispered, "Look!" and pointed in Lowe's direction. Marvel of marvels! An unmistakable grin was wrinkling the surface of Lowe's face, erstwhile so rigidly solemn. It was plain enough that a mighty pleasant thought had crossed his mind, as he sat at the desk ruminating, and this theory of the lookers-on was strengthened when he slapped his knee, rose to his feet, still smiling, and approached the little group. They expected some important revelation. But all he said was this:

"I say, boys, how's Sue Pritchard gittin' on down below?"

That was not much, but it was deeply significant. His glacial prejudice was melting. It was Fremont Jarvis who replied:

"I don't b'lieve in no woman holdin' a gover'ment job, and you know it, Simeon; but the gin'ral 'pinion is she's doin' fust trade for a woman that's had no experience—leastwise no experience like your'n. She's a leetle slow in sortin' out the mail night times when the crowd's waitin' but she can read writin' as good—well, as good as any woman in Beechburg—and I hain't heard no complaint."

"I want to know!" ejaculated Simeon, not with sarcasm, his friends imagined, but in mild satisfaction at the news. They were a little puzzled at his placid acceptance of the popular verdict, but they were puzzled even more when he added: "I always thought pretty well of Sue. She's a right smart woman."

He then dropped the subject, and so did his friends. But later on, when the three were getting ready to leave, he startled them with this remark:

"Census, you needn't mind callin' for my mail tomorrow. I guess I'll step in for it myself."

And then he grinned again, and the grin was broader than before—yes, and there was a click in his throat that resembled a chuckle. This was heaping mystery upon mystery; but the crowning surprise came when Lowe, who was moving to the door with the trio, paused, and shaking his forefinger, gravely said:

"If I don't git even with the Administration yet, my name ain't Simeon Lowe. You mind what I say."

The next evening Simeon strode into the post-office, to the great astonishment of the villagers there assembled, and politely inquired for his mail. He did more, for he was observed to smile patronizingly upon the postmistress, and he was even heard to say, "A fine evenin', Mrs. Pritchard."

After that incident, which was duly made the subject of village gossip, Simeon called at the post office every day, although his mail for an entire week rarely exceeded the limit of two or three letters and a newspaper; and he soon increased his daily visits to two, and finally to three. Little by little the village noted that his relations with the postmistress were becoming quite confidential, and many were the theories advanced to account for the phenomenon. One conjecture was that the late postmaster, animated by sentiments of gallantry, was coaching his successor in her official duties; but the men who knew Simeon's attitude toward the gentler sex scoffed at this explanation, and none more contemptuously than Census and his chums.

The three friends were, in truth, in a state of complete bewilderment, not unmixed with chagrin, over Simeon's ignoble parading of the white feather. The thing was unbearable, and after more than one whispered consultation they determined to bring matters to a head. Jarvis was the spokesman selected for the attack, and he began it one night in this fashion:

"Gittin' quite chummy with the new postmissus, eh, Simeon?"

Simeon's first impulse was to resent the insinuation, but he resisted it, and grinned instead. Walking over to the group, his thumbs inserted jauntily in the armholes of his vest, he said:

"Boys, you know me pretty well. You remember what I allowed I would do the other evenin'? I said I'd git even with the Administration, didn't I? Well, you jest watch and see."

"But what's your plan, Simeon?" chimed in Census. "You know we're with you from fust to last if you only give us a tip."

"Never you mind, Census," replied Simeon; and then he went on in a more conciliatory tone: "You mustn't get tetchy if I don't put you onto the game for a while yet. It ain't that I don't trust you fellows; but the fact is that the job I've on hand must be done alone—alone, d'ye understand?"

They didn't understand, but no more was said on the subject that night. The wearing anxiety of the three friends was supplanted by a consuming curiosity. What masterly coup was the fertile mind of the late postmaster now planning?

Simeon greeted his three visitors each evening with ever-increasing geniality. From his beaming countenance they drew the shrewd conclusion that his masterstroke of retaliation, whatever it might be, was working toward a brilliant climax. One night in May—notable from the circumstance that Abe Martin had left his fur cap at home and signalized the change of season by wearing a rusty Panama—Simeon betrayed a disposition to take his friends a little further into his confidence, by saying:

"Boys, it was the twenty-fust of Feb'uary, the day 'fore Washin'ton's Birthday, that Sue Pritchard took charge of the post office. S'pose I was to tell you that 'fore the fust o' June I'd have it back—what 'ud you say to that?" And then he grinned and chuckled and even closed one eye and poked Census in the side.

"If you say so," remarked Census, "we're bound to b'lieve you. But tell us 'bout it. You 'ain't changed your politics, have you? Sho, I know you hain't. It can't be possible that they're goin' to remove Sue Pritchard?"

"No, sir," rejoined Simeon. "She's all right. But all the same I'm goin' to git the post-office back. You c'n bet your bottom dollar on that." Then he lowered his voice a trifle as he added: "They say it's an able Administration. So it is. They say the Postmaster-General is a smart one. So he is. But you may put this down, and swear by it: Simeon Lowe is more'n a match for the brightest of 'em." There was no chance for a controversy here, for his listeners devoutly believed him.

It was on a warm and balmy evening in May, a never-to-be forgotten evening in the history of Beechburg, that the three cronies were sharply reminded that the crisis was at hand. When the latest comer of the trio took his familiar seat in Lowe's store, the proprietor was absent; but it was not long before he entered, and they saw at a glance that something wonderful was about to happen. His face was flushed and his eyes were sparkling with excitement, and, stranger yet, he was attired in a brand-new suit—a luxury he had not indulged in for, lo! these three years.

"Johnnie," he said, addressing the lad behind the counter, "close up the store." It lacked at least two hours of the regular closing time. The mystified friends could scarcely credit their ears. But they awaited the explanation in silence, and they got an instalment of it when he turned to them and remarked:

"Boys, I've got a little invitation for you. It's rather short notice, but I don't want you to mind that. You know where Sue Pritchard lives, down near the band-stand. Well, I'm goin' to ask you to be there at exactly half past eight. Don't ask no questions, and say nothin' to nobody. If I didn't need you, I wouldn't have you come. Then we'll see who's who."

The wondering trio dispersed to their several homes to "brush up" a bit for the contemplated visit. Census was the first to arrive at Mrs. Pritchard's, and there he found besides Simeon, who shone with elation, and the widow, the Reverend Josiah Armstrong, the Methodist minister, and Fanny Hedges, Mrs. Pritchard's clerk and deputy postmistress. Abe and Fremont arrived soon after Census, and it didn't take the three very long to discover that they were in the presence of a wedding party. They stood awkwardly in a corner, speechless with surprise. The mystery was unravelled! The groom was Simeon and the bride was the radiant postmistress.

Not until the businesslike ceremony was over, and Simeon had placed the ring on Mrs. Lowe's chubby finger, did the three onlookers recover from their stupefaction. It was then that they heard Simeon's familiar voice saying:

"Didn't I keep my word? Is there anything slow about Uncle Simeon? Boys, I tell you this is a corker on the Administration. Won't they be wild when they hear of it in Washin'ton? Sue is postmissus, and I'm Sue's husband, ain't I? It had to be all done on the sneak, 'cause if the President had got wind of it he'd 'a' tried to stop it, sure's pison. Sue, fetch in some o' that elderberry wine. Great woman that! She'll tell you when she comes in that what's hers is mine, and when she promised to love, honor, and obey she meant the post-office as well as everything else. So I'm as good as postmaster again. And what's more, I've written to the President all about it; and now let him remove her for gittin' married if he dast."

When the three friends were walking homeward that eventful night, Census observed, "Simeon's a genius." And Abe added, "He ought to be in Congress." It was the reflective and unsanguine Jarvis who sounded this note of apprehension: "I'm afeard the President won't stand it."

Apparently Fremont's forebodings were baseless, for the President took his defeat like a man.

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the canteen. Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio supported him, though expressly admitting that prohibition had been a failure whenever tried. Several members appeared for the defence, pointing out what the canteen had done to promote order, good discipline, and temperance in the army. The vote, as stated, was overwhelming. In view of what we all know about the usefulness of the canteen, it is evident that the House, in declaring by a three-fourths vote for its suppression, did not consider the merits of the question. What the House seems to have voted against was the interpretation by Attorney-General Griggs of a bill previously passed. About two years ago Congress passed a bill which it supposed had suppressed the canteen, but Mr. Griggs ruled that it had not had the intended effect. It seems warrantable to believe that this recent vote of 150 to 51 does not express the opinion of the House on the canteen, but only on Mr. Griggs's ruling.

The Senate seems to be taking the matter more seriously on its merits. It has sent the army bill, including the canteen amendment, to its Committee on Military Affairs. On December 8, the Rev. Wilbur Crafts (the gentleman who falsely accused President McKinley of drinking champagne) told this committee how badly the canteen had worked at Newport after the Cuban war, and quoted in opposition to it Surgeon-General Sternberg, who did at the time disapprove the canteen, but has changed his mind, and now favors it. Mrs. Thatcher of New Jersey thought the soldiers wasted time, money, and health at the canteen, and Mrs. Kelle of Mississippi was sure the soldiers' mothers preferred that they should not drink. Miss Kearney of Mississippi had been informed that most of the general officers of the army disapproved the canteen. Mrs. Allison, Superintendent of Legislation for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, had statistics to prove that rum followed the flag, and that our soldiers took stimulants in the tropics.

Conversely the Reverend Mr. Miller, who had served fourteen months as an army chaplain in the Philippines, favored the canteen unreservedly, because it kept soldiers out of worse places and promoted temperance.

The working of the canteen is well understood. It is not upheld because it is good for soldiers to drink beer, but because it is better for soldiers who want to drink something to drink beer moderately at the post exchange than to drink bad whiskey, or the pestilent vino of Manila, in low dives and groggeries. If Congress suppresses the canteen by way of asserting its power to make laws we can't help it, but must hope that in time the matter may come up again and be considered on its merits.

WHILE women are appearing before committees to give advice to Senators about the management of the army, one reads with special interest (in the *Sun*) about the rise of the Anti-Fussing Association in Harvard College. There have long been many associations at Harvard, for the doing or undoing of a great variety of things, but the Anti-Fussing Association is a brand-new one. Its object, as the *Sun* describes it, on the authority of its president, is to rescue Harvard undergraduates from petticoat influences. "Fussing" in its east sense, in Cambridge, means playing with girls. The "fusser" is he who likes the society of young ladies; makes calls on them, gives afternoon teas in his rooms, goes to parties, and gives signs of undue susceptibility to female attraction. The general purpose of the new association is to check activity of this sort. Its special aims, alleged to be set forth in its constitution, are to keep the gallery of Memorial Hall closed to visitors, and to do away with "vespers." What "vespers" are does not appear. Afternoon prayers, possibly. At any rate the objection to them seems to be that they attract girls and are a preliminary to visits to Memorial Hall and to afternoon teas. Another evil which the new society seeks to abate is the monopolization of college lectures "by Cambridge women who bring their knitting, and by Radcliffe girls who eat candy during the lecture."

Although it believes "fussing" to be antagonistic to the best interests of the university, it does not seek to do away with it altogether. Wiser in its generation than the W. C. T. U., which seeks an absolute separation of mankind from rum, it does not aim at prohibition, but merely at restraint. Recognizing that a certain amount of "fussing" is necessary to civilization, it issues to its members permits for calls, teas, dinner-dances, and other employments which girls provoke, but its permits or licenses are only obtainable on payment of a fine of from one to five dollars, according to the size of the privilege.

We are informed that the Chinese minister was recently elected an honorary member of the association, as "the representative of the empire in which, of all others, woman is kept in her proper sphere."

THE Anti-Fussing Association may seem to be lacking in gallantry, but one should not be precipitate in reaching that conclusion. Possibly there has really come to be too much "fussing" in collegiate Cambridge. Possibly the years that in former days young fellows used to devote to acquiring knowledge of men years that follow twenty-one offer more timely opportunities to become versed than those that precede it.

Yet we find that so experienced an educator as President Harper of the University of Chicago seems to favor the study of girls by his young men, provided that the girls are such as, in his judgment, are suitable to be studied. The newspapers have been telling us that Dr. Harper gave a dinner, on December 6, to twenty-five of his university football-players. It was announced beforehand—or at least the impression got around—that each member of the football squad should invite a girl student to the dinner. Forthwith each of the twenty-five invited a girl, but the names of the ladies so selected being submitted to the dean, it was found that only five of the twenty-five stood high enough in their studies to deserve to be bidden to the feast. In place of the twenty virgins whose mental radience had not been demonstrated to be of the requisite candle-power, twenty others of stronger intellectual luminosity were substituted, and the feast went on. The despatches say that there were thirty-three high grade girls in all at the dinner, and that as the football men didn't know many of them, the men and the ladies were paired off according to a schedule, made up doubtless by the dean. No doubt it was an amusing dinner, but an anti-fussing society seems hardly to be needed in the University of Chicago so long as the president and dean take such good care that natural selection shall not rage unguided by a higher intelligence.

MRS. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, the widow of the historian of the English people, has been to St. Helena to see the Boer prisoners, and writes in the December *Nineteenth Century* about her visit. There is neither politics nor partisanship in her discourse, but there is much sympathy. She found St. Helena a colossal, dreary slag heap. She found the Boer prisoners in good bodily health, and very ready to converse with her. She has nothing but kind words and praise—and possibly tears—for them. She found them courteous, gentle, patient, and kind, and her heart went out to them. She came away sad, and persons who prefer to believe that the Boers are getting no more than their deserts will not find much satisfaction in her narrative.

READERS of the WEEKLY have heard before now of the Free Home for Incurable Cancer which was started four years ago by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Mrs. Lathrop has been for some years a member of a Roman Catholic sisterhood, and signs herself now "Sister M. Alphonsa Lathrop, O. S. D." She writes to the WEEKLY of her desire to extend her work very much beyond its present bounds. She has with her an increasing number of nurses devoted for life to the labor that now engages them, and she hopes to advance the strength of her hospital, and make it really adequate to the need it meets. Readers of the WEEKLY who would co-operate with her should address their communications to 426 Cherry Street, New York.

HARVARD and Yale wrangled over the Philippines question on December 7, at Cambridge, on the occasion of the eleventh annual debate. Harvard argued that we ought to keep the islands, and won the debate, her debaters thereby giving the undergraduates a chance to burn some of the red-fire which was provided for use on the night of November 24, but was not needed. For some reason unexplained, Harvard usually beats Yale in debate.

Senator Foraker in an address to Harvard students this fall, in which he somewhat deprecated the extravagant claims of the apostles of the strenuous life, spoke of the ability to speak effectively in public as one of the most important accomplishments which a young man can acquire. It is certainly better esteemed now in the leading American universities than it was twenty-five years ago, and the annual oratorical contests are of undoubted value in promoting the cultivation of it.

THERE seems to be excellent sense in a bill which, we are told, will be pressed upon the consideration of the Legislature of Indiana at its present session. It provides for the appointment of an expert commission to examine personally into the case of every person convicted of crime in the State, and to give such treatment, if any, mental or physical, as may seem to be needed. The idea is that many criminals are criminals by consequence of some disorder that might be remedied. Some may require a surgical operation; others medical attention; others may be mentally so undeveloped as not to have due sense of their obligations as members of society. Doubtless the majority of criminals are beyond help of this nature, but the general idea seems sound and useful, and in accordance with our modern sentiment that there must be something amiss with a person who is so foolish as to commit a serious crime. At the recent meeting of the National Prison Association, Mr. Eugene Smith, of New York, a penologist of recognized standing, declared that the direct annual —cannot be estimated, but is put at a far greater sum than the direct cost. It is evident that prevention and cure, if successfully applied to crime, would be excellent economy. The $139,000,000 which the country spends on education is in a sense an expenditure for prevention of crime, but the cure of crime gets comparatively little attention, perhaps because it seems so hopeless. If Indiana can demonstrate that crime is more often curable by medical or surgical means than we suspect, she will be doing the country a valuable service.

MR. PETER DUNNE has typhoid fever, and there will be a hiatus in the discourses of Dooley in this journal until he gets well. Why there has not been a hiatus in Dooley long since—why Dooley has not run out of opinions and gumption and remarkable turns of language—is something that many at us have wondered at. But Dooley is a deep well, and is fed by springs besides. There is no sign of drought about him. He is as amusing, as sound, and as wise in his generation when he talks of China as when he talked of Spain. What he has to say about Reform or the Historical Novel is as engaging and remunerative as what he had to say about Cousin George. Nothing but real sense can last as Dooley has lasted. Nothing but real sense could be as funny as Dooley is. Mr. Dunne has come to be pretty nearly indispensable. Here's hoping for his early and complete recovery.

OSCAR BOOZ, a young fellow formerly a cadet at West Point, who died the other day in Pennsylvania, is said to have got his death as the result of injuries to his throat caused by his swallowing some peppery mixture which was forced upon him by another cadet while he was a plebe two years ago at West Point. How much truth there is in the story cannot be said, but whatever truth there is in it ought to come out, and if the truth can be brought out by investigation, we are likely to have it, for Colonel Mills, the Superintendent at West Point, appears to have gone into the matter as thoroughly as possible, and Congress seems disposed to learn as much about it as Colonel Mills can tell.

SALEM, Massachusetts, has a Municipal Record Association, which seeks to awaken the responsibility of the voter in municipal government by placing before him, before the annual municipal election, a record of what has been done by his local representatives. During the past year this association has employed a stenographer, who has attended all meetings of the government boards of the city, and taken down all speeches and votes. From the record thus made a condensed history of the municipal doings of the year has been made and published in the Salem News. It is compact, and fills only two narrow columns, but from it one may learn the course of every alderman and councilman on every question he took sides on publicly during the year. The Salem horse has thus been brought to water. Whether he has been induced to drink, the association has not imparted. That will appear on election day.

GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON was sent to China when the Boxer trouble began, because he was the American soldier who knew China best, and whose experience seemed most likely to be valuable to our forces there. He got back to Washington on December 10, and though naturally he brings no news, his comments on the news we get are full of interest. China, he says, must accept any terms offered her which are practicable. She can make no resistance. She has fought her last battle against progress and lost it.

As to General Chaffee, and his order closing the American gate at Peking to looters, and his protest against the removal of the old observatory instruments by the Germans and French, General Wilson sustains General Chaffee, and seems to share the feelings that we have, who have not been to Peking. He disapproves the carrying off of the old bronze telescopes, but can't believe Count Waldersee has countenanced it. Count Waldersee General Wilson speaks of as a man of excellent principles and character, who is doubtless of the same opinion as General Chaffee about looting, and cannot be personally responsible for the outrages committed by some of the Germans.

The Imperial Palace General Wilson reports to be dirty, uncomfortable, inconvenient, and very much behind the times. The beds were bad, the sewerage very primitive, and the imperial buildings betokened poverty. The Empress had a good deal of bric-à-brac, but very little that was valuable. The Emperor had a mania for clocks, and had a large and very indiscriminate collection of them.

As for the allied troops, General Wilson seems to have been most impressed by the Japanese, whom he praises unreservedly. Our own troops he praises too, but says that the European officers will hardly admit that they are really soldiers at all in the military sense, though they do admit that they fight well.

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THE DUEL IN "JANICE MEREDITH."

THE THEATRICAL NOVELTIES OF THE WEEK.

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is nothing else to distinguish them. This is not true of at least two of the newcomers to this kind of celebrity. Mary Mannering, for several years at the head of Daniel Frohman's Company, has made a beginning that lacks no sign of complete popular success. Lulu Glaser in her quite different field has apparently found favor. Macklyn Arbuckle, an actor almost unknown to New York audiences, scarcely met with the favor shown to the two women.

THERE are signs that the vogue of the dramatized novel, which has already continued too long for the good of dramatic art, has begun to decline. Adapters have relied too completely on the popularity of the books which they attempted to turn into plays, and the public has in several cases rebelled at the inartistic transfer to the stage of a few scenes from a book illustrated by stretches of its dialogue. The art of the novelist has never been the same as that of the dramatist, and it is no more possible now than it ever has been in the past to make a book into a play merely by dividing it into acts instead of chapters, and allowing its dialogue to be spoken on the stage. Few of the dramas seen during the past two years, presumably made from popular novels, have been more expertly put together than this one; it is encouraging to realize that the end of these makeshifts has come.

The chief incidents of the novel are preserved in this play, which shows *Janice* at her mother's farm, in the Squire's home occupied by the British, in the headquarters of the Hessian commander at Trenton, and at Yorktown. The most that can be said in the play's favor is the exactness with which its principal character is suited to Miss Mannering's talents. During her years at the head of the Lyceum Theatre Company she was frequently called upon to play rôles which did not in the least suit her. She can never give the illusion of a woman of society or the world. She never wears her gowns with distinction nor has in the least degree the air of the great lady. She can be charmingly tender, womanly, and sympathetic, however, and her skill in comedy is much heightened by her archness and piquancy, which are natural and spontaneous enough to win any audience. Her artistic equipment is slight, but her allure of youthfulness, her physical beauty, and her rather modest manner are potent with her audiences, and have indeed won for her the great degree of popularity she enjoys to-day. Her part in the dramatized "Janice Meredith" demands just these qualities, and her personal success is never a moment in doubt. How high its artistic standard may be is by no means so well settled. Young actresses may find it more important to be materially prosperous at the outset than to win praise without public support. They may indulge their artistic ambitions when they have earned enough for their managers to make certain the public demand for them. Miss Mannering seems now most in need of repose and some training in elocution that will enable her to control her voice. Every aid to the exploitation of her personal attractiveness is present in the performance. She is seen first coming through a path of hollyhocks, she sits at her mother's churn, arrays herself in dainty garments of the period, and displays her comeliness always in some appropriate and delightful fashion. So her own share in "Janice Meredith" is likely to satisfy her admirers, and they may even forgive the play for her sake.

IT is usually the fate of American comic-opera librettists to write with some performer in view who is to be the central figure of any text they may evolve. The peculiar talents of Francis Wilson have inspired many times J. Cheever Goodwin and other librettists less capable of finding humor in Mr. Wilson's bow legs and his squeak. De Wolf Hopper's elephantine cavortings chiefly had to be kept in mind when operettas used to be written to fit him, and Jefferson d'Angelis would never consider a scenario that did not allow him to fall up or down stairs at least once or twice during the evening. Lillian Russell became the despair of libretto writers, who after several seasons could not devise new ways of exhibiting her beauty. She appeared in all kinds of costumes and under all becoming circumstances. Alice Nielsen was the only young woman who still indulged herself in this

[...]

other purpose. Its success with the individual spectator depends entirely on the amount of pleasure he derives from the contemplation of Miss Glaser, the sound of her voice, and the impression of her personality. She has humor and intelligence, and a certain more or less finished method of creating her effects. Persons who enjoy Miss Glaser will declare her and "Sweet Anne Page" a success, while those who look for something else in an evening's entertainment will not be so well satisfied. W. H. Neidlinger's music is too trivial to deserve any degree of attention, and is inferior to the libretto, which has one or two other advantages than its insistent exhibition of Miss Glaser. Its types are aged, and its intrigue has often served before. *Sweet Anne Page* is not the maiden of Shakespere's play, but the ward of the customary comic-opera guardian who wants to marry her to a dissolute nobleman. The young woman joins a band of strolling actors, while the village lover beneath her station whom she is not allowed to marry distinguishes himself through a secret mission to William of Orange. Into all the scenes of the operetta Miss Glaser is regularly projected, and considering that the librettists had to keep her importance as well as her limitations always in view, they have done their work fairly well.

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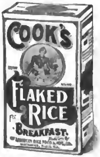

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ROBERT BLASS — FRITZI SCHEFF — EUGENE SIZES — MARGARET MACINTYRE — IMBART DE LA TOUR

LOUISE HOMER

LUCIENNE BRÉVAL

ONE season at the Metropolitan Opera House is not likely to differ importantly from another. If the same great singers do not return one year, it is usually safe to predict they will be found in Mr. Grau's company during the season that follows, and it is all but assured that they will appear in the usual list of operas. Sometimes there is more Wagner than Gounod, and then again the majority of representations may fix to the credit of the French composer. When Mlle. Calvé is at the Metropolitan, the name of Bizet stands high in any record of operatic happenings. When Madame Sembrich is there, the works of Rossini and Mozart—typical of the wide range of her art in opera—claim greater attention than at any other time. Thus are the singers and the operas in which they appear so closely associated that one need only read the list of artists to lay out the winter's plan of opera, or read the répertoire and know who is to be heard. It may be sometimes Madame Ternina or Madame Nordica who is to sing *Brunnhilde*, or the *Faust* of a particular representation may be M. de Reszke or M. Saléza. But with these slight differences from week to week, the operatic year at the Metropolitan advances along familiar and unvarying lines. The scheme of its control compels this result. Mr. Grau's plan is to gather the greatest singers in the world. This number is limited, and for various reasons they are not always to be had every year. This season neither Madame Sembrich, Calvé, or Eames is to be heard at the Metropolitan. Madame Melba, who has not been a member of the company for two years, and Ternina, Nordica, Gadski, and Schumann Heink return, and so does Jean de Reszke, who, since the time of his first association with the Metropolitan, has always shown a disposition to remain abroad every other year. Madame Calvé follows this plan, and Madame Sembrich has adopted it in a measure this year, by dividing her season almost equally between this country and Europe. Madame Eames is ill at her home in Paris, and will not come to New York this year until the early spring, if she is well enough to come at all. On the masculine side there have been fewer changes in the personnel of the company. Albert Saléza, Giuseppe Crementini, Ernest Van Dyck, Albert Saligmac, Giuseppe Campanari, Antonio Scotti, Theodor Bertram, Edouard de Reszke, Pol Plançon, Suzanne Adams, Rosa Olitzka, and Susan Strong are some of the familiar singers who will be heard again during the present season.

Its seventeen weeks' continuance will introduce these and some of the artists named before in new rôles if in but two cases in new operas. Both of these are the work of the same composer, Giacomo Puccini, who has been selected for this unusual honor. In a theatre like the Metropolitan that rarely presents novelties, Signor Puccini must appreciate the distinction of having his two most recent operas selected from the entire range of modern works. If Madame Melba had not been charmed with the rôle of *Mimi* in "La Bohème," and Madame Ternina had not triumphed so splendidly in "La Tosca" at Covent Garden, Signor Puccini might not have had so much reason to feel proud. He probably recalls the influence of the prima donna at all times, and remembers that the fortunes of other composers have been as much affected by it as his own. Madame Nordica is to sing *Pamino* in "Il Flauto Magico," and Madame Gadski will be heard in the same rôle. Madame Melba will for the first time appear as *Leonore* in "Il Trovatore," and Madame Schumann-Heink will sing the gypsy *Azucena*. M. Campanari will be new as *Borrel* in "La Bohème," while M. Scotti's *Falstaff* and *Scarpia* in "La Tosca" will bring him forward in two new rôles. There is some promise of Edouard de Reszke as a German *Hans Sachs*, but the distinguished basso's struggles with the language in which Wagner composed his great comic opera have been too prolonged for confidence in this intention. Albert Saléza will sing *Maurice*, *Rudolpho*, and *Tamino*, and Suzanne Adams will add the freshness of her youthful voice to the staccato measures of *Astrafiammante*. Other singers are to assume novel rôles before the term of opera ends, in case preliminary promises are kept. These include revivals of Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Falstaff," and the production of Massenet's "Hérodiade." How much the invariable répertoire will be altered by these three older works and the two Puccini operas remains to be seen. It is fair to say from the experience of former years that their influence will not be noticeable. Once more the Wagner operas, ranging from "Lohengrin" through the Nibelungen trilogy to "Tristan und Isolde," will majestically dominate the season's result, while the suavity of Gounod and the melody of Verdi will be next in importance, occasional Mozart and Rossini, less frequent Bizet and Mascagni, and a scattering of other composers, will again make up the répertoire, just as in the past. The newer works will not be likely to impress themselves on a public demanding novelty in everything else but music. With the exception of two short Italian operas, no work sung at the Metropolitan within the last decade has made the least impression on the public. None has been able to hold the stage for more than a few representations. Audiences never tried to decide whether it liked them or not. They were allowed to disappear without a hearing. This may not be the fate of either "La Bohème" or "La Tosca," or Massenet's "Hérodiade." It that be sung. But it would be indulging ill-founded hopes to contemplate a sudden interest in a répertoire that contained more than a recurrence of "Faust," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Roméo et Juliette," and other operas equally familiar.

In a company made up of the most noted men and women in their art, it is natural that the principal singers should rarely change, and it is in the rank behind them that new talents are first exploited. This season a group of women singers, strangers hitherto, are to be introduced. Margaret Macintyre, Lucienne Bréval, Fritzi Scheff, and Louise Homer compose this international quartet. Miss MacIntyre is English, Mlle. Bréval is French, Fräulein Scheff is Austrian, and Mrs. Homer an American. They represent interestingly the national elements in operatic art. Naturally Miss MacIntyre and Mrs. Homer, coming from countries that claim no national opera, are rather cosmopolitan than typical of either England or the United States. The two other artists are on the contrary in a high degree representative of the systems that produced them. Lucienne Bréval, who was born in Paris thirty years ago, studied at the Conservatory there, and went through the regular preparation made by all candidates to recognition by the National Academy of Music. She took honors at the close of her academic term, and was found eligible for the Opéra. Eight years ago she sang there for the first time as *Sélika* in "L'Africaine," and since that time her services have been dedicated almost exclusively to this theatre. She has sung in the Meyer, Holmès, and Massenet operas that make up the exclusive répertoire of this national theatre, and she has also appeared as the Meyerbeer and Wagner heroines. Mlle. Bréval is said to represent the best traditions of the Paris Opéra, and whether they be accepted here or not it is certain that the institution holds fast to its standard. Musical talent comes to her by inheritance, and so does her adherence to the Paris Opéra, as her great grandfather once played the 'cello in the orchestra there. Mlle. Bréval has sung twice in London, and had not before been heard outside of her own country. She has come to be looked upon as a kind of priestess of French operatic art who is going to carry its theories to the outside world, which being outside of Paris is naturally to darkness. Her countrymen who interest themselves in music have come to take this view—which is not likely to be shared here. The methods of French operatic art are well understood here and not always approved. Only in the case of such a singer as Pol Plançon are they accepted as worthy of all praise. Mlle. Bréval is to be heard in the Meyerbeer operas, and if she has learned the rôles in German, her idea of the Wagner heroines may be revealed, and it will be interesting to see an *Eva*, *Brunnhilde*, and *Elsa* who has studied them at the national theatre of the country that so long struggled against their creator. Fräulein Scheff is an Austrian, daughter of an opera-singer and a professor in the musical conservatory at Vienna. She is in the early twenties, which is indeed youthful for one who has reached the Metropolitan stage, and made her first appearance four years ago in Munich. She has remained in the opera there, and, according to German traditions appeared in operas that ranged from Offenbach to Mozart. It is in the Mozart operas that she will be chiefly heard, although London admired her in such a lyrical tragic as Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." Miss MacIntyre left off all that was national in her art when, after having sung in oratorio for several years, she appeared in opera and kept in that career afterward. She is the daughter of an English army officer, was born at Brighton, and studied at the Royal Academy of Music. The late Sir Arthur Sullivan selected her to sing the heroine of "Ivanhoe" when that work was used in the ambitious attempt made eight years ago to form a national English opera. Occasionally Miss MacIntyre sings in oratorio in England, but more often appears there in the foreign opera seasons, and sings then just as she does in the same works at St. Petersburg or Buenos Ayres. So there is not much more that is typically English about her career than Louise Homer can claim. She was born in Pittsburg, and was a Boston concert-singer for a while. When she went abroad to study, Paris was the place she chose, and her operatic work began at Vichy. She has sung all of the contralto rôles of the French and Italian répertoire at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels, and at Covent Garden in London.

Georges Imbart de la Tour is the most notable of the new comers among the men. He is French; left St. Cyr, to which his father, a general, had sent him for a military career, and sang first at Geneva. Then he was called back to Paris and sang at the Opéra Comique. He has been associated with the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels for several years, and has in that time acquired a répertoire which should make him a valuable member of any company. He appears in most of the robust tenor rôles, and has won especial praise in France as a Wagner singer. Eugène Sizes is a barytone who has been nearly as exclusive as Mlle. Bréval in his devotion to the Paris Grand Opéra, although he has appeared in some of the French provincial cities. His musicianship is attested by his original intention to follow the career of a piano virtuoso. Robert Blass is a young New-Yorker who has made such progress in the four years he has been on the stage that he will sing next summer at Baireuth, and has been selected this year by Mr. Grau as Anton Van Rooy's successor. These two incidents are enough to proclaim him a notably promising singer.

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not rapidly increasing either by births or by migrations from the South. The riot of August, when a mob attacked negroes in the streets without much, if any, restraint from the police, was even more of a surprise than it would have been at almost any time during the preceding quarter of a century. There have been an times when the negroes in New York were increasing with rapidity. At this time the opportunities of negroes are less in New York than they have ever been, and there does not seem any likelihood that present conditions will be immediately changed. This riot, however, has directed the attention of the people to the negro population, and if the truth be disclosed it may be that their present hard lot may in time be ameliorated.

The negro is not a new-comer in New York. He has been here for two centuries and a half. In the beginning and until 1785 he was a slave, but even during the time of bondage his condition was not much worse than now. The slavery that existed in New York was of a very mild sort, and the amiable Dutchmen who were the first slave-owners were very good and considerate masters. The English were not so gentle, and in the first half of the eighteenth century there were two serious disturbances, each marked with a loss of life. In 1709 there was so much traffic in slaves that a slave-market was opened in Wall Street, and black men and women were dealt in as though they were cattle or swine. The negroes were quite numerous in proportion to the white population, and there was always apprehension that there might be a slave uprising. In 1712 a house was burned, the slaves attacked the whites, and after killing several, were suppressed by the Royal troops of the garrison. For twenty-nine years there was comparative quiet, though one fifth of the population was black. In 1741 there were ten thousand inhabitants of New York. Of these two thousand were negro slaves. There was an epidemic of incendiary fires. The investigations were not more scientifically judicial than the witchcraft trials in Salem. The most improbable and contradictory stories were believed, and many negroes were condemned in consequence. Some were hanged and some were burned at the stake. It was an anxious time in the little island city, and the officers of justice seem to have lost their heads pretty completely. This anxiety made slavery itself unpopular, and in 1785 the new State was quite willing to abolish the institution. At that time there were about 22,000 negro slaves in the State, a considerable proportion of these being held in and around the city. This abolition of slavery in New York did not cause the death of the slave trade, however, for this was participated in by New York merchants until the whole wretched business was wiped out by the civil war and the emancipation proclamation. Few negroes continued to live in New York from the time of the abolition of slavery until now, but they have always kept very much to themselves, living in colonies and engaged in a few special occupations in which they were reasonably prosperous. In 1850, when New York had a population of 515,547, there were 13,815 negroes in the city. This was not a formidable proportion, only about two and a half per cent., but the negroes then in the city were in many regards much better off than their successors are fifty years later. At that time the chief interests of the city were negroes, as they continued to be in Philadelphia till a very few years ago. There were many barber shops manned by colored men. The whitewashing trade belonged almost exclusively to negroes. Negroes also were the private coachmen of the town, and not a few drove public hacks. The bootblack business was theirs, and very many, if not most, of the hotel dining-rooms and restaurants had negro waiters. This was half a century ago, when the opportunity for negro employment in New York was at high-water mark. From that mark it has been receding ever since. At first slowly, but in the past dozen years very rapidly.

In the decade between 1850 and 1860 the negro population in New York actually decreased. This was due to the immense influx of foreign population and the consequent competition in all the unskilled branches of labor, and also to the prejudice against the race incident to the fierce political passions which culminated in the civil war. In 1860 the population of New York was 805,651, while of negroes there were 12,472, or one and a half per cent. During the decade ending in 1870 there was a slight increase in the colored population, but a decrease in the percentage. The whole population was 942,292, and the negroes numbered 13,072, or one and one-third per cent. By 1880 the number had increased to 19,663, which was a little in excess of one and a half per cent. of the total population of 1,206,299. This was the period when the decline in the industrial opportunities of the negroes in New York became very apparent. Nevertheless, they increased during the next decade both in numbers and in percentage of the whole. In 1890 the city's population was 1,515,301, and that of the negroes 25,874, or one and seven-tenths per cent. of the total. By this time there were few callings open to the men of the race, and the women who worked were chiefly employed in domestic service. But the increase up to the present year was steady, and the population now is estimated at 35,000. The census of this year puts the population of the borough of Manhattan (all of these figures have had to do with this borough and not with the Greater New York) at 1,950,000, so the percentage is now slightly higher than it was ten years ago, having increased about one-tenth of one per cent.

It will be seen from the figures given above that the negroes in New York do not constitute a very considerable proportion of the population. The Irish, the Germans, the Italians, the Russians, and even the Scandinavians outnumber them, in the order given, while they are about as numerous as the French. Why there should be any race feeling against such an insignificant element of the population seems superficially strange. It is quite true that the Irish seem to have a natural antipathy to the negroes, but the other north-of-Europe races seem to have no natural feeling of repugnance and the Italians are quite devoid of it. The strangest thing about this strange problem is that so many native Americans should feel hostile—not actively hostile, but in sympathy with the lawless negro-haters. I heard many native Americans, even New-Englanders, say after the riot that they would have been glad if many of the negroes had been killed. For this feeling, which there is no doubt of, there must be some other cause than mere race prejudice. It may be that this cause will be made clearer as I proceed.

Why, let us inquire, have the negroes in New York lost so many of the old-time opportunities for employment? Take the waiters in hotels and restaurants. This twenty-five and even twenty years ago was a great source of employment for negro men. Every middle-aged man can recall when very many of the best metropolitan hotels had negro servants. Some may continue to employ them. But very few. The trade of waiting, so far as negroes is concerned, has practically died out in New York. But why? The general introduction of French cooks had something to do with it, and the quicker intelligence of the white men who went into this trade had something more, while fashion completed the revolution which has supplanted the negroes in this employment. Your French cook rarely knows English; your negro never knows French. So these two could not communicate, and the negro waiter and the French cook had to part company. The young Germans and Frenchmen who make up the great body of dining-room servants in New York are much better educated than any save very exceptional negroes, and they undoubtedly seem more in earnest in the work that they do. That the negroes should suffer by this competition was as inevitable as any of the laws of nature. Fashion began to frown on the negro in hotel and domestic service many years ago. This attitude was partly one of prejudice and partly due to a love of comfort. The pigment in the skin of the black has an odor which is not agreeable to delicate olfactory nerves. At any rate, the negro waiters were displaced by whites in one place and another until the trade was practically no longer open to them.

Fifty, thirty, even twenty, years ago there were a great many negro coachmen in New York, and in the social scale the coachmen ranked next perhaps to the caterers. When we began to use English styles of equipage, to bang and dock our horses' tails, then we also cultivated a preference for English and Irish coachmen and stable hands. There was no race prejudice in this; it was to a very great extent a matter of style. But in this occupation also white men are more efficient. They are not only better drivers, but they

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recall to have seen at an entertainment in twenty years where one was employed. In the old days there were colored men who ranked as Sherry and Delmonico do now. There are none such now, because the men of the race do not seem to be able to keep step in the march of progress.

As New York grew richer the people demanded greater luxury and more elegance. The negroes did not have enterprise enough to see this, and they have dropped out of the race. Then again the taste has changed as to cooking. The homely things which pleased our fathers and grandfathers do not completely satisfy us, and we require a French cook in a white cap instead of an old black mammy in a bandanna turban. In this field, as in others, the competition has been too strong for the colored men, and so the old caterers who used to serve the people who dwelt in the fashionable precincts of Bleecker Street and Washington Square have either been gathered to their fathers or shut up shop; and they have left no successors.

There were also a great many negro barbers in New York twenty-five years ago. There may be some still, but they are mostly engaged in barbering the men of their own race. Prejudice probably had much to do with killing this trade, but the indisposition on the part of some white people to get close to negroes had also something to do with it. At any rate, the trade is dead.

Then the whitewashing business used to seem to belong to negroes as though it was theirs by right. But there are few negroes now employed in this trade in New York. The house-painters and decorators and paper-hangers have taken it up, and the peripatetic darky white-washer might walk his legs off in the metropolitan streets before finding a job. The boot-blacking business also once was his. But the Italians now have it. They conquered it. They put up thrones on the street corners, paying in work for the privilege, and then by doing better jobs they drove the negroes out of business.

There are an colored artisans in New York. The trades unions would prevent any such from receiving employment. As common laborers they are received on almost equal terms with others, but this is not an attractive occupation for the ambitious negroes who have come to New York to make fortunes. Even the women are not as much in demand for household servants as formerly. This decadence is due no doubt to the change in fashion, and possibly somewhat to a greater efficiency on the part of white servants. But the women are not sought as they once were. Even the people who come here from the Southern States, where negro servants are universal, prefer the Irish, German, and Scandinavian women as cooks, chambermaids, and waitresses.

In this rapid survey we have seen that the industrial opportunities for colored people have been lessening all the time, and now the sphere of their activities has become so narrow that it is a wonder that even thirty-five thousand of them can earn honest livings.

And they do not. The proportion of criminals among the negroes in New York is alarmingly large, and their influence is very dangerous. The birth rate among the negroes in New York is small and the death rate is large, being thirty in a thousand, as against nineteen in a thousand for the white population. If it were not for accessions from the South the negro population in New York would by no means hold its own. It is in these accessions that there is great danger. The best of the race in the country know or soon learn that the opportunities in New York are limited in comparison with those in Southern cities, so they stay away. They are not influenced in the same way that white people are towards New York.

A white man of ability, when he feels his strength to be above that of his fellows in his own neighborhood, is much inclined towards New York, where success means so much more than it does in smaller places. New York's white population, therefore, is always being re-enforced by the strongest and hardiest and most adventuresome of the men of the country. So also the particularly alert among the vicious and criminal know that their opportunities for wrong-doing are wider in the metropolis, and they hurry to it. The good negro in the South knows there from thirty to fifty per cent., and negroes are permitted to take a street or sometimes a neighborhood. There are really not many negro sections, and all that exist are fearfully crowded. Nor are there good neighborhoods and bad neighborhoods. Into each all classes are compelled to go, and the virtuous and the vicious elbow each other in the closest kind of quarters. This is a great source of moral contagion, and vice spreads with great rapidity among the women of such quarters. During the day the decent men are at work. Then the vicious and the idle have full sway. If it were possible to make a census of the negroes and go into this phase of their social condition I have no doubt that it would be found that more men of the race are idle and without visible means of support in proportion to the total number than in any other neighborhood in the world except those frankly given over to the criminal classes.

The testimony of clergymen and other religious workers among the negroes is to the effect that the harm done by this crowding is so serious that it is always threatening to undo the good work of the churches. This is very disheartening to the more intelligent among the negroes, and they see no remedy so long as this dreadful overcrowding continues. One clergyman said to me that when he saw the dreadful discomforts of the places that negroes in New York had to call home he could not in his heart blame them for drinking, if that mitigated the hardships of their unwholesome dwellings.

The landlords undoubtedly treat the negroes with very little kindness. They charge enormous rentals for very inferior houses and tenements, which yield more when the negroes have taken possession than they did in time of seemingly greater prosperity. Of course negroes in a neighborhood put a blight upon it, but the owners get a very large reward by reason of the higher rentals. Moreover, they make no repairs, and the property usually goes to rack and ruin. The negroes are not responsible for this, even though they are the cause. I knew a negro adventurer who took advantage of this prejudice against his people and made profit out of it. He would select a promising land and improvement scheme and through a white man would buy a lot. After a dozen houses had gone up he would appear on the scene with a gang of Italians and begin digging a cellar. The neighbors, always interested in new improvements, would ask who was to build. "I am," the negro would reply. "I am building a home for myself and family." In a little while there would be consternation in that neighborhood, and the promoter of the scheme would be visited. His scheme would be ruined if the negro persisted. The negro would express great determination to go ahead. Then in self-defence the promoter would buy him out at a handsome profit to the negro. He did this half a dozen times in as many years, making in the aggregate a handsome profit. As a rule, however, the negroes in New York are not beholden to the property-owners for anything except discomfort and extortion. If they stay in New York they are compelled to live in places where health, decency, and privacy are all but impossible. Housed as they are it is wonderful that they should be as good as they are; it is wonderful that they are not all entirely worthless.

Nearly all of the negroes in New York are literate—that is, nearly all can read and write. Few, however, have even a common-school education, and those who are liberally educated are but an insignificant remnant. Dr. DuBois of the University of Pennsylvania has made an exhaustive study of the negro in Philadelphia and also in other places further south. He says: "The great deficiency of the negro is his small knowledge of the art of organized social life—that last expression of human culture. His development in group life was abruptly broken off by the slave-ship, directed into abnormal channels, and dwarfed by the Black Codes, and suddenly wrenched anew by the Emancipation Proclamation. He finds himself, therefore, peculiarly weak in that nice adaptation of individual life to the life of the group which is the essence of civilization. This is shown in the grosser forms of sexual immorality, disease, and crime, and also in the difficulty of race organization for common ends in economic or in intellectual lines."

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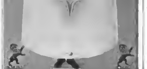
The Porto-Rican Commissioner

IN accordance with the provisions of the Foraker bill passed at the last session of Congress, Porto Rico is entitled to elect, every two years, a resident Commissioner to the United States, who shall be entitled to official recognition as such by all the departments.

Mr. Frederic Degetau y Gonzalez has been elected to serve in this capacity. He was born thirty-seven years ago in Ponce, Porto Rico, where he received his early education. He was sent to Europe to complete his education, and to prepare himself for a law course in the Central University of Madrid, from where he graduated with high honors in 1887. When, in the fall of 1887, known as the "Year of Terror" in Porto Rico, Governor-General Palacio instituted what was known as "El Componte," that is, the punishing and persecuting of everybody connected with the Autonomist party, Degetau, still in Madrid, immediately set to work to have General Palacio deposed. He founded a newspaper called *La Isla de Puerto Rico*, devoted principally to scathing and vigorous attacks on Palacio and his rule. He distributed the paper throughout Spain. He gave it away gratis to the venders, on the condition that they should set up such a shout and clamor of *La Isla de Puerto Rico* that nothing else would be heard in Madrid, the venders reaping the benefit of all the sales. So relentlessly was this attack carried on, that the Court could no longer turn a deaf ear to it or remain indifferent, and to avert impending dangers Palacio was removed. So soon as his purpose had been accomplished, Degetau discontinued the paper.

In 1896 he was one of a Commission of four sent to Spain to obtain autonomy for Porto Rico. Under the autonomous government in Porto Rico, he was elected Representative from Ponce to the Congress at Madrid. He staid in Madrid until the treaty of peace with the United States was signed, when he returned to the island. Under General Henry's régime he was Secretary of the Interior. He was also a member of the Executive Council, from which he resigned to accept the nomination of Commissioner to the United States.

John L. M. Irby,
Ex United States Senator from South Carolina.
Born September 10, 1854.
Died December 9, 1900.



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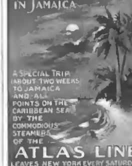

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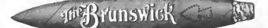
Medal and Diploma. Chicago, 1893



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The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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WEST HAVEN, CONN.

... in unusual proportion to New Orleans—reached $20,000,000, which is nearly twice as much as last year. At the same time the general volume of bank transactions due to the demands of business show a considerable increase. In November the clearings exceeded those of last year by 15.2 per cent. in New York, and by 10.7 per cent. for the country at large. Following the customary drain from the banks of the chief financial centre for the crop movement, there has been quite an unusual drawing from the deposits there by the banks of the interior. The result has been a further lowering of the reserves instead of a recovery.

At the same time the banks are compelled to accumulate funds to some extent in preparation for the large disbursements for interest and dividends payable at the beginning of the year. For this they have to call in loans, and exercise caution in making new ones, and inevitably the rates for money on call advance. They have been ranging from 4 to 6 per cent., with a tendency to go higher under any exceptional demand. The Sub-Treasury is also at this time of year collecting more than it is paying out, which adds to the strain. Notwithstanding conditions which seemed likely to produce an unusual stringency, it has been less felt than in former years, and much less than a year ago. One reason has no doubt been the fuller volume of currency. There has been a steady advance in the amount of gold held by the Treasury and by the banks. The amount produced in the country is about $6,000,000 a month, and the net export for the whole year hardly exceeds that sum. The bulk of the output has been added to the money supply and gone into the Treasury and the reserves of banks. Under the operation of the currency act of last March about $80,000,000 has been added to the bank circulation, which lessened the demand for the transfer from the East to the West and South, and made it easier to meet.

Another favorable condition has been the lack of speculation on the Stock Exchange, with the attendant disturbance of confidence, such as occurred in December last year. There has been a well sustained activity in stocks, but it has not been largely speculative or carried on upon borrowed money. Much of it has been due to investment buying and the dealings of those who are abundantly supplied with funds, and a good deal has had an international character, and latterly there has been more foreign buying than selling, which has had a weakening effect upon Exchange.

There is still a complaint that this annual stringency in the money-market is due to unremedied defects in our currency system, especially in the national-bank circulation. Its expansion depends rather on the price of government bonds, with which it is secured, than upon the demands of business for a medium of exchange, and it does not contract readily when those demands fall off. A greater evil perhaps is the operation of the Sub-Treasury, which brings the government into constant contact with the money-market, and forces the Secretary of the Treasury to come to its relief when an excess of revenue over expenditures drains the channels of the currency. Just now funds accumulate in the Sub-Treasury when they are most needed in the banks, and are got out by anticipating payments of interest on the public debt, and kept out by increasing deposits of internal revenue in selected national banks. There is also a likelihood of a new purchase of unmatured bonds to keep down the Treasury surplus.

The leading railroad stocks have been especially strong on the Exchange, and are frequently affected by new reports of consolidation of interests. One of the latest has been to the effect that New York Central has been acquiring control of Reading with a view to a new through connection to the West *via* the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburg, with the Beech Creek branch as a connection, and a newly constructed link of about 100 miles. Another report concerns a stronger combination of the coal roads, and the acquisition by one or more of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, which is the strongest of the independent operators in the anthracite fields. If control of that concern is acquired by the Erie, or by a combination of coal roads, it must be intended to put a quietus upon the project for a new railroad from the Wyoming Valley to the Hudson River at Kingston.

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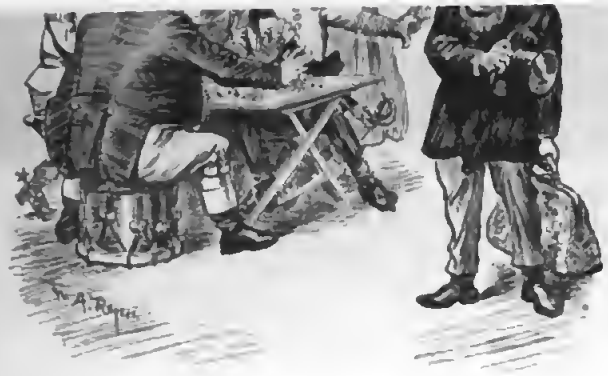

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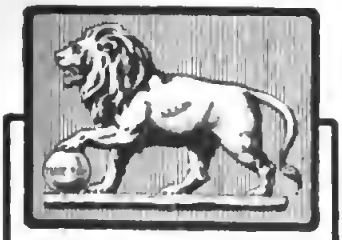

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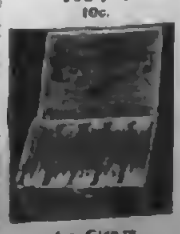

for Cigars not so good.

WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK DECEMBER 29 : 1900

"NO OTHER ARM MAY GO AROUND THIS WAIST!"

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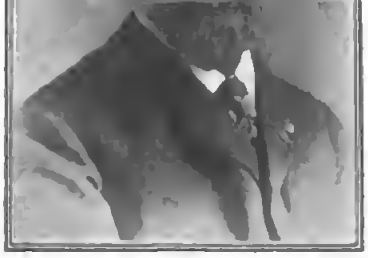
NEW YORK IN 1900.



George Haven Putnam.

Professor E. R. A. Seligman.

William J. O'Brien.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE AUTHORITIES IN THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

THE PASSING OF THE ITINERANCY. *By A. C. Wheeler*

THE abolishment by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of what is known in that Church as the "time limit" in the appointment of its clergymen chose not finally the last vestige of the itinerancy, which had lived on down in modified forms to the present. The decision of the conference must have been a matter of surprise to the bulk of that Church in the Middle and Western States; for whatever may be its expediency, and it would be presumptuous in a lay observer to question the wisdom of so august a body as the General Conference, the decision relegates to tradition one of the most distinctive features of Wesleyan Methodism, and seals up in the historic yesterdays one of the most heroic, romantic, and intrepid eras of religious enthusiasm and hardihood that our country or any other has known.

Very few persons of our time, outside of the sect which early in the century identified itself both with democracy and evangelization when it was not comfortable to do so, have a clear idea of what a splendid episode was made in unwritten history by that Itinerancy. The rude chivalry of it has no Froissart. Its records are buried in brief official minutes of the conferences, stowed away in faded biographies, or are lost in the bottom of unmarked graves. And yet, from the mere point of view of a common sympathy that thrills at self sacrificing heroism and invincible zeal, given to any cause whatever, it may be doubted if the whole history of the Christian Church from the time of the Apostles, or the history of enthusiasm and conquering intrepidity outside of the Christian Church in any time, presents any more astonishing group of men. These early nomads of faith distributed all that was known of the continent into "circuits," and attired in the "whole armor" of a primitive zeal rode into the teeth of danger and death with a naïve defiance that in any other than their Master's work would by its wholeheartedness have strewn the country with their monuments.

Merely as a phase of our earlier civilization and quite aside from any doctrinal determination, that exultant, on-moving "Voice in the Wilderness" comes militantly down to us now in our static security with a storied stir of eventfulness, and brings with it, if we are attentive, some of the exuberance and ardor of a young nation going up to possess the land.

Very interesting would it be to turn aside here from the narrow limits of review and consider for a moment how on our trackless domain institutional and evangelical religion crossed each other's trail for the first time, each carrying the emblem of Christianity. Father Marquette and Bishop Asbury, representing widely separated extremes of doctrine, preached from the same pulpit of the forest, and planted the same cross with unlike ritual in the same canebrakes and on the same lonely table-lands.

The writer of this article some time ago stood by the evergreen grave of Henry H. Bascom in the beautiful city of Louisville. It was pointed out casually as somehow, but not clearly, associated with events that might have been momentous to our fathers. The name rang in my memory and woke up a child's experience deep imbedded there. I had seen Henry H. Bascom in my own morning-tide. My father had held me up at the outside of a church window when I was eight years old to get a look at him—the crowd was so great that we could not get into the church. That was in Indiana. My mother had told me afterwards why he did it. It was because he wanted me to be able to say, when I grew up, that I had seen and heard "the great Bascom." I looked at the grave as these recollections of a mother's fond estimate came back to me. Nobody had asked me if I had ever heard Bascom, and of course I had never told anybody.

Some kind of confused recognition was in me of a historic Bascom who had been the friend of Henry Clay and served as Chaplain to Congress—but very indistinct this, and for the time being utterly overborne by the tender association that his name had called up. In that momentary after glow it really seemed to me that I had been recreant to that mother in not telling anybody that I had seen and heard "the great Bascom." I suppose we all have these fine foolishnesses at times. They spring unbidden like the fringed gentian.

But was he great? Such a questioning doubt set me to work in a library to find out. The first cast on the lower shelves brought up Appleton. What stimulating encyclopedic terseness! "Bascom as a pulpit orator was singularly fervid and powerful, and the fame of his eloquence was scarcely surpassed by that of any other public speaker in church or state." Any man of whom that could be said was worth pursuing even to the top shelves, and so I pulled out McClintock and Strong to be told that Bascom was unquestionably the most popular pulpit orator in the United States; that he preached in one year four hundred times and travelled five thousand miles, receiving therefor $12 10, and died worn out with toil in 1850. Against this all the rest that he did must be mere leather and prunella. In a flash of laudable satisfaction I said to myself: "My old mother was right: Bascom was great. I am glad that I saw him."

Now that I was on this old trail, I pulled down from the top shelves *Sprague's Annals*—I forget now how many volumes there are—and all at once I was up to the armpits in the Itinerancy. "Died worn out with toil" turned up regularly. Bascom was not unique even in that. And travel—Bishop Asbury did his six thousand miles a year on any kind of nag his friends provided. There were not only no railroads, there were no roads of any kind, and his seven hundred itinerants really seemed to emulate him in the amount of ground they got over.

In any exploitation of the old records one is sure to come upon *Hedley's Heroes* and *Finney's Western Methodism*, quaint memorials written in the patois of the prayer meeting, and taking one back at times to the cut-and-thrust candor of the Roundheads. Finally I arrived at *Henkle's Life of Bascom*. By this time the outlines of an apostolic Titan had shaped themselves in my mind. Whenever the personal note had been sounded by Finney and the contemporaries of Bascom, you felt the pulse that he had occasioned and you caught the throb of a mighty heart that had passed through the valleys of the Muskingum, the Scioto, and the Wabash. Leaping tongues had tried to tell of an eloquence that held them spellbound or that smote them to the earth, and all that we can gather of it is the wrought emotion of the narrator. None of the strains of this mighty wind-harp that had pulsed through the wilderness is left. The one meagre volume of sermons that may still be found with much searching answers in no respect to the traditions of the preacher. All the wild fervor—those tongues of brilliant electrical thought that were struck at the moment and that irradiated and melted have been edited out or they vanished with the personal aura of the speaker. But there can be no question of the magnetic power that he wielded. Veterans along the Ohio and on the dark and bloody reaches of Kentucky, rough pioneers, flatboat men, and cattle breeders, who had heard him thunder, passed their testimony with their patrimony over to their children, and there are lingering traditions of the times of Henry Clay at Washington when Senators and political orators imitated those backwoodsmen in their admiration of this preacher.

One takes up, therefore, the meagre life by Henkle with acute expectation and follows the career of the itinerant through the dry and hard details without a clear view of the personality and power of the man, but with a growing knowledge of what the itinerancy meant, and how notably its dangers, privations, and demands were met and overcome by an internal conviction that was like a chariot of fire. Just here the story is of a farmer's son, scarcely sixteen, without education or intellectual ambition, a drudging farmhand, born amid the slavish exactions of a pioneer life, putting on his home-made suit and fox-skin cap, the tail of which hung proudly down his back, and going to a bush-meeting with no other definite purpose than to enjoy such rough outing as similarly disposed minds of his own age could furnish. Henkle does not quite see, even while he tells it, that Bascom went through an experience curiously like that of Saul of Tarsus when he "travelled that way." A great light fell upon him. What the objective or subjective phenomenon was is of less concern to the late observer than the instant and abiding transformation of the lad, who seems to have been awakened into both intellectual and moral strength. Henkle has neither the apprehensive insight nor the creative imagination to pluck the amazing from the prosaic, but we ought perhaps to make some allowance, seeing that Henkle himself was a preacher and was probably more familiar with these phenomena than we can be.

A few days later that uncouth lad attends a quarterly meeting and is called upon to give his experience. How is a home made lout just out of the furrow to execute at a moment's notice such an incredible psychologic feat as this? We see him standing there twisting his fox-skin cap in his hands, stammering along in search of the syllables that elude him. We hear the encouragement of the presiding elder, "Speak up, brother," and then slowly the seething emotions of the lad shape themselves into winged words. His rude assembly listens with a growing astonishment.

After that he will become a wayfarer and join the itinerants, and as we read his after-story we see that it is the story, in its essentials, of most of those itinerants. They consecrated themselves to the wandering. They were to abandon all the ambitions and attachments that are the primal factors of endeavor in life. They were to be homeless, ceaseless, poverty-stricken, hungry, persecuted, and happy, disregarding all the appeals of kindred, of nature, and of a weary body. They were to equip themselves in knowledge without books or schools, lying as Bascom did prone before the flaring pine knots at night to gain their education; picking up some Hebrew and Greek while in the saddle as Asbury did. Such, indeed, is the story of Russell Bigelow, of Beauchamp, John Strange, Axtel, McKendree, and several hundred others—flaming voices that were always coming and going, making for the wilderness something like an apocalyptic dance of fire. Some outlines of Bigelow have been preserved by Eggleston in his *Circuit Rider*, and with less distinctness in *Sprague's Annals*. But the real record has gone over with the emotions it created to the still warm traditions of Ohio and Indiana. All other considerations pass as we fix our attention upon the prodigious disregard which these heroes had for both the immediate rewards and pains of their sojourning. The conviction that this present existence affords no abiding conditions of repose, and that the hereafter is a condition of absolute rest, breaks out continually in all their exhortations and their strivings. Bascom invariably pictures heaven as home, and Bigelow as a final and blissful goal of subsidence and victory. That eternity may itself be a greater Itinerancy is a conception not furnished by the tired emotions, but by the expanding intellect. There is in the thought and more obviously in the character of the circuit-riders a constant guarding against anything like local attachment. They settle down only when broken down, and Asbury, who in at once the captain and the "whip" of the itinerants, does not think even then that the preachers should settle longer than six months in one spot. They were not pastors to lead their flocks beside still waters, but winged couriers to carry the glad tidings and take some especial pride in dropping by the wayside.

Most of those men dropped, "worn out with toil," into humble graves, and their monuments, if they ever had any, have crumbled, but they left to posterity an example of indomitable pilgrimage and unquenchable faith that in the mere recital must have the clang of armor in it to the Church which has now concluded to "settle down."

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WINTER BAPTISM AMONG THE DUNKARDS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

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A Pavement in New York

Lamb on a Screen in Peking

A.M.

P.M.

The Future of Long-Distance Communication

By Charles H. Sewall

JUST about a century has elapsed since Charles Lamb wrote to his Australian friend (the letter being ten months in transit) of "my now and your then." Seventy years after the incident of the Lamb letter, telegraph operators using the Morse code of signals and abbreviating their words could converse between New York city and San Francisco at the rate of fifty words per minute. At one-half that speed signal conversations were possible across the Atlantic Ocean.

Nothing but the difficulties of submarine transmission stands in the way of a telegraph operator hearing his own signal reproduced after a passage of the twenty-five thousand miles which measure the earth's circumference; and it is possible, by employing relays of human beings, to transmit words around the world in twenty minutes.

In 1877 came the telephone, now in a stage of development at which the actual transmission of spoken words is commercially practicable at a distance, overland, of one thousand miles.

Fairly good work is being done by the wireless telegraph across a space of fifty or sixty miles; and there is a record of one message passing between moving battle ships one hundred miles apart.

In the matter of speed, the ordinary hand-telegraph has a probable average of twenty words per minute, and a maximum of fifty words has been attained in competitive trials. The same kind of signals, those made by the movement of a lever, may be sent over land lines at a maximum of three hundred and an average of one hundred and fifty words by an automatic telegraph-machine equipped for simultaneously working, in opposite directions, two circuits over one wire. Through submarine cables machine telegraphy attains a rate of transmission of from thirty to forty words. A number of attempts have been made to use what is called a chemical telegraph. As far back as 1845 Mr. Bain, the original inventor of the system, claimed a speed of two thousand words per minute. In more recent times this has been verified by actual practice; and Mr. Delany, who has given much thought to this problem, says that while business transmission may never exceed three thousand, he has in laboratory experiment sent over an artificial line and plainly recorded eight thousand words per minute.

There are indications of a discovery more wonderful than any heretofore made. It has been found that the electrical resistances of certain materials are varied by differing quantities of light. It is also demonstrated that a beam of light may itself be used for an electrical conductor, as shown in the "photophone" of Professor Bell, and the "radiophone" of Messrs. Hayes and Craw, in which beams of light some hundreds of feet in length have been successfully employed in place of the ordinary wires of a telephone circuit.

This much having been done, it certainly follows that as in the telephone variations in sound at one end of a wire are made to affect the electrical conditions of that wire, and the changes in the electrical wire then made to produce sound waves at the distant end, so light, which is a species of vibration more rapid than sound, may also be made to modify an electric current, and at the distant end that modified current be made to influence light. As all visible objects are impressed upon our senses by differing quantities of light, it will be understood that when these variations of luminous rays can be duplicated at the distant end of an electrical conductor we shall in effect *see through the wire*. The system will, when it comes, probably be named "optograph," although there is a device having a different function already bearing the name.

To illustrate the operation of the looked-for invention, suppose a strong light were reflected from a page of HARPER'S WEEKLY onto a suitable transmitter located in New York city; then rays of light shining upon a screen in Philadelphia might, by a suitable receiving apparatus, be so modified as to show upon the screen all the letters, figures, and pictures of the illuminated page in New York. By such a process thousands of words could be transmitted, not in a minute or in a fraction of a minute, but instantaneously.

THE MAIL

A letter dropped in the collection box on the corner of 125th Street and Eighth Avenue in New York city at noon on Monday will, if there are no unusual detentions, be delivered in Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, Chicago, about 9 A.M. on Wednesday, thus consuming forty-five hours in transit. Yet both of these locations are in thickly populated districts of the largest cities in the country; both have unusually good means for the local transportation of mails; each is but a few blocks from its respective post office, and upon the same street with it; and it is popularly supposed that the mail-trains traverse the space between city and city within twenty-four hours.

I think I am correct in saying that so important and so thickly inhabited a section as the Chicago one post-office has but four daily deliveries, the last one at 4 P.M. Thus it is seen that the first improvements in postal service may well be at the terminals.

The mail-chutes of office buildings and apartment-houses in our large cities are painfully incomplete. A letter drops from the top to the bottom of a building with the accelerated speed due to gravity, and stays in the collection-box at the bottom sometimes for hours. With very little additional power it may, and in the future it probably will, continue its journey to the postal station via an in-draft pneumatic tube.

It is also probable that to buildings which can afford service connection to the main postal pipes, selective out-draft tubes will deliver all first-class mail. The arrangement for such service would be very simple. The post-office clerk could signal through an electrical conductor to the needed building, and at that place a valve would connect service pipe and main tube, while at the same time it would close the main tube beyond the selected delivery.

For long lines of transmission the equipment is likely to grow to underground ducts, within which electrically propelled cars may be run upon tracks at a speed reaching at least two hundred miles per hour; and the same means will be available for the passage of mails between different postal stations in the same city.

Suppose, then, that with coming methods a letter be placed in a collection box in New York city at noon on Monday; at the expiration of five minutes it will be in a sub-postal station; at the end of ten minutes more in the New York main post-office. Its passage to Chicago will take up five hours and fifteen minutes; delivery to Chicago sub-stations and selective service through local tube to final destination, say ten minutes more; and the end of the journey will be at 5.35 P.M., practically five and one-half hours in transit, as against forty-five hours at present.

The conduit structure, hereinafter described, which contains the electrical conductors, may be used in part for postal work. In ducts, perhaps six inches high, may be placed the tracks over which will pass continuous streams of mail-bearing cars.

CONDUCTING MEDIA

Will electrical long-distance transmission of intelligence be done through the air without wires, over wires upon poles, or by wires underground?

The answer to that question is, that wireless telegraphy and telephony will undoubtedly have fields more or less circumscribed; and that wires upon poles, except for local distribution, will be almost entirely replaced by subterranean construction.

While Marconi's successes are widely chronicled, so, indeed, they deserve to be, there is little said about the limitations of his apparatus. But it is difficult to understand in what way it will be possible so to compensate for continual and often violent changes in atmospheric conditions as ever to make his devices sufficiently reliable for every-day transmission over long distances.

The disappearance of overhead construction will be due to its vulnerability to all sorts of pernicious influences. Imagine the number of accidents that may occur upon a line fifteen hundred miles long, and then take into account that every rain storm, every thunder-shower, every gale of wind, happening in any

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tors, or "ducts," as they are technically termed, to be receptacles for wires separated from one another by dry air and dry paper, and hermetically sealed within lead pipes. Under government control and with severe penalties against meddlers there would be nothing in such a construction to undergo, for an indefinite period, any change for the worse.

Underground Conduit.

TELEPHONY

For talking short distances the telephone instrument of to-day is nearly perfect. The improvement for transmitting speech over longer distances than now will be in the direction of better arrangements in circuits.

On May 18, 1900, Dr. Pupin of Columbia University read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers a paper upon the subject of transmitting electric telephone currents over long distance conductors.

Previous to the theories therein advanced the only known way to overcome obstacles due to what is termed "static capacity" was to increase the size and consequently the weight and cost of conductors. The amount of copper necessary was governed by a ratio which constantly increased as the distance was prolonged. One thousand miles had been reached with fairly good results, but beyond that the great cost of needed material seemed to render further progress prohibitive.

Acting upon the suggestions of an English scientist (Mr. Heaviside), telephone engineers had experimented by introducing into long telephone circuits coils of small wire at frequently recurring points; but the results were disappointing. Dr. Pupin's contributions are full directions, mathematically proved, and demonstrated by successful laboratory experiment, as to the manner in which such coils shall be made and in which they shall be put into the line.

In the experiment an artificial device, corresponding in every electrical condition to a circuit in a telephone cable, was made in sections, which, connected together, represented a conductor two hundred and fifty miles long. Over this conductor transmission was with ordinary methods "impossible at distances over one hundred and twelve miles." With the new arrangements (insertion of coils in proper places), conversation over the entire length of cable "could be carried on as rapidly as one chose to do."

I understand that experimental practice over actual telephone lines of great length has verified the inventor's claims. Reduced to net results his discoveries should enable the telephone company to do business from New York to Chicago with cables containing one hundred pairs of comparatively small wires—which cables have heretofore been impracticable for distances of one hundred miles—and to make possible a telephone conversation across the Atlantic Ocean.

Under ground or under the sea conductors are completely surrounded by insulations and other protections which render their electrical conditions practically constant. But wires upon poles are surrounded by a medium subject to continual change. It is probable that the new discoveries as to inductive influences will greatly reduce the enormous expenditures heretofore necessary to talk by overhead wires even one thousand miles; that two thousand miles "in all weathers" is soon to be commercially possible; that the human voice will, within a few years and under favorable weather conditions, reach from New York to San Francisco; and if at any time it becomes possible to find an atmospheric status uniformly good through so great a distance, the sum of human knowledge is now enough to transmit speech over a continuous metal circuit six thousand miles in length.

Private House Mail-tubes.

Dr. Pupin is also the inventor of methods of utilizing what he terms "electrical resonance," which methods are now being investigated by the owners of the Marconi system as a possible means of putting in harmony the sending and receiving instruments of each set of its apparatus with a view of preventing not only interference between different wireless circuits, but also the passage of communications into unauthorized hands.

tape is perforated by an operator. The perforations and the spacing of uncut paper between them serve when passed through the machine, to make and break an electric circuit in lieu of making and breaking it by hand, as is done in the Morse system. At the receiving end the machine shows dots and lines in ink upon another paper tape.

A new invention, called the Murray Page Printer, is a system in which the manipulation of a typewriter key-board perforates a paper tape. When this tape is run through the telegraphing machine there is reproduced in a paper tape at the distant end of the circuit exact duplicates of the perforations fed in at the sending end. This duplicate paper tape may then be sent through another machine which automatically translates into a page of printed characters.

It is presumable that the Murray will perform its translations both at the sending and receiving ends with somewhat greater celerity than the Wheatstone but as compared with the latter it has the disadvantage of more complicated mechanism.

The chemical telegraph, previously mentioned in this article as showing almost unlimited speed, also uses a perforated paper ribbon as a sending device, but its received signals are made upon a chemically prepared and moist paper strip which forms part of an electric circuit. Whenever the current is "on," its passage from a pen which rests upon the receiving

The Delany System of Raps

tape to another connection with the moist paper (which latter connection completes the circuit) causes discolorations which may be made to take the form of the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet.

As long ago as 1870 Mr. Edward Everett Hale wrote as to the advantages of teaching children the "long and short alphabet," suggesting that outside of its telegraphic function it could have many useful applications. The memorizing by the people at large of forty characters of such a code as the Morse, representing letters, figures, and punctuation marks, would save untold hours of labor by telegraphic experts, and simplify the whole problem of communication.

In addition every one's powers of expression would be increased, persons knowing the code being able to converse with each other at any distance over which could be seen a flag, or flashes from a mirror or from a lamp (as in a search-light), or could be heard the tones of bells or of other sounds.

The prediction is made that the telegraph of the future will comprise four classes of messages, for which from highest to lowest will be charged tolls according to the following:

1. A message tendered in manuscript (or typewritten) form and requiring immediate transmission and immediate delivery, the latter being also in manuscript form. To be sent by hand, Morse system, the only translation being through the minds of the sending and receiving operators, the loss of time by such translation being practically nil.

2. A telegram tendered in type-written form which must be delivered in the same form, but which will admit of moderate delay. To be sent by a system analogous to the "Murray." Double, but automatic translation.

3. A telegram tendered in the form of perforated tape, but requiring translation before delivery. To be sent by chemical telegraph. One translation by hand.

4. A telegram tendered in the form of perforated tape and delivered on a paper strip in dot and line alphabet. To be sent in strict order of filing. No translation either at receiving point or terminus.

All first class telegrams to be made by special messenger.

Second, third, and fourth class messages to be made by special messenger for an additional rate of charge.

Three times since the year 1845 the chemical telegraph has been tried in actual practice, and three times it has failed.

The conditions existing in the early days of telegraphy were—small accumulations of matter at any one point and comparatively few points; lines so erratic as to their electrical conditions as to compel constant changes in adjustment; very little knowledge of inductive influences, and none at all as to subterranean construction.

The Morse system is simple; is under perfect control by the operator. As it requires no outward and visible translation the message is ready, when received, for instant delivery. It is slow, but was otherwise admirably adapted for the conditions of 1850; and it prevailed.

Future conditions will be—large accumulations of matter at many stations; lines absolutely unchangeable as to their electrical conditions, full knowledge as to

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THE OPENING NIGHT OF T

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THE GRAND OPERA SEASON

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A Night with the Nabob

By Edward Boltwood

I

WHEN the drawer ushered me into the upper room at the Rose I was received with a welcoming eye from none of the four men assembled there around the table. Amberly and Scomer both gave me black looks, Frothingham was far too gone in wine to favor me with any look at all, and as for Dr. Tod, the little lame scholar, he was in such an alarm at the helpless state of our friend that he had no thought for greeting a new guest.

"I gave you a good evening, gentlemen," said I, "and ask your pardon for this intrusion. I happened to be taking an honest bottle in the tap, and Simon told me Mat Frothingham was here. I thought he was alone, but now I'll take my leave, seeing that he is in such good hands."

I had no intention of going, but I bowed to Amberly, against whom I had long since sworn a bitter quarrel; with Scomer I had then no acquaintance, except that I knew him for as mean a scoundrel as there is in our profession.

"Hold, Jack!" cried Frothingham, thickly, staggering to his feet. "Take glass wine—dear old Jack—before go. Mis' Stapleton—my frien's."

The effort was too much for him and he sank again with his head upon the table. I began to share Dr. Tod's troubled surprise, for never had I seen Mat Frothingham in such a plight.

Amberly arose with burlesque and mocking ceremony.

"Mr. Stapleton and I," said he, "have met before."

"And once when I had the pleasure of giving Mr. Amberly a lesson," I rejoined, lightly. "I was alluding of course, to the time I beat him blue with a handful whip for insulting a woman on Hounslow Heath."

"A lesson for which I can never sufficiently repay you," said he, with an ugly smirk. "Mr. Scomer, your arm."

"Must you be off, sirs?" stammered Dr. Tod, straining an effort to be courteous. "This has been a pleasant evening; 'tis a pity to have it end so," and he pointed to the figure beside him.

"Take care he be not robbed," cried Scomer, in a high womanish voice. "The neighborhood has dangerous company, I'm told." Amberly and he both grinned with tongues in their cheeks, as the saying is.

"The company may not be so dangerous after a bit," I said. "Is this your hat, sir? Good-night to you."

They slammed the door and I could hear them chuckling on the landing.

"Come now," said the cripple, "that's an excellent rubbance. I do not know the men; they fastened themselves to us at the play, and stuck like leeches."

"As precious a pair of rogues as there is in all London," I replied, "and worthy of hemp long since. What have they been up to here? It is not like them to leave a drunken man with his pockets full of a rich uncle's money."

We both laid hands on Mat, trying to rouse him, but it was useless. The fellow was like a log.

"Dear Frothingham!" exclaimed the doctor. "Never did I know him befuddled before. And, as I live, we had but shared to our dinner and naught after the comedy, except the single bowl of punch. It is miraculous."

I smelled a mouse.

"Which was his glass?" I cried. "Which glass did he use?"

Dr. Tod, wondering, pointed the tumbler to me. There was some liquor in it still. I raised it to my lips, sniffed, tasted, and set it back on the table with a bang.

"Just as I thought," said I. "Mother Moss's powder, by all that's infernal!"

"I don't understand," queried the doctor, in bewilderment.

"The man is drugged—they fixed his drink. Bah—I hate such business."

"But to what end? Surely they could not have robbed him before my very eyes."

"I'm not so sure of that," I retorted, something grimly. "When I said those villains were due upon the gallows, I meant nothing less. They have a record for dirty deeds that would reach from here to Tyburn. If Bow Street could tell where to lay hands upon them—why, then!"

Dr. Tod sat down and blinked at me across the table.

"You seem to know these men mighty well, Mr. Stapleton and their murderous powders, too," he said, evidently entertaining a suspicion. And in this, indeed, I could not blame him.

"That's as you please," said I. "I owe Amberly nothing but enmity; if I can balk him now, I'll mark the night with a red letter. Sir, you have always known me as Matthew Frothingham's friend. I give you my word that in this you shall see me in no other character."

He left off biting his nails and stretched out a hand, saying:

"Oh, Mr. Stapleton, the town says wild things of you—but I like your words. Let us consider what can be done. Were I a doctor of physic, now, instead of Latinity!"

"The powder's harmless," says I; "the question is, why did they use him so? Not to rob him here, I'll be bound."

"To carry him off?"

"They went away too readily upon my entrance. The rogues are satisfied with matters as they stand. Is there anybody to whom the night-long absence of Mat Frothingham might make a difference. Could that advantage a pair of thieves?"

The Doctor of Latinity brought his hand down upon his sound knee with a vigorous whack.

"The Nabob, by the Lord!" he cried.

II

Mr. Matthew Frothingham, a year or so before this night at the Rose Tavern, had saved my life in a clash of swords upon the Irish coast. Most of the weapons on that occasion were in the hands of the law; I will not say for what purpose our own were wielded, but it is sufficient that the odds were against us and the situation desperate. Frothingham chanced to be present innocently, and, struck doubtless by my gallant bearing, came valorously to my assistance. The officers were beaten off and we made good our escape, but not before Mat might have been implicated as the accomplice of the boldest band of smugglers in the United Kingdom.

He was then a penniless young scapegrace with no strong impulses either for good or evil, and perhaps it was a lucky thing for him that he did not fall openly into my own method of living. During the space of a twelvemonth he lay quiet, enjoying as a friendly observer the various excitements of my career, and then a lonely uncle returned from Calcutta with all the wealth of India in his strong boxes. Whereupon Master Mat emerged unsuspected from his retirement and took up his abode with the ancient Croesus, since which time I had not set eyes upon him.

"Well," said I to Dr. Tod, "what of the Nabob? Mind you, it is season for action; whatever scheme is forward must be quickly nipped."

The little fellow took off his wig in his excitement, and talked as fast as a court crier.

"Mr. Murdock lives solitary at Hampstead, save for Mat. His wife seems tamed, he suspects all men of a desire to rob him, he keeps no servants during the night, and trusts no bank. His wealth is all in his tomb of a Red Lodge, and thither, Mr. Stapleton, have these scoundrels gone, as I believe, bearing the miser's guardian stupefied and impotent."

It was not unlikely, and, at any rate, no other explanation offered. I rang the bell; it was reported by a pot boy that the two gentlemen had taken coach immediately on leaving us and driven to the north.

"Then do we follow," said I.

We doused poor Mat with water, slapped his temples, held a burning feather to his nose, but all to no avail. Only for an instant he opened one eye drowsily, waved a sagging hand, and ejaculated with much solemnity, "Nonny, nonny, Bengal!" After this sage observation he lost consciousness again, and apparently forever.

"Look you, Dr. Tod," I said, "no hope is here, and Amberly has twenty minutes start. I am for pushing on. My mare is at the door; there's not her equal on the island for night riding."

"Oh, the devil doubt you!" muttered the doctor. "Ride on and fight it out. I'll follow with Mat in a coach, if one can be had. A watch patrols Hampstead somewhere, I believe."

"The watch be hanged!—you don't know Amberly. The point is, where's the house? If I can but meet them from the inside of it, their goose is cooked."

The doctor hesitated, eyed me sharply, then sighed and drew a sketch map on the wet table with a pipe stem.

"Here it is," he said, pointing, "and a locked wall around it as high as St. Paul's."

"With a key," I said, "which Frothingham must have about him now."

The doctor saw my meaning and looked troubled.

"Well?" said he.

"Well, I should have it."

"Mr. Stapleton!" Dr. Tod limped between Mat and me and stood comically defiant.

"Listen," I said, with all the calmness I could muster. "For me this errand does not lack danger. Amberly and Scomer would take my life as you'd crush a venomous adder. I have passed my word to save Mat's fortune against adverse fortune, if it be possible. Am I to contend—one against several—with distrust from you? Come, sir!"

The doctor was fairly consumed with a ravenous perplexity.

"I know not what to do," he cried, "nor where to turn in this den of thieves. If I were only a whole man, now!" and he gazed ruefully at his withered limb. Then his decision came to him suddenly, and he turned his back upon the fallen Frothingham and me, and covered his eyes with his fingers.

"The Man in Drugged!"

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"Luck to you!" exclaimed the doctor, then adding apprehensively, "and may Heaven help the Nabob!"

I laughed, sprang on Peggy, ready saddled at the door, and was off like a shot through the darkness.

III

It had turned midnight and all was black. Luckily I knew the roads and several shorter lanes; a lady lived at Hampstead once — but that song runs differently. Even in that matter, however, I rode with no more eagerness, for I had long desired to throw this Amberly, and now it made me doubly angry to think that this scum had dared to work a scheme against Mat Frothingham, notoriously a friend of mine. Peggy and I pounded along as easily as in the Mall at noon time. If everything held, I did not doubt to reach the Nabob's castle before the others. I passed no coach, and heard none anywhere upon the roads I took.

The mare never served me better, even when we two were making the Carlisle Turnpike a terror to guards and coachmen. I led her into a little copse, a hundred yards from the Nabob's corner, kissed her between the eyes, and told her to wait quietly in hiding. She understood as readily as a wife would have done, and probably with more compliance.

The dwellings in this part were as scattered as any house-breaker might desire, and I could conceive of no sensible man living for security in such a place. To be sure, the wall surrounding the grounds of Red Lodge (which I found readily enough) were high, and spiked, I think, at the top, but he would have been a poor workman who could not have scaled them. The house itself was of course quite out of sight, but I read the name with my finger-tips upon a rusty entrance plate and lit upon the lock with fortunate ease. The stout gate opened, and I paused to listen before closing it behind me. Still no sound of wheels. Amberly was strangely tardy.

Once within the enclosure the small square cottage made a patch somewhat blacker than the surrounding night, and I walked softly towards it on a gravel path which must conduct me, I reasoned, to an entrance. No light showed before I was at the door.

I had been as noiseless as I could with the manipulation of the gate, but there were ears within even sharper than my own. I was trying to fit the second key into the door lock when a narrow window popped open alongside my head, and a voice hissed out:

"Who's there? The gun is loaded."

Through the orifice was poking a savage-looking barrel, but nothing else could be seen. I cowered for safety as closely as I could against the wood-work and muffled my mouth in the folds of Frothingham's cloak.

"All right, uncle. Shall I turn the key?"

"Why didn't you say so, fool?" croaked the voice within. "Turn away."

I did so, the lock gave, and I tried the door, but it was firm.

"Give the word, booby," said the man inside, "give the password." And then in a higher tone of alarm: "Surely you know it — Who's there?"

The gun-barrel trembled, and then took a sharper angle towards me. There was a counterstage! I groaned a curse at his precautions and cudgelled my brains. What could Mat have said had he been here?

"Say it louder, young idiot!" growled the Nabob.

"Noomy—moomy—Bengal!" I blurted desperately.

There was a grunt, the muzzle was withdrawn, and a prodigious clanging of bolts ensued. Then the door opened on a chain, and a dim shaft of light came piercing out. I gathered the cloak about my face and leaned forward against the casing. A little pair of eyes glistened over the door chain.

"Eh—the worse for drink? Well, it's a cheap form of devilry, Matthew. Pass by," and he undid the chain.

I staggered in and the old gentleman turned his back upon me, busy with his locks and bars. The blunder buss lay upon a chair, and this I mastered, together with a horse-pistol that hung from a nail near by, so that when he turned I was bristling with armament, like a seventy-four frigate.

The sight of me, I thought, had brought the Nabob to a melancholy end. His eyes rolled, he puffed out and drew in his yellow cheeks with a queer sound of whistling, and, finally, with an uncanny scream of "Rob her!" wilted down upon the flagging and crawled at me on all fours. It was shocking to see a human brought so by fright; I gave him a hand and set him in a chair, where he whimpered like a child.

"Sir," I said, "be a man, if you can. I am not here to rob you. If I am not mistaken, your house is to be attacked this night by a gang of villains. I have come to guard it."

The Nabob.

The old Man followed t

"Matthew!" he gasped.

"He is a prisoner. I am here in his place, to protect you for his sake."

"Eh, who are you?" he blubbered. "What manner of protector sneaks through doors like a thief? Never could I have drawn a bolt, had I known it was not Matthew."

"I'm quite aware of that, Mr. Murdock; you'd have shot me as a dog. The trick was necessary, and you'll forgive it. Inside this house an able man, such as I shall prove myself to you, can stand off all the cut-throats in London; outside, I had been useless."

I leisurely regarded the windows of the two lower rooms and the winding stair, taking the dark lantern with me. The place was like a fortress. During my examination I saw my unwilling host regarding me cunningly, and heard him mumbling as if in self-argument. When I had set down the light in the corridor again, he asked me humbly, in a whining voice, if the securities upon the entrance-door were to my liking.

"Why, yes," said I, turning to examine them, "they'll hold, I fancy."

Something rattled behind my back; I spun sharply about and clutched the Nabob's lean old arm, which was upraised a scant foot from my neck. He had a long dirk in his hand, which he must have had concealed in his sleeping gown. The dagger clattered to the floor, and he fell at my feet in a convulsion of helpless wrath and terror.

"You old wolf!" I cried. "I'll twist you for this in spite of Frothingham."

"'Tis all a trick," moaned he, "and you a murdering robber. There are no others."

"I swear to you I am Matthew's friend. As for the others—listen!"

Each held his breath. There came the sounds without of a creaking hinge and the rush of feet.

"Hold the gate!" whispered the Nabob, brokenly, with a supplicating hand upon my knee. "Don't let them pass the wall."

"I left the gate unlocked," I said. "Slide the lantern, and keep silence."

Mr. Murdock gripped my fingers and I knew that he acknowledged, for the time at least, his only chance of safety.

IV

A consultation seemed to be in progress outside, and I could picture the gang with heads together. I confess that the thought of half a dozen heads and pairs of arms against me somewhat disquieted me, but only for a moment. It was most important now to follow the first movement of the enemy, and to that end I tiptoed to the little window by the door. The night was turning grayish, but yet my eyes could make out nothing.

Of a sudden a shadow came into being upon the steps—a shadow of a man in a great-coat and a heavy stick in his hand. He advanced rapidly to the door and dealt it a resounding blow.

"Hilloa, within there!" he shouted, in a voice unmistakably Amberly's; "what, ho! Red Lodge, wake up, everybody! Hilloa!"

An odd squeaking sigh escaped the Nabob's lips; I cautioned him to silence by a gesture.

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were one monotony. The whole landscape was one unending repetition. Even the farm-houses that appeared here and there were of one type—neatly painted, and surrounded by clusters of overshadowing barns and granaries, betokening boundless prosperity. So it was almost with relief that I at last saw before me a collection of buildings that contrasted in every way with the general run. It was a group of farm buildings, subserving the same general purpose as the others, but unpainted, with broken windows, unhinged doors, and an air of universal dilapidation. Where the other door-yards had neat lawns and pretty flower-beds, here were rank grass and scraggly weeds. The barn and house stood on opposite sides of the road, and the road itself served as a repository for sundry old combroughs, reapers, and various fragments of machinery that a thrifty farmer would have carefully housed from the weather. On one of the machines sat an old man, with ragged clothes, unkempt hair and beard, and a general aspect fully in keeping with his surroundings. A hoe rested against his knee, as if he had contemplated an attack on the weeds, but he apparently had no present intention of using it, for he was very deliberately whittling.

The whole ensemble was so anomalous that I was prompted to rein in—that is to say, to back-pedal—my rolling steed, and dismount. The old fellow looked up at me sombrely, without changing his expression, and demanded, almost fiercely:

"Hello! Be y'u travelling, or just going somewhere?"

"A little of both," I answered, rather hesitatingly, not knowing just how to take him.

"Well, you've got a fine day for it, though I reckon it's a weather-breeder."

"Yes," I said, "a fine day and a fine country."

The old fellow looked up at me solemn as an owl, then turned his head this way and that, as if surveying the landscape for the first time, and shook his head reflectively, meantime curling off two or three thin shavings from his stick.

"Fine country? I don't know about that; but it's a large country, if that's what you mean; though it ain't so large as it used to be neither, not by a doggoned sight. When I first come here it was as big agin as it is now. Cause why? It's shrunk. There used to be sloughs all over the country here, so's 't if you wandered around and wasn't careful you was likely to sink in and never come out agin. I lost my first wife that way—though I don't know as you could rightly say *lost* either, for it wn'n't exactly a loss, so to speak. All there was to it was she just sunk into one of them sloughs, and I never seen nothing more of her except her sun-bonnet. Did I dig her out? Did I? Not by a jugful! 'Let her stay,' says I; 'it 'ud be a sacrilege to rob the grave of its dead; and besides, what if we should find that she weren't dead, after all? Let her stay—even if I do have to lose her clo'es and her shoes, new last month. Never mind that; I've some respect for the feelings of the dead, even if they never had none for mine,' says I; 'let her stay.'

"Yes, sir, them sloughs was awful, and many a calamity happened in 'em, like the sad one I just mentioned; but by and-by they dried up, and then they just naturally shrunk—same as that *winter* undershirt that you're wearin' on the outside this *summer*" (referring to my sweater) "would if you was to wash it; and then the country was just naturally smaller—a reg'lar misfit, so to speak. This here farm was a hundred and sixty when I bought it—or leastwise when my wife's father give it to her for a wedding-present; and now it ain't but a forty. It made me doggoned mad to see land that cost the old gentleman one-fifty an acre shrink up that way, and I thought of suing the gover'ment, but they told me it wa'n't no use to kick. I did kick, though, which just shows what a natural darn fool a man is, for, come to find out, it was the best thing that ever happened to the old farm. That slough land wa'n't worth a continental before it dried up, and afterward one acre of it was worth any ten others on the farm. Why, sir, when I first sowed some wheat there it growed so fast that it pulled itself all up by the roots in less 'n a week. Talk about Jack and the bean-stalk! Why, I planted some hop-vines over the place where Maria descended, to mark the spot—she used to get so hoppin' mad, I thought it 'ud be appropriate—and, do you know, in one night them hops grew to the top of the poles, and pulled themselves up by the roots, and key! In every kernel of wheat there was a grain of sand. That soil was so rich that sand sprouted and grew in it just the same as wheat. Howsomever, it made the grain all the heavier, and I reckon the fellers in the East that ate it didn't mind. A little more sand 'll be good for them dudes. And it's only fair they should have it, for it was one of them that made the sloughs dry up."

"Ah! how was that?" I managed to gasp, vacantly.

"Set 'em afire, he was so smart. You see, he come out here to show us old folks how to farm it according to the books. Had a house full of doctorynots from the government and such like, and went around with kid gloves, thinking he knew it all. Folks here said he talked as if he knew a lot, but they expected he wa'n't smart enough to set the river on fire; and no more he wa'n't, but you see the sloughs was only pact water, and so they burned easier."

"Yes, I see. But how did he come out on the farming?"

"Fine—for a while. Began by plantin' about sixty thousand dollars in cold cash that he brought with him from the East—must have inherited it there, I guess. 'Always have to sow before you can reap,' says he, 'and I mean to sow with a free hand; the harvest will be all the more bounterfulee,' says he."

"And the dollars sprouted like the sand then?"

"Ney. I expect they would if he'd planted 'em that way, but he didn't. He put them into fancy live-stock."

"And how did the cattle turn out?"

"Oh, they was bound to turn out fine—couldn't help it, he said, because he was workin' 'em scientific, followin' the directions in the very best books there was. Kept the cows in warm stables, and blanketed 'em, and fed 'em hot food, and all that; but somehow the milk didn't pan out. Finally decided that his cows wa'n't a milking strain—said the books claimed there was a big difference in cows about that. I told him about the cow my father used to have back in Vermont, that you milked till she wa'n't nothing but skin and bones, and then you took her by the tail and dragged her out to pasture, and at night she turned up again ready for another milkin'. 'There's money in that sort of cows,' says I. He wanted me to write back there to the man we sold that cow to, and see if we could get some of her calves, but unfortunately I had forgot his address." And for the first time something like a twinkle appeared in the eye of the narrator.

"What finally became of your scientific farmer?"

"Oh, he give up the cows and went in for hogs, and when all of 'em died of the cholera he give it up altogether, and had an executor's sale, and then sent back East to some of his old friends to borrow money to pay his car fare out of the country. The last time I saw him he come down here with a basket on his arm, and he says, says he, 'Mr. Davis,' says he, 'you've been a good neighbor, and give me lots of advice, though it 'mn't always passed out just as it might'—referrin', I expect, to the time I sold him a peck of squash seeds to raise watermelons from—'but I know you've meant well,' he says, 'and I am sure I can trust you to take good care of this cat, which I can't very well take with me, and which I would like to leave with you.' And with that he took a big Angory cat, with a tail like a coyote's, out of his basket.

"Well, I didn't want the darned cat, but I said 'all right,' and took care of the bill he handed me for my trouble, and then as soon as he had gone I went to work to earn it. I knew all about common cats, and I supposed Angoras was just like the rest, so I went to work systematic. First I set one of the dogs on the critter, and he killed it; then, as soon as it come to, I shot a load of buckshot through it; and then drowned it in a rain-barrel, and then poisoned it with Paris green, and then knocked its brains out with a club—"

The narrator paused a moment, and told off something on his long gnunt fingers.

"That's five," he said, reflectively. "Let me see; next I hung the beast—that'n six; then I starved it to death—seven; then I shot it again—eight. Well, of course it come up smiling, just as I expected, for I knew the natur' of cats, or thought I did. But now I thought I had him.

"'Now,' I says, 'Mr. Cat, I'll fix you; your time has come, so just say your prayers.' And with that I took the critter out to the chopping block and chopped its unnatural; it had mor'n nine lives; it did, sure as my name is Lyin' Davis."

"In what?" I exclaimed, doubting my ears.

"Lyin' Davis, sir; that, sir, is what they call me, sure as you're born."

"Well," I blurted out, "excuse my candor, Mr. Davis, but I should judge that the title is merited."

A pleased look came into the old man's stolid face. "Do you think it?" he said, with more animation than he had shown before. "Well, now, do you know, I hated to mention what I'm called, for fear you'd think I was jest foolin' y'u; but it's true as gospel—truer, too, I expect, for some of them gospel yarns don't seem reasonable, and what I am tellin' y'u about these critt'n' me Lyin' Davis is jest naturally so."

"I don't doubt it for a moment, Mr. Davis. But I must be travelling. Pleased to have met—"

"Hold on a minute," interrupted the old fellow, this time with actual animation; "you don't happen to have a drop of snake-bite medicine about you, do you?"

I produced a flask, and the old man's eyes fairly gleamed as he saw it. He reached for it without ceremony.

"Waal, I declare!" he said. "Now, sir, I jest thought you might have, for most travellers looks out for snake bites. Lucky you brought it with you, for in this prohibition country you can't get none for love nor money—anyway not for love. Now, sir, do you know, I never touch the stuff except on two occasions, but, as luck would have it, this is one of 'em, so I'll jest sample her." And he did so.

"What are these occasions?" I inquired.

"One's days when I don't go to town, and the other's days when I do. I hain't been to-day, so I jest drinked to that one

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Oswald Ottendorfer,

Editor of the "Staats-Zeitung."

Born in Zwittau, Moravia, February 26, 1826. Died in New York City, December 14, 1900.

See Page 1269.

The Loss of the "Gneisenau"

THE German training-ship *Gneisenau*, with some two hundred naval cadets aboard, was completely wrecked in a storm at the entrance to the harbor of Malaga, Spain, on December 16. The vessel was in command of Commander Kritschmann and, in addition to the cadets, carried a crew of about 150 men. The *Gneisenau* was lying in the harbor when the storm broke; her anchors dragged and she was driven on the rocks. In ten minutes all hope of saving her was abandoned. About forty men were lost, the rest of the crew being saved by their own efforts and by rescuers from the shore. The *Gneisenau* was a frigate-built, unarmored cruiser of 2856 tons, built 1879, having a speed of eighteen knots.

Charles C. Beaman,

Born in Houlton, Maine, May 7, 1840. Died in New York City, December 14, 1900.

Photograph by Hollinger. See Page 1269.

John Addison Porter,

Born in New Haven, Conn., April 17, 1849. Died in Pomfret, Conn., December 15, 1900.

Henry R. Beekman,

Judge of the Superior Court, New York

Born in New York, December 8, 1845. Died in New York, December 17, 1900.

See Page 1269.

Filipino Fireplaces

CREDIT for the introduction of the iron cooking-stove and ranges into the Philippines may justly be given to the American army.

The wives of the officers looked aghast at the rude little earthen-ware stoves which burn bamboo splints, and the purely Spanish charcoal cooking machine, built of brick, with a dozen little square holes on the surface of a tiled mantel-piece, with glowing charcoal beneath, and no provision for the escape of smoke and gases except into the kitchen itself. They would have nothing to do with them, and cried aloud to the Quartermaster's Department for a civilized invention, and, what was more to the point, they got it, and then everybody wanted one.

It is true that a few English families possessed the luxury of a range, operated by Chinese cooks; but the Spaniard, after three centuries of living in this country, was perfectly content to use the curious earthen-ware dish which supports a vessel above the fire at its rear end, or the other type of brick oven charcoal-burner, which, by the-way, is used in all Spanish countries. One does not wonder that the people of a so-called civilized nation so far behind in modern progressive ideas should have had the stuffing knocked out of them in a naval engagement. What they needed was an enemy sailing in galleons of the middle centuries. Columbus discovered America and Magellan discovered the Philippines—for other countries to civilize.

A Pottery Oven and the Three-stone Method.

An Elaboration of the Three-stone Method.

The universal cooking device for the natives of the Philippines, of whatever tribe they may be, is three stones supporting an earthen pot. Among the Tagalogs alone the portable pottery oven (shown in the photograph) is most in vogue, and even among them for increased cooking facilities the three stones are usually found side by side with the slightly less primitive device. Nowhere does one find any attempt to support vessels over the fire by iron rods or cranes, and, in fact, an iron frying-pan or metal dish is a rarity; hence practically all cooked foods are boiled.

Baking is an unknown art, except in the large cities, where bread is turned out from brick ovens, first heated by the introduction of fire, which is then withdrawn, and the baking carried on by the retained heat.

It must be admitted that the diet of the poor native is a very wholesome one for a tropical climate, and it is not at all unlikely that his physical degeneracy may begin with the coming of hot baked biscuits and waffles for breakfast, broiled and baked meats for dinner, and a Welsh rarebit after the theatre at night.

WILLIAM DEWHURST.

The Third Squadron, 6th United States Cavalry, caught in the Quicksands of the Pei-ho.

See Page 1274.

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tion, as their first duty that of entertaining. If Mr. Bancroft is a philosopher who is using his subject to teach a doctrine or a theory, he conceals his purpose well; for it is not easy to detect in his pages any social or political creed, nor do they advocate any cause or system of thought. He has simply set to work, with exceptional opportunities for collecting information, to ascertain the exact truth concerning the mind, character, and life of an eminent statesman, and then to present this truth in a readable and impressive form. The result is not only one of the most interesting of recent biographies, but is also a contribution of great and permanent value to the history of our nation.

A biographer who has close relations with the family or the intimate friends of his subject will often feel a sense of duty to them as strong as to the public, and his superior means of knowledge may be a hinderance to his freedom of expression. It is refreshing to find a "life" full of new and useful information, yet unreserved in its candor. Mr. Bancroft admires his hero, but has an eye as clear and a measure as just for his faults as for his virtues. Having a problematic character to deal with, he does not claim to have fathomed it, nor always to understand its motives and aims, but sets the man before us in his deeds and words as nearly as may be "in his habit as he lived," and leaves us to study him and, if we will, judge him for ourselves. The book has the fascination which attaches to a great mind and life seen close at hand, with all the helps to comprehension which constant companionship, and even close intimacy, can give, but wholly without that insight into the hidden springs of action, the tenets of desire and purpose, which biographers so often affect, but which only omniscience can possess. It is a narrative of varied fortunes, of a life marked by splendid achievements and by dismal failures, of a character with admirable features of strength, but now and again verging on the commonplace or exposing strange weaknesses; the whole of far more human interest than the role of Aviloa or the faulty faultlessness of the eulogists' demigod. While reading the volumes it is easy to feel assured that we have before us the real William H. Seward, different as he is from the image labelled with that name in the public mind, under substantially the aspects and relations which will determine the final judgment of history upon his fame.

Throughout those parts of the country in which antislavery sentiment was early dominant, and especially where the struggles of New York politics were little known, Mr. Seward has been widely regarded as a statesman in the large sense; a type of public man familiar to the present generation mainly in history. More than forty years ago Lord Salisbury remarked that in British politics no one acts on principles or reasons from them. Whatever truth there was in this saying then, it has grown more true year by year; and the same is at least as true of American as of British politics now. Whether or not the pages of history faithfully depict public life in the great epochs of the past, the reader of them is certainly taught that national leaders acted upon fixed and reasoned principles, and sought to carry into effect definite and earnest policies. We associate such principles and policies with historic names in the earlier generations of the republic. The superiority of Washington in fame to his critics and opponents grows out of our conviction that his country's welfare was his supreme aim in his public acts. John Adams, Hamilton, Calhoun, Chase, Sumner, and Cleveland occupy their places in the general esteem mainly because it is assumed that each of them strove to serve first and above all else the country and mankind. Of Jefferson, Clay, Douglas, and many others, there is a widespread feeling that personal and party aims mingled unduly with their efforts for the public good. Webster is regarded by multitudes as having stooped from the high plane of statesmanship upon which much of his life had been passed, and sought the highest office with a consciousness, indeed, of merit, but by the sacrifice of his own convictions.

Seward's title to the name of national statesman must be sought either in his struggle against the slaveholding oligarchy, in his conduct of foreign relations as Secretary of State, or in his fa-

* *The Life of William H. Seward.* By Frederic Bancroft. With Portraits. In Two Volumes. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1900.

ness. His dignity, courtesy, and self command never failed. As a politician, while always closely linked with managers and schemers, whose secret and devious methods were directed in his service, and who exercised a mysterious influence on his public acts and utterances, he always spoke to the world as one whose mind dwelt in the high sphere of conviction and principle. As an orator, while creating no novel thought or original policy, he was unequalled in coining timely phrases and potent watchwords. His rhetoric was often effective in bringing the idea appropriate to the hour home to the common mind and making it a decisive force in a great crisis. In all the relations of private life he won and retained the affection as well as the respect of his associates, and the glimpses his biographer gives us of his family and his home are among the most charming passages of these volumes. Without offensive self-assertion, he was always fully conscious of supreme capacity and wisdom, blind to his own limitations and weaknesses, and strangely skilful in blinding weaker minds to them, and under all circumstances of difficulty and failure a persistent optimist in his outlook for the future of himself, his party, and his country. No biography presents a more puzzling or fascinating problem of personal character than this; but its interest as a chapter of history is broader and deeper still, and this centres in Seward's position and achievements as a national statesman.

His entrance into public life was singularly unpromising. At the age of twenty-nine he was elected to the State Senate of New York by the Antimasons, a local and temporary faction with no element of national importance or of permanence. That a young man capable of future leadership in the nation should seriously accept Antimasonry as a political creed is as strange as that a young man of lofty ambition should expect it to open for him a great career. Before his one term as Senator ended, the party was dissolved and its cause forgotten. But he had made his ability and character felt in the State, and had associated himself with its most sagacious political intriguers, led by Thurlow Weed. The Whig party was organized; the financial panic of 1837 weakened the Democrats, so long in power; the opposition was skilfully handled so as to unite on Seward, and on January 1, 1839, he became Governor of New York.

The son of a slaveholder in the rural North, and for part of his student life a schoolmaster among the Georgia planters, Seward seems early to have felt an aversion to slavery, which increased with years; but even when a candidate for Governor in 1838 he was not ready for "such an act of inhospitality" on the part of New York as to forbid fellow-citizens from Southern States, when visiting or travelling in the North, to bring and retain their slaves with them. He took office under the reproaches and contempt of the abolitionists. But he soon became involved in controversies with Virginia and Georgia upon legal questions concerning the recovery of fugitive slaves and the protection of slave property. His official acts and utterances grew more and more decided in opposition to the slave power and its supporters, and at his retirement in 1843 he was already the foremost representative of antislavery sentiment as a political force in the Whig party, though not committed to any attack upon the institution on social or moral grounds. As this sentiment grew among the Northern people, he became bolder every year in expressing it; and in the national canvass of 1848 it was the resolute and uncompromising denunciation by him of the subservicency of the Democrats to the slave power that secured for the Whigs the support of New York and Ohio and the election of Taylor as President. Seward entered the Senate March 4, 1849, as the representative of the strongest and deepest feeling of the Northern people, and as the most influential adviser of the new administration.

From that time his speeches were the expression and the measure of the free nation's growing determination to vindicate its right to its life and its freedom together; they were the leading wave of the rising tide, until in 1860 the tide was full. Others were more ardent, more philosophical, more consistent in the cause, but none other so fully voiced its advancing thought, shaped its current emotions, and identified himself with each step of its progress. Many of his speeches were far-reaching political forces and memorable events in our history. From

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failing to emphasize sufficiently the masterly statesmanship of Seward during this period. That he showed weakness in the face of the superficial compromises of 1850, and shrank from disturbing the false peace which followed, is true. To have asserted his leadership and precipitated the decisive conflict ten years before it came might have been possible to a greater man, and would certainly, as his biographer shows, have averted vast calamities, and written his name far above all other Americans of his age in historic fame. It was impossible for him, and the attempt would have brought him only failure and ruin. Unsurpassed as the mouth-piece of a growing party, he had no qualification to be the leader of a revolution. But when the slave power itself renewed its aggressions, and seemed, under the lead of Douglas, stronger and more confident than ever, Seward saw better than any one else that it was rushing upon destruction, and appealed with full assurance to the public conscience and to the future. It was this, rather than the incidents of political intrigue which his supporters deemed necessary, that secured his re-election to the Senate in 1854, and it was this that made his formal accession the following year to the Free-Soil ranks the real foundation of the Republican party.

No chapters of "the life" are of larger interest than those which describe Seward's work as Secretary of State. They illuminate the history of the times, making one of the most stirring and picturesque parts of our national annals. His administration of our foreign relations was successful, in spite of difficulties known to all, which seemed at times insuperable. But greater difficulties, then known to few, lay in the mind and character of the Secretary himself. His enormous confidence in himself, his fitful and passionate ambition, his lack both of experience in the handling of great affairs and of diplomatic training, more than once imperilled the national cause. There is no other instance in our history parallel to Seward's attempt, on April 1, 1861, to dictate a rash and ruinous policy to President Lincoln. Disappointed in his hope of quietly controlling the administration and the party, he lost all sobriety of judgment and sought to involve the country in a foreign war, and to assume a practical dictatorship for himself, with the President as his instrument, on the wild plea that the nation could thus be reunited. To retain Seward in his cabinet, to protect him against the natural results of his own folly, and to make him, by wise control and guidance, his useful minister and adviser, was a work which no ruler but Lincoln would have attempted or could have accomplished.

The President's reward came when Seward's ingenuity devised a way to solve the difficulty with Great Britain over the seizure of the *Trent*, and thus to avert the most serious danger which confronted us during the rebellion. The bold arrest of Mason and Slidell upon a British mail-steamer on the high seas had thrilled the Northern people with admiration and made Wilkes a popular hero. The peremptory demand of Great Britain for their surrender, under a veiled threat of war, had aroused general indignation, and few voices counselled submission. Yet Seward, whose judgment was always calmed by tremendous responsibilities, saw clearly that a refusal would bring final ruin to the republic. Who else could have contrived to yield without humbling the national pride, and even to turn the extorted concession into an occasion for asserting and heightening the national dignity? His despatch reversed the popular feeling, stilled excitement, united in rejoicings the friends of peace in both hemispheres, and satisfied the practical demands of reason and of passion. Criticised to-day, in the light of international law, it proves to be a mass of special pleading, without consistency or permanent value. But as a decisive act, which met a condition and not a theory, and solved it in the one way which was best, it merits the praise with which it was greeted. Notwithstanding the severe judgment passed upon it by several of his successors in office, the general verdict will be that of Mr. Bancroft: it "was one of the greatest feats of the war period, and has rightly given him lasting fame and honor in American history."

Perhaps the time may soon come when Seward will be best remembered as the father of all the expansionists. His mind was filled with visions of the future growth of the republic, beside which the achievements of recent years are insig-

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nificant. He had long been convinced that Russian America ought to be ours, and it was Seward who negotiated its purchase in 1867, and who gave it the name of Alaska. After more than three years of patient effort, he made a treaty with Denmark in 1868 for the cession of St. Thomas, but the Senate refused to ratify it. In December following he induced President Johnson to say to Congress, "Comprehensive national policy would seem to sanction the acquisition and incorporation into our Federal Union of the several adjacent continental and insular communities as speedily as it can be done peacefully, lawfully, and without any violation of national justice, faith, or honor." And early in January, 1869, he made a vigorous attempt to secure the admission of Santo Domingo as a territory of the United States by a resolution of Congress. He had long fixed his eyes upon Hawaii as a desirable acquisition, and bitterly regretted that domestic politics prevented attention to the scheme. Nowhere in his writings do we find a serious consideration of the probable influence upon our system of government of such additions to our population; nowhere an indication that the policy of indiscriminate annexation which he advocated had been thought out by him in its relations and consequences. It was like the passion of avarice, a blind sentiment mistaking bigness for greatness, a vague dream with such power over his imagination that he was ever ready to sacrifice to it all the realities of national prosperity. There are thousands to-day who follow him, but only at a great distance, fully sharing his blindness, but never rising to the glory of his visions.

CHARLTON T. LEWIS.

Caught in Quicksand

THE photograph on page 1272 of the third squadron of the Sixth Cavalry crossing the Pei-ho River in China illustrates one of the many thrilling adventures of the American troops in China which have never appeared in the cable despatches. Nearly 300 men, constituting Troops I, K, L, and M, of the Sixth Cavalry, were caught in the quicksands while crossing the Pei-ho River on September 5, and narrowly escaped a death more fearful than death from a Boxer bullet or sword. The struggle in the quicksands will be remembered by every trooper in the squadron until his dying day.

The squadron was sent out from Peking under command of Captain Forsythe, to bring in a body of Chinese Christians who were threatened with death by the Boxers. The expedition was accompanied by Colonel Webb C. Hayes, of General Chaffee's staff, and Lieutenant Reeves, of General Wilson's staff. The expedition met with no adventure until the Pei-ho, broad and deep, was reached. The troopers had become used to fording Chinese rivers, and plunged in, swimming their horses when necessary.

As seen in the photograph, the squadron allowed themselves to be carried down the river by the current until they approached the farther bank, when the horses were headed up stream, forming a crescent line of troopers, extending across the broad river. It was not until the leaders approached the farther bank that the quicksand was reached. Suddenly the horses began to lose their footing and sink. With shrill neighs of terror they floundered in the quicksand, while the sickening sensation of sinking to certain death was transmitted from horse to rider. Some of the troopers jumped from the horses' backs and swam to the shore, leaving the horses to flounder out as best they could or to die. Others who could not swim stuck to the horses' backs, trusting to their strength to bring both horse and rider to shore.

Fortunately a strip of deep water ran between the quicksand and the shore. To this circumstance many of the troopers owe their lives. The floundering horses found themselves caught in the swift current, and with its aid freed their legs from the treacherous sands and struggled to shore. When the leaders were caught in the quicksands the word was quickly passed along the line across the river, and each trooper attempted to reach the shore a little farther down the river than the preceding one, in the hope that he would miss the quicksands, but the hope was futile, for the strip of quicksand extended for a long distance along the farther shore, and every trooper in the squadron was caught before he got across the river.

Those who escaped first from the quick-

approached, he took several snap-shots with a kodak at the line of cavalrymen in the water. Then he turned in with the others in extending aid to the imperilled troopers.

FRANCIS R. SINGLETON.

Electricity or Steam for Railroads

THE question of adopting electricity on the railroads which run through populous centres is more generally agitated in New England than elsewhere, and the promise of the New Haven road to have many new miles of its branch lines equipped with electricity within the coming year adds new fuel to the controversy that has long raged there. Already the New Haven road operates more miles of electric lines than any other railroad corporation, and the fact that it intends to extend this service indicates that it considers electricity a power that will increase in importance on the steam roads. There are over forty-five miles on this road operated by electricity, while the Pennsylvania Railroad has only its seven miles from Bordentown to Mount Holly, and the Baltimore and Ohio its four miles in a belt line through Baltimore.

The conditions in New England probably help to make the steam railroads of that section progressive in the adoption of electricity. The trolley has sprung up and multiplied there like the proverbial mushroom. The total electric mileage in Massachusetts in 1894 was about 600 miles, but it is reported that the returns for the current year will show nearly 2000 miles of electric railways in the State. New lines are almost daily projected, and the State is completely crossed and recrossed by them. The same conditions prevail in Rhode Island and Connecticut, and the recent trip of a trolley party from Boston to New York shows how extensive the electric roads have become throughout this whole section.

The trolleys have not only entrenched upon the preserves of the steam roads in the matter of carrying passengers short distances, but they are making a bid for freight, baggage, and even the mails. The last Legislature of Massachusetts granted to some half-dozen different trolley lines the right to carry merchandise, passengers' baggage, and the mails. The same privilege was given to other electric roads already incorporated by changing their charters.

This is one of the most dangerous steps in encroaching upon the rights of the railroads yet attempted, and it is with some alarm that the big steam railroad corporations view this departure. The question naturally suggests itself whether the railroads will adopt electricity on certain branch lines, which run through populous centres, in self-protection, or stand aside and see their profits materially cut down. This condition of affairs largely accounts for the activity of the New Haven and other New England steam railroads in building electric side lines or changing the motive power on old established branches. It is even intimated that the big railroads will make a bid for street traction privileges, and thus carry the war into the enemy's very camp. So far none of the big railroad corporations have attempted this, but such a radical departure from old methods may be made any day in New England, where the war between the steam and electric roads is very acute. The steam-railroad corporations feel that they would be justified in this action since the light electric railways have broken down the barrier by securing legislation permitting them to enter what has been heretofore considered the special rights and territory of the former. Whether the interests of the two systems of transportation will ultimately be found to harmonize, or whether they will be antagonistic to the bitter end, is a question that is interesting and very important to all concerned.

G. E. W.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY *of December 15 one of the portraits on page 1268 was titled "Chaplain Milburn." This was an error. The portrait is that of Chaplain Couden of the House of Representatives.*

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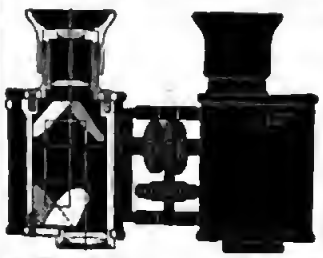

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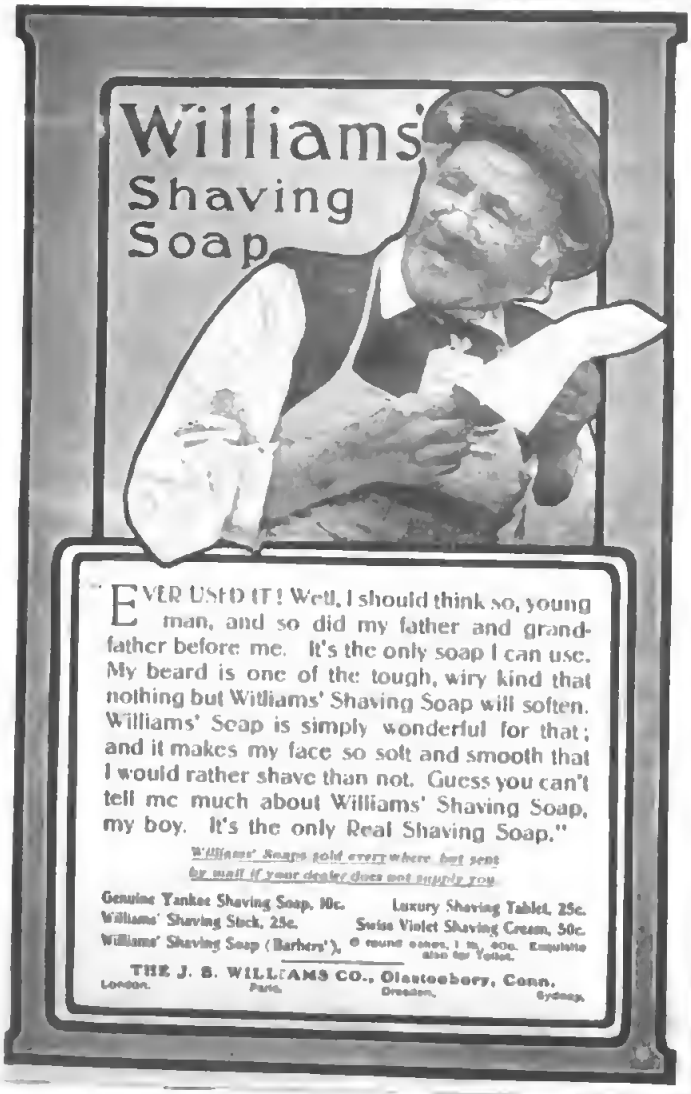

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